

*Ari is alone on stage. He is dancing a zembekiko in silence, to the music in his head. His movements are graceful and sensual. As he dances, he begins to touch his body. He is dancing, wanking, we hear his breathing, growing louder, faster as he approaches his climax. He comes.*

*A faint beat, music playing. The music slowly becomes louder and louder, it is Sister Sledge's **Lost in Music**. He starts dressing, quickly, T-shirt, his jeans, his sneakers.*

## **EAST**

ARI: The morning is ending. I've just opened my eyes. The sisters are raising their voices to the Heavens.

*He is fully awake.*

Heaven is soundtracked by Nile Rodgers. Heaven is old-school disco.

I look like shit.

*Sniffs at his pits*

I smell like shit.  
Seven missed calls. From Mum.  
Three messages. From Mum. Delete. Delete. Delete.  
She's gonna kill me when I get home.

My brother, Pano, is in the kitchen, cooking mushrooms and onions.  
I'd kill for some hang-over bacon. But this is a vegan house.  
Well, his girlfriend, Jana, is vegan.  
*(Loudly, deliberately cheesy) **Káli méra, Jana mou. [Good morning, my Jana]***  
She doesn't look up from her phone. George, the boy they share with is sitting across from her. He looks up from his phone, smiles.

*Ari inhales, exhales.*

*(slowly)* He looks up. And smiles. At me.

*(fast)* I return him a cool nod, nothing too eager. He's in boxers, the top button loose, a glimpse of golden pubes.  
I grab my brother from behind. Our hips are swinging in time. A crackle as the needle glides onto the next track.  
And then the needle screeches, scratches.  
Jana stomps back from the lounge room.  
Plonks on her chair. Taps on her phone.

The rapturous joy of the Sisters is gone. Replaced with something earnest and whiny.

**This is very white, Jana.**

**Okay. And what do you think *you* are?**

I put my head on her shoulder, my mouth to her ear.

*(menacing whisper)* **I'm not white, sister, I'm a wog! I'm not your fucking sister!**

*Ari jumps back as if scalded.*

George is looking straight at me.

**You *are* white.**

*Ari lifts the bottom of T, and points to his skin.*

**Wog!**

*Pause*

George laughs.

He's so fucking beautiful. I don't hate him at all.

*A phone rings: Misirlou from Pulp Fiction*

Pano checks his phone, groans, hands it straight to me.

Fuck! It's Mum!

**Where the Hell are you?**

**Xéris. Eimai ston Pano. I just got up. [You know. I'm at Pano's] Den drépisé, re! Ilithie! [Aren't you ashamed! You idiot!]**

**Come home, now!**

**Ochi. I'm meeting up with Joe. [No ...]**

**Now!**

I end the call.

George is looking at me. I want to put my hand on his chest.

**I like it when you talk Greek.**

**Theló na agixo to stíthos sou. [I want to touch your chest.]** I

jump up. Make my goodbyes. George is still looking at me. And I'm flying out the door. I press play.