

Cigarettes & Chairs

Cigarettes & Chairs

Cigarettes & Chairs was first performed online on Wednesday 24th February 2021 with the following cast and creative team in order of appearance:

Gregg	Cameron Cave
Girl	Rebecca Linley
Matt	Nathan Chatelier
Chris	Alex Granville
Samantha	Rebecca Linley

<i>Director</i>	Alexander Millington
<i>Producers</i>	Split Infinitive Theatre The New Works Playhouse

Characters

Gregg, *mid-late thirties*

Girl, *late twenties*

Matt, *early thirties*

Chris, *late forties/early fifties*

Samantha, *mid-late thirties*

(/) indicates that the next character cuts in on the dialogue.

(...) indicates a sentence trailing off.

This text went to press after the performance and so may vary from the original production due to edits which were made following the production. Stage directions are not prescriptive but are there as a guide based on the original concept of the production prior to the pandemic.

Cigarettes & Chairs

*The stage is dark, with the sound of heavy breathing which gradually gets faster and heavier, becoming more and more frantic. Over the top of this there are voice-overs of different phone calls from **Gregg**. By the end of the phone calls, the stage has gradually been lit to reveal **Gregg** hunched over, slightly rocking and crying. There appears to be the body of **Girl** on the floor behind him. There is a brick close by with blood on it. **Gregg's** mobile phone is on the floor in front of him, smashed up.*

Gregg *Voice-over.* Hey hun... Yeah, another shit one, how about you?... Yeah, well... Yeah it's tonight I've got it... No idea, could be a late one... I don't know... I don't know... You just have whatever you want, I'll grab something on the way home if they don't provide something here... I won't... Look, I've got to go, they'll be here soon and I need a piss before we get started... If I get chance, yeah... Alright... You too...

Voice-over. You fucking dirty girl, you kiss your mother with that mouth?... Can I watch?... Usual time?... See you then...

Voice-over. It's not looking like I'm gonna be out of here before midnight, they're just not playing ball... You think I wanna be here? Stuck in this boardroom with these fucking idiots playing who's got the biggest fucking balls? This isn't exactly what I'd class as a good night out you know.. I'm sorry, I'm not mad at you. Just don't wait up. I'll be back when I'm back.. You too..

Voice-over. Pick up. Pick up. Pick up! Where are you, man? Look, you can't fucking do this to me, please. You can't, you don't know what you're doing. I'm sorry. I didn't mean it alright. I'll do it, alright. Just call me back, please. We can sort this. I'm still at the park.

Voice-over. You must have gone to bed already. Can't blame you. I'll be leaving shortly. Look, when I get in, we need to talk. I'm sorry. I erm... I love you. Bye.

Cigarettes & Chairs

Voice-over. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I love you. I love you. I love you. I'm so sorry. Goodbye.

Time rewinds.

Gregg *is alone in the park. He looks as if he has been in a fight. He smokes a cigarette, which appears painful for him due to his injuries. His tie is wrapped around his wrist. He also appears to be shaking, but not from the cold. Girl enters from the opposite side of the stage; she spots Gregg and walks over to him.*

Girl I told you, you should have gone home.

Gregg Hello again.

Girl You look like shit. What happened?

Gregg Some fucking poofs gangbanged me and slapped me in the face with their cocks.

He smiles at her.

Girl *Laughing.* Bit of a change to your usual night out then. I said you were changing. How many?

Gregg Dozen at least.

Cigarettes & Chairs

Girl Wow.

Gregg Half of them black as well.

Girl Bet you fucking loved it? And is what they say true?

Gregg Not half. Almost made me jealous.

Girl I bet. How's your asshole holding up?

Gregg Just don't ask me to sit and I'll be fine. I'd ask you the same, but I guess you get used to it.

Girl Cheek! And there I was, going to offer to rub it better.

Gregg Thanks for the offer but I think I'd do better with a cork rather than a rub right now.

Girl Aww did the bad men hurt your little botty?

Gregg One of them was actually quite a tender lover, I'll have you know.

Girl Cuddle you afterwards, did he?

Cigarettes & Chairs

Gregg Proper spooning.

Girl Big spoon or little?

Gregg Little of course. We were already in the position, so it made sense.

Girl Did any of them try and kiss you?

Gregg They tried, but I ain't no whore.

He's touched a nerve.

Girl It's whores that don't kiss.

Silence.

Girl You got another cigarette?

Gregg Last one, sorry.

Girl Give us a drag?

Gregg *looks at the burning cigarette, then back at the Girl. He holds out the cigarette and she walks nearer to him. Before she can take it he pulls it back.*

Cigarettes & Chairs

Gregg What's in it for me?

Girl What?

Gregg Well, it's my last cigarette isn't it? You don't take a man's last cigarette and not expect to have to give something in return. First cigarette of the pack, completely different story, have one, have two, I don't care I've got a full deck in here, but the last one? Nah, that one comes at a price.

Girl Fucks sake.

She rummages through her small handbag.

Girl What do you want? A quid? Fiver? I could use this money to buy a whole packet in the morning.

Gregg But it's not the morning, is it? And you want this sweet nicotine this instant.

Girl Well tell me how much you want before it burns out then.

Gregg How about a second go?

Girl What?

Gregg Come on. You want it don't you?

Cigarettes & Chairs

She thinks about it, not taking her eyes off the cigarette. Gregg goes to take another drag.

Girl Fucking hell. Fine! Fuck's sake. Alright, just let me have it and we'll do it.

Gregg *licks his fingers and puts out the cigarette.*

Gregg I want it first.

Girl Christ.

Gregg Look, I've put it out, you're not going to lose anymore. All that is left is yours, alright?

Girl Put it on the wall then, so I know you're not gonna just pocket it after we're done though.

Gregg You think that little of me? Alright.

