

FAR FROM HOME

A radio drama by

Michael Butt

FIRST BROADCAST: 26th July 2002

FOR EDUCATIONAL USE ONLY

CHARACTERS

Jane
Terry
Beth, 16
Fiona
Marie
Derek
Michael

SCENE 1 HOME

EVENING. JANE, TERRY AND BETH ARE
EATING. PAUSE.

BETH: Anyway so I...so I...so I've got to choose: Science or Arts.

PAUSE

TERRY: Do both.

BETH: Crr.

TERRY: What?

PAUSE

BETH: You got to choose. You can't do both.

TERRY: Why's that?

PAUSE

BETH: Mum...

JANE: So they don't have enough teachers, or something. She has to choose. They all have to choose. Then she goes on, and goes to college.

BETH: Well...

JANE: Your music.

BETH: I don't know.

JANE: I know.

TERRY: Getting drunk. *(Pause)* Getting drunk.

JANE: She won't do that.

TERRY: Had a student at the station. The office, in the holiday.

JANE: I know.

TERRY: The state of him...

JANE: She wouldn't be like that.

TERRY: More dead than alive, the mornings.

JANE: She wouldn't do that.

TERRY: Mmm?

BETH: I don't know what I want to do.

JANE: You will...you will.

BETH: Why?

TERRY: You hear her?

JANE: To get away. That's why. To improve yourself.

TERRY: She doesn't have to.

JANE: So you can breathe.

TERRY: She doesn't have to.

BETH: Can't I say something?

JANE: There's no need to go on about it...

TERRY: She doesn't want to go? Don't go.

JANE: Yes. That's you.

PAUSE

BETH: Has everybody finished?

PAUSE

TERRY: What do you mean?

BETH LEAVES THE ROOM.

JANE: Don't make her stay.

TERRY: How could I?

JANE: Because you could.

TERRY: No.

JANE: Terry...

TERRY: I said.

JANE: I don't want her here...

TERRY: Are you alright?

JANE: The way you say that.

TERRY: Are you alright? (*Pause*) It's you. You want to go. Not her.

JANE: Someone's got to get out of here alive. That little talent of hers, let it breath.

TERRY: Are you thinking about something else...?

JANE: No.

TERRY: ...that happened, that happened a while ago, and is all done with now? Are you? That I have apologised for, a mistake I made, and I fell, and I...broke it all off and I finished with all that...and...you forgave me, which we went through ...we went through this and ...it is finished? Is that what you're talking about?

JANE: I can't breathe.

TERRY: Is that what you're talking about?

JANE: No.

TERRY: Let me help you.

JANE: What's this?

TERRY: ...if I helped you to breathe...? You know, you need...you want to relax.

HE BEGINS TO STROKE HER.

Why don't you relax. How's that? Eh? Is that helping you?
Does that help?

PAUSE

JANE: Don't come near me.

SCENE 2 HOME

BETH IS PLAYING AN IRISH LAMENT ON HER
FLUTE. SHE FINISHES IT. PAUSE.

BETH: That's it.

TERRY: Yeh.

PAUSE

BETH: It sounded ok?

TERRY: Oh yeh...eh...you know, music, and me Beth...

BETH: But you could tell...

TERRY: 'Course.

BETH: ...if it was wrong..?

PAUSE

TERRY: Now...now...

BETH: I need to practise. I knew that before.

TERRY: Ok.

PAUSE

BETH: But you like it?

TERRY: What'd I say?

BETH: It's Irish.

TERRY: Now who gave you that?

BETH: I chose it.

TERRY: She's heard it?

BETH: Not yet.

TERRY: It sounds like her.

BETH: "Far from Home".

PAUSE

TERRY: Mmm?

BETH: It's called "Far from Home".

TERRY: You chose it?

PAUSE

BETH: She liked the name. *(Pause)* She saw it in my book of pieces. But do you like it, Dad? *(Pause)* Dad? *(Pause)* My exam's tomorrow.

TERRY: Ok.

BETH: If...if...if I need to.

TERRY: Well well...you say.

BETH: I'm ask...I'm asking.

TERRY: Eh...yeh, practise.

BETH: I've done all I can.

TERRY: Mmm?

BETH: So what would be the point of practising?

TERRY: You think so?

BETH: If you do.

TERRY: Oh well...

PAUSE

Ok. Leave it alone.

BETH: What?

TERRY: Put it down. Why not?

BETH: Why?

TERRY: Rest.

BETH: It's a flute dad...

TERRY; Yeh.

BETH: ...it's not weightlifting.

TERRY: You couldn't do that.

BETH: What?

TERRY: Weightlifting...could you?

BETH: So..?

TERRY: Leave it. You know why? You are one of them...prona...pronegies...

BETH: Prodigy.

TERRY: Aren't you?

BETH: No.

TERRY: Yeh, you are.

BETH: Huh!

TERRY: Huh! Mmm.

BETH: Well I'm going to practise a bit more.

TERRY: Oh my God.

BETH: Yes?

TERRY: What? Here?

BETH: Don't.

PAUSE

TERRY: Love to. No, love to.

BETH: Can't be bothered. Not now.

PAUSE

Where is she?

TERRY: Oh. Out. *(Pause)* She wants to go out, she can go out.
Don't get the idea she can't.

BETH: Why is she walking? Round here? She hates it , she
hates it round here.

TERRY: Yeh, oh yeh, she can hate. For England.

BETH: For Ireland you mean.

TERRY: For Ireland, yeh, let's not forget Ireland.

BETH: Why does she hate it?

TERRY: Do you like it?

BETH: No. But why does she *hate* it?

TERRY: Eh, it's different from where she came from.

BETH: She's been here years.

TERRY: Yeh. *(Pause)* Did anybody say it was easy being
married?

BETH: I don't know.

TERRY: Well they didn't. And you wouldn't believe it. You
wouldn't believe it...Beth. Play me something.

BETH: Maybe she needs a holiday.

TERRY: Yeh, ok, play me. You're a good girl.

BETH: Thanks. What?

TERRY: Anything.

BETH: Musical?

TERRY: Musical yeh. You're a good girl.

SHE BEGINS A JIG.

TERRY: That's nice. That is nice. You're going to pass on that.

FADE.

SCENE 3 STREETS

NIGHT. JANE IS WALKING ABOUT. URBAN
STREET NOISES: A MONTAGE OF CAR NOISE,
WILD KIDS, BONFIRES, BOTTLES BEING
THROWN, SHOUTS, DOGS, A CAR BEING
PULLED TO BITS ETC. PERHAPS UNDER
JANE'S SPEECH.

SCENE 4 GARAGES

A MAN BEING BEATEN TO DEATH. IT ISN'T A
FIGHT. IT'S STRANGELY SLOW AND
METHODICAL. FADE.

SCENE 5 BEDROOM

JANE: I walked the streets though the lights were off. Wouldn't you know they'd be down? It's like Beirut or somewhere. Terry?

TERRY: I know.

JANE: I tripped on Biker Street. Nearly tore my ankle. The kerb was up. I'm picking my way between the thrown away bikes and the melted tar. A bonfire in Dunley Road. Children around, drinking. *(Terry sighs)* So then I'm coming home. I'm tired. The dogshit! The bent wire! And I'm thinking, Christ! You know? There must be somewhere else, to get me out of this! I took a short cut...to get home the quicker. I hear thumps, think it's kids - football - sounding like a...something being bounced. I cross the road...

