

XXX_LIVE_NUDE_GIRLS!!!

by Jennifer Walshe

cast

Camille
Naomi
Gloria
Mike - Camille's boyfriend
Tom - Naomi's boyfriend
John - Gloria's boyfriend

SETTING:

Camille's house. The ground floor contains the kitchen and bathroom, and is edged by a garden. The first floor contains a bedroom. The second floor contains a living room. The third floor is an open-air patio. An old-fashioned lift runs up the left side of the house.

SCENE ONE: DOLL NOT INCLUDED

Opens on the ground floor of the house. Afternoon. The kitchen is to the left, the bathroom to the right. CAMILLE is seated in the kitchen, slightly crumpled and distant as she speaks on the phone. NAOMI is in the bathroom, going to the toilet and freshening up.

CAMILLE: *(resigned, distant and irritable)* Yeah.....no.....no, no.....yeah.....yeah, no.....no, no, no.....no, yeah, yeah.....yeah...

NAOMI: *(interjects, from bathroom)* Is that Mike?

CAMILLE: Yeah...yeah.....well.....math is hard.....no.....yeah.....okay.....see you later.....yeah.....you.... too. *(puts phone down, looks around vacantly)*

NAOMI enters the kitchen, cutting into CAMILLE's thoughts.

NAOMI: What was his deal?

CAMILLE:yeah.....*(rubs hands over face)*.....mmmmmmhhhhhhh. *(more decisively)* Okay.

NAOMI: *(rummaging in her bag)* Can I smoke in here? *(takes cigarettes out of bag)*

CAMILLE: Yeah.....*(much more decisive and awake)*. Yes. Yes. You may.

CAMILLE moves to get NAOMI an ashtray, sits down again.

NAOMI: *(lighting up, blowing out smoke)* So I hear that there have been more problems.

CAMILLE: Oh God..... *(eyes clock)*

NAOMI: G said Terry's in hospital with exit wounds and water on the-

CAMILLE: *(cutting in)* Fluid-

NAOMI stops talking, looks at CAMILLE until she starts to turn her head back to her.

NAOMI: Whatever. *(A beat, she begins again, briskly)* Water on his lung and Miranda had to have five stitches.

CAMILLE: *(To self, spacing out)* I have four sisters. *(To NAOMI, closer to normal)* Actually, she had to have seventeen stitches. She'll be using cover-up for the rest of her life. *(shakes her head)*.

NAOMI: Jesus.....*(gestures to blender)* Is that new?

CAMILLE: *(distracted, gaze drifting from NAOMI)* Where is Gloria? I told her.... *(snaps out of it, answers NAOMI'S question)* Yes.....*(drifting again)* It's part of my new Dream House Kitchen.....yeah.....

NAOMI: So where is he now? I mean, don't you worry? Tom came home late last night, stinking of drink and covered in blood. I got such a fright when-

CAMILLE: *(more alert)* That's why you're here.
NAOMI: What are you talking about?

CAMILLE looks up to her right as she hears GLORIA, ignores NAOMI'S question.

CAMILLE: Ah great, this must be her at last!

ENTER GLORIA

GLORIA: Hey! Howsitgoing!
CAMILLE: There you are. Great.
NAOMI: Hey Gloria!
GLORIA: Sorry I'm late. Things at the orphanage were a fucking nightmare today. God! I need a drink. Have you got anything to open this with?

GLORIA produces a bottle of wine – CAMILLE gets up, moves to the counter and gets glasses and a bottle opener.

GLORIA: *(to NAOMI)* So how did that thing go?

CAMILLE hands corkscrew to GLORIA, puts wine glasses on table and sits down.

