**SILENCES**

WIFE

(As she leaves the clothes)

Would you like to have a snack? Maybe a white coffee?

OLD WOMAN

Yes… Thanks…

(keeps folding the clothes)

Can I help you?

WIFE

(as she walks to the kitchen)

As you please…

OLD WOMAN

I finish with this and I go…

HUSBAND (OFF)

(From the room)

Where did you leave my papers?

WIFE (OFF)

(From the kitchen)

Did you look on the table?

WIFE (OFF)

(A little while later)

Javier called… He says that is a fuse… It’s not expensive…

HUSBAND (OFF)

(From the room)

When will it be fixed?

WIFE (OFF)

Tomorrow… afternoon.He told me that he’ll call you before.

HUSBAND (OFF)

(going down the stairs angrily)

What did you tell him?

WIFE (OFF)

(From the kitchen, a bit scared)

Nothing, that it’s alright… that he calls you.

HUSBAND (OFF)

What do you mean ‘alright’? what do you mean “nothing”? You knew it couldn’t be…Didn’t you? What do I do now? Tell me? what do I do now?

WIFE (OFF)

I don’t… I don’t know.

HUSBAND (OFF)

“Don’t know… don’t know…”

HUSBAND (CONT.) (OFF)

(As he keeps looking for the papers in the kitchen)

And the papers? Where the hell are they?

(Silence)

You knew I needed it today… and don’t tell me you didn’t… because you did.

WIFE (OFF)

(Scared and with a tiny voice)

But I thought that…

HUSBAND (OFF)

What you thought it’s of no use. Shit!. Fuck! Go on… Get out! Move away!

WIFE (OFF)

(Scared and ashamed)

Please… I’ll look for them.

HUSBAND (OFF)

(angry)

You’ll look for what? What are you looking for?

 (ironically)

Are you going to look for them?

 (angry)

Look… You don’t know where the hell did you leave them? That’s it… don’t? you meddle with all my things and don’t remember where do you leave them…

 (shouting)

Get out! Move away!

WIFE (OFF)

(Scared and ashamed)

Please, don’t shout me… Your mother is gonna hear us.

HUSBAND (OFF)

No… no, don’t go on this way… I’m in my fucking house… Can you hear me? I’m in my fucking home… And if someone doesn’t like hearing me shouting in my fucking home then this person can go to an asylum…

Well now it’s me the prick who doesn’t know where he leaves his things…

WIFE (OFF)

I didn’t touch them…

HUSBAND (OFF)

No, so now over I’m an asshole and I don’t now where Ileave my things…

WIFE (OFF)

(terrified)

I don’t know where they are…

HUSBAND

(Going towards his Wife who is in the kitchen)

I ask you for very little… If you only do things not too bad is alright with me… but you insist on and on fucking me. It’s not that difficult! isn’t it? Don’t you cry! Look at me… look at me!

(Silence)

Is it so difficult to do things well? Is it so difficult? Am I asking so much? Answer me! Am I asking so much?

WIFE (OFF)

(with a very tiny voice)

No…

(silence)

But I thought that…

HUSBAND (OFF)

I don’t mind what do you think… do you understand it? or not?

HUSBAND (OFF)

Look… If the paper doesn’t turn up, there’s gonna be a big mess here.

WIFE (OFF)

(Crying)

But darling, I wasn’t here when you…

HUSBAND (OFF)

Shut up! That’s the point… where were you? With your sister… I don’t want you to go with her anymore. Can you hear me? It’s over…

HUSBAND (OFF)

She has to sort out her life…

WIFE (OFF)

(Crying)

Now I’ll look for the papers.

HUSBAND (OFF)

And stop crying!Fuck!

(the wife keeps crying and he shouts)

Shut up!

HUSBAND (OFF)

I told you to stop crying!

HUSBAND (OFF)

A crazy thing… that’s what I’m gonna do one day, a crazy thing… and I’m warning you… little by little I’m warning you… but, one day I’ll do a crazy thing… Look at me!

HUSBAND (OFF)

(Exiting the door)

And when I come back… I want to see the paper… alright? Alright!