TERRY: Jane, I'm tired. Look at me.

JANE: Let me tell you! I cross the road, trying to get away from it, the garages. I hear this and eh...like a large egg being kicked, thrown down...over and over, and then it finishes, and they come out. I didn't want to look, Terry. Who wants to see anything? It's the Tyler brothers. They're catching their breath. They have worked hard it would seem. On something.

PAUSE

TERRY: I'm on earlies, Jane. I got to get up. What do you want me to say?

JANE: Take me away.

TERRY: To move?

JANE: Yes.

PAUSE

TERRY: I can't do that.

JANE: Uh huh?

TERRY: No I can't do that. No. No.

SCENE 6 HOME

JANE COMES IN THE FRONT DOOR AND INTO
THE ROOM. BETH IS DOING SCHOOLWORK
ON THE TABLE.

JANE: Your father up?

BETH: Uh? I had my test today.

JANE: Is he up? I'm sorry. Is he up? *(Pause)* I'm sorry, Beth.

BETH: Sit down.

JANE: I'm alright. Will you wake him?

BETH: I did alright.

JANE: That's good then. Your flute now?

BETH: Mmm. My flute.

JANE: That's good. You got the results?

BETH: Not yet.

JANE: Not yet. I'll wake him. *(Calls up the stairs)* Terry!

BETH: I won't get a distinction. I'll get more than a pass.

JANE: Terry! That's good.

BETH: Are you listening?

JANE: Mmm? We'll settle down and talk. Sweet.

BETH: Don't patronise me.

JANE: Mmm? Oh Beth...

BETH: It makes me mad. Do you know that?

JANE: God could you murder me?

BETH: Eh?

JANE: With that look.

BETH: I'm asking you but you're not listening.

JANE: I want your father!

TERRY COMES DOWN INTO THE ROOM. HE'S
JUST WOKEN UP.

TERRY: Oh hoh?

JANE: I woke you.

TERRY: Yeh, you did.

BETH: I got on okay with my flute test, Dad!

TERRY: Did you?

BETH: Though no-one's interested.

TERRY: I'm interested. *(Pause)* Jane?

JANE: There was something at work.

TERRY: Yeh?

JANE: That fight I saw.

TERRY: I don't remember.

JANE: Yes you remember. Last night!

TERRY: Oh yeh. The eh...yeh.

JANE: They murdered him. The black boy, it was a black boy, Sherington something...something like that and they killed him. I saw it.

TERRY: Wait a minute. Get...get...get your mother a cup of tea.

BETH: I'm supposed to be writing an essay.

TERRY: Get her a cup of tea!

BETH: Jesus, alright!

BETH GOES OUT.

TERRY: You want to sit down, Jane? You...they told you this morning?

JANE: This afternoon. I was on my way out. His mother works in the office. I don't know her personally.

TERRY: So...

JANE: What I said.

TERRY: What do you know? What do you really know?

JANE: Last night in the garages, a fellah getting his car found the body. It's this boy.

TERRY: Boy?

JANE: Young fellow, I don't know! And so, it's this Sherington and he's been murdered, they say...

TERRY: Who?

JANE: Mmm? What?

TERRY: Who...who said?

JANE: At work!

TERRY: How do they know?

JANE: Well it's not a secret Terry.

TERRY: We hear things...we hear things all the time. At work. This, that. Rumours, something, someone's heard...

JANE: The police took her away...this...mother...came for her, they....I says who's that? They says, it's the mother of the boy's been killed, on the garages, Terry, last night, where I was!

PAUSE

TERRY: And you have to think it's you?

JANE: You don't want to believe it?

TERRY: What? Are you talking to me?

JANE: You don't want to.

TERRY: Jane...you get an idea...

JANE: I don't get an idea! Ask them!

TERRY: What?

JANE: Go...go down...ask.

TERRY: You see sometimes, you are confused.

JANE: This is so insulting!

TERRY: Well I'm sorry. I'm trying to be gentle.

JANE; Oh Jesus Christ!

TERRY: Wait...calm...

JANE: Yeh. Shall I?

TERRY: You want to take a breather. You want to think.

JANE: A boy was killed.

TERRY; Something happened. The police car. Something. Of course.

JANE: I saw! *(Pause)* I can't breathe.

TERRY: It's what I'm saying.

JANE: *What* are you saying?

TERRY: Getting...getting a hold of this.

JANE: Uh huh.

TERRY; Jane...

JANE: You're getting a hold of this? Is that what you're doing?
That'll be a first.

TERRY: You woke me up.

JANE: Oh! Did I?

TERRY: You know...

JANE: Woke you and you're getting a hold of this? You've never
got hold of anything, have you? With your arse in the...

TERRY; Why don't you go to hell?

JANE: ..with your arse in the air and your head in the GROUND!

TERRY: Go to hell then!

TERRY THROWS A JAR AT THE WALL.

That's it. That's it. That's it.

BETH COMES IN.

BETH: What is it?

JANE: Who are you? The King of the Mumjorams?

TERRY: What?

JANE: Who are you? The king of the Mumjorams?

SCENE 7 STREET

JANE IS WALKING. A CAR SLOWS ALONGSIDE
HER, IT KEEPS GOING AS SHE WALKS. IT
HONKS ITS HORN.

JANE: What is it?

IT HONKS ITS HORN.

What do you want?

THE CAR DRIVES OFF.

SCENE 8 HOME

JANE COMES IN. THE PHONE IS RINGING.
SHE PICKS IT UP.

JANE: Yah?

BETH: Mum? Can you call me back?

JANE: Where are you?

BETH: I'm on my mobile. Call me.

JANE: What is it?

BETH: Just call me.

JANE PUTS THE PHONE DOWN. IT
IMMEDIATELY RINGS. SHE PICKS IT UP.

JANE: I'm calling you. *(Pause)* Beth? *(Pause)* Beth? Who's this? *(Pause)* Who's this? Who is it? *(Pause)* F**k off!

SHE PUTS THE PHONE DOWN. IT
IMMEDIATELY RINGS. SHE PICKS IT UP.

Who?

BETH: I thought you were ringing me?

JANE: Someone rang.

BETH: It doesn't matter.

JANE: What?

BETH: I'm going to be late.

JANE: Where?

BETH: Lucy's. Just a few of us.

JANE: No...

BETH: Mum?

JANE: No!

BETH: What?

JANE: Don't...don't go out.

BETH: I'm going after school.

JANE: Don't. Come home.

BETH: Why?

JANE: I'll tell you.

BETH: Mum, this is ridiculous.

JANE: Listen...

BETH: No!

JANE: They're onto us!

BETH: Eh? Mum...

JANE: Didn't you hear me?

BETH: Oh...

JANE: Come home then.

BETH: Why?

JANE: I would prefer it.

BETH: It's costing me a fortune.

JANE: Someone rang me...Beth.

BETH: Just...

JANE: And there was an incident in the street! Are you not hearing me?

BETH: I'm going.

JANE: Beth!

BETH CLICKS THE PHONE OFF.

SCENE 9 HOME

TERRY: She was upset...Jane?...and worried.

JANE: Is that so?

TERRY: She was, yeh.

JANE: Didn't sound worried to me.

TERRY: She's young.

JANE: Oh yeh?

TERRY: Why are you like this with her?

JANE: Like what? *(Pause)* Did she tell you why I wanted her to come home?

