

Here and There

Ten short plays

By

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The Plays

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Act 1 : There**1. The Choice**

A war zone. Vince's Apartment. 5pm.

Sounds of gun fire and distant explosions.

Lights come up on **VINCE** sitting at a coffee table. On the table pills, plastic packets, a needle. **ROD** sits nearby. They both stare at the table.

Long Pause. Eventually:

VINCE: So, how can I help you ?

ROD: It's okay.

VINCE: (SUDDENLY ANGRY) Don't you – Don't you tell me it's okay ! I know it's okay. Don't – you – tell – me ... !

ROD HOLDS UP HIS HANDS.

VINCE: What now ?

ROD: Nothing.

VINCE: (HOLDING UP HAND) What is this ?

ROD: Nothing.

VINCE: Just don't tell me it's okay. I know it's okay. So, once more. How can I help you ? How can I possibly justify you flying all this way ?

ROD: Just thought I'd drop by.

VINCE: Long way to just "drop by".

ROD: Just thought we could -

VINCE: Don't say talk Rod. Just don't say *talk* !

ROD: No. I actually came to give you something.

VINCE: What you gonna give me Rod ? A blowjob ? Be my guest. But don't say advice. Please don't say advice.

ROD: It was something somebody once gave to me.

VINCE: Is this like a Kenny Rogers song Rod ? When you were a little boy, out on the prairie, your daddy gave you your first bum fuck ?

ROD: (LAUGHS) You're all fired up.

VINCE: Yeah – I'm fired up Rod. All fired up. That's how I'm feeling. That's what I feel. Is it okay to feel like that – Rod ?

ROD: What do you want me to say ?

VINCE: How about sure ? Let's try *sure*.

ROD: Sure.

VINCE: Perfect.

PAUSE.

ROD: Looks like your all set then.

VINCE: My one way ticket to wonderland.

ROD: And then ?

VINCE: Don't give – Don't give me that crap, Rod. If you give me that crap you can fuck off right now ! This is it. This is all that matters. This moment – right now. Look out the fuckin' window. The city's fuckin' burning. The bombs are getting closer and closer. We could be dead in the next ten seconds. (HOLDING UP PACKETS) Nothing else matters. Just this second. And this, this and this.

ROD HOLDS UP HIS HAND.

VINCE: What is that ? What are you doing ? What is this ?

VINCE HOLDS UP HIS HAND. ROD LOWERS HIS HANDS.

ROD: All fired up.

VINCE: All fired up.

PAUSE.

ROD: How long have I known you ?

VINCE: I don't know Rodney. How long have you *known* me ?

ROD: Six years.

VINCE: That long.

ROD: All I'm asking –

VINCE: Yes.

ROD: All I'm asking is that you listen to me. One minute for each year.

VINCE: He's got it all worked out, haven't you Rod ? All worked out. A catch phrase for every convo. Flies into a fuckin' red zone to deliver his diatribe. Mr Dial-a-Cliché.

ROD: Six minutes. Then I'm out the door.

VINCE: Mr Dial-a-cliché.

ROD: It's your choice.

VINCE: I know it's my choice.

ROD: I'm just reminding you.

VINCE: But I know. I already know it's my choice. You don't have to remind me of anything. (PAUSE) Six minutes. And then you'll piss off back to La La Land ?

ROD: If that's what you want.

VINCE: Leave me in peace to get down to business.

ROD HOLDS UP HIS HANDS.

VINCE: Can we please lose the hands ?!

ROD LOWERS HIS HANDS. PAUSE.

VINCE: So, do I drop a flag or something ?

ROD: Sorry.

VINCE: To indicate when you're six minutes is to begin. Your six minutes of cliché filled splendour.

ROD: As you wish.

VINCE: I do wish.

VINCE PICKS UP AN EMPTY PACKET. HE DROPS IT TO THE FLOOR. THEY WATCH AS IT FLOATS TO THE GROUND.

VINCE: The flag is dropped. Come on Rod, I'm listening. Let the magic roll.

ROD: What you're going through –

VINCE: Ah – hah.

ROD: What you're ... experiencing now.

VINCE: And am about to experience.

ROD: It will –

VINCE: Give it to me.

ROD: Pass. It will pass.

PAUSE.

VINCE: It will pass. (LAUGHS) Shit Rod, that's good stuff. You come all this way to tell me that. How long did it take you to think that up? Whole flight?

ROD: About as long as it took you to decide to do this. Because if you stopped, if you thought about it for one second, you'd realise how wrong it was.

VINCE: Wrong? Is that the best you can do?

ROD: How this is not an answer.

VINCE: This is the only answer.

ROD: You know that isn't true.

VINCE: All I know is that nothing you say is true. Your words, your cliches. They don't mean anything.

ROD: Everything means something.

VINCE: A million words of love, a million words of hate. Nothing.

ROD: Listen to yourself.

VINCE: Words mean nothing. The only thing that means anything is sitting on this table. Ready and waiting.

ROD: Everything means something.

VINCE: No. Nothing. Nothing ! Nothing means anything. Except for this. This is definite. This is real. This means something. I know that if I take this pretty soon I will feel okay. I won't care anymore about anything.

ROD: Can I tell you something ?

VINCE: How much will it cost me ?

ROD: This is free of charge.

VINCE: No ! I don't want anything for free.

ROD: This doesn't mean anything. And in your heart you know that. This is only going to make what you're going through worse.

VINCE: No. No !

**VINCE PUSHES ROD UP AGAINST THE WALL. HE HOLDS HIM THERE.
SILENCE.**

VINCE: Don't you – Don't you tell me what to do ! Never ever tell me what to do.

ROD: Do you want me to go ? I'll go.

VINCE: No, I don't want you to go. I just want you not to say anything. I want you to sit there and not say a single word. No more sounds. No more words. Words are our enemies. Only actions now. Actions that mean something. That change something.

VINCE LETS ROD GO. HE SITS.

VINCE: The deal is on the table. Something is sitting on the table. Something that means something.

VINCE BEGINS TO OPEN THE PACKET ON THE TABLE.

ROD: So that's -

VINCE: No words.

ROD: You're just going -

VINCE: No – words.

ROD: Am I meant to just sit here and watch this ?

VINCE: No fucking words ! You can stay or you can go. That's your choice.

ROD: Six years and you're just –

VINCE: Your – choice.

ROD: Throwing it away.

VINCE: Howdy doody.

ROD: Is it really worth this ?

VINCE: Something has happened. Something that requires action. This action .

ROD: Is it really that important ?

VINCE LOOKS AT ROD.

ROD: People leave.

VINCE: Not her. Not – her.

ROD: It happens.

VINCE: It doesn't happen. I did everything. Everything she wanted.

ROD: It may have had nothing to do with you, you ever think of that ?

VINCE: (AFTER A PAUSE) No.

ROD: You said it yourself. Look out the window. That's a funny kind of environment to be living in. Maybe it wasn't about you.

VINCE: I should've been able to – We should've been able to -

ROD: Haven't you –

VINCE: No – you listen to me. We should've been able to get through this. I should've been the person she turned to. I did everything right. And then one morning, because she feels like it. She walks out on me. On us. I don't deserve this.