CAMILLE: Here you go.
NAOMI: *(touches GLORIA'S dress)* Where did you get that! It's gorgeous.....
GLORIA: Express. Isn't it pretty? They're having a big sale on at the moment. I thought it would go nicely with those shoes I have, you know, the green ones with the heels? *(GLORIA sits down)*
NAOMI: *(fingers dress material)* Yeah..
GLORIA: *(to CAMILLE)* So what's up? You sounded pretty cloak and dagger on the phone!
CAMILLE: *(a little tentative, nervous)* Okay.....yeah.....*(gathers confidence)* To the point.....you're both sick of the fighting, right?
NAOMI/GLORIA: You mean between the men? Hell, yeah. It's totally fucked up. Somebody's going to get killed or worse.
CAMILLE: Well, I am too.....and I've been trying to think of a way to stop it.....but.....
NAOMI: *(cutting in)* You know, I tried talking to him about-
GLORIA: -So did I-
NAOMI: -wouldn't listen to a-
GLORIA: -like talking to a fucking wall-
NAOMI: -so frustrating. He just told me to shut up and come to bed-
CAMILLE: *(alert)* And did you?
NAOMI: What? *(pause)* Are you high or something?
CAMILLE: No.....But did you come to bed?
NAOMI: Well, yeah....what else was I going to do?
CAMILLE: *(slams table)* EXACTLY! *(calmer)* Okay. I've been trying to think of a way to fix this....I sort of feel like I'm partly responsible-
NAOMI: For them beating the shit out of each other? Come on....
CAMILLE: Well, yeah....it all started here, you know, in my house-
GLORIA: *(confused)* What are you talking about?
CAMILLE: The dinner party.
GLORIA: But what's that got to do with the fighting?
CAMILLE: Because that's where it all start- *(realization dawns)* Oh God, I forgot, you weren't here, were you? Ah..... *(CAMILLE'S voice changes, she speaks faster, more rhythmically for this section)*. Two weeks ago I had a dinner party, in honour of the Princess of Nordland, who was visiting to open the new children's hospital. It was a nightmare to plan, and I put a lot of work into getting everything right; gold-embossed invitations printed on vellum, ordering flowers in the colours of the Royal House of Nordland, getting Marian Ryan in to do the catering, all this shit, and it all went really well, until after the Princess left. At that stage I thought great, the stress is over I can kick back after a successful party and relax. The ambassador and most of the other guests took

off and it ended up with just a few of us left at the table, drinking and talking. Everyone was talking about how impressive the Princess was, and gradually the conversation turned to other minor royalty, and then to royal deaths, and inevitably to Princess Di and that song from her funeral Elton John wrote about her-

NAOMI: He didn't write it about her, he just-

CAMILLE: I know. Anyway, the guys started arguing about the song. About whether it was any good. About whether he should have changed the words. About whether he should have sung it. About whether it should have been released as a single. All this crap. At first they were having a laugh, but like I said everyone had had quite a bit to drink, and it got more and more serious and the next thing they're taking off jackets and calling each other outside. It was such a nightmare. I was the hostess. I felt responsible. I tried to stop it, but it was impossible, they wouldn't listen to me. They drank more, it got worse and worse; finally they ended up outside beating the crap out of one another until the cops turned up.

GLORIA: Wait a second, so you're telling me the last few weeks have been about an Elton John song? What the fuck?

NAOMI: *(to self)* -At least it wasn't over "Crocodile Rock-"

CAMILLE: Yeah. It all just escalated from that night.

GLORIA: Jesus! I thought it was over football.....fucking hell.....

CAMILLE: *(looks at GLORIA sadly)*.....I know.....but I think I have a way to stop it.

NAOMI: *(sarcastic)* Really? More charades?

CAMILLE: Piss off.

GLORIA: Well what?

CAMILLE: Ha ha....well.....*(firmly)* No coming to bed.

GLORIA: What?

CAMILLE: No coming to bed. *(NAOMI and GLORIA look askance)* No coming to bed. No coming to bed! No sex. No snogging. Until the fighting stops.

NAOMI/GLORIA: *(pause, then laughter)* Nice one. You had us going there. Very funny. Yeah, right. That'd work.

CAMILLE: Seriously.....you said it yourselves, they won't listen to us.....*(drifting)* I mean, a lot of the time I don't think Mike values my opinion at all.....*(more resolved)* If the three of us do it, after a few days of constant hard-ons maybe they'll be so desperate for a blow-job they'll do anything-

NAOMI: You're serious about this? We don't put out and it'll make them stop beating the crap out of one another? You think that? I think they'll just beat the crap out of us and then each other. I mean, where did you get this idea? Cosmo's Guide To Gang Violence? Have you been watching Oprah in the mornings?

