

HADEEL. I can't move.

YOUSSIF. I'm sorry. I understand. I've been watching you. I've seen how you talk to Bana. You worship her. You try on her shoes. You comb her hair. You laugh at her handwriting. You cry when you watch her acting in her soap operas. She's a wonderful actress. And you love her. And you don't want to hurt her.

HADEEL. Youssif...

YOUSSIF. What?

HADEEL. What about Bana!

YOUSSIF. We'll lose her.

HADEEL. I can't.

YOUSSIF. But we'll have each other.

HADEEL. I can't.

YOUSSIF. Please, Hadeel. I love you.

HADEEL. Youssif...stop. Stop... Please. I...

YOUSSIF. What?

START

HADEEL. I despise you, Youssif, you pretentious fuck. All this talk about smell...and you smell like a fucking horse. But...I'm no better. No. I've made so many mistakes. I'm weak. Weak. Every time I have a problem I just read and eat vanilla ice cream. And now... Now I have the perfect boyfriend. Ahmed is perfect for me. Perfect. He is. He makes me laugh. But...you. You. I'm so dirty, Youssif. I'm so...dirty. And you are so...you disgust me. But...I do want to go home with you. I can't believe this... Every time you and Bana come here to watch TV...when you leave I just want to scream TAKE ME, Youssif. TAKE ME WITH YOU. I just want to kiss your leather jacket. I want to put you to sleep. Forgive me, Bana. Youssif. I want to see you naked. I want to see you eat and when you are done I want to lick your plate until it's completely clean.

END

YOUSSIF. Please marry me.

HADEEL. No...

YOUSSIF. Hadeel.