TERRY: She knows.

JANE: She doesn't know. She thinks her mother's having one of her turns.

TERRY: No.

JANE: And you agree.

TERRY: I don't know what to say to you, Jane.

JANE: Thank you. It doesn't matter. But I say the streets are not safe...

TERRY: What? Jane!

JANE: Last night...

TERRY: Oh listen, I'm tired...

JANE: Are you?

TERRY: So tired.

JANE: I was threatened.

PAUSE

TERRY: Wh...where?

JANE: The street here. Don't you want to know what happened?
Shall I tell you what happened?

TERRY: You were threatened?

JANE: The street...a car pulled alongside...this face grinned at
me, honked his horn. I think it was a Tyler...the older one
I think. He *knew* me.

PAUSE

TERRY: Jane...

JANE: I haven't finished. And then the phone...a dead line.
Straight after...

TERRY: Yeh.

JANE: ...straight after. And my daughter telling me she'll be late,
and I'm left here all alone.

TERRY: Was that it?

JANE: What?

TERRY: The thing that worried you?

JANE: No!

TERRY: The thing that worried you - that you were on your own?

JANE: I've told you. I was threatened. By a Tyler. They know me. I was being warned off. They don't want me to go to the police.

PAUSE

TERRY: I don't want you to go the police. Because they will say what did you see? And you saw nothing. (*Pause*) I don't want to move from here, Jane. I grew up here. It's where I live! It's my home.

JANE: I saw a murder.

TERRY: No, you didn't. Now we have talked about this. And I've been on duty all night. I'm tired. I'm tired. What would make you happy, Jane?

PAUSE

JANE: Happy?

PAUSE

TERRY: I was hoping...

JANE: What?

TERRY: Don't you remember Jane...a long time ago....there was a blue dress you wore....and your eyes the same colour as those flowers, you remember?

PAUSE

JANE: Forget-me-nots.

TERRY: Yeh. That's it. Forget-me-nots. You remember.

JANE: That was then.

TERRY: Come to bed with me, Jane. Come to bed with me.

THEY GO UPSTAIRS.

SCENE 10 HOME

JANE: What did he say?

BETH: Says we was a grass. Says we gone to the police.

JANE: Just now?

BETH: Mmm?

JANE: He...he didn't get out of the car?

BETH: No.

JANE: You listening to this?

TERRY: Yes.

BETH: Mum...

JANE: He didn't approach you?

BETH: No. Just looked.

JANE: I'm dreaming this, am I, Terry?

TERRY: No.

JANE: Mmm?

TERRY: Alright.

JANE: Alright?

TERRY: I said alright.

BETH: *(Upset)* Don't argue.

TERRY: I want to know.

JANE: Can you...tell him...e..e..everything?

TERRY: Yeh well, I want to know something...

JANE: He wants to know. Look then, tell him.

TERRY: ...why...why...why he said...why did he say "grass"?

BETH: He said we'd been to the police.

TERRY: Yeh.

JANE: Listen, are you..?....he said...he told her we'd be dead.

TERRY: Yes. But...but why..?

JANE: Dead! You know dead?

TERRY: Why did he say "grass"? That's what...that's why I'm interested.

JANE: Is that why you're interested?

TERRY: Yes.

JANE: Not...not because your daughter's life..?

TERRY; But why do they think we went to the police? Jane? When they got that wrong?

PAUSE

JANE: I went to the police.

TERRY: Ah.

JANE: Yes.

TERRY: Christ...

JANE: Yes.

TERRY: ...Oh Christ...Now...

BETH: Don't, please, daddy..!

TERRY: ...you mad, stupid, mad...

JANE: Becau...becau...because I saw something?

TERRY: ...oh god. Oh my god

JANE: ...and it's my duty...

TERRY: Your duty? To keep your child safe? But because...what? I know...

JANE: Ah?

TERRY: ...I know why.

JANE: I don't sleep at night.

TERRY: You don't sleep at night? What do I care?

JANE: No, you don't.

TERRY: Your sleep? Jesus. Because you want to leave here ...

JANE: What?

TERRY: ...because you drag us...you have one idea. ,You want to leave?. Well what's stopping you? You want to go?

BETH: Don't dad, please!

TERRY: Go then. F**k off and go. Is that your idea? Then GO!

SCENE 11 HOME

JANE: He said he'd be back.

FIONA: Is he often late?

JANE: No.

PAUSE

FIONA: Let's not wait any longer.

JANE: Fiona, did you say?

FIONA: That's right.

JANE: My daughter's upstairs.

FIONA: It's ok. You're bound to be nervous.

PAUSE

JANE: Yes.

FIONA: It's normal.

JANE: Oh, so I'm normal?

FIONA: Yes. Terry knew I was coming?

JANE: Yes.

FIONA: So?

JANE: He'll be here, in his own time.

FIONA: I explained, it's important for you all to be together.

JANE: Yes...the family.

FIONA: Yes and it has to be that way from the beginning.

JANE: Sure. Will I call Beth?

FIONA: And she knows?

JANE: Well you never know with teenagers, do you, what they know?

FIONA: But you have explained?

JANE: Oh yeh.

FIONA: Good.

JANE: What happens? You talk to us?

FIONA: That's right.

PAUSE

JANE: Would you like some..?

FIONA: Deciding to give evidence couldn't have been easy.

JANE: Round here...?

FIONA: Mmm.

JANE: ...are you kidding? They're like the tribes of Israel or something.

FIONA: Still...

JANE: I saw what I saw.

FIONA: That's right.

JANE: And you've got them?

FIONA: The Tylers? Yes, they've been arrested. And if it goes to trial, you'll be a witness, is that right?

JANE: Yes.

FIONA: You're happy with that?

JANE: The man at the station...

FIONA: The investigating officer...

JANE: Muldrake?

FIONA; Mmm.

JANE: He explained...

FIONA: Well...

JANE: He was a nice fellow.

FIONA: Yes. But he wanted something from you, and...sometimes, investigating officers make promises to witnesses, they...encourage them..

JANE: He...

FIONA: It's my job to tell you this. You need to know that if you give evidence, you wouldn't be able to stay here. None of you. You said...you said...you told me about some intimidation...

JANE: Oh yeh.

FIONA: It's common. The Tylers are a criminal family. Other family members, friends...they will...they're almost bound to put pressure.

PAUSE

JANE: My daughter...

FIONA: It's frightening.

JANE: Would you be frightened?

FIONA: Of course I would. My daughter? I'd go mad.

JANE: Do you have a daughter, Fiona?

FIONA: No.

PAUSE

JANE: So...your job...

FIONA: I'm called a witness protection officer. I explained..

JANE: Yes I see. So..? We...what happens?

FIONA: I need to talk...

JANE: I know.

FIONA: ...I mean to Beth, to Terry...

JANE: What I mean is, it goes to trial and...and...and we move away...during the trial. Is that how it works?

FIONA: Before.

JANE: Before and...say, they go down, we come back...afterwards...? *(Pause)* Fiona?

FIONA: No. You couldn't ever come back. You couldn't ever come back here.

TERRY COMES IN. HE'S HAD A FEW DRINKS.

FIONA: Terry, I'm Fiona.

PAUSE

JANE: I explained.

PAUSE

TERRY: Yeh. Fiona. *(Pause)* I'm late.

FIONA: Doesn't matter.

