

**LEGACY**  
(provisional title)

by

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**English translation**  
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## **Dramatis personae**

**Cleo: 28, businesswoman, Oriol's mother.**

**Oriol: 20, no job/not in education, Cleo's son.**

**Javi: 36, Oriol's lover.**

## Scene 1

*Cleo is at home, making preparations for a party she is about to host. She puts out glasses and plates of food, maybe lights some candles. It's a party with canapés and expensive wine, in a sleek flat with designer decor. Cleo is stylishly dressed for an important occasion, elegant but not too formal.*

*As the audience take their seats, she welcomes them, greeting her guests one by one. There's soft music in the background, but nothing too tacky - not cover versions or jazz. When the whole audience are seated, she tries to silence everyone and get their attention. She pours herself some wine and raises her glass.*

**Cleo:** Good evening everyone. Thanks for coming along tonight.

*(to a member of the audience)* Excuse me! Could you keep the noise down? This won't take long! *(to everyone)* You all know how embarrassing I find this stuff, it's really not my thing!

Anyway, I'm throwing this impromptu party because... I wanted to celebrate. I know lots of you are probably wondering why. Well... to celebrate, just to celebrate. No, it's not my birthday. I haven't had a promotion. What would I get promoted to? I'm the boss. *(laughing)* "I'm the fuckin boss" like my interns would say.

*(to a member of the audience)* Hey! I make the jokes around here, no need for you to add anything. *(she signals to them to be quiet)*

*(to everyone)* So, it's not my birthday, I haven't been promoted, I'm not moving house, I've already been married, divorced and widowed – and we celebrated that but discreetly – *(to another member of the audience)* – Shh! No need to explain!

*(to another member of the audience)* And my son isn't about to graduate because, to do that, first of all he'd have to sign his lazy ass up for a university course. But I don't want to get into that here.

*(to everyone)* I've invited you all here because I want to celebrate, that's all. To celebrate and to spend my money just for the hell of it; because it's been months since we've gone dancing or held a party; we've had year after year of depression and bad vibes, of social obligations, of meetings about this, that and the other. So, just for the hell of it.

So... there's unlimited wine, a free bar, a buffet – with options for vegetarians, vegans, lacto-ovo vegetarians, pescatarians, celiacs, diabetics... – although in a couple of hours' time the food is going to be the last thing your livers are worrying about.

Cheers!

*(to the technician)* Pump up the volume and... press play... the first track is ready to go.

*Music starts to play at full volume, club music, and Cleo starts to dance. She teases the audience, encouraging them to dance.*

*The light gradually fades.*

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*The music is still playing but is muffled. The light changes so that it becomes very dark, only a few blue points are visible and, maybe, the flashes of the moving, coloured lights of a dancefloor. It's a corner/corridor or maybe the dark room, where everything happens, in a club.*

*Two guys are all over each other. One, Oriol, is very young; the other, Javi, is older.*

*Oriol's phone rings but he ignores it. It rings insistently.  
Javi steps back.*

**Javi:** Someone's calling you.

**Oriol:** Keep going!

*Javi responds. The action becomes more physical, more erotic. The phone rings again.  
Javi steps back and looks at Oriol.*

**Oriol:** I'm not answering it.

**Javi:** Shall we go somewhere else?

*The phone carries on ringing, and Oriol takes it out of his trouser pocket to see who's calling, lighting up the space, causing the other people in the dark room to complain.*

**Javi:** Sorry! Let's go somewhere else, this is...

*Javi smooths over Oriol's trousers, which were already unbuttoned, while Oriol rejects the call.*

**Oriol:** What? Don't you fancy that guy over there? *(With his phone, Oriol illuminates a corner of the room)* Fancy a threesome?

**Javi:** Cool it. You're getting carried away!

**Oriol:** Don't you fancy some action?

**Javi:** Yeah, but...

*Oriol starts to kiss Javi again. The phone rings again. He takes it out. This time he turns it off before putting it away.*

**Oriol:** Fuck off!

*Oriol starts kissing Javi again, he grabs his ass, it's heating up.*

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*Cleo is at home, her phone in her hand. Different music is playing, lively but a bit more chilled than before.*

**Cleo:** *(to herself)* Brat! He's not answering.

*(to a member of the audience)* Hey! It's no big deal. Just my son. He's not answering. I wanted to tell him... Oh, come on! We're going to have a good time, right? *(speaking to the rest of the audience as well)* NO! Don't leave!