Gregg *puts the stubbed out cigarette out on the wall.*

Girl Where you wanna do this?

Gregg Here's fine with me.

Girl *looks very reluctant.*

Cigarettes & Chairs

Girl Fine.

She positions herself on the wall, opening her legs to him.

Girl Come on then.

***Gregg** moves slowly towards her, undoing his trousers as he gets closer. He starts to pleasure himself. Something changes.*

Gregg Not like that. Turn around.

Girl Come on, let's just get it over with.

***Gregg** grabs her, pulling her off the wall before turning her around and bending her over it. **Girl** begins to struggle.*

Girl Get the fuck off of me!

***Girl** manages to break away for a second and tries to grab the cigarette form off the wall. The cigarette falls to the floor and **Gregg** stands on it as he grabs her again. He bends her over again, this time penetrating her. She screams and continues to struggle. She hurts him, making him move away. She turns back and begins attacking **Gregg** but he overpowers her once more. In the moment **Gregg** grabs a loose brick from the wall and smashes it on the **Girl's** head. She falls over the wall. **Gregg** continues, unaware of the damage he has caused. After he comes inside her, her lifeless body hits the floor. He sees the blood. **Gregg** panics and tries to*

Cigarettes & Chairs

resuscitate her, but it is too late. He sits on the floor next to the Girl's body. He gets out his phone and dials.

Gregg *Down the phone. Ambulance. Please, there's been an accident. This girl..*

He hesitates for a moment then quickly hangs up. He dials again. He puts it to his ear but there is no response. He dials again. No response. He begins to cry. He dials once more.

Gregg *Down the phone. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I love you. I love you. I love you. I'm so sorry..*

Without hanging up, he throws his phone and it smashes in front of him.

Time rewinds.

Gregg *is pacing around the park. He looks on edge. His work tie is hanging out of his pocket and he is carrying his suit jacket under his arm. He keeps looking at his watch and looking around for someone. His phone begins to ring. He rushes to answer it.*

Gregg *Down the phone. Matt! Hello! Hello! Matt!*

He looks at his phone, he missed the call. He tries to call them back.

Gregg *Come on. Come on. Pick up.*

Cigarettes & Chairs

*The sound of another phone ringing is heard. **Gregg** looks behind him to see **Matt** standing in the shadows. **Gregg** puts his phone away and the two of them stare at each other for a moment. There is a tension in the air.*

Gregg I thought you'd gone.

Matt Never heard of playing hard to get?

Gregg You could have answered my calls.

Matt Where would have been the fun in that? Besides, didn't want to come across as too keen, or easy.

Gregg I've been looking everywhere.

***Matt** finally walks out of the shadows; he has a half empty bottle of beer in one hand and a case of beers in the other. He occasionally drinks from the open beer bottle.*

Matt Couldn't have looked far. Went back to the bar. Got chatting with an old mate of mine.

Gregg Please, Matt..

Matt I told him about our little predicament, my friend. Asked his opinion on the whole thing. You see, he thinks it's only fair. Tit for tat as it were. You got what you wanted after all.

Cigarettes & Chairs

Gregg I'll do it. Alright, I'll do it.

Matt *stares silently at Gregg. Matt carefully places the case of beers on the floor. Something is changing.*

Matt How does it make you feel? When someone says no to you? Do you just take it on the chin and move on? Do you go looking for another somewhere else? Or do you go for a more persuasive technique? Try your luck again. Make them see sense. How persuasive can you be?

Gregg What are you on about?

Matt How persuasive can you be, Gregg? Persuade me to come round to your way of thinking. You want me to not share them don't you? Persuade me.

Gregg You'll ruin me. If anyone else saw them I'd be ruined. My wife would leave me, I'd lose my job, my family probably won't talk to me.

Matt That's good, try to get me to empathise with you, maybe even sympathise. What else, come on, convince me.

Gregg I could end up homeless. My reputation would be ruined.

Matt Ok, getting a bit bored. What do you do if I don't care? What's your next move.

Cigarettes & Chairs

Gregg I'll pay you. I've got money.

Matt How much?

Gregg A thousand? Five thousand?

Matt That it?

Gregg Is that not enough?

Matt Not in my job. What else? You said you'd do it, would you?

Gregg *is silent.*

Matt I let you do it to me. I mean that's what's got us into this situation really but, would you let me do it to you?

Gregg If you promise to get rid of them. Delete them and I..

Matt And you'd trust me to do that? I could have copies already. Could have put them in the cloud. Might already be online. I might even have already sent them to your wife.

Gregg *looks as if he is going to pass out.*

Cigarettes & Chairs

Matt I haven't. But I could have.

Matt *finishes whatever is left of his beer and throws the bottle at Gregg's feet, who jumps away.*

Gregg I'll do it. Delete them and I'll do it.

Matt The thing is, Gregg, I made that suggestion earlier, didn't I? It's not your suggestion, it's mine. To which you said no. That's fair enough, that's your prerogative, you have a choice. But when you said no, the offer came off the table. You can't just put it back on the table when it wasn't your offer in the first place. If you were buying a car for instance, from me let's say. I've got a Ferrari, I've got a Maserati, an Aston Martin and, I dunno, A Honda Jazz let's say. What would you like to buy?

Gregg Why are you doing this?

Matt Because you need to understand. Now, which car would you like? Ferrari, Maserati, Aston or Jazz?

Gregg *is silent for a moment. Matt gets his phone out as a reminder.*

Gregg The Aston.

Matt Really? Well, each to their own I suppose. Now, suppose I was offering you this lovely Aston Martin for, I don't know, ten thousand seem fair to you? I don't really know much about cars. But you offer me eight. I say "eight? Eight? Are you kidding me? Are you taking the piss? Eight!" You say you won't budge on price, so I come back with "I can do you the Maserati for eight. It's a bit older,

Cigarettes & Chairs

few more miles, might need a new something or other sometime soon but otherwise it's great. Yours for eight." Thing is you don't want the Maserati; it's battered to shit. So you..