TERRY: Mmm. It's eh...inspection. Kit inspection.

FIONA: Jane told me you're a fireman.

TERRY: It's eh...they usually let you know, you know?

FIONA: They're not supposed to but...

TERRY: ...that's right.

FIONA: Make sure it goes smoothly.

TERRY: S'right. Same in the police?

FIONA: It's the life.

TERRY: Isn't it? But not today. Five...five thirty, "Stand by for an inspection." That's why I'm late, Jane.

PAUSE

FIONA: Shall we begin?

TERRY: Yeh.

JANE GOES TO THE STAIRS.

JANE: Beth, would you come down?

TERRY: Everybody.

FIONA: It's better.

TERRY: Better, yeh.

BETH COMES DOWNSTAIRS.

FIONA: Hello, Beth. I'm Fiona.

BETH: Mum said.

FIONA: How are you?

BETH: Yeh.

FIONA: Well I'm going to talk to you about the Witness Protection Programme. When people come under our protection we take it very seriously. And a lot of money is spent on it. And if you've got any questions when I'm talking just...just ask because that's what this session's for and the other conversations we're going to have: you need to know exactly what's involved, so you don't...maybe you will ask a question and then next day ask it again because that's how it is for people. I want you to ask me. My job isn't to get a prosecution. I'm in the police service but that's not what I'm paid for. My job is solely to look after witnesses, to make sure they are safe and that...and they feel safe.

TERRY: I was going to ask you that.

FIONA: Were you, Terry?

TERRY: I was going to say.

PAUSE

FIONA: It's a good question...

TERRY: Mmm.

FIONA: It works with your co-operation. I can't emphasise that enough to you. So that's why we draw up a contract with you, at the very beginning, we have to...

TERRY: A contract?

FIONA: That's right.

TERRY: That's what they're going to do...I was thinking...

FIONA: How do you mean?

TERRY: ...draw up a contract...the Tylers...on us.

PAUSE

JANE: He's joking.

FIONA:

It's okay. This contract, ours. we all agree to and sign. And that means you're safe, to keep to the letter of the contract, that's the best thing. You can't say, well what about this, what about that, afterwards. We talk about it first. We sort it out. We sort it all out. What do we provide? We re-house you, in a similar kind of house to this one. We take care of all the removals and the firm that moves you out won't be the same firm that moves you in. You see, we're severing connections. We're making sure that no-one can trace where you've gone to. That's what the whole thing depends on. It's my job to decide who knows. That's my job, the risk assessment. Now all the financial side, the same - your bank manager will know you've gone but he won't know where, and your new bank won't know where you've come from. The same with your school, Beth. I will tell the head, maybe; no-one else. If anybody ever comes asking questions then I need to know. The same goes for your passports, your national insurance numbers, your health records, your credit cards - I take them all in and I return new ones to you. There must be no way you can be traced. You will have new names. We let you help us choose those. Good, aren't I? That's why, you see, we need to talk. You come into the world, you find out who are you, you will be that person all your life. That's what we're used to, but for you it will be different. You can't come back here, ever, and that's why you have to see it coming and agree in advance. If you're not happy now you have to tell me because, later, later if it breaks down then your safety will be in jeopardy. You understand? And that's why it's hard and that's why we all have to agree.

TERRY:

That's interesting, Fiona. She tell you?

FIONA: What's that, Terry.

TERRY: What it is, Fiona, did my wife tell you? I'm not going. I'm not moving. *(Pause)* That's it.

PAUSE

FIONA: That's why we're having this discussion.

TERRY; Well...

FIONA: ...we need to...

TERRY; We don't need to, he...Fiona...we...my wife wants to give evidence...so be it, I accept...she would need to go away...between ourselves maybe it's a break...but I'm saying, I'm staying here, I'm a local boy and I don't travel.

FIONA: There's a problem here...

TERRY: Why?

FIONA: You see...these people...I'm talking about the Tylers...they're not...if they can't get at a witness then they'll be happy to threaten whoever they can.

PAUSE

TERRY: You mean me?

FIONA: That's why I said at the beginning you've all got to be happy with this decision. If Jane gives evidence against them, they will come and find you, Terry.

SCENE 12 HOME

BETH: I don't want to go mum.

JANE: We have to talk about it.

BETH: Are you listening to me?

JANE: Of course.

BETH: Because I can't go to a new school.

JANE: Take your A Levels anywhere.

BETH: I've got my friends. Mum, I'm...I'm asking you, I'm asking you!

JANE: We were taught to do what was right when I was a child.

BETH: What does that mean?

JANE: You see? You want a mother who turned her back on her duty?

BETH: I don't care about that.

JANE: Well you should, shouldn't you? Nobody values anything anymore.

BETH: Mum...

JANE: I'm sure things were different when I was a kid. Or was it the Catholic thing? Living according to your conscience. Conscience? Nowadays - round here...

BETH: But it's just not here.

JANE: But it is here!

PAUSE

BETH: If I have to go and live somewhere else I don't know what's going to happen to me. Please, don't do this! I won't know anybody. I won't know anybody..!

BETH CRIES

JANE: You'll have left me soon, soon enough.

BETH: But not yet! Maybe you need a holiday!

JANE: Don't do what I did! I drifted.

BETH: There's more chance of that happening...if you move me.

PAUSE

JANE: Wha...why?

BETH: Because then I'll be lost!

PAUSE

JANE: No.

BETH: You see?

JANE: You don't understand. It's okay.

BETH: I don't want to go? Don't you...don't you see?

PAUSE

JANE: I see.

BETH: Tell Fiona, you can't do it.

BETH GOES UPSTAIRS. JANE PUTS ON IRISH
MUSIC. TERRY COMES IN.

TERRY: It's alright, it's done.

JANE: Ah. What was it?

TERRY: One of the brackets under the exhaust. Tightened it up.

JANE: It sounded awful.

TERRY: Well it won't sound awful now. *(Pause)* You're enjoying this.

JANE: No.

TERRY: Yes, oh yes you are.

JANE: What, exactly?

TERRY: What exactly? The power over me, the look on my face.

JANE: Is that what you think I am?

TERRY: Yes. Your way or not at all.

JANE: I spoke to Beth.

TERRY: I feel sorry for that kid.

JANE: Do you?

TERRY: Yes. I'm begging you, Jane, don't do this...to us!

SCENE 13 PARK

JANE AND FIONA ARE SITTING ON A BENCH.

JANE: It's the only...

FIONA: It's nice.

JANE: Mmm. Round here.

PAUSE

FIONA: There were difficulties. Don't feel bad. You know...it's...I personally wouldn't do it.

JANE: No?

FIONA: Think of it. The police want their witness. It's natural but you have to think of your life.

PAUSE

JANE: And the Tylers?

FIONA: Well, we'll get them. One day - for something.
They'll...they won't take any interest in you now.

PAUSE

JANE: Well.

FIONA: You've my number?

JANE: Yes.

FIONA: Good.

SCENE 14 HOME

JANE COMES IN. THE PHONE IS RINGING.

JANE PICKS IT UP.

JANE: Hello? *(Pause)* Hello? Who is it?

WOMAN: Is Terry there?

JANE: What?

WOMAN: Terry.

JANE: Who's this?

WOMAN: I'm a friend.

JANE: What do you want?

WOMAN: Tell him Annie called, will you?