CAMILLE gives NAOMI the finger.

CAMILLE: Hhhhhuuuhhh..... *(more focussed)* Shut up. Come on. It might not make them stop. But it might make them more willing to come to their senses. Or at least talk about what's been going on.

GLORIA: *(to NAOMI, joking)* You know, she could have a point. Gives us something to bargain with. The guys kiss and make up, they get to kiss and make out with us.

NAOMI: I don't know.....

CAMILLE: Come on, it's the oldest most dysfunctional trick in the book. Withholding sex. Don't tell me you haven't done it before. What about that Valentine's Day when you wanted the pink diamond ring and he didn't get it for you?

NAOMI: Come on, that was with Barry. And it was years ago.

GLORIA: You what?

CAMILLE: Yeah, but you had no problems faking lock-jaw for a week to get what you wanted then. This time round it's not even for jewellery, it's so the next Miranda or Terry doesn't end up in the hospital or worse. You know I'm-

NAOMI: Okay.

GLORIA: You made him buy you a ring?

CAMILLE: I'm only trying to-

GLORIA: A diamond-

NAOMI: Okay!

CAMILLE: -get you to think about-
GLORIA: That is fucked up !
NAOMI: Okay okay okay okay okay okay OKAY. I'll do it. Sign me up ! No more sex for Tom. Or for me! Whoop-de-doo. Camille's Peace Plan: leave them alone, and they'll come home with their dicks between their legs.
CAMILLE: Okay.....Gloria?
GLORIA: I don't know....it's one thing to joke about it...
CAMILLE: You love John, and you don't want him to get hurt, do you?
GLORIA: Of course I love him! Waiting around to see if he's going to be the one getting beaten up next is killing me.
CAMILLE: Well then why don't you –
NAOMI: *(cuts in)* If I'm doing it you're doing it too!
GLORIA: I suppose it's worth a try. But I don't like the idea of having to bargain or manipulate him like that. I can't just tell him I'm not in the mood. And he knows I just had my period.....
NAOMI: I agree. Things haven't been good. I can't go home and say I've got a headache again tonight. I had a headache last night. He'd be really fucking pissy.
CAMILLE: Well you can both stay here for a few days. That's all it should take, right? I've loads of room.....*(to self, oddly)* We can try on clothes together...*(snaps out of it, addresses NAOMI and GLORIA)* But if they come looking for us, no sex till they agree to stop the fighting, right?
GLORIA: I'll drink to that.
NAOMI: So will !!

CAMILLE, NAOMI and GLORIA lean in and clink their glasses.

END SCENE

SCENE TWO: IN THE ELEGANCE OF PINK SATIN

scene two opens on the lower half of the house, in the middle of the night. CAMILLE, NAOMI and GLORIA are asleep in the bedroom on the first floor. The left bedroom window overlooks the garden, which is dimly lit.

MIKE ENTERS the garden. He is angry, and has had a few drinks.

MIKE: Camille! CAMILLE! Wake up! *(MIKE gathers stones from the ground and throws them up at the bedroom window)* Come on, CAMILLE!
CAMILLE stirs from the bed; she's completely naked. She creeps to the window, surreptitiously peeks out. When she sees MIKE she moves back quickly from the window.
CAMILLE: *(to self)* Shit....
MIKE: Camille! CAMILLE! Come on, I know you're up there!

CAMILLE sways to and fro nervously for a few moments, then moves to the window, and speaks to MIKE.

CAMILLE: Who's there? Hello?
MIKE: CAMILLE!!! Open the fucking door!
CAMILLE: Mike? Is that you?
MIKE: Yeah, it's me! Now open the door before the neighbours call the police.
CAMILLE: No. You heard what I said on the phone. You're not coming in. I don't want-
MIKE: This is fucking bullshit! What's going on between me and them is my fucking business. My girlfriend locking me out of her home is not going to change anything-
CAMILLE: This isn't just about you, it's about all of-
MIKE: Camille, I'm only going to say it once more, open the –

TOM and JOHN ENTER the garden, also the worse for wear with drink. They see MIKE, slightly shocked and very pissed off.