Gregg Please, can you just stop.

Matt Don't interrupt me.

Something changes.

Matt Now you don't really want the Maserati, you say "I'll only give you five for that one. "Five", I say "five? Are you trying to bankrupt me? I've got a wife and kids back home to feed you know, I can't go home to them and tell them I sold you it for five." I don't have a wife and kids by the way, it's just bullshit to get you to empathise with me. Anyway, next thing you know, someone else turns up and offers me the full eight for the Maserati. Sold! So next thing I offer you is the Ferrari, I ask for eight again, you say four, I say "four? Are you trying to give me a heart attack? Four?" Next thing someone comes in and offers me eight for it. Sold! Now all that is left is the Aston you wanted and the Jazz. You say, "fine, I'll take the Aston for ten." You return to *my* original offer, but things have changed. I've had a good day now, I've sold two cars on the trot for the asking price, suddenly I don't need the ten-grand quite as much.

Gregg Ten was the asking price.

Matt True, but it's a seller's market now. If ten is all you got then you can have the Jazz, but if you really want that Aston it'll cost you twenty now. How bad do you want that Aston? Or are you gonna plump for the Jazz and just hope you don't look like a dick on your drive home?

Cigarettes & Chairs

Gregg What do you want? I don't have twenty-grand to give you.

Matt I don't want money, it was a metaphor you twat.

Gregg Just tell me what you want. Please.

Matt Make me an offer. But make it quick, cause if that Jazz sells as well then the price for you will only go higher. Sort of losing that metaphor now aren't we, but you know what I mean.

*There is a prolonged silence as **Gregg** struggles to break free.*

Matt Is it real?

Gregg Is what real?

Matt Your...problem. I thought it was just a made up thing for people like you to have an excuse.

Gregg It's real.

Matt Oh. Does your wife know?

No response.

Cigarettes & Chairs

Matt Nah, didn't think so. I mean, it's not exactly something you can say to someone on a first date is it, and there's never gonna be a good time to tell them in case they start to think you're some kind of rapist or something.

Gregg I'm not a rapist, I have control.

Matt Do you? If you have control then how can you say you're addicted? Surely you can't be addicted to something and be in control enough to know that "no means no".

Gregg I've never raped anyone.

Matt Alright. Do you still have sex with your wife?

No response.

Matt I bet you don't. I bet you're too ashamed. I bet you are so ashamed of what you've already done through the day, that by the time you get home, that's actually probably the only time you don't want it. Or at least, don't want it enough to do it with her. Do you?

Gregg What?

Matt Have sex with your wife?

Cigarettes & Chairs

Gregg No.

Matt No. See, that just adds another obstacle really doesn't it, when you come to tell her.

Gregg Please, just stop talking.

Matt Cause let's face it, if you go home one day and say "darling, we need to talk, I've been hiding things from you for..." How long have you been married?

No response.

Matt Come on, how long?

Gregg Nearly eight years.

Matt Congratulations. So you say you've been hiding something from her for eight years. "You see darling," you'll say, "I just can't help putting my dick in things." How will that make her feel when the penny drops that you haven't put your dick in her since...How long has it been since you had sex with her?

Gregg I don't know.

Matt Oh Gregg, don't start lying to me, I'm not your wife. You and I both know that you know how long it's been. Tell me, weeks, months, years?

Cigarettes & Chairs

Gregg About ten months.

Matt Ten months? What was it a birthday, anniversary?

Gregg Our wedding anniversary.

Matt Nice. I bet she got you a jumper, didn't she? A nice woollen jumper to celebrate seven years of bliss with you and all you gave her was a cursory fuck.

There is a stillness in the air. Matt is becoming impatient.

Matt Have you thought of how you can pay for the Aston yet?

No response.

Matt Right, well, let me put it this way. Either you come up with something in the next thirty seconds or I send these pictures to her.

Gregg Alright, alright. Any position you want.

Matt I'm not that imaginative.

Gregg You can go in bare.

Matt I was going to anyway.

Cigarettes & Chairs

Something is changing.

Gregg You can come inside me.

Matt Just try and stop me.

Gregg You can be rough.

Matt Getting warmer.

Gregg As hard as you like.

Matt I intended to be, but it's getting better.

Gregg You... I... I don't know what you want.

Chris appears in the shadows behind Gregg. Gregg doesn't notice.

Matt How much was the Aston Martin to start with, Gregg?

Gregg Fucking hell, I don't know.

Matt Yes you do.

Cigarettes & Chairs

Gregg Ten.

Matt That's right. Same number of months you've gone without sex with you wife.
And how much was it at the end.

Gregg Just tell me what you want, please.

Matt How much!

Gregg Twenty.

Matt So simple maths for you Gregg. It doubled. The price to pay me off doubled.

Gregg So what, you wanna fuck me twice? Fine, do it!

Matt Thank you for the offer, Gregg, but the time it takes me to recuperate isn't as quick as you. But you are gonna get fucked twice.

*Chris steps out of the shadows and stands right behind **Gregg**. The temperature is rising.*

Gregg What's going on?

*Chris grabs **Gregg**, holding him still as **Matt** approaches him, picking up the case of beers as he gets closer. As **Matt** gets closer he starts taking out a bottle of beer and opens it.*

Cigarettes & Chairs

Matt You see, when I was discussing this little predicament with Chris, you remember Chris, don't you? It seemed to get him really turned on.

Matt *places the case of beers at Gregg's feet, taking out and opening another bottle.*

Matt Now normally I would oblige him myself, I'm nice like that, we're good friends after all, it's what good friends do. The problem is though, after being screwed once this evening, I wasn't really in the mood for it again, particularly as Chris here is rather...blessed, shall we say.