THE WOMAN PUTS THE PHONE DOWN.
PAUSE. JANE PICKS UP THE PHONE AND
DIALS..

FIONA: PWC Rawlings. Hello? (*Pause*) Hello?

PAUSE

JANE: Fiona?

FIONA: Hello?

JANE: It's Jane.

SCENE 15 HOME

SIX MONTHS LATER THE FAMILY HAVE
MOVED TO FELIXSTOWE.

TERRY: Good.

BETH: What'll I do?

TERRY: Open it, dimbo.

FIONA: It's ok.

TERRY: What?

FIONA: It's nothing.

BETH: Ok.

BETH OPENS A PRESENT: A PERFUME.

BETH: Ah it's nice.

JANE: Show.

BETH: It's nice, mum.

JANE SNIFFS IT.

JANE: Well.

BETH: I don't wear a lot of perfume.

FIONA: Just put a little on your wrists before you go out.

TERRY: They'll come running then.

JANE: He's nervous.

TERRY: Bzzz. Like flies.

BETH: Great.

JANE: Listen to her.

FIONA: Nothing wrong with that eh, Beth?

BETH: That's it.

FIONA: And happy birthday.

BETH: And nice card. Thanks.

TERRY: Some cakes, what about it?

BETH: I chose 'em.

JANE: Ok.

BETH COUGHS.

JANE: You like cake, Fiona?

FIONA: I'm afraid I do.

TERRY: 'Course you do.

TERRY HOLDS OUT THE PLATE OF CAKES.

FIONA TAKES ONE.

JANE: Be careful now.

FIONA: I'm a bit of an animal with cakes.

TERRY: Are you?

JANE: She doesn't want sugar on her skirt.

TERRY: Mmm?

FIONA: I'm alright.

JANE: It's nice of you to come Fiona.

BETH: Yeh.

FIONA: I wouldn't have missed it. Seventeen?

PAUSE

JANE: I know.

BETH: Amazing!

TERRY: You have fun, seventeen?

FIONA: Can't remember. I think I was a handful.

PAUSE

JANE: Here. Beth.

JANE GIVES BETH A PRESENT. PAUSE

TERRY: Go on.

BETH: I'm going to.

PAUSE. BETH OPENS HER PRESENT: A
FLUTE.

JANE: It's new.

PAUSE

BETH: God!

JANE: Your old one was falling to bits.

TERRY: Give us a tune!

JANE: Give her a minute.

TERRY: I wanted to get you a ring.

JANE: She can always get rings.

TERRY: What do you think?

JANE: She likes it alright.

BETH: I love it.

TERRY: Thank god for that. Cost an arm and a leg.

JANE: That's enough of that.

BETH: It's...it's really nice.

PAUSE

FIONA: So...

JANE: Who'd have thought six months ago...Eh Fiona?

FIONA: That's right.

TERRY: Yeh.

FIONA: You've done...very well.

TERRY: Eh...Jane? She won't always take that.

FIONA: You want to congratulate yourselves.

TERRY: See?

JANE: *(Mimicing)* See?

FIONA: Oh yeh.

TERRY: I'm thinking of getting a caravan.

FIONA: You aren't?

TERRY: Aren't I Jane?

JANE: You say.

FIONA: So what's this?

TERRY: The open road.

FIONA: Ah. The gypsy in your soul?

JANE: Don't mock the afflicted, Fiona.

FIONA: Nnn? I wasn't.

BETH: I'd like to go.

JANE: You wouldn't catch me.

TERRY: Be alright. Lay in the supplies, off you go.

JANE: The conversations you'd get on those...whatever...car parks, can you imagine? "Good morning! Good morning!" Oh God, no.

TERRY: Be good.

FIONA: Where to?

TERRY: Eh?

BETH: Over the rainbow, eh dad?

FIONA: Where you going?

JANE: Don't ask him.

TERRY: Yeh. *(Pause)* You want to come Fiona?

FIONA: Some days.

TERRY: You want to come along? Ah.

PAUSE

JANE: Is it going to rain?

PAUSE

BETH: No.

JANE: It is.

PAUSE. BETH COUGHS.

TERRY: She does an English accent.

JANE: God.

FIONA: What's this?

TERRY: Do it.

BETH: Dad...

TERRY: When she's at work.

FIONA: Oh, at the library?

JANE: Ah it's just...it's nothing.

TERRY: Do it. *(Pause)* Go on.

JANE: I do it just to be more comfortable.

FIONA: Fair enough.

TERRY: Ok?

PAUSE

JANE: *(English accent)* I find this terribly embarrassing.

BETH: Oh!

TERRY: Hah!

FIONA: Very good.

JANE: *(English accent)* I...I...I...I don't know where to put myself....honestly

TERRY: She kills me!

FIONA: Huh.

JANE: It's nothing. And Terry's got himself another idea.

PAUSE

FIONA: Have you?

BETH COUGHS.

FIONA: You okay?

BETH: Cough, just...

FIONA: Oh.

BETH: Come to sunny Felixstowe. Cough your lungs up.

FIONA: Tsk. Poor thing.

JANE: Doctor says it's asthma.

FIONA: Oh.

PAUSE

JANE: Your new venture, then, tell her Terry.

PAUSE

TERRY: You interested?

FIONA: Yeh.

JANE: She is.

BETH: I got to do some work.

FIONA: You eh..? Flute?

BETH: Yeh.

BETH STANDS UP.

FIONA: You got to do some practice?

BETH: Oh yes.

JANE: She's got a concert coming.

FIONA: Is that right?

BETH: I'll see you.

FIONA: Get me a ticket. Take care.

BETH: Thanks for coming.

FIONA: You going out later with your friends?

BETH: No.

FIONA: Ok then.

BETH GOES OUT.

JANE: Go on, Terry. tell her.

TERRY: Yeh so, I'm looking around thinking of some ideas for work, yeh? Had this idea. What is it people want, more than anything? You know what it is? Security. They want to feel safe. They fear someone coming in their house. Someone messing up their things.

(CONT'D OVER)

TERRY (CONT'D): It's that isn't it? So what can you do? You put up alarms; they get through them. Dogs? Yeh? They poison them. Nothing'll do it. So my idea: someone like me, others, like me, checking up, looking after your property, paid on a retainer. Keeping an eye out. An agency. Mm? That was my idea.

PAUSE

JANE: What do you think, Fiona?

FIONA: You've started, have you?

TERRY: Yeh. A few prospective clients.

JANE: He goes out at night.

FIONA: You've called the police?

TERRY: Eh?

FIONA: You've told them?

TERRY: Well, not so much.

FIONA: Do that.

TERRY: Yeh?

FIONA: I would.

TERRY: Right.

JANE: Did you ever dream, Fiona, that Terry was so adventurous?

IN HER BEDROOM, BETH BEGINS PLAYING
HER FLUTE, SCREECHING NOTES.

SCENE 16 SEASHORE

JANE AND FIONA ARE WALKING ALONG THE
SEAFRONT.

JANE: What time's your train?

FIONA: How's the library?

JANE: Good.

FIONA: And the area?

JANE: Good. Still. Yeh. *(Pause)* Have you ever been to Ireland?

FIONA: Do you know, I haven't. It's somewhere I've been meaning to go.

JANE: You should.

FIONA: Do you still have dreams about the trial?

JANE: No no. Not anymore.

FIONA: Six months!

JANE: It's gone.

FIONA: Can you believe it?