*She starts dancing, pours glasses of wine, but sees that everyone is leaving. Every now and then she checks her phone.*

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*Oriol pushes Javi up against a wall, starts to pull Javi's trousers down and to kneel down.*

**Javi:** Stop! Not here!

**Oriol:** Boring! Pity it's too late for me to trade up.

**Javi:** Don't be daft. Let's get out of here.

*Javi leads Oriol away. The music gradually fades out. Just as they reach the door, Oriol turns on his phone.*

**Oriol:** Do you live alone?

**Javi:** No.

**Oriol:** Aah...

**Javi:** We could go to the park...

**Oriol:** No way!

*Oriol checks his phone.*

**Javi:** ...or a sauna.

**Oriol:** Forget it!

*Oriol checks his phone, angry at the number of missed calls.*

**Oriol:** We could go to a hotel.

**Javi:** Hmm...

**Oriol:** My treat.

**Javi:** Okay daddy *(laughing)*.

*They leave the club.*

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*End-of-party music plays, very quietly.*

**Cleo** (*saying goodbye to each member of the audience*): Goodbye! Off you go, you boring bastards!

*Cleo closes the front door and pours herself a final glass. She checks her phone.*

**Cleo** (*to herself*): Reply, then! If you've read it, you can reply!

## Scene 2

*In a hotel. Oriol is texting.*

**Oriol:** Grab something from the minibar.

**Javi:** It's a rip-off. I'll go down and find somewhere that's open late.

**Oriol:** Just use the minibar.

**Javi:** Are you loaded?

**Oriol:** Yeah, why?

**Javi:** Fine.

**Oriol:** Nobody's replying.

**Javi:** Are you on Tinder?

**Oriol:** Didn't you say you fancied some action?

**Javi:** But we're already here, aren't we?

**Oriol:** And we're bored.

**Javi:** No!

**Oriol:** When did everyone get so fucking boring?

**Javi:** Maybe we should just chill.

**Oriol:** Do I have a choice?

*Javi goes over to the minibar.*

**Javi:** Beer?

**Oriol:** Whisky. Get me two of them.

**Javi:** That doesn't sound like chilling.

*Oriol's phone rings.*

**Javi:** Answer it. If it's your boyfriend, he'll get jealous.

**Oriol:** Get undressed.

*Oriol rejects the call and tosses the phone away.*

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*Cleo at home – simultaneous with the erotic scene. She's on the sofa, making a phone call.*

**Cleo:** When did I decide to have a kid?

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**Javi:** Hey! Don't tell me what to do.

**Oriol:** Get a move on, I'm losing interest.

*Javi approaches Oriol from behind. He licks his back and starts to undress him.*

**Oriol:** Finally! You've stopped yakking and started doing something interesting.

*Oriol and Javi undress, go to bed and, after caressing each other, they fall asleep.*

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*Cleo in her flat. Her phone rings and she answers.*

**Cleo:** Hello [...] So soon? [...] No. It's not a problem. But... So soon? [...] Fine, fine. It's just I thought I'd have a bit more time. [...] Okay. Bye.

*She takes a deep breath, gets out of bed, and starts gathering up clothes.*

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*In the hotel. Javi wakes up and kisses Oriol. Simultaneously, Cleo – in her flat – picks up a suitcase, and starts to tidy the flat. She throws things into bags.*

**Javi:** Good morning.

**Oriol:** Hi.

*Oriol gets up, picks up his phone, and goes to the bathroom.*

**Javi:** Do you want to go to...?

*Oriol doesn't answer. Javi is waiting in bed and, feeling awkward, starts to get dressed.*

**Javi:** Shall we do the whole 'let's exchange numbers' thing?

*Oriol doesn't answer.*

*Cleo picks up a framed photo and inspects it. She smiles.*

**Cleo:** He was so cute...

**Javi:** Fine... okay. It was fun.

*Cleo tosses the photo into a garbage bag.  
Oriol comes back from the bathroom and looks at Javi.*

**Oriol:** Why are you dressed!?

**Javi:** I'm off.

**Oriol:** Where to?

**Javi:** Home.

**Oriol:** Let's go then.

**Javi:** No. Best not...

**Oriol:** Don't you want to?

**Javi:** Yeah, but... we can't. Don't you have a house?

**Oriol:** No... Yes... No.

**Javi:** Yes or no?

**Oriol:** No. Not to go to. You?

**Javi:** I live with... it doesn't matter.

**Oriol:** Great. Are you staying then?

**Javi:** Hmm... No. I really ought to go.

**Oriol:** Do you have to call someone to ask...?

**Javi:** Kind of... but not...

**Oriol:** It doesn't matter. I'm not jealous, I just don't want to hear about it. Call reception.

**Javi:** That'll cost the earth.

**Oriol:** Don't worry. I'm loaded, remember? Call them!

**Javi:** Don't tell me what to do!

**Oriol:** Are you sure?

**Javi:** Lie down.

*Oriol lies on the bed.*

**Oriol:** You're getting less and less boring...

**Javi:** Shh! And don't say a word.

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*Cleo has already packed several suitcases and filled several boxes. She starts to fold Oriol's clothes.*

