

**Simona Semenič**

**THE SOCKS**

**CHARACTERS:**

**HUSBAND, middle-aged**

**WIFE, middle-aged**

**Place: entrance hall of their home**

**Time: the present**

*Sounds of explosions and bombers flying over the city.*  
*The light is weak.*  
*HUSBAND and WIFE in the entrance hall.*  
*They are wearing training suits and tennis shoes.*  
*Two little suitcases.*

WIFE

Cigarettes, medicines, gold, foreign currency. Passport. Tins. Yes. Cigarettes, medicines, gold, foreign currency, passport. Tins. Cardigan, T-shirts, underwear –

HUSBAND

Are we ready?

WIFE

Wait. Cigarettes, medicines, gold, foreign currency, passport, tins –

HUSBAND

Let's go until we can. Let's go.

WIFE

Wait! Cigarettes, medicines, gold, foreign currency, passport, tins –

HUSBAND

Let's go!

WIFE

I can't concentrate if you're talking all the time. Let me just see if we've got everything. Cigarettes, medicines, gold, foreign currency, passport, tins, cardigan, T-shirts, underwear, pants, pyjamas, shoes, socks. Socks! Did you take the socks?

HUSBAND

Shit. I forgot. Let's go, it doesn't matter.

WIFE

Take the socks, it's just a second.

HUSBAND

But...

*The sound of an explosion.*

WIFE

Hurry up, come on!

HUSBAND

Okay.

*The husband goes to fetch the socks.*

WIFE

Cigarettes, medicines, gold, foreign currency, passport, tins, cardigan, T-shirts, underwear, pants, pyjamas, shoes, socks. Yeah, this is all. Wait. Cigarettes, medicines, gold, foreign currency, passport -

*The husband returns. He has one pair of white socks in his hands.*

HUSBAND

Here. Let's beat it now.

WIFE  
Wait, not the white ones, come on. You better take a pair of black.

HUSBAND  
It's all the same. What matters is to have them, or what?

WIFE  
Fetch the black ones, will you?

HUSBAND  
Come on, let's go. It's all the same.

WIFE  
You know very well it isn't. It's only a matter of few seconds,

HUSBAND  
A few seconds may cost us our lives.

WIFE  
Now you're being dramatic.

*Explosion.*

WIFE  
Try not to talk so much. Just take them.

HUSBAND  
But it's absolutely the same which socks I take. Let us just go once'n'forever.

WIFE  
It is not the same. You can wear black socks with your tennis shoes and with your other shoes. White socks you can't. White socks are so ordinary that I'm getting the creeps. Take the black ones.

HUSBAND  
We're trying to save our lives here, for god's sake, it doesn't matter. Let's just go.

WIFE  
It does matter. Take the black ones.

*Explosion.*

HUSBAND  
Come on. We're going to be blown apart.

WIFE  
Is it so difficult to take a pair of black socks instead of the white ones? Do you want me to get them?

HUSBAND  
We are going to a shelter and who the hell will care about the fucking socks?

WIFE  
You took the white ones also when we went for our honey moon. You would take the white ones even if we went to ... to ... to ... Paris.

HUSBAND  
Well, are you normal or what? We have bombs falling on our heads and all you care is socks.

WIFE  
It's not about socks. It's about life.

HUSBAND

Yes, exactly.

WIFE

It's about you not caring about anything. It's about you going around dressed like the lowest illiterate bump at any occasion. It's about me having to bear all this. It's about –

HUSBAND

Stop jerking me with these stupid socks, woman. Let's go.

WIFE

Just like always. There's always something that is more important than the way you are dressed. It is not about the bombs. It is about you not caring about anything. You don't give a shit about yourself. About me. You don't give a shit about me.

HUSBAND

Listen now. The city is being bombed. We have to leave this place. Socks are not important. This is about our lives. Let us go as long as we can.

WIFE

There he goes again. Is there a way to make you understand that it's not about these socks here and now. It is about our life. Our whole life. All these years that I've been living side by side with you.

HUSBAND

You're not straight in your head. God damn it, you're really not straight. I'm out of here.

*Explosion.*

WIFE

Typical. Go. This is all you are capable of doing. To pick up your bags and leave. And then you come back for lunch filled with remorse. Go.

*Explosion.*

HUSBAND

Let's get out of here once and forever.

WIFE

By now you could have gone to change those socks at least twenty times.

HUSBAND

I don't want to take black socks. I hate black socks.

*Explosion.*

WIFE

We're going to be blown apart. Stop blabbering. Fetch the socks and let's leave.

HUSBAND

I'd rather see us blown apart than go and get those black socks. I'm taking the white ones. I want to take the white ones. I happen to just love the fucking white socks and I'm taking these fucking white socks along. Do you get it now?

*Explosion somewhere close.*

WIFE

It's clear to me that you are the same big jerk with no taste at all. And to think of all these years of my hard work done for nothing.

*Explosion somewhere very close.*

HUSBAND

Yeah. It's good at least this is clear to you. That all these years you've been torturing me with these high-class socks decorated with deer and Mickey Mouse, when I wanted to have just plain white socks. With my tennis shoes, with my other shoes, with my boots, with everything. I feel just great in white socks. And if I have to die, I want to die wearing white socks. All right?

*Explosion.*

*A sound of walls crashing down.*

*A cry.*

*Lights out.*

*We can hear how Husband and Wife are trying to open the door.*

WIFE

It won't go.

HUSBAND

No. We've been buried beneath.

WIFE

What now?

HUSBAND

Nothing. Now we'll stay waiting in here.

*Silence.*

HUSBAND

Mother fucker! This is all because of your fucking socks.

WIFE

No, it's because of your socks, you primitive jerk.

HUSBAND

If you hadn't prattled so much ... Because of some lousy stupid socks!

WIFE

At least now you can die with your white socks on.

*Silence.*

*THE END*