Matt *makes a gesture to the size of Chris's cock.*

Matt And besides, how would him fucking me help with our situation?

Gregg You can't do this.

Matt You see Gregg, you can't go round getting people all worked up and then not letting them get their release. It's like kicking a bloke in the balls, guys don't do that to one another.

Gregg Matt, please.

Matt *presses his fingers on Gregg's lips.*

Matt Shh, shh. I'll numb the pain for you.

Cigarettes & Chairs

Matt goes into kiss **Gregg**. **Gregg** headbutts **Matt**. Surprised, **Matt** falls back, smiles at **Gregg** then punches him in the stomach.

Matt You won't be fighting back for long. Hold his head up.

Chris holds **Gregg's** head up. **Matt** starts to pour beer down **Gregg's** throat. Then the second bottle. He opens two more bottles from the case.

Matt It's not that we don't want you to enjoy yourself, mate, we just don't want to have to be holding you down the whole time.

Matt forces the other two bottles of beer down **Gregg's** throat. **Chris** releases **Gregg** who falls to the floor, struggling to breathe.

Matt Go for it.

Chris begins to violently remove **Gregg's** trousers and pants, before undoing his own trousers. **Chris** rapes **Gregg** on the floor, manipulating his body to please himself. **Matt** watches, touching himself, he doesn't look to be enjoying it but he doesn't stop. After a time, **Gregg** tries to fight back. **Matt** and **Chris** try to hold him down together. **Matt** sees **Gregg's** tie in his trouser pocket, pulls it out and ties **Gregg's** hands together. **Chris** grabs **Gregg's** pants and forces them into his mouth to keep him quiet. **Chris** continues to fuck **Gregg** as **Matt** masturbates. **Gregg** appears to fall unconscious. **Chris** comes. He offers **Gregg's** arse to **Matt** who points at the pants in his mouth.

Matt Give them to me.

Cigarettes & Chairs

Chris *retrieves the pants and hands them over. **Matt** turns away, still masturbating until he comes in the pants. He scrunches them back up and puts them back in **Gregg's** mouth.*

Matt Sorry mate. Couldn't help myself.

Matt *pauses, staring at **Gregg** on the floor.*

Matt You all done?

Chris *nods.*

Matt Untie him.

Chris *unties **Gregg's** hands. **Matt** gets his phone out.*

Matt Well, I'm a man of my word. There you go, all deleted.

Gregg *begins to come round. He looks up at **Matt**. **Chris** then takes a photo on his phone of **Gregg** on the floor.*

Chris Just in case.

Gregg *tries to speak.*

Matt Come on. Let's go. See you round, mate.

Cigarettes & Chairs

Matt and Chris exit. **Gregg** tries to move, eventually sitting up. He spits out the pants and struggles to get his trousers back on. He reaches for his phone. He begins to dial, then changes his mind. He dials again.

Gregg You must have gone to bed already. Can't blame you. I'll be leaving shortly.
Look, when I get in, we need to talk. I'm sorry. I erm... I love you. Bye.

Time rewinds.

Gregg is walking around the park, swigging from a bottle of beer, looking a little bit tipsy. His tie is loose around his neck with the top buttons of his shirt undone. His suit jacket is dusty on the back and on the sleeves, occasionally he tries to beat the dust off but soon gives up.

Girl Off. Where the bloody hell have you been?

Girl walks on smoking a cigarette. As soon as **Gregg** sees her, something changes. He walks over to her. She throws her cigarette on the floor; he takes one last swig of his beer and then kisses her. Beer goes all down the **Girl's** face and she pulls back in surprise and disgust.

Girl What the fuck?

Gregg laughs.

Girl Fuck sake, I'm gonna be stinking of that shit all night now. Wanker. What did you do that for?

Cigarettes & Chairs

Gregg Thought you might like a drink.

Gregg *continues to laugh.* **Girl** *remembers the power balance and laughs along.*

Girl How's your day been then?

Gregg Same shit, different fucking day!

Girl Well you look like you're having a good time. You drunk?

Gregg Can I fuck you?

Girl Well I had assumed that's why you called me.

Gregg I mean can I really fuck you. I mean, really.

He gestures as if he wants to be rough and hard with her.

Girl Depends how much you got on you?

Gregg *gets his wallet out of his jacket pocket and opens it. He pulls out two twenty pound notes.*

Girl Christ. I thought you wanted a shag. You'll be lucky to get a blowy for that.

Cigarettes & Chairs

Gregg I can go to a cash machine.

Girl I don't have time for that, I've other people to see tonight you know.

Something changes.

Gregg Have you seen anybody already? Before me?

Girl *doesn't know how to answer.*

Gregg Am I your first?

Girl *doesn't answer, she tries to be coy and lights another cigarette.*

Gregg It'll kill you; you know.

Girl Everything'll kill you.

Gregg Bum us one.

Girl It'll kill you.

Gregg *smiles.* **Girl** *offers him a cigarette which he makes her put in his mouth.*

Cigarettes & Chairs

Girl Want it lighting as well, do you?

Gregg Nah.

Gregg pulls out his own cigarette packet from his jacket followed by a lighter and lights his cigarette.

Girl You cheeky git.

They smoke.

Gregg Tell me about it.

Girl About what?

Gregg You're last one.

Girl No, that's weird.

Gregg Was it today?

Girl Shut up.

Gregg Was it this evening?

Cigarettes & Chairs

Girl I'm not doing this.

Gregg Have you just come from being with him?

She doesn't respond. Gregg circles the Girl as he questions her. It is not intimidating, but foreplay.