JANE: Yes.

PAUSE

FIONA: Are you..? Is something worrying you?

JANE: It's nice of you to come.

FIONA: Yeh?

PAUSE

JANE: Only...listen to me: Billy Tyler knows where we are.

FIONA: What?

JANE: He does.

FIONA: I don't...

JANE: I know.

FIONA: You're saying he knows?

JANE: I'll tell you how. Terry goes back there at night.

FIONA: Where?

JANE: They tailed him.

FIONA: Home? You mean?

JANE: He goes back there. Our old place. This job thing? It's a front. It gets him out. It's all he wants.

FIONA: Jane...

JANE: At night, yeh?

PAUSE

FIONA: Why are you saying this?

JANE: He's been tailed. And now they know. Tyler and his crew. How do I know? I know.

FIONA: Wait a minute...

JANE: This is difficult for you, I can see.

FIONA: No...

JANE: It's the way it is.

FIONA: Jane...

JANE: Mmm?

FIONA: ...have you seen Billy Tyler?

JANE: No.

FIONA: Listen...

JANE: No, you listen: does that mean he isn't here?

SCENE 17 HOME

TERRY GOES INTO BETH'S BEDROOM. BETH
IS MANIACALLY PLAYING SCALES ON THE
FLUTE.

TERRY: That's nice.

BETH: God.

SHE RESUMES THE SCALES.

TERRY: Eh?

BETH STOPS.

What, you going out?

BETH PLAYS AGAIN. STOPS.

BETH: No. Got a cough, haven't I?

TERRY: Yeh.

PAUSE

TERRY: It's...

BETH: What?

PAUSE

TERRY: It's a good flute.

BETH: Ah. It's started again, hasn't it?

TERRY: What?

BETH: Dad...

TERRY: She's alright.

BETH: I'm sorry.

TERRY: That's alright. It's your birthday.

SCENE 18 SEASHORE

JANE: You can't get away from it.

FIONA: Why would he be doing that?

JANE: Something...to my shame...

FIONA: Mm? What? What's that?

JANE: He had a girlfriend. Time ago. So I thought we'd leave home. I thought we'd be alright.

FIONA: You mean...so you mean...coming here?

JANE: Out of danger.

FIONA: Ah. But now you say, he's going back home at night.

JANE: Yeh this...this job gets him out.

FIONA: You think he's been seen?

JANE: Sniffing around. Some...some tart. Maybe a friend of Tyler's. Yeh, maybe that.

FIONA: You've got to look at the evidence.

JANE: I thought we'd be out of it

FIONA: Well...well...well...

JANE: I was wrong.

FIONA: You wanted to walk away?

JANE: Who wouldn't?

FIONA: There's no such thing as a fresh start. I've seen 'em.

JANE: You bring it all with you, is that it?

FIONA: What did you expect?

JANE: That's right.

FIONA: So, what is it you want, Jane?

JANE: I want to get on that boat out there and go far away.

SCENE 19 LIBRARY

MARIE AND JANE ARE SHELVING BOOKS.

JANE SPEAKS IN AN ENGLISH ACCENT.

MARIE: So she says to me - this large woman, bristles on her chin, large blank eyes - she says to me, "I want a book on China." "Certainly" I say, "Porcelain?" She starts blinking. "Where's that?" she goes. "It's a type of China" I say. Her blinking increases. I thought her eye lashes were coming off. Pause. "No, I mean the country," she mumbles. "My eldest is doing a project." "Oh you're not planning a trip then?" I say. "I don't want to go to effing China", she says. And wanders off, defeated. The body-odour on her, Sarah, you could cut with a knife. I sprayed the front desk. Don't you just love them?

JANE: Oh yes.

MARIE: One has to do something to amuse oneself.

JANE: Absolutely.

MARIE: Otherwise you'd just go crackers. Where did you get that shawl?

JANE: This?

MARIE: Yes.

JANE: I made it.

MARIE: Crikey. Would you make me one? *(Pause)* Joking. I'd pay you.

JANE: I could do.

MARIE: You're divine. You're taciturn.

JANE: No, I'm Taurus.

MARIE: You're teasing me. Bitch!

JANE: Don't call me that.

MARIE: Mmm?

JANE: I don't like it.

MARIE: Sweet. I'm glad you came. Where would I be without you, Sarah?

PAUSE

JANE: Do you want to come to dinner?

MARIE: Mmm?

JANE: Sometime?

MARIE: How do you mean?

JANE: My house.

PAUSE

MARIE: With..?

JANE: Phillip.

MARIE: Your husband?

JANE: Yes. Be a laugh.

MARIE: Wouldn't it?

JANE: Well...

MARIE: Yes.

JANE: Saturday.

MARIE: This Saturday?

JANE: Mmm.

MARIE: That's very nice of you, Sarah.

JANE: Why not?

MARIE: Are you sure you want to?

JANE: Oh yes.

MARIE: And shall I bring my partner?

JANE: Your partner?

MARIE: He's my husband actually.

JANE: Of course.

MARIE: His name's Derek. Awful isn't it?

JANE: What?

MARIE: Awful name.

PAUSE

JANE: What's in a name? Eight o'clock.

SCENE 20 BETH'S SCHOOL

FIONA IS WATCHING AS BETH PLAYS THE
LAST BARS OF A FLUTE PIECE.

FIONA: That was nice.

BETH: Yeh.

FIONA: You alright? *(Pause)* It's okay, when people call, it's because they want something. I'm glad you did.

BETH: Yeh.

FIONA: So...when's the concert?

BETH: Next week.

FIONA: Good. Can I come?

BETH: Yeh.

FIONA: You're not nervous, are you?

BETH: No.

FIONA: God, I would be. *(Pause)* So. Tell me, Beth.

PAUSE

BETH: Can I trust you?

FIONA: I hope so.

BETH: We were good when we came. I thought we were.

FIONA: But now?

BETH: I don't know. I should have known better.

FIONA: What's going on?

BETH: Mum and Dad.

PAUSE

FIONA: Yeh? Things a bit rocky?

BETH: I might go away.

FIONA: Where's that?

BETH: I'm old enough.

FIONA: Does your dad know?

PAUSE

BETH: The thing is...someone asked me.

FIONA: A boy? What about your school?

BETH: I might.

FIONA: Didn't your mum say she wanted you to go to Music College?

PAUSE

BETH: She did.

FIONA: What about your dad then?

BETH: Yeh?

FIONA: It's a big step.

BETH: It is a big step. Will you promise me..?

FIONA: What's that?

BETH: ...you won't say anything?

PAUSE

FIONA: Sure. I was wondering...

BETH: Eh?

FIONA: ...what you think of your dad's job.

SCENE 21 HOME

THEY HAVE EATEN DINNER AND ARE NOW
SITTING AROUND DRINKING. MARIE AND
DEREK ARE FAIRLY DRUNK ALREADY. JANE
USES AN ENGLISH ACCENT.

MARIE: Madeleine is a complete bitch.

DEREK: That's an interesting point of view.

MARIE: I have confronted that woman on...oh so many occasions.

DEREK: That's right.

JANE: More wine, Derek?

DEREK: Love some. But anyway...

MARIE: It's true.

DEREK: What do they know? I mean...it's why I got out.

JANE: You left?

DEREK: Well...

MARIE: He'll tell you.

DEREK: ...I'd made a little pile.

MARIE: Modest!