ROD: Bad things happen to good –

VINCE: Shut the fuck up ! For six years. I've tried, to make it work – her way. Your way. Good little boy. Behaving myself. Nine to five, eat shit, wank on Sundays. We survived. Survived all this and then she -

ROD: Haven't you heard a single word I've said in six fucking years ?

VINCE: I've listened to every syllable. And you know what ? In the end they don't add up to shit. I've tried and I've failed, so now I'm going back to something that I know works.

ROD: Only for a very brief time.

VINCE: We have no time. Now. Now is all that matters. At least I know it works. I think your time is up.

ROD STANDS. HE GOES TO SAY SOMETHING.

VINCE: Don't.

ROD: What ?

VINCE: Don't speak. I don't want you to speak anymore.

ROD: You agreed.

VINCE: And so did you. Your six minutes is up. Now, if you'll excuse me.

**VINCE OPENS A PACKET. HE BEGINS TO PREPARE THE DRUGS.
ROD GRABS VINCE'S HAND.**

ROD: Just ...

VINCE: Let go of my hand.

ROD: For one second –

VINCE: Let go of my hand Rod –

ROD: Think of what you're throwing away.

VINCE: Let go of my hand

ROD: Think of your son –

VINCE: Let go of my hand or I'll slice you fuckin' open.

VINCE GRABS A KNIFE FROM THE TABLE. ROD RELEASES HIS HAND.

ROD: I want you to know.

VINCE: That's great.

ROD: I just want you to know.

VINCE: So – you – said !

ROD: This means something to me. What you are about to do means something to me.

VINCE: That's great Rod. Absolutely fantastico. Six minutes. Over. Now fuck – off.

PAUSE. ROD STARTS TO LEAVE.

VINCE: So that's it ? Mr Dial-a-Cliché is all Cliched out.

ROD: I've made my choice.

VINCE: Why don't you stick around ? "Let's get this party started right."

ROD: I'm not going to sit by and watch you -

VINCE: Yeah baby !

ROD: Do this to yourself all over again.

VINCE: Ooooh baby !

ROD: That's my choice.

VINCE: Bravo.

VINCE STANDS AND APPLAUDS ROD.

VINCE: There you go Rod. You're very own standing fucking ovation.

ROD LOOKS AT VINCE.

VINCE: Thunderbirds are go.

ROD TURNS TO EXIT. VINCE GOES BACK TO PREPARING.

VINCE: Hey, you never gave me my gift.

ROD: Yeah ?

VINCE: You said you came to give me something. A present that somebody once gave to you.

ROD: I already did.

VINCE: Could've fooled me.

ROD: For six minutes I gave you a choice. And now – you've chosen.

VINCE: Right except for one thing. You never gave it to me. It was my choice. All along.

ROD: Right again. You know what Vince? You're always right. Fancy that.

VINCE: Fancy – that.

PAUSE.

ROD: When I die, you know what I want ? Just one thing. One simple thing.

VINCE: What's that ?

ROD: To die clean. (BEAT) My time is up.

ROD LOOKS AT VINCE. HE EXITS. PAUSE. VINCE SCREAMS.

VINCE: Fuck you ! Fuck you – you cunt. You fuckin' asshole.

VINCE FALLS TO THE GROUND. HE WRITHES ON THE FLOOR, CRYING.

THE BOY ENTERS, DRESSED IN PYJAMAS. HE WATCHES VINCE, EVENTUALLY:

BOY: Dad ?

VINCE LOOKS UP. HE SLOWLY DRAGS HIMSELF TO HIS KNEES. SILENCE.

VINCE: Go back to bed Michael.

THE BOY DOES NOT MOVE.

VINCE: I said – go – back – to – bed.

THE BOY TURNS AND RUNS OFF. VINCE WATCHES HIM GO.

A YOUNG SOLDIER, SIMON, ENTERS. HE STANDS LOOKING ACROSS STAGE.

VINCE LOOKS DOWN AT THE TABLE. HIS HANDS SLOWLY DROP DOWN BY HIS SIDES. HE IS STILL.

LIGHTS COME UP MAY, STANDING NEXT TO A KITCHEN BENCH, WAITING FOR SOME WATER TO BOIL.

LIGHTS FADE ON VINCE.

2. The Dead Sun

A once occupied land. Kitchen. 7pm.

MAY turns the kettle off and takes a cup from the cupboard. She scoops some green tea leaves into a metal strainer and holds them in a cup. She pours some boiling water onto the strainer.

She leaves the strainer in the tea for a few moments then she removes it. She picks up her tea and blows on it, waiting for it to cool. She sips her tea.

SIMON steps closer to **MAY**. He stands watching her. **MAY** sips her tea.

MAY turns and sees **SIMON**. Surprised, she gasps and drops her tea. The cup smashes on the floor. Pause.

MAY sways and stumbles towards the table. She sits. Pause. **SIMON** moves towards the broken cup.

MAY: No. Leave it.

SIMON: I should ...

MAY: I will do it later.

SIMON: But your back ...

MAY: My back is fine. (PAUSE) Sit with me.

SIMON moves to the table. He sits. **MAY** looks at him.

MAY: You scared me.

SIMON: Scared ? You should know my face by now.

MAY: Surprised. You surprised me. You appeared so ... suddenly.

SIMON: The gate was open. No tears now. You have cried enough.

MAY: I think I shall never stop crying.

SIMON: You have cried enough.

MAY: You have been away so long ... this time. Where have you been ?

SIMON: No questions.

MAY: So long. Why ?

SIMON: No questions.

MAY: Who are you to say 'no questions' ?

SIMON: We have this time. Let us share it.

MAY: Share ? But what shall we do ?

SIMON: Talk. Say things that need to be said.

MAY: But Ken should be here.

SIMON: I came when I knew.

MAY: You always come when ...

SIMON: Knew that he won't ...

MAY: Be here. (BEAT) He has suffered too.

SIMON: You have suffered most. (BEAT) How is he ?

MAY: Better. He works.

SIMON: So do you.

MAY: He is busy.

SIMON: He was always busy. You made time for me.

MAY: I always made time for you.

SIMON: You loved me.

MAY: I loved you.

SIMON: More than anything.

MAY: Even more than ...

SIMON: I knew. I always knew.

MAY REMEMBERS SOMETHING. SHE STANDS, SUDDENLY.

MAY: Did you see your lilies ? I have looked after them.

SIMON: I saw them.

MAY: You came in through the garden. You must've have ...

SIMON: They are beautiful.

MAY: But the garden is so small.

SIMON: Big enough.

MAY: I know what they are called now. Stargazer lillies. I thought if I looked after them, kept them alive, then you would know that we were always here. Always ...

SIMON: And I do.

MAY: (SUDDENLY DARKER) But there is no sun now.

SIMON: It shines still.

MAY: Just clouds and rain. Your flowers stare up at a grey wall. The sun is dead where we live.

SIMON: But it is shining right now.

MAY: How long will you stay ... this time ?

SIMON: More questions.

MAY: You have been away so long.

SIMON: I am here now.

MAY SUDDENLY GOES TO A DRAW. SHE TAKES OUT A SMALL BELL. SHE RINGS IT. A DELICATE TINKLE.

