

Three friends—IDA, LOTTE, and PETER—are in a studio apartment.

In the apartment, there's a kitchen, a dining table and chairs, and a living room area with a couch and an armchair and a TV and a coffee table. There are also other things, such as two lamps, one on each side of the room, a hatstand with coats on it, and a front door.

On the dining table, there's a thermos, an open laptop, a set of keys, and a printer cartridge. (SEE APPENDIX C.)

At the back of the room in the centre of the room, there's a vast screen/mirror thing, a few metres square. It acts just like the magnifying side of a shaving mirror. When something passes in front of it or comes close to it, its image is projected large. (SEE APPENDIX D.)

Also, in the corner of the apartment, there's a double bed with squirming sheets. The sheets continuously writhe without discernible pattern. (SEE APPENDIX I.)

The room has three radiators. They are connected by pipes and they are warm because the radiators are on. (SEE APPENDIX A.)

The three friends are talking. IDA is sitting on the couch and LOTTE is in the armchair. PETER is in the kitchen area getting some beers. They seem to know each other well, like friends.

PETER'S a bit under the weather. Not too much. He coughs occasionally as they talk.

LOTTE

(motions putting on a t-shirt, really fast, not accurate, almost like putting on a hat that goes down to her neck.)

Like this?

(still doing motion.)

Like this?

IDA

Yeah, I always put my head through first, so the shirt hangs from my neck, kind of like a big floppy necklace, and then I find the arms.

PETER

(from the kitchen.)

Hm.

LOTTE

I do the opposite. I put my arms through and then my head.

IDA

How do you do that?

LOTTE

I put my arms through like this—

(makes motion, puts her hands through the air like a long glove or like putting hands in a cow, one after the other.)

and then I do—

(swooping motion, ducks head in, almost like going under a short doorway.)

PETER

(as he's carrying the beers over.)

I do an awkward mixture of both. I put my head and one arm through at the same time—

(makes motion, half-lifts one arm and tilts head, like putting head through and checking on the other side of a portal.)

so that the shirt is halfway on and it's a little tight, it's—

IDA

Like a diagonal—

PETER

Yeah, it's criss-crossing my body, and it's constricting—

(constricts body, not accurate to putting on a shirt.)

so I have to push my other arm through to pull the rest of it on—

(back to putting on a shirt—one arm is up, body twisting like it's trying to get into a hole it doesn't fit into.)

and then it doesn't sit quite right on my body because it's all twisted around me—

(constricts again, but with arm up.)

LOTTE

Yeah—

IDA

Yeah.

PETER

(walking back to kitchen area with grapes in a bowl for everyone to snack on.)

So then I have to untwist it—

(pulls at shirt, untwisting.)

you know, pull it into shape and shake it a little—

(shakes shirt.)

to get it into shape.

PETER puts the bowl of grapes on the coffee table and sits down again with the others. He relaxes into the couch and it crinkles because it's made of old leather. As he settles in, it crinkles more. Both of his feet are flat on the floor and he's wearing socks. The other two friends are wearing shoes. PETER'S socks are thin and purple. They are the last socks in the world.

IDA

There's a way people do it in the movies, which I copied as a kid: you put your arms in first—

(puts arms in.)

and you go—

(pulls over head in a movie way.)

LOTTE

Yeah, that's basically how I do it. But less gracefully than in the movies.

IDA

Is that how you take it off, too?

LOTTE

Yeah.

IDA

That's definitely how someone in a movie would take it off—

PETER

Because it shows off the torso—

IDA

Exactly.

LOTTE

Hm.

IDA

I've never done it like that. I ruin all the collars of my shirts, because I grab the collar, and I do this—

(pulls at collar, like a tortoise retreating into its shell, yanking at the elastic.)

and then work my way up like this—

(pulls up over her head, stretching the collar, so it's like she's looking out of a little cave.)

it's awful.

PETER

Yeah, yeahyeah, I get that. I don't ruin the collars but I often rip the armholes. Because I put one hand—

(pulls down at armpit, like opening armpit.)

LOTTE

Yeah—

PETER

I put one hand up into the shirt, and pull the armpit down—

(continues to pull at armpit.)

so that the armpit hole is wider—

(stretches it.)

and then I pull my elbow through—

(pulls down elbow through armpit hole.)