Gregg What did you do with him? Did you suck his cock? Was it big? Was it bigger than mine? Did you struggle to take the whole thing in or did you wish it was longer? I bet you stopped him from coming in your mouth, didn't you? You could sense it, as his legs began to tense up, his fingers gripping his own legs, or were his arms behind his head? Or did he press his hands down on the back of yours? But you stopped him, didn't you? You teasing bitch. Making him want it more. That's when he fucked you, wasn't it? He turned you around, still on your knees, like a dog and fucked you from behind. His hands grabbing at your arse, reaching round to your tits and your pussy, pulling your hair. Fucking you harder and harder. Did you let him come inside you? I bet if I shoved my face between your legs I could taste him on your cunt, couldn't I?

Gregg seems almost out of breath.

Gregg Could you see his face? When he came? Did you see his eyes as he came inside you? Did it make you come? Did he make you come? Did watching his face contort and strain as he came make you come?

Gregg's hands are now on the Girl's body.

Cigarettes & Chairs

Gregg How many of your clients make you come like I do? How many of them make you forget about your shitty little life for that split second when it's just you and me. My cock, your cunt.

Gregg's hand starts to go up the Girl's skirt but she puts her hand on his to stop him.

Girl If you want to talk to me like that and play this game you gotta pay me first.

Gregg pulls away, frustrated.

Gregg You cock tease.

Girl You know how this works.

Gregg I'll owe you it.

Girl Look, I ain't got all night. Either show me the money or find someone else.

He looks at the money in his wallet again. Takes out the twenties and thrusts them at the Girl.

Gregg You know I need it.

She stares at the money.

Gregg I'll give you double next time. You know I'm good for it.

Cigarettes & Chairs

She looks at her watch before reluctantly taking the money from him.

Gregg Good girl.

She tucks the money away. Something changes

Girl You really want to know how he fucked me?

*Girl now starts circling **Gregg** touching his body as she does. As she talks she undoes his tie and a couple of the buttons on his shirt. The foreplay continues.*

Gregg Yeah. I wanna know.

Girl He wanted me to fuck him on his mother's bed.

Gregg Young, was he?

Girl Forties.

Gregg Still living at home?

Girl Fell on hard times.

Gregg What else?

Cigarettes & Chairs

Girl He laid back on his mother's bed, and he touched himself as I undressed.

Gregg Yeah. What was his cock like?

Girl Fat.

Gregg Yeah.

Girl With his chubby little fingers, wrapped around it.

Gregg Did you touch it?

Girl I climbed on the bed with him and sat on his legs and squeezed my tits with my hands.

Gregg Did he like that? Did it make his dick harder?

Girl He was so hard. It made me want to grab it with my own hands.

Gregg Did you? Did you touch it? Did you jerk him off?

Girl You seem to be awfully interested in the guy's cock tonight, don't you want me to tell you how wet it made me?

Cigarettes & Chairs

Gregg Just tell me, did you jack him off?

Girl drops Gregg's tie on the floor. She slides her hand into his trouser pocket and begins rubbing his cock.

Girl Yeah. I did. I grabbed that cock with both my hands and made him moan.

Gregg Yeah.

Girl I spat on it and rubbed his balls as he got close.

Gregg Did he come?

Girl Yeah.

Gregg Where?

Girl Where do you think? Was it on me? Did he do it on my chest? Did I let him do it on my legs?

Gregg Where did he fucking come?

Girl Don't you wanna know if I enjoyed myself?

Gregg How did he come? Please.

Cigarettes & Chairs

Girl All over himself.

Gregg Yeah.

Girl Yeah. Can you picture it? Can you see it?

Gregg Yeah.

Girl His own cock, still hard, covered in his own come.

Gregg's phone receives a message, he ignores it.

Gregg Did you taste it?

Girl What?

Gregg Did you taste his come?

Girl Erm. Yeah.

Gregg Yeah?

Girl Yeah. I went down on him.

Cigarettes & Chairs

Gregg What did it taste like?

Girl Erm. Good.

Gregg Yeah?

Gregg's phone receives a message, he ignores it.

Girl Yeah.

Gregg How good? What did it taste like?

Girl It was so good. It was so...sweet. Yeah. His come was so...hot in my mouth.

Gregg's phone receives a message, he ignores it.

Gregg Yeah.

Something changes.

Girl Do you wish you could taste it?

Gregg Is it still on your lips?

Cigarettes & Chairs

Girl Yeah.

Gregg *leans in to kiss the Girl but she pulls away.*

Girl No.

Gregg Please.

Girl *unsure what to do, puts two of her fingers in her mouth, then puts them to Gregg's lips. He sucks on her fingers. His eyes are closed with the pleasure, her face is confused and she is not in any way turned on.*

Gregg Oh, I can taste it.

Gregg's phone *receives a message, he ignores it.*

Gregg *grabs at the Girl and begins to fuck her. It is not romantic. It is not erotic. It is not for her. He finishes quickly. Once done, he moves away from her and does up a couple of his shirt buttons. He picks up his tie and puts it in his trouser pocket. She rearranges herself.*

Girl Well, that was different for you.

Gregg What?

Girl All that cock stuff. You going gay on me or something?

Cigarettes & Chairs

Gregg What you fucking on about?

Gregg's phone receives a message. He gets out his phone and looks at it.

Girl Hey, I don't care what you're in to. Just don't start expecting me to start sticking stuff up your arse without charging you extra.

Something changes.

Gregg Oh shit.

Gregg stares at his phone. His face frozen.

Girl Hey, you want kinky shit, you pay for it.

Gregg Oh fuck.

Girl What's the matter with you?

Gregg is swiping through images on his phone. He looks terrified.

Gregg You bastard.

Girl What's up?

Cigarettes & Chairs

Gregg He's...

Girl *tries to look at Gregg's phone.*

Girl What is it?

Gregg Fuck off!

Girl Alright, calm down.

Gregg *tries to make a call.*

Girl Only trying to help, Jesus.

Gregg *gets no answer so tries dialling again.*

Girl I guess I'll be off then.