MAY: Here is your bell. Remember you must keep it by your bed. The Doctor said -

SIMON: Enough now.

MAY: In the night, if ever you need us, you can just ... (SHE RINGS THE BELL)
We are in the next room.

SIMON: Enough.

MAY: I will hear the bell and come to you. I will ...

SIMON: I remember.

MAY: He said that if you had the puffer - you would be alright.

SIMON: And I am.

SIMON STANDS.

MAY: You are leaving ? Already.

SIMON: I have little time.

MAY: But you ... Your father ...

SIMON: Quiet now. You must listen to me.

MAY: You can not leave so soon !

SIMON: Please. You must listen.

MAY: Why have you come ?

SIMON: Because it is time.

MAY: Time ? For me ?

SIMON: No.

MAY: For Ken. No - please. I can not ...

SIMON: I am your son. It is time to -

MAY: Forget. I will never forget.

SIMON: Forgive.

MAY: Who ? Who must I forgive ?

SIMON: You must forgive.

MAY: I am your mother.

SIMON: And I am your son. And you must forgive.

SUDDENLY:

MAY: Go. Leave here.

SIMON: I am your son.

MAY: My son would not try to take this away from me.

SIMON: Why must I not -

MAY: Because it is all I have left. All I ... have ...

SHE COLLAPSES TO HER KNEES. SIMON GOES TO HER. HE KNEELS BESIDE HER AND MAKES THE ACTION OF STROKING HER HAIR, EVEN THOUGH HE IS NOT ACTUALLY TOUCHING HER.

MAY RESPONDS TO HIS HAND AS IF HE WAS TOUCHING HER.

SIMON: You have my stargazers. You have my photos. You have my love.

MAY: I - can - not - bear - this.

SIMON: You are the strongest person I know.

MAY: I should've done something.

SIMON: You did everything you could. But now you must do the hardest thing. You must forgive.

MAY: For - give. Why ?

SIMON: For me. For - me.

MAY: Simon.

SIMON: May.

MAY: Mother.

SIMON: Son.

SIMON STANDS. HE LOOKS TOWARDS THE DOOR.

MAY: No ! Please.

SIMON: Ken will be home soon.

MAY: But you must wait. You must talk to him.

SIMON: I can not.

MAY: He must know..

SIMON: I - can - not.

SIMON GOES TO THE DOOR.

MAY: Why must you always leave ?

SIMON SMILES.

SIMON: Look after my lilies. Keep them gazing up - at the sun.

MAY: The stars.

SIMON: The sun.

SIMON EXITS. MAY WATCHES WHERE HE HAS GONE. PAUSE. KEN ENTERS FROM THE FRONT DOOR. HE SEES MAY ON THE FLOOR.

KEN PLACES HIS BAG DOWN. HE GOES TO MAY AND PICKS HER UP. HE PLACES HER BACK IN THE CHAIR.

KEN GOES TO THE BROKEN CUP ON THE FLOOR. HE PICKS UP THE PIECES AND PLACES THEM IN THE BIN. HE TAKES A CLOTH AND WIPES THE SPILT TEA FROM THE FLOOR. HE PLACES THE CLOTH NEATLY BACK OVER THE TAP.

PAUSE. HE SITS NEXT TO MAY. SILENCE.

MAY: Our son came home today. He came through the garden, past his lilies. He thanked me for looking after them. I asked him to stay ... I asked him to wait for you ... but he would not. (SMILING) He told me to keep his lilies gazing up at the stars.

KEN: The sun.

MAY: The stars.

KEN: (STANDING) I will make some tea.

KEN GOES TO THE COUNTER.

MAY: (SUDDENLY ANGRY) How can you be like this ? So cold. Your son returns. Your only son. He survives and returns to us and you say nothing. Nothing ! How can you be so cold.

KEN: Sit down my love. We will have some tea.

MAY GOES TO HIM. SHE BEGINS STRIKING HIM.

MAY: No ! I want you to say something. Our son has come back to us. Our son. I want you to say something.

KEN SLOWLY GRABS HER ARMS. HOLDING THEM. PAUSE. WE HEAR ONLY MAY'S BREATHING, THEN:

KEN: You were asleep. You were dreaming. (PAUSE) You were asleep. You were dreaming.

MAY MOVES AWAY FROM KEN.

KEN: And in your dream ...

MAY: I heard a ringing.

KEN: A tiny bell ...

MAY: Calling me from my dream.

KEN: You knew.

MAY: A mother knows. A mother always knows -

KEN: When their child is in danger. You heard the bell

MAY: Through the paper thin wall between us.

KEN: You heard him gasping for breath.

MAY: I rose from my bed and I ran into his room.

KEN: You saw him on the bed ...

MAY: Choking and blue.

KEN: You gave him his puffer.

MAY: Choking and blue.

KEN: You placed the puffer in his mouth.

MAY: Choking and ...

KEN: Soon he was better. No more choking. His was breathing again. You saved him. You saved our son.

MAY: ... blue. I saved our son. (PAUSE) Our son came home from war.

MAY LOOKS UP AT KEN. KEN IS SURPRISED, CONCERNED. SOMETHING HAS CHANGED.

MAY: Our son came home from war.

KEN: Our son came home from war.

MAY: I did not hear the bell.

KEN: We did not hear the bell.

MAY: I did not run to his room.

KEN: We did not run to his room.

MAY: We slept on.

KEN: We slept ... on.

MAY: But in the morning I ...

KEN: In the morning we ...

MAY: My son came home. He survived the war and died of an asthma attack while I was sleeping in the very next room. Then in the morning ... I woke up.

SIMON EMERGES FROM THE SHADOWS AT THE REAR OF STAGE, WHERE HE HAS BEEN WATCHING.

MAY LOOKS UP TO SEE HIM. SIMON SMILES AND TURNS TO EXIT.

MAY WATCHES HIM LEAVE. THE LIGHTS FADE.

3. Gun Laws

Occupied territory. Deserted building. 10pm.

Lights slam up on **LISA**, a uniformed Soldier, pointing her gun at the head the **BOY**. They are both still.

The **BOY** stares at **LISA** impassively. The only sound is **LISA**'s breathing.

BRON, another soldier, is on the other side of the room. Eventually:

BRON: Lisa.

BREATHING.

BRON: Lisa.

BREATHING.

BRON: I need you to do something for me now.

BREATHING. **BRON** INCHES HER AWAY ACROSS STAGE.

BRON: I need you to hand me the gun.

BREATHING. **BRON** IS INCHING CLOSER.

BRON: Lisa ?

LISA: I - can't ...

BRON: Yes you can.

LISA: Move.

BRON IS CLOSE NOW.

BRON: I need you to your finger off the trigger.

LISA: I ...

BRON: Soldier, I need you to take your finger -

LISA: I'm ...

BRON: Off the trigger.

LISA: Frozen.

BRON IS ALONGSIDE HER NOW.

BRON: I'm going to reach over now and take the gun from your hand.

LISA: I -

BRON: I'm going to take the gun.

LISA: No.

BRON: I'm going to -

AND BRON GRABS THE GUN FROM LISA'S HAND. LISA SLUMPS FORWARD. THE BOY SLIPS OUT.

BREATHING.

