

(DRAMA)

The woman goes into the bathroom and comes to the mirror. She watches
her reflection in the mirror. She looks up to her face.

Her make up is melting.

Her eyes are shown in details.

Male Narrator (V.O.)

I'm a fucking lunatic!

The woman looks at her reflection in the mirror and cleans her face
with a wipe.

Male Narrator (V.O.)

All the effort must be washed off. Make up against fat, oily,
pimples, short eyelashes, pale lips, thin eyebrows for general
well-being ...

Only 99.99. hard earned beauty. The smell of sarcasm is free.

The woman combs her hair.

Male Narrator (V.O.)

We're all the same fucking hypocrites. We had become the fucking
cancer of this world. We're concerned for being special, but we are
actually washed up copies.



A cell phone ringing is heard. The woman takes the phone out of her purse. Decides to ignore the call and put the cell phone back in the purse.

Male Narrator (V.O.)

Dear Friend, Your wife is aware that you will remain working overtime.

The woman paints a man in the mirror and crosses him over. She angrily throes the lipstick.

Male Narrator (V.O.)

Fuck, I know I'm better than that.

Maybe you do not know. You have not known me all these years and you will never know me.

The woman scratches her face.

Male Narrator (V.O.)

You're right. Who would want me anymore, neither I do not want myself anymore. My complexes have become our complexes. I'm paralyzed by



fear. Fear got me upset. The fear is becoming my main source. Is that what triggered your lies? Or did you started playing games with me?

She skims her skirt and comes to the closet.

Male Narrator (V.O.)

You do not understand that I won. You do not understand that I know everything. You do not understand that I am giving you a chance. You convince yourself that you are the best. You look at me at the eyes. You laugh. You're making it easy, you're scared my dear darling, my dear.

She comes to a closet and searches inside it. She finds a coat and puts it on.

Male Narrator (V.O.)

It was stupid to expect you would not succumb. At least you always strived for new challenges. Why to return to won fortress? I let you make me sick. Thank you for showing me how love works. The theory of monogamy has fallen into the ashes.



She takes the scale below the closet and stands at it.

Male Narrator (V.O.)

You turned me into a frustrated woman with excess weight, excessive
bitterness.

I ridiculed such mischiefs.

She takes her husband's toothbrush. She scrubs the toilet bowl with
it.

Male Narrator (V.O.)

The Oscar smiles at you like me.

A smart woman knows when to be stupid.

You will indulge in your misery that even you do not understand.

She sit on the floor. She leans on the bath.

Male Narrator (V.O.)



I have myself, my dignity, my truth. Tomorrow is a new day. I will revenge in the way you will never be able to. I will believe more, become more secure, better, more honest. All that you can dream about. We're all deceived or cheated. We are the ones most important to ourselves. Alone in the inexhaustible loneliness. I have time to get to know myself. How I childishly believed. Perhaps we were occasionally connected souls. We may have disappeared over time. I should have paid more attention to the faces of others. They all know or are afraid to find out. I'm very strict to myself.

She takes a bottle of wine behind the candle.

Male Narrator (V.O.)

We could find a sense in everything once.

We used to be us. Now we are just you and just me alone.

She lights a cigarette and smokes over the toilet bowl.

Male Narrator (V.O.)

Was it worth the risk? My emotions until I stay without them.

Seek for strength and happiness every time over again. To love so much that it hurts. I am guilty, I sentenced myself alone. I can have everything.



She sits down on the tub and drinks wine. Bottle of wine is poured.

Male Narrator (V.O.)

I had you mother. Thank you for teaching me how to be left.

Thank you for my damn life.

Because of you mother, I'm successful. You was not easy on me. You knew life is not gentle to anyone. You've become a poor thig to your life, you let life to take you over.

And you still blamed me. You are with him because of me, you would say. His lovers have shown me what love is. I became guilty of his cheating. I became guilty of his drinking.

I guess he took away the last piece of you and left you.

That's what you deserved. And that's what I'm guilty of.

Your product. How difficult it is when you do not have a culprit. I wish you were my culprit.

How ironic! A child with the talent you have created. I was left alone.

I had become free. To whom belongs my freedom? Freedom is just an illusion in our heads. I gave myself.



My feelings are important. I became essential, I'm important to myself. The days go to laugh at boring people and their more ridiculous nothingness.

She cleans the sparkling wine from the floor.

Male Narrator (V.O.)

This bad wine should be forgiven for its existence. Before you were civilized, dear. And then you started looking for a deep shit in everything. Probably that's why I'm so successful. Successful in canning. People love spoiled things.

The wrong is always the right path. The profit frustrates us. The rare are lucky. The rare are overwhelmed.

She clears the figure on the mirror with a mop. She looks at the reflection and removes the earrings.

Male Narrator (V.O.)

Slaves of false kitsch and glamor. That great money. How did your mother know best, it's better to be in the penny with money in his pocket than without anything. You were in the pit without anything, imprisoned with your principal guilty. I still blame everyone. The



world is all the more real and hilarious. They need to turn off the
TVs to make a riot about the bad program. Every ballad finds its
meaning. Every fool has its own truth.