LOTTE

That's so inefficient. I do it very cleanly, like this—

(crosses arms at bottom of shirt and then uncrosses them into the air like wings, clicks fingers like 'ta-da.')

but that means that all my shirts are inside out when I drop them on the floor.

IDA

So you pull it off in one fluid motion?

LOTTE

Well, not quite the magic trick of crossed arms—

(makes motion again but more gracefully.)

but more like peeling it off. And then it ends up inverted.

IDA

Yes, yes. I can see that. I leave shirts on the floor too, but only some of them are inside out.

And some of them are half inside out. I don't even know how that happens.

LOTTE

Huh.

Pretty often, all three friends take a sip of their beers or they reach across the table to grab a grape from the bowl of grapes. At one point, IDA fumbles a grape and drops it onto the table, then quickly picks it up off the table and puts it in her mouth.

IDA

And the same with my trousers. One leg will be inside out, but not the other one.

PETER

But that makes sense to me because trousers, when you're taking them off, often one leg will get stuck on the heel—

(motions like he's peeling something off that is stuck on his heel.)

and then that whole leg is yanked inside out.

LOTTE

I avoid that by pulling them all the way down—

(kind of motions her trousers down.)

and then grabbing the bottom cuff to get my foot out—

(grips cuff.)

so they don't go inside out.

PETER

I do everything lopsided, apparently. I take one leg off first—

(motions one leg down.)

you know, I pull one down as far as it can go, and then I pull the other leg down—

(motions pulling other leg down.)

so the trousers tighten around my legs and they're hard to pull off. That last tug takes some work.

(constricts again, but at the bottom of his body, presses his knees together like someone impersonating a snake, then sits back up.)

IDA

How many things do you group together? If you've got a button-up shirt on and a t-shirt underneath, like I do now—

(little tug.)

do you pull off both at once? I would take off the shirt and the t-shirt at the same time.

LOTTE

What, how?

IDA

I would undo a couple of buttons—

(undoing buttons motion.)

and then just pull the whole assembly off.

(makes inaccurate motion, like opening ribcage.)

PETER

Wait. You take your shirt off with your t-shirt?

IDA

Yeah.

PETER

No.

IDA

Yeah. And the same with my trousers. I just take off my underwear with them. And I pick up my socks on the way—

(slides hands down trousers with a flourish at the end like releasing a dove.)

LOTTE

Well, yeah, I do that too. Everyone does that, right?

PETER

I think everyone does that.

IDA

Maybe—

(like she's about to say something more.)

PETER

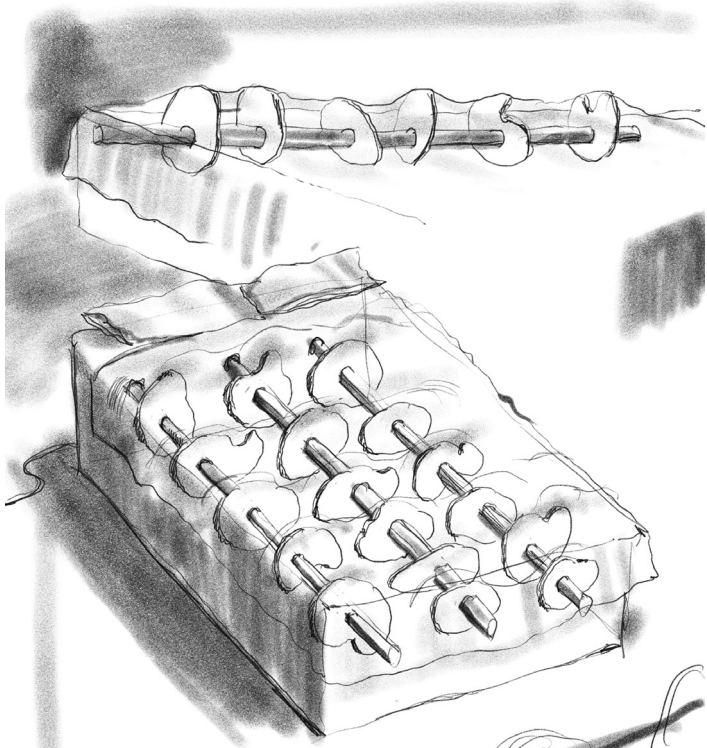
Though a friend made me these trousers—

(delicate pinch at the fabric, being gentle.)

so I'm careful with them.

LOTTE

They're great.



Walter's
bed mechanism.