JOHN: Well I don't know about that, it seems pretty fucking wrong if you-
TOM: What the fuck are you doing here, asshole? / JOHN: Oh Jesus, for fuck's sake...
MIKE: What the hell are you doing on Camille's property?
TOM: I can go on whatever property I like, dickwad-
MIKE: Yeah, you fucking moron?

The two following sections of dialogue occur simultaneously - MIKE, TOM and JOHN argue together in the garden, while CAMILLE rouses NAOMI and GLORIA upstairs in the bedroom.

OUTSIDE: in the garden

JOHN: Shut up, asshole.
MIKE: Shut the fuck up yourself. Why the fuck are you here, monkey-face?
TOM: We're here for the same reason as you, asshole. We're looking for Naomi and Gloria.
MIKE: Well, this is my girlfriend's house, so why don't you piss off and go looking somewhere else?
JOHN: Because they're not at home, you moron. They're here with Camille. If you didn't have shit for brains you would have noticed their fucking cars out front.
TOM: *(to windows)* Naomi! NAOMI! I know you're up there ! NAOMI!

TOM gathers stones and throws them at the window; JOHN follows suit.

MIKE: What do you think you're doing, asshole? If you break one of these windows-
JOHN: Gloria! For fuck's sake, GLORIA! GLORIA!

Each man calls the name of his girlfriend, demands she come down, throws stones.

MIKE: I told you, stop throwing the stones so hard. If you break one of these windows I'll-
JOHN: Dude, back off. I know how to throw a stone without breaking a fucking window. We want the same thing as-
TOM: Naomi! NAOMI, wake UP!
JOHN: GLORIA!.....GLORIA!

The men continue to gather stones and throw them, intermittently calling the women's names.

TOM: *(stops to take a breath)* This is bullshit. Where the fuck are they?
JOHN: *(pauses)* They're here, we just need to wake them-
MIKE: Camille! CAMILLE!
TOM/JOHN: NAOMI! GLORIA!

INSIDE: in the bedroom

CAMILLE: *(to self)* Jesus Christ. *(CAMILLE moves to the bed, shakes NAOMI and GLORIA awake)* Naomi! Gloria! Wake up! Come on! Wake up NOW!
NAOMI: What.....eeeuuggghhhhh.....what time is it? What?.....where?
CAMILLE: The guys are outside ! I don't know....two? Get up!
GLORIA: Camille? Wha-?
CAMILLE: The guys are here. All of them. We have to get down to them before another fight starts. Mike woke me up and then Tom and John showed up.
NAOMI: Oh, shit. Where are they?
GLORIA: The guys? They're here?
CAMILLE: Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fucking fuck! *(whining, high-pitched)* What are we going to do, what are we going to-?
NAOMI: Cam, calm down, now.

The women turn to the window as they hear the men shouting their names.

CAMILLE: Oh, Jesus...

GLORIA gets out of bed and moves to the window, peeks through the curtains

GLORIA: *(calmly)* We're going to have to let them in.

CAMILLE: Bu-

GLORIA: Look, I know we said we wouldn't do that, but if we let them in it might calm them down a bit and maybe we could talk to them. Or they could talk to each other.

NAOMI: She's right. We're going to have to let them in. They won't leave here unless we do.

CAMILLE: Okay. Okay. I'll tell them to come up to the patio. At least there's no furniture for them to break up there.

NAOMI: It's alright. You go get dressed, I'll talk to them.

NAOMI moves to the window and speaks to the men. CAMILLE and GLORIA sit quietly in the bedroom listening to the conversation.

NAOMI: *(out window)* Sssshhhh!

TOM: NAOMI!

NAOMI: Will you shut up? There are people trying to sleep-

TOM: Where have you fucking been? I haven't seen you for days!