Gregg *gets no answer so tries dialling again. Girl goes to leave but stops and turns back.*

Girl You know, even for a fucking customer you treat me like shit.

Gregg *gets no answer so tries dialling again. Girl goes to leave but stops and turns back.*

Cigarettes & Chairs

Girl You ain't even ever asked my name.

Gregg gets no answer so tries dialling again. Girl goes to leave but stops and turns back.

Girl Not that I'd tell you.

Gregg Just fuck off! I don't care!

Girl Fuck off yourself!

Girl exits. Gregg tries ringing once more.

Gregg Pick up. Pick up. Pick up! Where are you, man? Look, you can't fucking do this to me, please. You can't, you don't know what you're doing. I'm sorry. I didn't mean it alright. I'll do it, alright. Just call me back, please. We can sort this. I'm still at the park.

Time rewinds.

Gregg and Matt are packing away a circle of chairs in an old town hall; stacking them up and moving them to the side. Gregg is in his suit from work.

Matt This is ridiculous.

Gregg Yeah?

Cigarettes & Chairs

Matt I've done this the last three weeks in a row. We're meant to take turns. I swear Tony's got it in for me or something.

Gregg *doesn't respond, he just continues stacking.*

Matt This your first one of these then?

Gregg Yeah.

Matt Ever? Or just first time here?

Gregg Ever.

Matt Why's that then?

Gregg Dunno.

Matt A lot of the time people just don't want to admit they have a problem. Cliché I know, but that really is the first step.

Gregg *doesn't respond.*

Matt What made you suddenly realise?

Cigarettes & Chairs

Gregg Dunno. Guess I'm just exhausted.

Matt I bet.

Matt *smiles suggestively.* **Gregg** *smiles back.*

Gregg From hiding it. I can't let my wife find out.

Matt Right. So, like, what happens, for you?

Gregg What do you mean?

Matt If you don't get it. What actually happens? Shakes? Anger? Withdrawal?

Gregg I dunno. I've never actually gone that long to find out.

Matt Wow. I'd be impressed if it wasn't such a bad thing.

They continue stacking the chairs.

Matt You told anyone? Other than here, obviously.

Gregg There's one person.

Cigarettes & Chairs

Matt Dealer or facilitator?

Gregg What?

Matt Never mind. It's always one or the other.

Gregg What you here for then?

Matt Nothing really. The company more than anything. I haven't had a problem for over seven years, nearly eight actually. I just like the routine of coming. Keeps me in check.

Gregg Maybe that's why Tony's got it in for you, sick of the sight of you.

Gregg *laughs to himself.*

Matt Oi. I'll have you know I'm a credit to this place.

They smile.

Matt Nah, that's bollocks. I'm always taking the piss. You're probably right, he'd be happy to see the back of me.

The chairs are now all stacked up tidily at the back of the hall.

Cigarettes & Chairs

Gregg Right, well it was nice meeting you. I guess I'll see you again next week.

Matt You fancy a drink? Unless you got anywhere else to be of course.

Gregg *looks at his watch.*

Gregg Actually I got quite a bit of time to kill, so, sure, why not?

Matt Cool.

Matt *goes to a wall of the hall where there is a shutter. He lifts the shutter to reveal a bar.* **Gregg** *laughs.*

Gregg Brilliant!

Matt I know right! Just don't let the alkies find out.

Gregg Mum's the word.

Matt *climbs over the bar.*

Matt What can I get you, my good sir?

Gregg What does the barkeep recommend?

Cigarettes & Chairs

Matt Let's have a look. We've got an excellent whiskey here at a rather generous 48%.

Gregg Sounds good to me.

Matt Mixer?

Gregg Neat for me.

Matt Good man.

Matt *measures out two generous glasses of whiskey, handing one to Gregg. They drink.*

Matt How's that one for you, mate?

Gregg Don't call me mate.

Matt What?

Gregg Sorry. I just hate it. My boss calls me it.

Matt What's wrong with that. He's just calling you mate, mate.

Gregg Seriously. He does it to all of us at the office. He pretends as if he's being all pally, when really what he means is, I'm the fucking boss and don't you forget it.

Cigarettes & Chairs

Matt Ahh, he's one of those tossers is he? Sorry, mate.

Gregg *gives Matt a look. Matt smiles.*

Matt Seriously, sorry. How is it though?

Gregg It's good. What is it?

Matt Not a clue. But let's top it up shall we.

Matt *disconnects the whiskey bottle from the optic dispenser and climbs back over the bar. He goes over to one of the stacks of chairs and sits on top of it.*

Matt Take a pew. I'm Matt by the way.

Gregg *looks a little reluctant, but gives in.*

Gregg Gregg.

Gregg *joins Matt, sitting on another stack of chairs. Matt tops up both their drinks.*

Matt Come on then.

Gregg What?

Cigarettes & Chairs

Matt Where's the weirdest place you've done it?

Gregg What?

Matt You knew it was coming. You can't tell a room full of people you've got a sex problem and then not expect someone to ask you for details. Come on, weirdest shit you've done and where?

Gregg It's not like that, I don't crave anything weird. It's not like a fetish or kink or anything. I just need to do it.

Matt No one *needs* to do anything. That's lesson one. It's just a compulsion, that's what you're here to break. Besides, you're not telling me every time you do it, it's plain old missionary in your marital bed.

Gregg Well, no.

Matt Precisely. If it's a compulsion it must take you at any moment, and the weirdest place this need has got you has been...?

Gregg *is reluctant.*

Gregg It's not anything I'm proud of.

Matt I'm not saying it is.

Cigarettes & Chairs

Gregg *considers.*

Matt Mine was on a tractor.

Gregg A tractor?