BRON: He'll be having some nightmares.

LISA: I was just ...

BRON: It's okay. It's over.

LISA: I was just ... following orders.

BRON: We were told to do a sweep.

LISA: Yeah. Sweep.

BRON: That doesn't mean point your gun at the skull of some kid.

LISA: He wasn't a kid.

BRON: Lisa, he was eight years old. Maybe.

LISA: We were told to sweep the building for snipers. He could've been armed.

BRON: He wasn't armed.

LISA: He could've been.

BRON: With what - bubblegum ?

LISA: He came at me.

BRON: He didn't come at you.

LISA: He lunged.

BRON: He was sleeping in the corner. You woke him up.

LISA: He shouldn't be here.

BRON: He's a homeless kid. House is probably been blown to Shitville.

LISA: Person of interest.

BRON: Little - boy. Little boy who's going to be having very bad dreams.

THERE IS A SOUND OFF. **LISA** LUNGES FOR HER GUN. **BRON** STEPS AWAY.

BRON: Uh-uh. I'll give this back to you at the camp.

LISA: I'm unarmed.

BRON: I've got your back.

ANOTHER SOUND.

LISA: What was that ?

BRON: Probably another one of the patrols. What is wrong with you ?

LISA: There's nothing wrong with me.

BRON: You were just about to shoot an eight year old kid.

LISA: I was not about to shoot him.

BRON: Sure looked like it.

LISA: I was not about to shoot him.

BRON: Then why didn't you put down your gun when I asked ?

LISA: I don't know. I ...

BRON: Why didn't you put down your gun ?

LISA: I ...

BRON: What ?

LISA: You're not my boss.

BRON: Say again.

LISA: You're not my boss.

BRON: No I'm not. We're a team.

LISA: That's right. Team.

BRON: Team.

PAUSE.

LISA: I froze.

BRON: You sure did.

LISA: It happens.

BRON: In front of an eight year old boy ?

LISA: Stop saying that.

BRON: Boy ?

LISA: Who said he was eight ? He wasn't eight.

BRON: He was a little kid.

LISA: He could've been ten. Twelve. Twelve year old kids are killers.

BRON: He was eight. Maybe.

LISA: No matter how old he is he's still dangerous. These kids are vicious. They'd slit you open as fast as look at you. He's not a little boy. He's vermin. Blood sucking vermin.

BRON: He's a homeless kid trying to spend the night in a warm place. There's plenty of kids like him.

LISA: What do you want ? A medal.

BRON: What is wrong with you ?

LISA: Nothing's wrong with me.

BRON: You're hopping around like you're on fire

LISA: Just a bit jumpy.

BRON: You're about to explode.

LISA: Just a bit edgy these last few weeks. Almost done. Almost out. Made it.

BRON GOES TO LISA.

BRON: What is it ?

LISA: Fuck off.

BRON: What are you on ?

LISA: Fuck you.

BRON: Show me your eyes. You're shaking like a leaf.

LISA: I am not fucking on anything.

BRON: You could've fooled me.

LISA: I'm just stressed. You ever heard of that. I'm just fuckin' stressed. Creeping around some deserted buildings looking for a snipers makes you stressed. You might like this fuckin' dive but – I don't.

BRON HEADS FOR THE DOOR.

LISA: Where are you going ?

BRON: Down the stairs. Outside.

LISA: We haven't finished our sweep.

BRON: We're not going to finish our sweep.

LISA: We were told to -

BRON: We're going outside and then back to the transport. You are in no condition -

LISA: Who gives you the right to decide that soldier ?

BRON: Pulling your gun on little kids gives me the right.

LISA: Okay. I made a mistake.

BRON: Well it's the last mistake you're gonna make while I'm around. I'm going back to the transport.

LISA: What do you mean by that ?

BRON: Just going to make my report. Tell them I want out.

LISA: You're gonna report this ?

BRON: There was an incident.

LISA: There was no incident.

BRON: There was an incident with a gun and I have to report it. Those are the regulations.

LISA: Fuck the regulations.

BRON STARTS TO GO. LISA GRABS HER.

LISA: Listen to me. There was no incident.

BRON: You pulled your gun on an eight year old kid.

LISA: But I'll be discharged.

BRON: Maybe that's for the best.

LISA: I'll be fuckin' discharged.

BRON: I heard you. Maybe it's good you get out now. I can't go on like this.

LISA: You haven't got the right.

BRON: I said *I*. Me. I can't go on like this.

LISA: Just because you want out -

BRON: I want out from you. I can't work with you anymore. I don't feel safe.

LISA: Don't feel safe ?

BRON: I need to feel safe. And I don't feel safe with you. I don't trust you.

LISA: Don't trust me ?

BRON: So I'm going back to the camp, file the report. And then you can take a flight.

LISA: I can't be discharged.

BRON: It's for the best. In time you'll see that.

LISA: You don't understand. I can't be discharged.

BRON: I wouldn't be so sure.

LISA: If I get discharged I won't get my money. I'm a fuckin' grunt Bron. Only get paid if I serve the whole tour.

BRON: Maybe you should have thought of that earlier.

BRON HEADS FOR THE DOOR.

LISA: Where are you going ?

BRON: To file my report.

LISA: Didn't you hear me ? I won't get paid.

BRON: Yeah I heard you. Sorry.

BRON HEADS FOR THE DOOR. LISA WALKS BEHIND HER AND GRABS HER REVOLVER FROM THE HOLSTER.

LISA: I can't let you do that.

BRON: What are you doing ?

LISA POINTS THE GUN AT BRON.

LISA: I can't let you do that.

BRON: Put the gun down.

LISA: I can't.

BRON: Put the fuckin' gun down !

LISA: And I said no. You don't understand. I need that money.

BRON: I do understand.

LISA: Then don't file your report.

BRON: I saw what happened.

LISA: What did you see ? Tell them he was a youth. He lunged at me. I acted with restraint.

BRON: But you didn't act with restraint.

LISA: Then don't tell them I drew my weapon.

BRON: But you did draw your weapon.

LISA: But no one knows that.

BRON: I do.

BRON TURNS ONCE MORE AND HEADS FOR THE DOOR.

LISA: Soldier.

BRON STOPS.

BRON: What are you going to do ? Shoot me.

BRON OPENS THE DOOR. LISA PULLS THE TRIGGER, SHOOTING BRON IN THE BACK.

BRON STAGGERS AGAINST THE WALL. SHE SLIDES TO THE FLOOR. LOOKING UP AT LISA. ONLY BRON'S BREATHING.

LISA LOOKS AT HER. THE GUN SLOWLY SLIPS FROM HER FINGERS AND CLATTERS ON TO THE FLOOR.

BRON: Soldier ...

BRON BREATHING. LIGHTS FADE.

4. The Pool of Cerberus

A deserted Wharf, 3am.

“SAM” and “ALAN”, waiting.

“SAM”: I don’t understand. (PAUSE) I said I don’t understand.

“ALAN”: I heard you.

“SAM”: I don’t understand why it has to be here.

“ALAN”: This is the place.

“SAM”: It’s cold. I’m freezing. And it stinks. What is that smell ? Fish ? I don’t know any fish that smells like that.