JOHN: Where's Gloria? Let us in!

MIKE: *(to JOHN)* Hey, asshole! This is my girlfriend's fucking house-

NAOMI: Sssshhhh!!!!

MIKE: Naomi, get Camille. Throw down the keys now.

NAOMI: I'm not throwing any keys down.

MIKE/JOHN/TOM: Come on! Let us in! CAMILLE! GLORIA!

NAOMI: SHUT UP! *(the men quieten down)* Listen to me. We'll talk to you, but only if you'll act like adults.

MIKE: Fuck you!

NAOMI: I said like adults, dickhead. You can't fight in Camille's house again. I'm taking the lock off the lift now. If you want to talk to us and you're willing to be civil, come up to the patio.

NAOMI takes the lock off the lift and lowers it down to garden level, then moves away from the window.

OUTSIDE: The men take the lift up to the patio, squabbling and name-calling as they go.

INSIDE: The women rush around the bedroom getting dressed.

NAOMI: *(bitter laugh)* Look on the bright side - at least we have the three of them in one place to talk to.

GLORIA: Yeah, and they're drunk and horny. That always helps!

CAMILLE: Christ.....

NAOMI: Come on, we don't want to leave them up there alone.

The women climb the stairs to the patio.

The women and men reach the roof-top patio at roughly the same time. The patio contains no furniture, and is edged by a low railing. The women stand in a group to the right, the men in a group to the left.

MIKE: *(angry, but not enraged, more irritated)* Camille, what the fuck is going on?

JOHN: Where have you been? /TOM: Yeah, what's all this-?

CAMILLE is taken aback at the aggression, and is struck momentarily dumb; NAOMI steps forward a little.

NAOMI: Alright, take it easy! Gloria and I have been staying with Camille for the last few days. We thought we'd give you three some time to cool off.
TOM: *(antagonistic)* Cool off? What is your problem?
NAOMI: *(looks at TOM)* You're the problem. The three of you.
TOM: You hide away from me and then tell me I'm the problem? *(throws arms in air, shakes head)*
Naomi, this is so fucking typical-
NAOMI: Well if somebody hadn't gone and-
GLORIA: Stop it! We all feel the same as her. The fighting is the problem! We're sick of it.
JOHN: *(not infuriated, just puzzled, to GLORIA)* But this has NOTHING to do with you-
CAMILLE: Yes it does. It has to do with all of us.
GLORIA: People are getting hurt – look at Miranda.....one of these days you're going to kill someone, if you don't kill each other first. *(to JOHN, lovingly)* And if you're in jail for murder or assault what the hell am I supposed to do?
TOM: *(irritated)* Deal with it.
NAOMI: *(angry)* Oh shut up, macho man. She'd no more deal with it than you or *(gestures to JOHN)* fucking dumb and dumber here would.
JOHN: *(pissed off, in a "whatever" voice)* Fuck you, Naomi.
NAOMI: Fuck you too!
CAMILLE: Okay okay okay! Just shut up!

Everyone is silent. Pause.

CAMILLE: Look at yourselves! We've been friends for years and now we're at each other's throats over an Elton John song!
TOM: It's not just about tha-
JOHN: You don't even know-
MIKE: This doesn't involve-
CAMILLE: Stop! It involves us because you're our boyfriends, it-
GLORIA: It involves us because our friends are getting hurt-
CAMILLE: And what's complete bullshit is that you won't talk to any of us, let alone each other. *(turns to MIKE. Firm, but not antagonistic)* So that's why we're here, and we're staying here until you make peace with one another.
TOM: *(turns to NAOMI. Angry.)* Naomi, is this why you're really here? Because you think staying away from me will change things? *(pause, NAOMI is taken aback a little; TOM continues, louder)*
Well?
NAOMI: *(quiet, but firm)* Yes.
TOM: Fuck this shit. If I want to fight with someone I fucking well fight with them, you can't try and control me. You know what? Stay locked away here with your stupid friends. Don't bother coming back, I actually fucking prefer it when you're not around.

TOM EXITS to the left

NAOMI: *(stunned, upset)* Wha-?