**Cleo:** He's so fucking useless! I even have to pack his suitcase.

*Her phone rings and she answers straight away, without checking who's calling.*

**Cleo:** Why didn't you answer my calls? [...] Oh, I'm sorry! [...] Yes, just like we said. [...] I'm not interested in excuses! I pay you to find solutions. [...] Tomorrow, outside the house, and if I don't answer then leave the keys in the mailbox. [...] I don't care what colour! Whatever they have! Just as long as it's elegant and, above all, comfortable. [...] Okay [...] Okay [...] Okay [...] Anything else? I've got things to do and we already talked about it. [...] I'm not bullying you and I'm not going to carry on this conversation. Just do what you have to do. Bye.

*Cleo hangs up.*

**Cleo:** Another slacker.

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*In the hotel. Oriol emerges from the bathroom, almost naked. Javi puts down the hotel phone.*

**Oriol:** I'm enjoying this gentle vibe.

**Javi:** It's obviously better if I'm in charge.

**Oriol:** Turns out I'm quite into you. Ready for another round?

**Javi:** Hmm... yes but no. We have to leave.

**Oriol:** Why?

**Javi:** They're all booked up.

**Oriol:** What day is it?

**Javi:** Tuesday.

**Oriol:** Since when is a hotel fully booked on a Tuesday? Anyway, it doesn't matter. The coast should be clear by now.

**Javi:** Who's usually there?

**Oriol:** Come back to my place.

*Oriol starts to get dressed. Javi, following Oriol, gets dressed to.*

**Javi:** Who?

**Oriol:** Why so much interest in my life?

**Javi:** We've spent a lot of time together over the last two days.

**Oriol:** Yes, but... I don't want to create false expectations.

**Javi:** I'm a grown-up.

**Oriol:** I can see that.

**Javi:** Or are you interested in sex?

**Oriol:** I didn't say that.

**Javi:** That's what it looks like.

**Oriol:** I'm inviting you back to my place. You live with someone and you don't want to explain either. "Hmm... Yes, but no" is hardly a categorical NO. It's... complicated. I can't be bothered with these scenes.

**Javi:** I live in my parents' house and I look after my dad. He was always a bit useless, and since my mum died he needs me. It didn't seem like a very sexy answer. Or a subject I wanted to get into when we were in the middle of flirting. What about you?

**Oriol (provocative):** What about me? Do you want to be exclusive?

**Javi (laughing):** I didn't say that.

**Oriol:** I live with my mum in a huge flat. That's the other person, the one who will have cleared out. She's at home from Friday to Monday... sometimes Tuesday. It depends. The rest of the week she's in Madrid, working. Or whatever it is she does.

**Javi:** Ah.

**Oriol:** She's rich, independent, all that stuff. She owns a business. But I don't know if she actually does anything or just pretends and, to be honest, I don't give a shit.

**Javi:** Aah.

**Oriol:** You don't have to act as if everything I say is interesting, you know. We already fucked and we'll do it again, either way.

**Javi:** I can't help being polite.

**Oriol:** Anyway, she keeps a roof over my head, so I can't complain. And right now, the flat's empty, so let's go.

**Javi:** You don't sound very fond of her.

**Oriol:** What do you care?

**Javi:** Fine. Whatever. No need to get arsey with me.

**Oriol:** Don't tell me how to react, alright? Unless you want to go without...

**Javi** (*laughing*): I thought we'd already worked out that it's better when I make the rules.

**Oriol:** Sorry. Shall we go?

**Javi:** Okay.

**Oriol:** I can't stand her and I can't stand talking about her, that's all.

**Javi:** You're so adorably spoilt.

**Oriol:** And you're so pedantically...

**Javi:** Watch it! I'm not your father – I don't have to put up with your cheek.

**Oriol:** I don't have a father. (*playful*) But if you want, you can be my daddy...

**Javi** (*laughing*): Um... that's a bit weird, when you're living off your mum. But... okay!

*Oriol takes him by the hand and they leave the room.*