DEREK: Alright, alright, a large pile.

JANE: Must be nice.

DEREK: Anyway, I thought, you'll be dead soon. Invest. The sums added up.

JANE: Lovely.

DEREK: Got out. Enough. You know what I want to know?

JANE: What's that?

DEREK: What drew you to these regions?

JANE: Mm?

PAUSE

DEREK: What drew you?

TERRY: What drew me?

JANE: Why did we come?

TERRY: I understand the question.

JANE: Well?

PAUSE

TERRY: Ozone.

DEREK: Ozone? Do you mean container ship exhaust?

JANE: Actually the air's very clean here.

DEREK: Oh come on.

PAUSE

TERRY: Alright, why do you stay here?

MARIE: Derek likes it.

TERRY: That right?

MARIE: It's not up to me.

TERRY: You'd rather leave?

MARIE: I'd rather leave.

TERRY: Ship ahoy?

MARIE: Exactly. You understand.

TERRY: I think you've got to escape.

MARIE: You listening Derek?

DEREK: It provides a base camp.

MARIE: Base camp? What are you? Are you climbing Everest?
Could I just have a little more? It's very nice.

DEREK: No, I mean, if a home is sufficiently convenient...

MARIE: Glue your arse to it. Is that it? That's what he thinks.

DEREK: Are we...are we gypsies?

MARIE: I am, yes. Didn't you know?

TERRY: Nothing wrong with that.

JANE: What?

PAUSE

TERRY: What?

JANE: What are you saying?

TERRY: I was talking to my friend here. Why?

MARIE: I'm everybody's friend.

JANE: You, a gypsy? Christ, that's rich.

TERRY: Mmm?

JANE: Marie, may I tell you I practically had to drag him out of our last house.

TERRY: No, it's not true.

MARIE: Is it men?

JANE: Drag him screaming! Kicking and screaming!

MARIE: Is that true Terry?

TERRY: She knows.

JANE: Oh yes.

PAUSE

MARIE: Never mind. *(Pause)* What do you do?

TERRY: I move about at night.

MARIE: Sounds exciting.

TERRY: Oh yes, it is. All round. She doesn't know. She's tucked up. Why? Because we need to feel safe. And other

times we need danger. Eh Marie? You know what I mean?

MARIE: I think so.

TERRY: I thought you would.

DEREK: Isn't it time we went home?

MARIE: You're pissed.

DEREK: So?

MARIE: Get a cab.

DEREK: I'll find a cab.

MARIE: You won't find a cab at this time of night!

PAUSE

TERRY: I've got to go to work.

DEREK: What's your game?

TERRY: My game?

MARIE: He means...

TERRY: I know what he means. What do I do? *(Pause)* Tell him, Jane.

PAUSE

MARIE: Jane?

JANE: It's my nickname, he uses.

DEREK: Is it?

JANE: God knows why.

TERRY: Sarah...I mean.

PAUSE

JANE: We have our nicknames. I call him Terry.

DEREK: Do you?

JANE: Yes.

MARIE: I've got a nickname for Derek. It's dick head.

DEREK: I've got one for you.

MARIE: Have you?

JANE: Why don't we stop while we're ahead?

TERRY: So anyway...I oversee people's homes for them.

DEREK: Mmm?

TERRY: It's what I do.

DEREK: Oh I see. Your means of..?

TERRY: Yes. Security work.

DEREK: Your own firm?

TERRY: That's it.

MARIE: Sounds fascinating.

TERRY: Yeh, it is. Have a card.

HE GIVES HER HIS CARD.

You might like my services some day.

MARIE: I think I might.

TERRY: Give us a call. I'll run my eye over your property.

MARIE: Would you?

TERRY: I would. Yes I would.

MARIE: I'll think about it.

TERRY: Fair enough. Don't think too long though.

PAUSE

DEREK: Where have you come from?

JANE: A long way.

PAUSE

MARIE: Thank you, Jane. Splendid evening.

JANE: Wasn't it?

MARIE: Come on you.

DEREK: I thought you wanted a cab.

MARIE: Give me the keys.

HE HANDS HER THE CAR KEYS. DEREK AND
MARIE GO OUT.

JANE: Oh Christ.

TERRY: Mmm? What?

JANE: You set your stall out.

TERRY: Did I?

JANE: You know you did.

TERRY: No.

JANE: I was here.

TERRY: You invited her into our home.

JANE: I invited her?

TERRY: She's your friend.

JANE: Marie is not my friend!

PAUSE

TERRY: Am I your friend? Am I...Sarah? Because you are my darling. Don't you know that yet? *(Pause)* Uh? *(Pause)* Don't you? You are the sky to me.

PAUSE

JANE: Haven't you got a job to go to?

PAUSE. HE GOES OUT THE FRONT DOOR.

SCENE 22 SEASHORE

JANE: I say my husband's being unfaithful to me.

FIONA: But why do you say that?

JANE: You aren't married, are you?

FIONA: No.

JANE: You know. You *know*.

PAUSE

FIONA: Do you?

JANE: Yes.

FIONA: It could be...

JANE: What could it be?

FIONA: I was going to say...the stresses of this situation...it's understandable.

JANE: No.

FIONA: You uproot, you come to a new town...

JANE: I see.

FIONA: I've seen it before.

JANE: Oh.

FIONA: It's bound to be this way.

JANE: I told you...

FIONA: Yes.

JANE: ...I am being watched.

FIONA: I've made enquiries.

JANE: And? Surprise me.

FIONA: Billy Tyler isn't going anywhere.

JANE: Well well.

FIONA: Except to the prison. He visits his brothers. he comes home.

JANE: Yah? I dream of County Cork at night. Skibereen, this small town near the sea. Roaring Water Bay where the sea goes out for miles and the land looks as though it's split into a thousand mirrors.

FIONA: We can't move you again.

JANE: I was your witness, once, wasn't I?

SCENE 23 CAFE

JANE: Why don't you come home?

BETH: I'm staying at my friend's.

JANE: It doesn't seem right.

BETH: There it is.

JANE: I've tried...I spoke to him.

BETH: No.

JANE: What?

BETH: No you didn't.

JANE: Why are you like this with me?

BETH: It's the way it is.

JANE: You're upset about the concert. I said to him: it's important to her!

BETH: Where is he?

JANE: You know your father...

BETH: I know you drove him away.

JANE: No.

BETH: You dragged him down here then you drove him away.

JANE: I haven't told you.

BETH: I don't want to know!

JANE BEGINS TO CRY.

JANE: I don't know why.

BETH: There it is.

JANE: I'll ask him to come. I'll ask him again.

BETH: Are you crying?

JANE: No.

BETH: You are.

JANE: I'm sorry!

BETH: Don't. Don't cry.

JANE: I'll be there. I'll be there tomorrow night.

BETH: People are going to think we're really sad.

JANE: It's alright.

BETH: We used to be happy didn't we? When was that?

SCENE 24 HOME

NIGHT. JANE APPROACHES HER FRONT
DOOR. SHE PUTS THE KEY IN THE LOCK.
MARIE COMES UP BEHIND HER. SHE IS
DRUNK.

MARIE: Is he in?

JANE: Oh God!

MARIE: What? I frighten you?

JANE: Jesus Mary and Joseph!

MARIE: Your voice..?

JANE: What do you want?

MARIE: What's the Irish?

JANE CHANGES TO AN ENGLISH ACCENT.