NAOMI turns quickly and walks to the right side of patio, leans on the railing and looks over the edge. GLORIA turns to look at NAOMI

From this point until the end of the scene, the men and women on the patio split into two small groups: CAMILLE and MIKE, to the left of the patio; JOHN, GLORIA and NAOMI, to the right. The two following sections of dialogue occur simultaneously.

LEFT: MIKE and CAMILLE

MIKE: *(begins to talk as soon as NAOMI moves. He is looking at CAMILLE)* This is bullshit. You think denying us-

CAMILLE moves over to the left side of the patio to stand near MIKE as she talks.

CAMILLE: *(plaintive, trying to be firm)* I don't care if you think it's bullshit. We just want the fighting to end. So you don't get to see us, you don't get to sleep with us until you sort this mess out.

MIKE: *(passive-aggressive breathing, sighs, trying to contain himself)* Camille. *(pause, sigh)* I'm sick of this. *(pause)* I think you should come off the pill and think about what this is doing to me and you-

CAMILLE: *(shocked and upset, this is going somewhere she didn't expect)* This has nothing to do with the pill! I just want to- *(she cuts herself off, upset, long pause, walks quickly a few paces)* I just-

MIKE: Just want to what ? We barely have sex twice a week as it is and now you're threatening to withhold that ?

CAMILLE is silent for a few moments as she tries to gather her thoughts – this has turned a nasty corner. She stumbles over her words, tries to contain herself.

CAMILLE: It's not withholding, it's a way of protesting at what you're doing, you are talking about two different things-

MIKE: *(to no-one in particular, he's orating rather than talking to her)* And it's always on your terms, isn't it? We can't do it with your legs up on my shoulders because it hurts you, you always have to come first, you won't go down-

CAMILLE: *(upset and agitated now)* This is a different issue! I don't want-

MIKE: I never had this problem with any of my other girlfriends. You're so fucking selfish.

CAMILLE: *(long silence, then she speaks, quietly and almost firmly)* I have a normal sex-drive-

MIKE: Oh yeah? So when's the last time you jumped on me? Or gave me head? I have to ask you to do it!

CAMILLE: *(trying to be calm)* Mike, this is not about that. This is about the fighting between-

MIKE: Well you should stop worrying about what fighting I get up to, which is my fucking business, and start worrying about the fighting between you and me. Jesus, Camille, I don't know how much more of this I want to take. Boring, unimaginative sex once a week if I'm fucking lucky, and even then, I have- *(he cuts off as GLORIA screams)*

RIGHT: JOHN, GLORIA and NAOMI

JOHN moves gently to GLORIA. GLORIA is just about to touch and comfort NAOMI.

JOHN: *(frustrated but not aggressive)* This is why you're here? To stay away from me?

GLORIA turns back to JOHN.

GLORIA: That's why we're all here.

JOHN: *(softening)* Baby, I haven't seen you in days. *(tries to touch GLORIA)* I miss you.

GLORIA: *(pushes JOHN away gently, upset)* John, I can't. Not until all this is sorted out.

JOHN: *(wheedling, but he loves her)* Come on, just-

GLORIA: *(more resolved, still upset)* I said no.

GLORIA pushes JOHN away firmly but without malice.

JOHN: *(hurt, upset)* You're fucking pushing me away?

NAOMI: *(cutting in, aggressively)* Yeah. Deal with it.

JOHN: *(to NAOMI, angrily)* Shut up and fuck off *(he moves toward GLORIA again, softening, pleading)*. Glo, I love you, come on-

GLORIA: *(backing away from JOHN)* I love you too, but that's why-

NAOMI steps in between JOHN and GLORIA. From here to the end of the scene NAOMI keeps trying to stand in front of GLORIA to prevent JOHN from touching her. GLORIA keeps backing away from both of them. All three move closer and closer to the edge of the patio.