“ALAN”: This is where we’re meant to be.

“SAM”: I’m saying I don’t like it.

“ALAN”: Calm down. He’ll be here soon.

“SAM”: I am – Don’t you tell me ... I am calm.

“ALAN”: He’ll be here soon.

“SAM” MOVES AWAY.

“SAM”: I don’t understand.

“ALAN”: This is where we’re meant to be.

“SAM”: But why ? Why here ?

“ALAN”: It’s the best place.

“SAM”: *This* is the best place ?

“ALAN”: For what needs to happen.

“SAM”: This is not the best place.

“ALAN”:
It was selected.

“SAM”:
Why was it selected ?

“ALAN”:
Many reasons.

“SAM”:
What reasons ?

“ALAN”:
The reasons they chose.

“SAM”:
But why choose here ?

“ALAN”:
Enough now Sam.

“SAM”:
What did you call me ? Don’t you call me ...

“ALAN”:
That’s your name.

“SAM”:
That’s not my name. My name isn’t ...

“ALAN”:
It is now. You need to get used to it. I’m Alan and you’re Sam.

“SAM”:
I’ll never be Sam.

“ALAN”:
Just for a short while.

PAUSE. “ALAN” LOOKS OFF.

“ALAN”:
I’m sorry about this.

“SAM”:
It’s not your fault.

“ALAN”:
It shouldn’t be like this. You shouldn’t be made to wait.

“SAM”:
It’s not your fault.

“ALAN”:
Waiting like this is bad. It’s not fair for you.

“SAM”:
I don’t mind.

“ALAN”:
But it’s wrong.

“SAM”:
Thank you for saying that.

“ALAN”:
It needed to be said.

PAUSE.

“SAM”:
This is not your first time.

“ALAN”:
We are forbidden to speak of that.

“SAM”:
I need to know.

“ALAN”:
We are instructed not to.

“SAM”:
Please Alan. It will help me.

PAUSE.

“ALAN”:
I have been before.

“SAM”:
And ... ?

“ALAN”:
I must not.

“SAM”:
Please.

“ALAN”:
I came back.

“SAM”:
And where you ... where they – successful ?

“ALAN”:
We were made proud.

“SAM”:
Proud ? What does that mean ? Proud.

“ALAN”:
Proud.

“SAM”:
But were you successful ? Was your objective accomplished ?

“ALAN”:
Yes. Our objectives were accomplished.

“SAM”:
And now your back for more ?

“ALAN”:
I have experience. I know what is expected.

“SAM”:
I don't think you do know. You don't have any idea what is expected of me. What I'm being asked to do. To spend eight hours in a sealed metal box with only a pin hole to breathe through.

“ALAN”:
I will be with you.

“SAM”:
To smuggle into a country I have no desire to be smuggled into and meet people who I’m not sure even exist.

“ALAN”:
They will be waiting.

“SAM”:
And then to ... To ...

“ALAN”:
Sam. I will be with you.

“SAM”:
Yes, you’ll be with me. Up to a point. Why do they send you ? Why do you even need to be here ?

“ALAN”:
I am here to help.

“SAM”:
Help ? Make sure I don’t get cold feet. Make sure the objective is accomplished.

“ALAN”:
I am here to help.

“SAM”:
No you’re not here to help. You’re the insurance. To make sure everything goes as planned. To make sure the package is delivered.

“ALAN”:
Sam. I will be there.

“SAM”:
Yes. But you’ll be coming home alone.

“ALAN”:
No one forced you to be here. This is your choice.

“SAM”:
This is my choice.

“ALAN”:
You can leave.

“SAM”:
I can leave.

“ALAN”:
We can end this right now.

PAUSE.

“SAM”:
No. I don’t want it to end. I know why I came here. I know why I need to do this. Why it is the only thing I can do. To bring peace to those ... To bring peace to those who have no peace.

“ALAN”:
You show great courage.

“SAM”:
Courage ? Is that what they – “You show great courage.” Do they tell you to say stuff like that ?

“ALAN”: They tell me to say nothing.

“SAM”: People will die. Many people will die.

“ALAN”: Many people have died.

“SAM”: Many people will die because of me.

“ALAN”: If we are successful.

A LIGHT FLASHES OFF.

“ALAN”: He is coming. Are you ready ?

“SAM”: Is it now ?

“ALAN”: You must say now Sam. Yes or no.

“SAM”: Is it now ?

“ALAN”: Sam. He can not wait.

A MAN ENTERS. HE FLASHES A TORCH ONCE.

“ALAN”: Sam. Is it now ?

PAUSE. “SAM” STANDS.

“SAM”: I am ready Alan. I am happy.

“ALAN” SIGNALS TO THE MAN. THE MAN EXITS.

“SAM” FOLLOWS THE MAN OFF. “ALAN” CLOSE BEHIND.

5. Tel Aviv Disco Bombing by Alex Broun

Office. Tel Aviv, Israel. 2pm.

ARIEL at his desk, reading. There is a knock at the door.

ARIEL: Yes.

THE DOOR OPENS SLIGHTLY. JULIA IS THERE, CARRYING A FOLDER.

JULIA: It's only me.

ARIEL: (STANDING) Julia. Yes, come in. Come in. Sit down.

JULIA: Please tell me I didn't miss it. Please.

ARIEL: No – you made the deadline.

JULIA: Thank you. I was fretting.

ARIEL: There's plenty of time for the deadline.

ARIEL PICKS UP SOME PAPERS.

JULIA: Is that it ?

ARIEL: Yes.

JULIA: I'm sorry. I thought you'd had time to ... Impatient. I'll come back.

ARIEL: No, it's fine.

JULIA: You've read it ?

ARIEL: Yes.

JULIA: Already ?

ARIEL: Yes.

JULIA: And ?

PAUSE. SHE SITS.

JULIA: It's good, isn't it ?

ARIEL: No, it's not good. It's great.

JULIA: Thank you.

ARIEL: Perhaps the best story you've done since you came to us.

JULIA: I was happy.

ARIEL: First class.

JULIA: Thank you.

ARIEL: Does anybody else –

JULIA: No. I didn't tell anybody. Not even my husband.

ARIEL: Good.

JULIA: I was busting to but I didn't.

ARIEL: Well done.

JULIA: So ... where do you think it will run ?

ARIEL: This is a cover. No doubt.

JULIA: I thought so. I don't mean to – but I did... A cover. Yes !
(OPENING FOLDER) And I've been down to see Cassandra and found some amazing photos. Look at this one of one of the ... This could be the cover.

JULIA MOVES TOWARDS ARIEL. ARIEL HOLDS UP HIS HAND. JULIA SITS.

ARIEL: Julia – I can't use this story.

JULIA: But ... you just said.

ARIEL: I know what I said.

JULIA: Cover. You said cover.

ARIEL: It's a great story.

JULIA: But ... then –

ARIEL: A truly excellent piece of journalism.

JULIA: Then ... why –

ARIEL: That doesn't change the fact -

JULIA: But, I don't –

ARIEL: That I can't use it. (PAUSE) You know what is happening tomorrow ?

JULIA: How could I not know ?

ARIEL: Well ...

JULIA: How does my story affect that ?

ARIEL: Don't be so naïve.