Matt I used to be a field hand at my Dad's friend's farm. One day he asked if I wanted to ride in his tractor. I'd seen him checking me out for days in the field, I used to tend to his horses a lot, think he had some weird stable boy fantasy or something. Anyway, I dunno if you've ever been in a tractor before, but a lot of them are single seaters. So, there I was perched on his lap when suddenly I realised I wasn't sat on something soft anymore.

Gregg Jesus, how old was this guy?

Matt Dunno, bout fifty maybe.

Gregg How old were you?

Matt Seventeen. Sort of summer work experience thing. I tell you it gets pretty cramped in one of those tractor cabins when your feet are either side of the steering wheel.

Gregg Christ.

Cigarettes & Chairs

Matt It's alright, my first time was in a car when I was fourteen. I was sort of used to manoeuvring myself around a driver's seat.

Gregg *touches his crotch, rearranging himself.* **Matt** *notices but doesn't draw attention to it.*

Matt So come on, what about you? I've told you mine.

Gregg *takes a swig of his drink.* **Matt** *instantly tops it up.* **Chris** *appears in the doorway of the hall,* **Matt** *sees him, but Gregg doesn't notice him.*

Gregg On my boss's desk with his secretary.

Matt That's a bit traditional.

Gregg On the train home with a college girl who caught me watching porn on my phone.

Matt Ooo, that's a bit better.

Gregg In a park with a mother whose child was in the play area.

Matt Yeah?

Gregg I showed her my cock and then we did it in the bushes while her kid was on the swings.

Cigarettes & Chairs

Matt Nice. When was the last time you did it?

Gregg This afternoon, with some girl I messaged online.

Matt Nice. What's your recovery like?

Gregg An hour max. Can usually be ready again fifteen, twenty minutes.

Matt Really?

Gregg Yeah, can hurt a bit if I do it too much in a day but, that doesn't stop me needing it.

Matt You ever done it with a guy before?

Gregg No, I ain't into that.

Matt You never been that desperate for it?

Gregg I ain't gay.

Matt It's not about being gay though is it. If you need it that bad, surely anyone would do.

Matt *starts rubbing up Gregg's leg.*

Cigarettes & Chairs

Gregg What are you doing?

Matt It's just a mouth isn't it. Mouth's a mouth.

***Gregg** is clearly getting turned on. **Matt** starts rubbing **Gregg's** cock through his trousers, getting him hard. **Chris**, still in the doorway, gets out his phone and starts taking pictures.*

Matt If you close your eyes it could be anyone.

***Matt** stands up in front of **Gregg** and starts to undo **Gregg's** trousers. **Gregg** downs his drink.*

Gregg I ain't gay.

Matt Just close your eyes.

***Matt** starts sucking **Gregg's** cock.*

Gregg No, stop it. Please.

***Gregg** makes a weak attempt to stop **Matt** who continues. Eventually, **Gregg** relaxes into it and places his hands on the back of **Matt's** head. **Chris** continues to take pictures from the doorway. After a short period **Matt** lifts his head and uses his hands instead. **Gregg** continues to keep his eyes closed.*

Matt Tell me that doesn't feel the same.

Cigarettes & Chairs

Gregg It feels the same.

Matt It feels good?

Gregg Yes?

Matt You like the feeling of a guy sucking your cock?

Gregg Yes.

Matt You want to feel more?

Gregg Yes.

Matt Yes?

Gregg Yes.

Matt What else do you want to feel?

Something changes.

***Gregg** opens his eyes and turns **Matt** around, pushing him on to all fours and pulling the back of his trousers and pants down and begins fucking him. Both of them are moaning. **Chris** keeps*

Cigarettes & Chairs

*taking pictures. **Gregg's** hands are all over **Matt** body, pulling at his hair, grabbing at his chest, until he reaches down and feels his cock. He pulls his hand away quickly in surprise.*

Matt Wait. Get on the floor.

Gregg What?

Matt On your back. Do it. Quickly.

***Gregg** lays on his back on the floor. As he does, **Matt** takes off his trousers and pants completely and sits on top, touching himself as **Gregg** fucks him. **Chris** takes photos. **Gregg** comes. As he does he stares at **Matt** on top of him. **Chris** takes photos. **Gregg** begins to slow down.*

Something has changed.

Matt Wait. Keep going. I'm nearly there.

Gregg I can't.

Matt Not yet.

***Gregg** wriggles free from under **Matt** and begins pulling himself together. The back of his clothes are covered in dust from the floor.*

Matt At least hang on while I sort myself out.

Cigarettes & Chairs

Gregg's phone begins to ring. He looks at the screen. Chris puts his phone away and exits.

Gregg Shit.

Matt What's up?

Gregg It's my wife.

Matt Don't answer it.

Gregg I've got to. I'm gonna have to go anyway. Look, next time, yeah.

Matt You can't just stop!

Greg *Down the phone.* Hey babe.

Gregg gestures to Matt to be quiet. Gregg turns his back on Matt. While Gregg is on the phone, Matt gets himself dressed again and leaves, frustrated.

Gregg It's not looking like I'm gonna be out of here before midnight, they're just not playing ball.. You think I wanna be here? Stuck in this board room with these fucking idiots playing who's got the biggest fucking balls? This isn't exactly what I'd class as a good night out you know.. I'm sorry, I'm not mad at you. Just don't wait up. I'll be back when I'm back.. You too..

Cigarettes & Chairs

Gregg turns back to see **Matt** has left. He looks at his watch and moves to exit before remembering the bar. He returns to close the shutter, grabbing one last bottle of beer before closing it fully.

Time rewinds.

Gregg is sitting on one of many chairs positioned in a circle in the centre of the village hall. He is dressed in his suit and has come straight from work. Sitting at opposite ends are **Matt** and **Chris**.