JANE: No. Was I? Well...

MARIE: Is it me?

JANE: What do you want?

MARIE: That's not very nice, is it?

JANE: So?

MARIE: Where's your husband?

JANE: How should I know?

MARIE: Oh?

JANE: Now go away I'm busy.

MARIE: Wait a minute.

JANE: You're drunk.

MARIE: The thing is...

JANE: I don't have time for this.

MARIE: ...the thing is: where is he, your bastard husband? Said he'd meet me...

JANE: God help me, you're sad.

MARIE: *(Crying)* ...he said he'd meet me!

JANE: Go home. You've a husband, go home to him.

MARIE: I haven't got a husband. I mean not a real husband.

JANE: Like mine?

MARIE: Yes.

JANE: Go away.

MARIE: Tell him I've done with him. He's a bastard. Tell him that, would you?

MARIE WALKS OFF. JANE UNLOCKS THE
FRONT DOOR AND GOES INTO HER HOUSE.
SHE HEARS A MUFFLED SOUND FROM
ANOTHER ROOM.

JANE: Who is that? Who is it?

THE DOOR SUDDENLY OPENS. TERRY IS
STANDING THERE IN THE DARK.

Ah God!

TERRY: Is she gone?

JANE: What are you doing?

TERRY: She was banging on the door.

JANE: Yes?

TERRY: Silly cow.

JANE: Uh huh.

PAUSE

TERRY: What?

JANE: What was she doing here?

TERRY: Are you kidding?

JANE: You don't know?

TERRY: I wouldn't touch her with a barge pole.

JANE: Is that so? I don't believe you.

TERRY: Not if it was a mile long.

JANE: Since when were you so discriminating?

TERRY: Eh?

JANE: I don't believe you.

TERRY: Well the hell I care.

JANE: No.

TERRY: I don't...I don't care anymore.

JANE: Are you saying..?

TERRY: Not a shit do I care.

JANE: ...are you saying you're faithful to me? *(Pause)* Because I don't believe you.

TERRY: I said...

JANE: You can't. You can't say it because you know it isn't true.

TERRY: You want to get out of my face.

JANE: Oh?

TERRY: Oh yes.

JANE: Yeh?

TERRY: Yeh you wanted something, didn't you?

JANE: You noticed?

TERRY: To destroy me. That's it.

JANE: Is that it?

TERRY: Yes, Jane.

JANE: Is it me now?

TERRY: Are you listening?

JANE: That's good.

TERRY: No.

JANE: To what?

TERRY: I'm not standing for it!

JANE: Ah yeh?

TERRY: I'm off. You hear? You hear me? Off!

JANE: I know where you're going. I know! I know!

TERRY GOES OUT AND WALKS OFF. THE
DOOR IS OPEN.

Terry...well you brought Billy Tyler with you!

SCENE 25 CONCERT HALL

THE FOYER. JANE IS WAITING. BETH COMES
IN.

JANE: I came, Beth. I said I would.

BETH: *He* didn't.

JANE: You were late...

BETH: Mmm.

JANE: But we'll enjoy it.

BETH: What is it?

JANE: You're upset.

BETH: Am I?

JANE: Of course you are. He didn't come. I didn't expect him to.

BETH: Where is he?

JANE: I'll tell you. I wasn't going to. The reason this is like it is.
It's because of him. Beth. Your father has been so
unfaithful to me. A hundred times ! I can't live with a man
like that...someone I can't trust...And now he's gone, off
somewhere. Who can you trust? That's what it is, Beth.
Do you see?

PAUSE

BETH: I can't breath

JANE: No...

BETH: I'm going.

JANE: Eh? The concert...

BETH: I won't play. Can't play.

JANE: You must!

BETH: F**k it.

JANE: No, don't say...

BETH: I'm going. I'm going out..

JANE: Where? Why?

PAUSE

BETH: He was straight with you.

JANE: Eh?

BETH: I think. I think, on the whole...

JANE: No!

BETH: Yeh he was. Maybe once he...he...he cheated, you didn't forgive him.

JANE: If you knew the truth!

BETH: The rest? You made it up.

JANE: What do you say?

BETH: Look at you.

JANE: Made it up? Made what?

BETH: Look at you. Look at what you've done to us.

JANE: You stupid? Are you?

BETH: No. I'm not.

JANE: Stupid little...child!

BETH: I'm going away.

PAUSE

JANE: What do you know? (*Pause*) What??

BETH: You hear me? I'm going.

JANE: Wha..? What is this?

BETH: London.

JANE: No.

BETH: I've had enough. You see that?

JANE: No.

BETH: Goodbye.

JANE: Don't.

BETH: Why? Why not?

PAUSE

JANE: Where would you live?

PAUSE

BETH: Dunno. It doesn't matter.

PAUSE. BETH GOES. LOUD RING AS THE
AUDIENCE ARE CALLED INTO THE CONCERT.

SCENE 26 SEASHORE

FOG ALONG THE COAST. OUT AT SEA, A
FOGHORN. FOOTSTEPS WALKING QUICKLY.

SCENE 27 HOME

THE PHONE RINGS. JANE PICKS IT UP.

JANE: Beth, is it you? Beth? *(Pause)* Hello? Who is it? *(Pause)*
Who are you?

THE LINE GOES DEAD. JANE DIALS. WE HEAR
FIONA'S ANSWERPHONE.

FIONA: This is WPC Rawlings. I'm out of the office right now but if you'd like to leave a message after the beep, I'll get back to you.

BEEP. JANE PUTS THE PHONE DOWN.

SCENE 28 SEASHORE

FIONA IS SITTING. APPROACHING
FOOTSTEPS, RUNNING.

FIONA: Sit down.

TERRY: She's gone.

FIONA: Now, now, tell me.

TERRY: I came home.

FIONA: Yes?

TERRY: She'd left a note.

FIONA: Saying what?

TERRY: That she knew.

FIONA: What?

PAUSE

TERRY: Christ knows.

PAUSE

FIONA: My poor darling.

SCENE 29 STREET.

JANE IS WALKING. SHE GOES INTO A PHONE
BOX. SHE DIALS ETC.

JANE: *(English accent)* Billy Tyler? You're looking for someone, aren't you? Well I know where you can find him. Are you listening?

SCENE 30 SMALL TOWN BAR IN CO CORK

MICHAEL: So Shelagh, small crowd tonight.

JANE: Yes.

MICHAEL: Give me a bottle of brown, please.

JANE SERVES HIM.

JANE: There you go.

MICHAEL: You seem to have taken to it in here like a duck to the water.

JANE: It's fine.

MICHAEL: That's good. I've had girls work for me don't know which way is up.

JANE: It isn't difficult.

MICHAEL: You've got your head screwed on. It's what it is. You don't find it too quiet?

JANE: It's just what I want as a matter of fact.

MICHAEL: After England, I mean.

JANE: Oh you can keep England.

MICHAEL: That's what I say. I went there once. Didn't go for it. But you've come home now?

JANE: That's what it is.

MICHAEL: That's good. Has anyone ever told you, you've a lovely smile?

JANE: Not for a while, no.

MICHAEL: What's the matter with them over there? Are they blind?

SCENE 31 LONDON

TUBE TUNNEL . BETH IS BUSKING. SHE
PLAYS A LAMENT. PEOPLE WALK BY AND
DROP COINS FOR HER.

THE END