JULIA: Pardon me.

ARIEL: We may not be the biggest paper but we are certainly read.

JULIA: I'm not saying –

ARIEL: Then how can this story have no affect ? Your words have power. Do you doubt that ? If you do then why did you become a journalist ?

JULIA: My words do have power. Our words have power.

ARIEL: Then you can understand why I can't use it.

JULIA: But it happened.

ARIEL: So you proved.

JULIA: It's the truth.

ARIEL LAUGHS.

JULIA: You're laughing ?

ARIEL: The truth ? You want to talk about the truth.

JULIA: Why are you laughing ?

ARIEL: Let me tell you – the truth. (STANDING) Tomorrow in this city major representatives of both parties will sit down to sign a comprehensive agreement discussed and argued over for almost three years. We are the closest we have ever been to something resembling peace – and you want to destroy that.

JULIA: I'm not destroying anything.

ARIEL: What will this information do to that process ?

JULIA: People will finally know what happened.

ARIEL: I'll tell you what happened. There was an attack. We retaliated. They retaliated. We retaliated again. They accepted responsibility. They apologised. We accepted their apology. It was a massive step in the process.

JULIA: But they didn't do it.

ARIEL: That doesn't matter.

JULIA: Doesn't ... matter. Aren't you Ariel Ramen ? The Editor of The Beacon. The guardian of the media's right –

ARIEL: It doesn't matter.

JULIA: To publish the whole story. No prejudice. No fear.

ARIEL: It doesn't matter who was responsible ! It's over. Those people died. Now we have the chance to stop the killing. How can you consider even for a moment robbing us of that chance ?

JULIA: Seventeen people died in that explosion. Including an eight year old boy. (TAKING PHOTO OUT OF FILE) Look at him. Look at his face. And you want to tell me it doesn't matter who was responsible.

ARIEL: We have all lost people.

JULIA: You want to tell his family -

ARIEL: The paper ... photographers ...

JULIA: Who swore they would have justice –

ARIEL: Hasn't there been enough killing ?

JULIA: That they're looking in the wrong place.

ARIEL: I just want it to stop –

JULIA: Because the people who committed this terrible act –

ARIEL: We all want it to stop !

JULIA: Who blew up a crowded family club on Saturday evening–

ARIEL: There is a –

JULIA: Were not the enemy –

ARIEL: There must be –

JULIA: They were their own people !

PAUSE. **JULIA SITS.**

ARIEL: No good will come of this.

JULIA: We have an obligation.

ARIEL: No good will come of this !

JULIA: We have an obligation to report the truth.

ARIEL: But first you must ask yourself – what is more important ? Truth or peace ?
(PAUSE) Julia, I know how you feel.

JULIA: You have no idea.

ARIEL: I know you spent a lot of time and effort on this story.

JULIA: Six months.

ARIEL: And placed yourself in considerable danger to get the information.

JULIA: I was shot at – twice !

ARIEL: I know it must be very ... disappointing -

JULIA: That's one word for it.

ARIEL: To see all that go to waste.

JULIA: Yes it is. So why didn't you stop me ? If you didn't want the story why didn't you pull me off it ? I could've written a belly dancing feature for our new Happy Times.

ARIEL: I didn't think ...

JULIA: Think what ?

ARIEL: That this was possible.

JULIA: Well now you know. You see how appalling this act was. To kill seventeen of our own people just to make them look bad. And remember - the men who ordered this are still in power. If you do this – you're letting them get away completely without blame.

PAUSE

ARIEL: Eighteen months and eleven days ago, before you came here, there was a similar blast in another part of the city. This time no one claimed responsibility. It was a minor incident. Small numbers of casualties. Only three people died. One of them was my son. (PAUSE) I will never be able to forget the pain of losing my own child. I never want any other father to go through that. If this agreement tomorrow has the chance of saving even one father's child then I will do everything I can to make sure it goes ahead.

JULIA: It's a good story.

ARIEL: It's a dangerous story. And while this agreement holds I give you my word it will not appear in this newspaper.

JULIA: They killed eighteen people.

ARIEL: And this story will kill more.

JULIA: I could take it to somebody else. Someone who wasn't as flexible with their principles.

ARIEL: Not while you work for me.

JULIA: Then maybe I won't work for you.

ARIEL: I'm asking you not to.

JULIA: I'm asking you to print it.

ARIEL: Maybe this isn't about the truth. Maybe the truth doesn't matter anymore. Maybe we've found something far more important. Life. Or maybe it's about something else. Something completely different. You.

JULIA: Me ?

ARIEL: Maybe what you're really concerned about is not the truth being revealed but that you'll miss out on the chance to become the journalist who uncovered the biggest scandal of the year.

JULIA: Maybe. Either way it doesn't change the fact that my story is one hundred percent truth.

ARIEL: Then you have a choice. Truth or life ?

JULIA: I have a choice.

ARIEL: If you really want to I can't stop you getting this story out. What am I going to do - kill you ? It is your choice.

JULIA: Thank you.

ARIEL: But before you go I want to give you something. Another photograph for you to consider.

ARIEL TAKES A PHOTO FROM HIS WALLET. HE HANDS IT TO JULIA.

ARIEL: That is David. He was my son. When you look at the little boy – look at my son as well. They are both in your hands.

ARIEL SITS. HE BEGINS TO READ.

JULIA LOOKS AT THE PHOTO.

ARIEL: Sorry. I have a deadline.

JULIA NODS. SHE GOES TO THE DOOR. SHE STOPS AND LOOKS BACK AT ARIEL. SHE IS ABOUT TO SPEAK BUT STOPS HERSELF. SHE EXITS.

THE DOOR CLOSES BEHIND HER. ARIEL LOOKS UP. HE DROPS HIS PAPERS ON TO THE DESK AND SLUMPS BACK IN HIS CHAIR.

LIGHTS FADE. INTERVAL.

Act 2 : Here**1. The Problem With Language**

Theatre Foyer. Interval. **MARK** approaches **LISHA**.

MARK: Hi.

LISHA: Hello again.

PAUSE.

MARK: Enjoy the first act ?

LISHA: Absolutely. And you ?

MARK: Not really.

LISHA: Oh well. Maybe Act Two.

MARK: Yes. (PAUSE) Listen ... about before, I didn't mean to upset you.

LISHA: You didn't.

MARK: I wasn't thinking.

LISHA: I've forgotten already.

MARK: It's just that you walked away quite quickly – I thought I'd upset you.

LISHA: You didn't.

MARK: Then why did you walk away quickly ?

LISHA: My sushi wrapper. Had to put it in the bin.

MARK: Before you went in ?

LISHA NODS.

MARK: Well I'm glad. That's why I didn't enjoy the first act. I kept thinking that I'd upset you. I felt ... awkward.

LISA: But you didn't upset me.

MARK: Still it was thoughtless.

LISHA: No big deal.

MARK: I just didn't like it.

LISHA: As you said.

MARK: But that's just my opinion. Other people ...

LISHA: Did.

MARK: I mean there was a lot of applause. And you were great – as usual.

LISHA: Thanks.

MARK: But as for the whole piece – it just didn't grab me.

LISHA: As you said.

MARK: I was actually quite surprised it won.