NAOMI: *(angry)* She said no, leave her-

JOHN: *(to NAOMI, rising)* Naomi, butt out, this is between me and-

GLORIA: *(backing away)* John, I can't, you have to understand-

JOHN: *(to NAOMI, who is getting more in his way)* Get out of my fucking way! Jesus, I just want to talk to-

NAOMI: She told you to-

JOHN and GLORIA talk, attempting to ignore NAOMI, who talks over JOHN, goading him throughout.

JOHN: *(ignoring NAOMI, upset)* Gloria, baby, I just want to talk to-

GLORIA: John, I swore that there'd be no contact between us until you stopped fighting. You have to make a choice-

JOHN: Baby, this is stupid, why can't we-?

NAOMI: *(somewhat mechanical, a bit menacing, goading)* Fucking meatheads. You never take no for an answer, do you? When will you accept that she doesn't want to talk to you? This has always been your problem - you never listen to a thing she says. You're able to tune me out right now aren't you? Just like that time-

JOHN turns suddenly to NAOMI, he's been making an effort to ignore her, now he's lost it.

JOHN: *(to NAOMI, furious)* Will you just fuck off?

NAOMI: No! You can't boss people around.

JOHN: Gloria is my girlfriend-

GLORIA: *(upset)* John, plea-

NAOMI: *(enraged)* So that gives you some special fucking right over her?

JOHN: *(livid)* FUCK OFF! Butt out you stupid cunt! I am trying to- *(turns suddenly to GLORIA, frustrated and upset)* Gloria! *(reaches to touch GLORIA, pleads)* Will you just-

NAOMI pushes JOHN, and the two struggle, his eyes on GLORIA the whole time. JOHN pushes NAOMI away one final time and she stumbles back, can't regain her balance and falls to her death over the railing off the patio.

JOHN: Gloria, just- *(he turns as he realises NAOMI has fallen off the roof)*

GLORIA: *(screaming)* AAAAAHHHH!!!!!!

END SCENE

SCENE THREE: FUN*BEAUTY*ADVENTURE*EXCITEMENT

Opens on the third floor of the house, a few hours later. Lights are low. The living room. MIKE sits, numbly, in a leather armchair to the left of the room. CAMILLE sits, weeping, on a pouffe to the right of the room. A sofa, with MIKE's coat, sits in the center of the room.

CAMILLE: *(weeping)* Naomi.....she was like a-....oh, God.....

MIKE: I can't believe it. I'll fucking tear him apart when I-

CAMILLE: NO! That's not!.....you can't.....Naomi.....she...*(dissolves into tears)*

MIKE: *(pause)* You know, I hate to say it Camille, but she shouldn't have baited him like that. She-

CAMILLE: *(wailing rather than shouting)* How can you say that? He pushed her! They were at the edge-

MIKE: *(irritated and frustrated)* Well, he wouldn't have- *(losing momentum)*Whatever. None of this would have happened if you hadn't holed up here away from us.

CAMILLE: But-?.....We just wanted you all to stop fighting, we just-

MIKE: *(taking deep breath, trying to control anger; measured)* Camille. You cannot try and control me.

CAMILLE: I wasn't trying to control you, I was just trying to get you to listen to me.

MIKE: Well, you got us all listening.....*(pause; he watches her cry; softening)* Come on, it's late. *(Begins to take his shoes off)* Let's go to bed.

CAMILLE: *(She stops crying. Pause. Gently and exhausted.)* I can't.

MIKE: *(sharply)* What?

CAMILLE: *(drained)* Do you promise to stop the fighting?

MIKE: *(raises his eyes to heaven)* Camille, we've been through this. Butt out. Come on, I'm exhausted, let's go to bed. *(starts unbuttoning his shirt)*

CAMILLE: Mike, I can't. Not until you promise to make peace with them.

MIKE: *(long pause, not even looking at her)* You know, Camille, I think about other people. I think about other women. *(pause; defiant like a chancer)* Maybe we should start seeing-

CAMILLE: I don't want to see other people ! I want to see you! Mike, this isn't about our relationship, it's about you and-

MIKE: *(robotic, collected, distant)* Camille. This isn't something I wanted to discuss with you tonight, but this relationship isn't satisfying to me. Physically or emotionally.

