

*simona semenič: relaxed*

*the staging from the couch requires the camera or mobile phone be static, and it should stand in for a mirror in which the character checks himself, and later for a mobile which he holds in his hand*

*a man in smart casual attire is blotting the sofa and his trousers with a paper towel*

oh, good grief  
good grief  
fuck  
now what  
fuck  
what the fuck  
what the actual fuck

*checks his watch*

i've no time to change  
motherfucker

*quick and shallow breaths*

calm down, calm down, calm down  
relax

*quick and shallow breaths*  
*checks his pulse*

okay

*sits down*

calm down, everything's okay

*he gets up and checks himself in the mirror opposite the sofa*

*turns to one side, checks his ass and belly*  
*the other side, checks his ass and belly*  
*studies himself from the front*  
*from the back*  
*steps right up to the mirror and checks his teeth, nostrils, tongue, hair*  
*pleased with what he sees*

oh, no

*or not*  
*he once again tries to clean the spot on his trousers*

what if she figures out what it's from?

*checks his watch*

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any minute now  
relax

*looks around the living room, straightens a detail here and there*

everything will be fine, i just need to be relax  
we'll sit down  
perhaps the kitchen would be better?  
fuck  
i don't know  
the living room is more comfortable  
more relax  
yeah, the living room is fine  
i bet she'll be on time, she's always on time  
okay

*checks his watch*

two more minutes  
okay  
concentrate  
biscuits and tiramisu with tea  
and chocolate, chocolate is a must  
and if she wants wine, i have cheese, olives, crostini, goose liver paté  
no, no, fuck, she doesn't eat meat now, fuck, i don't want to screw this up  
okay  
no paté  
tiramisu, then  
tiramisu will make her knees weak  
okay  
relax  
don't nag and don't force her to eat and drink!  
don't nag and don't force her to eat and drink!  
i can't go full force on her  
okay, relax

*shifts into different relaxed poses*

what if the couch is too much ...  
too much ...  
fuck  
i don't want her to panic  
relaxed  
what if she doesn't want anything?  
what if she really just takes the bike for the girl?  
no, no  
in this case she'd tell me to bring it over  
no, there must be something more, for sure she at least wants to talk

*checks his breath*

i just must not lose it

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if she starts hissing ...  
don't lose it!  
count to ten  
i have to count to ten before I hiss back  
fuck  
okay

*sniffs his armpit*

fuck, i'm sweating  
fuck  
okay, okay  
concentrate  
that is, first, i have to ask her how they're doing  
how my princess is  
i miss her  
no, fuck, i can't say princess, she doesn't like me calling her princess, she'll start immediately with her  
feminist bullshit  
no, no  
fuck, poor child  
okay  
relax

*into the mirror*

i love you  
you know that i love you?  
i'm sorry that we couldn't ...  
fuck  
that i couldn't  
when she  
fuck, no, both of us, both  
that we couldn't  
no, joc said that i have to be all sackcloth and ashes  
but what the fuck does joc know, he's all smart, but he's never even lived with a woman, what the  
fuck does joc know  
about women and children  
but then, perhaps ...  
okay, okay  
i'm sorry i couldn't make  
that i couldn't make ...  
what?  
what, exactly?  
i don't even know why she left  
why, exactly?  
fuck  
what the fuck should i apologise for?  
if i don't know

*sits down, defeated*

no, no

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it's okay  
relax

*shifts into one of the relaxed poses*

i miss you two  
no

*tries it differently*

i miss you two  
no

*tries it differently*

i miss you  
no

*feels his crotch  
rearranges his penis inside his trousers*

good, good, we're ready just in case

*smiles  
checks his watch*

fuck  
she's late  
strange  
she's never late  
relax  
relax

where are you?  
what if she doesn't come?  
fuck  
what if ...

*the sound of the key in the door*

fuck

*exhales deeply, relaxes into the sofa, and picks up the mobile*

relax

*fade to black*