



— PROFESSIONAL HELP —

Doorbell rings several times. STYRMIR quickly opens the downstairs door. Robust steps, loud CLIPS and CLASHES are heard from tools being dragged up the stairway.

LLOYD

Hello! How are you my friend?

STYRMIR

Hi, welcome. Come inside. Sorry about all the mess. I didn't know you'd be here so quickly.

LLOYD finds his way straight to the furnace and DUMPS the tools on the kitchen floor.

STYRMIR

So, this is it! That's the ugly old boiler I was talking about.

LLOYD reaches for big metal pliers. With a PINCH he cuts off the gas and brazenly KNOCKS on the furnace causing it to fall off the wall.

STYRMIR

This thing has been giving off the most terrible smell. I've really had to hold back from taking a shower every day.

LLOYD

If somebody takes a shower with this thing, he or she will drop dead my friend!

STYRMIR stares with a confused face at the wall's bare pipes while LLOYD promptly installs the new furnace. LLOYD makes a few adjustments. He then TWISTS on the hot water.

LLOYD

Now you can take a shower my friend!

STYRMIR

Wow! Excellent job. Now, how much do I owe you then for all the work?

LLOYD

Can I be honest with you my friend? For the box, you give me six-hundred.

STYRMIR looks even more confused at LLOYD who bursts out in high-pitched hysterical laughter. STYRMIR follows him with a few nervous giggles.

LLOYD

For the box you give me twenty. For the work you give me thirty.

At ease STYRMIR shakes his hand and with gratitude hands him a hundred.

STYRMIR

Well please let me walk you to your car. Oh, and take the old boiler. Maybe there are some parts that you'd be able to use?

LLOYD mounts the tools on his shoulder and starts making his way down the narrow stairs. STYRMIR follows with the worn-out furnace while humming "Chopin's Funeral March."

STYRMIR

"Du dum dumm, dum dum dum, du du dum dumm."

The two of them rest in front of the car for a moment. STYRMIR hands him the furnace and shakes his hand one last time.

LLOYD

Thank you my friend. But have you been drinking the water in your sink?

STYRMIR

Sure, always have. Yes. Why?

LLOYD

Well your pipes are very old my friend. They are made from lead and from this water you can die. If you drink this water you will not drop dead, but you will slowly die!

LLOYD jumps into his car and SLAMS the door. Taken aback, STYRMIR stands stiff on the pavement and with a concerned face he waves after LLOYD as he drives away.



ANNOUNCEMENT: THE DEATH SHOW

Throughout the period of **Festival of Choices** Styrmir Örn Guðmundsson will give multiple launches of his new book *The End is Near: Reflections on Death* at **W139**, Warmoesstraat 139, Amsterdam.

The book includes several reflections on death, all of which take on different characters of writing. As each reflection reacts on the prior one, a method is generated. This method serves as a tool to grow from simple-minded observations toward a multi-faceted outlook on the subject.

At each show he will lead a tour through the pages of the book and demonstrate how it wasn't until a near-death-experience through an object that he realized that the end is near.

DEATH SHOW One:	Wednesday 11 July – 16:00
DEATH SHOW Two:	Wednesday 11 July – 20:00
DEATH SHOW Three:	Thursday 12 July – 16:00
DEATH SHOW Four:	Thursday 12 July – 22:00
DEATH SHOW Five:	Friday 13 July – 16:00
DEATH SHOW Six:	Friday 13 July – 20:00
DEATH SHOW Seven:	Saturday 14 July – 16:00
DEATH SHOW Eight:	Saturday 14 July – 22:00
DEATH SHOW Nine:	Sunday 15 July – 14:00
DEATH SHOW Ten:	Sunday 15 July – 17:00