LISHA: But it did.

MARK: Is Max your boyfriend ?

LISHA: (LAUGHING) No.

MARK: I thought that might explain why you got so ... upset.

LISHA: I didn't get upset.

MARK: I mean if he was your boyfriend and I told you I didn't like his short film then naturally you would get pretty upset. I didn't think about that ... possibility and I should have.

LISHA: Max is not my boyfriend.

MARK: No ?

LISHA: But he is my friend. And if – if – I did get a bit upset when you said his film was bad – which I didn't – then I would be perfectly within my rights to do so.

MARK: Completely.

LISHA: But like I said. I didn't.

PAUSE.

MARK: Like.

LISHA: Yes. Like I said.

MARK: No. I mean me.

LISHA: You ?

MARK: Not bad.

LISHA: What ?

MARK: I said like. Me.

LISHA: Are you asking me if I ... ?

MARK: I said I didn't *like* Max's film. Not that it was a *bad* film.

LISHA: Well, that's not what I heard.

MARK: But that's what I said. That's the problem with language.

LISHA: Is it ?

MARK: I say one thing but you hear another.

LISHA: Really ?

MARK: I say x but your interpretation of what I say is y so you actually think you heard me say y when all along what I actually said was x.

LISHA: I heard what you said.

MARK: What you thought I said. But actually your mind twisted my words into something quite different. It's quite a common phenomena. You'd be surprised. I teach linguistics and I come across it all the time. So don't feel bad. It's an everyday mistake.

LISHA: You said bad.

MARK: No. That's just what you heard. But I didn't say it.

MARK SMILES. LISHA LOOKS AT MARK.

LISHA: Who are you ?

MARK: (LAUGHS) I'm Mark.

LISHA: I know your name but who are you ?

MARK: Just Mark.

LISHA: But what do you actually do ?

MARK: Teach linguistics.

LISHA: I *meant* tonight. What are you actually doing here tonight ? I see you at a lot of these things – just hanging around. Is that what you do ? Just hang around. Like you were at Max's film.

MARK: I came to see the play.

LISHA: But why ? Do you have a professional interest in the linguistics? Or do just *like* hanging around ?

MARK: A friend invited me.

LISHA: What friend ? I never see you with anyone. You're always alone.

MARK: They're over there.

LISHA: Are they ? Or did you just make them up ? Did your mind *twist* them into existence ? Have you got a ticket ?

MARK: What ?

LISHA: Are you actually meant to be here ? Or did you just gate crash ? Is that what you are – a professional gate crasher who turns up at these things to tell people how bad their friends' films are ?

MARK: (SOFT) I'm sorry.

LISHA: I can't *hear* you ?

MARK: I said I was sorry.

LISHA: Sorry ? Did you *say* you were sorry ? Or is that just what my twisted little mind *heard* ?

MARK: It was just my opinion.

LISHA: Well who asked for your opinion ? Who gives a fuck about what you think ? I don't, Max certainly doesn't and neither does anybody else here tonight – even you're so called "friend". Your opinion doesn't mean shit so next time you should just keep it to yourself.

PAUSE. **MARK LOOKS AT LISHA. HE TURNS AND STARTS TO EXIT.**

DOUG ENTERS CARRYING TWO PLATES – CHOCOLATE DONUT ON ONE, APPLE PIE, CREAM AND ICE CREAM ON THE OTHER.

MARK EXITS PAST DOUG. LISHA WATCHES MARK GO.

LISHA: Oh shit. Shit ! Mark ... (EXITING) Mark !

LIGHTS COME UP ON **MONICA SEATED AT A TABLE DOWNSTAGE.**

2. DONUTS.

Cafeteria. DOUG comes over with the plates. He places them down. MONICA looks at the donut. PAUSE.

MONICA: What's this ?

DOUG: Donut.

MONICA: I didn't ask for a donut.

DOUG: Yes you did.

MONICA: I asked for cheesecake.

DOUG: Donut.

MONICA: What's this brown shit on top ?

DOUG: Chocolate.

MONICA: You got me a chocolate donut ?

DOUG: That's what you asked for.

MONICA: I asked for cheesecake.

DOUG: Donut.

MONICA: Cheesecake.

DOUG EATS. MONICA PUSHES HER PLATE AWAY.

MONICA: I'm not eating it. You did it on purpose. You knew I wanted cheesecake and you deliberately bought me a donut. I'm not fucking eating it, you hear me. (PAUSE) What have you got ?

DOUG SHOWS HER.

MONICA: Apple pie.

DOUG: With cream and ice cream.

MONICA: How nice. Is that what you wanted ?

DOUG NODS.

MONICA: You wanted apple pie. So you got apple pie.

DOUG: With cream and ice cream.

MONICA: I asked for cheesecake. So why did you bring me this shit covered crap.

DOUG: You asked for it.

MONICA: I hate donuts. And I hate chocolate. You know that. I hate chocolate. Donuts and chocolate. Two things - I hate. So why in the world would I have asked for a chocolate donut ?

DOUG SHRUGS.

MONICA: Because I didn't that's why. I asked for cheesecake. Lemon cheesecake. Not chocolate shit log.

DOUG: Donut.

MONICA: Cheesecake.

PAUSE.

DOUG: You wanted a change.

MONICA: I wanted a change ? So that's why I asked for a donut ?

DOUG NODS.

MONICA: Bullshit. Bull - fucking - shit. Why are you doing this ? You're deliberately provoking me Doug. Why ? Answer me.

DOUG EATS SOME MORE APPLE PIE.

MONICA: How's your apple pie ? Good ? Delicious ? Well that's great. I'm so happy for you. You wanted apple pie and you got apple pie.

DOUG: With cream and ice cream.

MONICA: With cream and ice cream. I, on the other hand, wanted cheesecake. No ice cream, no cream. Just cheesecake. But what did I get. Donut. Stale, two week old, mouldy shit covered donut.

DOUG: Take it back.

MONICA: I'm not taking it back. You bought it, you take it back. (PAUSE) Take it back ! (PAUSE) Why are you doing this ?

DOUG: They're out of cheesecake.

MONICA: They're not out of cheesecake. It's sitting over there, under that plastic cover. You can see it. Look, cheesecake. Lemon cheesecake. Exactly what I asked for. So why didn't you bring it to me ?

PAUSE.

DOUG: It's off.

MONICA: It's off ? It's not off. If it was off it wouldn't be out there – on display – for people to eat. If it was off it wouldn't be out, it would be in. Inside. Festering in some cupboard somewhere. Germinating.

DOUG: You asked for a donut.

MONICA: You just admitted that I asked for cheesecake ! (PAUSE.) You did ! Why then did you just say that they were out of cheesecake ?

DOUG: Thought they were.

MONICA: Bullshit. You knew I wanted cheesecake. You knew they had cheesecake and you deliberately got me a donut. Why Doug ? Look at me fuck you !

PAUSE. MONICA STANDS.

MONICA: Alright Doug. You can take it all. Take it all.

MONICA EXITS. **DOUG** FINISHES HIS PIE. HE LEANS BACK. PAUSE.

WE HEAR WHAT SOUNDS LIKE AN ADVERTISING JINGLE. **LEE** ENTERS, DANCING. (IF YOU CAN CALL IT THAT.)