Chris It's like a burning. A deep set burning inside somewhere. I couldn't even tell you where. It's not my heart. It's not my head. It's not in my stomach, but I can feel it, burning. It's destroying me, and I know the only way to extinguish it, is to do it again. And I go out my way to do it again, I mean really out of my way, cause you know, it's not like something I can just go out and buy. I can't go somewhere and buy something that will help, I need to search something out I can use. My counsellor says it's a power thing. That I don't respond well to people above me, or people I feel are above me, people I feel think they are above me.

I tried explaining it to a friend. I don't have many friends, not anymore. Trust is a key thing in friendship but, I can't trust them, and in turn they didn't trust me. But, I was talking to this guy about it and he asked if it was about money. It's not. Yes, I get money out of it, but I'd do it for nothing if I could. It's just people tend to respond more to money than anything else. Money is power.

I haven't actually worked in over a year. I'm not really qualified for much, but every job I've had up till now has had a twat for a boss, and as I've said, I don't respond well to superiors. My last boss is still paying me for what I got on him.

Cigarettes & Chairs

Not a huge amount, but it's enough to get by on each month. It's amazing how much city folk will pay to keep secrets from their families, or the law.

My counsellor said it would be good to take up a hobby, keep my mind busy. I started doing some photography. It's amazing how good a quality camera you can get on your phone now. It really is amazing. You can actually see straight through someone else's window, and even when they've got the lights off, be able to see them clearly in the end photo, as if you were in the room with them. I mean, if people have nothing to hide, then what's the harm? But everyone's got secrets.

I haven't done it to anyone in about a week now. That's not me being strong though, that's the lack of opportunity. I can feel the fire inside building and I've got to put it out somehow. I've got to find someone. A cheating husband, a crooked accountant, a stealing charity worker, I don't care who or what it is, but I've got to have it, to feel that power over someone. I make it sound like some kind of vigilantly mission for good, but I know it's not that. I don't care what it is they've done or what the consequences will be, I just need that feeling of power over someone.

I like to think that I'll try and be strong. That I will resist taking the photo of the wife hitting her child for something, that I won't confront the husband on his wedding day after seeing him drinking lager off the tits of some stripper at his stag do. That's their life. That's their business. That's why I come here, to try and be strong, but I can feel that need to do it again, and I know I will, given half the chance.

There is a long silence, as if waiting for a response.

Chris That's all I've got.

Cigarettes & Chairs

Matt starts clapping in response to the end of **Chris's** story. Unsure, **Gregg** claps too. There is then another silence as they wait for someone else to speak.

Gregg Hi everyone. My name's...sorry, do I have to say my name?

Matt and **Chris** shake their heads. It is clear that everyone in the circle does the same.

Gregg Right. Thanks. Erm, I don't really know how to start or what to say but, I think I have a sex problem. Not a problem, I'm not saying there's anything wrong with the sex I'm having but, I'm having a lot of it. Erm, which I suppose is the problem. I always want it, like constantly, and I can't concentrate until I get it. It's getting to the point where it's affecting my work life and personal life, I don't know what to do anymore. It's, it's a problem, and I don't know what to do about it. I sleep with co-workers, prostitutes, strangers I meet online, strangers I meet in the street.

I want to stop. I need to. But, yeah, that's erm, that's me. I don't really know what else to share right now.

Matt and **Chris** start clapping as before.

Gregg Thank you. Thanks.

*The sound of an alarm goes off. Everyone looks at their watches and then begins to stand up, collecting their things to leave. **Matt** and **Chris** get together for a moment, talking to each other, occasionally looking at **Gregg**. **Gregg** says goodbye to people as they leave. He gets out his phone to check for missed calls, nothing. He puts it away and starts to head for the door.*

Cigarettes & Chairs

Matt Hey, new guy, wait up.

Gregg stops as Matt comes over. Chris exits.

Matt New guys have gotta help tidy up. Grab a chair. They go against the wall over there.

Gregg Oh, right, ok.

Matt starts stacking chairs. Gregg's phone begins to ring, he answers it.

Matt Come on, slowpoke.

Gregg I'll be with you in a second.

Gregg listens to the phone for a moment, a smile growing on his face.

Gregg You fucking dirty girl, you kiss your mother with that mouth?.. Can I watch?.. Usual time?.. See you then..

Time rewinds.

Gregg is outside the town hall having a cigarette. He is on the phone to Samantha. Samantha is at home; she is wearing her work uniform. She is clearly more enthusiastic about the phone call than he is.

Cigarettes & Chairs

Samantha Hey babe!

Gregg Hey hun.

Samantha Oh no, another bad day?

Gregg Yeah, another shit one, how about you?

Samantha Not too bad, managed to get off early cause it was so quiet, which was nice. Just hope they don't take it out my pay as it wasn't my choice not to stay.

Gregg Yeah, well.

Samantha Is it tonight you've got that client meeting or something?

Gregg Yeah it's tonight I've got it.

Samantha Any idea what time you'll be home?

Gregg No idea, could be a late one.

Samantha Later than ten do you think?

Gregg I don't know.

Cigarettes & Chairs

Samantha Are we talking midnight?

Gregg I don't know.

Samantha Ok. Well, I was gonna order take out, I can order you some stuff if you'd like and leave it in the oven to keep warm? What do you fancy, Chinese, Indian, pizza?

Gregg You just have whatever you want, I'll grab something on the way home if they don't provide something here.

Samantha Ok. Well don't get too stressed out with it all, don't want you buying any more cigarettes.

Gregg I won't.

Samantha Ok. Are you alright? You seem a little...

Gregg Look, I've got to go, they'll be here soon and I need a piss before we get started.

Samantha Ok. If you think you're going to be really late, would you call me, just to let me know.

Gregg If I get chance, yeah.

Cigarettes & Chairs

Samantha I'll stay up if you like?

Gregg Alright.

Samantha I love you.

Gregg You too.

***Gregg** hangs up the phone, stubs out his cigarette and goes off into the town hall. **Samantha** looks at her phone. She is empty. Nothing has changed.*