CAMILLE: How can you say that? We've been together.....since 1954.....I love-

MIKE: Yeah, well, saying you love me just doesn't cut it any more.

CAMILLE stands and moves to MIKE, kneels beside his armchair and looks up at him. MIKE does not look at her.

CAMILLE: Please, Mike, I just want all the fighting to stop. I don't want us to break up.

MIKE leans forward a little, looks at CAMILLE, then reaches forward and starts kissing her. For a few seconds she kisses him back, then tries to stop him, but he won't let her go.

CAMILLE: Mike-

MIKE stops kissing her for a few seconds, then begins again. After a few more seconds she pushes him away as best she can.

CAMILLE: Please.....just-

MIKE removes himself from her mechanically and roughly.

MIKE: Camille. I can't be in a relationship with you if you won't give me physical affection.

CAMILLE is flustered and upset, but he has the upper hand and she doesn't know how to even express how much of an asshole he's being.

CAMILLE: How can you expect-Even if you'd stop the fighting....I mean, Naomi....I can't just-

MIKE: *(pause. When he speaks, he's not looking at her.)* I don't think we connect emotionally. I don't think we ever did. I don't know if I'll ever be able to connect with you. You give out about me being shut off, but I don't even know if it's worth the effort for me to try and open up emotionally to-

CAMILLE: Mike, please. Of course we connect. Of course we connect. And I want to be with you. You're the only-

MIKE: Then can I stay the night?

CAMILLE: I don't know. Maybe. N-

MIKE: You really know how to make me feel wanted, don't you?

CAMILLE: I ju-.....I jus-

MIKE reaches forward and starts to kiss her; again she kisses back for a few seconds, then starts to pull away

CAMILLE: Mike...

MIKE ignores her and continues kissing her. CAMILLE tries to gently manoeuvre herself out of his embrace.

CAMILLE: Mi-.....Can we just-.....Mike (*wiggles free*) Please, can we just leave-

MIKE: (*Pulls away from her roughly*) Make up your mind. I can't be in this relationship with you anymore if you're going to be like this.

MIKE rises and moves to the right end of the sofa, picks up his coat, keeping his back to CAMILLE. CAMILLE turns and looks at him.

CAMILLE: Mike, I promised the others that I wouldn't.....Naomi is dead, how can you even.....

MIKE: (*turns back to look at CAMILLE sharply*) Oh so there's something wrong with me now because I want a tiny bit of physical affection from my girlfriend? You have to make me into some sort of pervert because you're fucking frigid?

CAMILLE gets up from the floor as she speaks and moves to the left end of the sofa.

CAMILLE: What? I'm not- Baby, I want you, you know I want you, it's just.....I can't....not tonight.....Baby, please, you know how much I love you.....

MIKE moves abruptly to CAMILLE and starts kissing her. For a little while she kisses back, then pulls away and tries to turn the embrace into a hug. MIKE hugs her for a moment then he starts kissing her again.

CAMILLE: Mike, please-

MIKE stops kissing her momentarily and looks her in the eyes.

MIKE: Camille, either we're in a normal physical relationship or we're not. Make your choice. (*very short pause; resumes kissing her*)

From this point to the end of the scene MIKE doesn't say anything, he just keeps kissing a struggling CAMILLE. He touches her, things get heavier and heavier. Eventually he pushes her dress up, opens his fly and rapes her. CAMILLE struggles for a long time but he is too strong for her; she eventually acquiesces.

CAMILLE: (*struggling*) Mike.....Mike, stop.....No.....Mike, please stop.....Mike, no, Mike.....you're hurting-.....No...NO.....STOP.....please stop.....Mike.....you're hurting.....MIKE, STOP.....NO....no.....get off me !...STOP IT.....MIKE!.....NO.....STOP....NO! MIKE.....(*weakening*) Mike, please.....no.....no..... (*murmuring to herself*) I love being a fashion model..... What shall I wear on my show? Help me get ready for my date..... Let's go visit P.J..... I like the new dress styles..... Would you like to go shopping ?.....We sure have a lot of fun.....Let's have a fashion show-

END SCENE