DOUG PULLS OVER THE DONUT. HE SNIFFS IT. HE TAKES A BITE. PAUSE. HE TAKES ANOTHER. HE SMILES, ENJOYING IT.

LIGHTS FADE ON **DOUG**. THEY COME UP ON **WOLF** SITTING ON A BRIGHTLY COLOURED SWIVEL CHAIR. **KAT** STANDS NEARBY.

3. Delta Goodrem and Humphrey B Bear meet the Thorpedo

Night. Board Room. Advertising Agency

THE JINGLE BUILDS

LEE: And then - big finish. Big finish.

WOLF: I'm seeing it.

LEE: The little boy looks up. He looks up

WOLF: Tell me.

LEE: Looks up and says

WOLF: I'm with you.

THE JINGLE BUILDS TO A CRESCENDO

LEE: The sting.

WOLF: Give it to me

THE MUSIC IS SUDDENLY CUT OFF. SILENCE.

LEE: "Dad, is there one for me ?"

WOLF: Oh yeah. Oh yeah !

LEE: (STILL DANCING) We've re-inforced the stereotype.

WOLF: I'm coming.

LEE: Reflected the demographic.

WOLF: You made me come.

LEE: It's a no brainer.

WOLF: My wad is on the floor.

LEE: It's kind of like Delta.

WOLF: Yeah.

LEE: Delta and Humphrey Bear

WOLF: Humphrey *B* Bear.

LEE: Delta and Humphrey B Bear meet the Thorpedo.

WOLF: Beautiful.

LEE: No.

WOLF: What ?

LEE: Not Delta.

WOLF: Yeah ?

LEE: Kylie.

WOLF: Okay.

LEE: Kylie Minogue and Humphrey B Bear meet the Thorpedo.

WOLF: I'm coming again.

LEE: (ECSTATIC) Kylie, not Delta.

WOLF: You made me come again.

LEE: Shall we go for third time lucky ?

WOLF: What ?

LEE: Play it again - shall I ?

WOLF: I haven't even had time to re-load.

LEE: Wolf man, your batteries are always fully charged.

WOLF: You know me.

LEE: I do.

WOLF: You - know - me !

LEE: And I know my target market.

WOLF: Like they were your asshole.

LEE: They are my asshole.

THEY LAUGH.

LEE: Are you ready ?

WOLF: I'm ready.

LEE: I'm putting it on again.

WOLF: I'm lovin' it.

LEE: I'm putting it on.

WOLF: Put it on - and stand back because I'm ready to explode.

LEE HITS A BUTTON. THE JINGLE STARTS AGAIN. SUDDENLY KAT GRABS THE CONTROL. SHE TURNS IT OFF.

KAT I can't believe it.

WOLF: Hey.

KAT: I can not believe it.

LEE: Would you -

KAT: I cannot believe I'm standing in a room with people who say things like that.

LEE: Hey.

KAT: I didn't even know people like you existed.

LEE: I do exist.

KAT: Do you ? Are you real ?

WOLF: Interesting.

KAT: Would you listen to what spews out of your mouth ?

LEE: Wolf wants to

KAT: Can you hear the bile re-gurgitating from your lips ?

WOLF: Play nice Kat.

KAT: Reinforced the stereotype."

LEE: What ?

KAT: "Reflected the demographic."

LEE: What ?

WOLF: Play nice.

KAT: I mean is this for real ? (TO **WOLF**) Is he for real ?

LEE: Is she - Are you - Is she ?

WOLF: He's just speaking the language of the industry. The "go" code. Green light me. Woah !

KAT: That is not language. That is the death of language.

LEE: Is she-

KAT: That is when words cease to have meaning. They have been stripped of all sense. They're just little marks on a page.

LEE: Are you - Is she - What ?

WOLF: Remain calm Lee. Kat loved it.

LEE: She did ?

WOLF: She loved it.

KAT: Uh - uh.

WOLF: We all loved it.

KAT: No.

WOLF: We loved it because it's a beautiful thing.

KAT: Wolf -

WOLF: A thing of beauty.

LEE: I made you come. Three times.

KAT: Almost.

WOLF: You made me come because it was a beautiful thing. Just as I know Kat's will also be a beautiful thing.

KAT: Finally. May I ?

WOLF: Please.

KAT: May I ?

WOLF: Make me come.

KAT GOES TO THE MACHINE. SHE INSERTS A DISC. SHE HITS THE BUTTON. WE HEAR CLASSICAL MUSIC.

WOLF: Oh yeah.

KAT: You like it ?

WOLF: This is great.

KAT: Am I making you come ?

WOLF: My interest is definitely peaked. What do I see ?

KAT: You see a man. Walking along a deserted beach.

WOLF: There's a flicker.

KAT: Bare feet, cut off trousers - not jeans. Trousers.

WOLF: Trousers. I am becoming aroused.

KAT: Faded blue sweatshirt.

WOLF: Ripening.

KAT: Frayed collar.

WOLF: Inflamed.

WOLF: Tanned ankles.

WOLF: Engorged.

KAT: Bare feet.

LEE: You already said that.

KAT: Shut it Lee.

WOLF: (TO LEE) Play nice Lee. You had your turn. (TO **KAT**) Where were we ?

KAT: Engorged.

LEE: No. He was only inflamed. Not engorged.

KAT: Crap ! He was engorged.

WOLF: Kat, please Re-engage me.

KAT: A man, walking along a beach. Cut off trousers, faded blue sweatshirt, tanned ankles, bare feet.

WOLF: I am now fully re-engorged.

KAT: Sunset.

WOLF: I'm throbbing.

KAT: Sun setting.

WOLF: Pulsating.

KAT: Ruby red sun sinking into a sapphire blue sea.

WOLF: The engine is at full throttle.

KAT: Faded sweatshirt, tassled hair, stubble on his chin.

WOLF: The rocket is on the launching pad.

KAT: He's young

WOLF: But not too young.

KAT: Mid thirties

WOLF: Early forties.

KAT: But lean, muscular

WOLF: Chiselled.

KAT: Just the hint of a taut, tan stomach underneath his shirt. He's handsome.

WOLF: Handsome ? He's bloody gorgeous.

KAT: He's walking along the sand. His feet - bare feet - dipping in and out of the waves.

WOLF: His feet are gorgeous.

KAT: Leaving impressions in the wet sand.

WOLF: Even his footprints are gorgeous.

KAT: Sun dying, waves lapping. A gentle breeze.

WOLF: Hurry up. I'm gonna explode.

KAT: We go in close and we see

WOLF: What ?

KAT: Holding in his hand, in the soft orange glow

WOLF: What ?

KAT: The fine mist of sea spray.

WOLF: What the hell is he holding ?

KAT: A boot. A baby's boot.

WOLF: Incredible.

KAT: A boy's tiny knitted blue boot.

WOLF: I thought I was gonna come

KAT: The colour matches his shirt.

WOLF: But now you're making me cry.

KAT: He looks down at the boot. A tear in his crystal blue eye

WOLF: Coming again.

KAT: He twists the boot in his fingers.

WOLF: Crying.

KAT: He looks out to sea, the wind flicking his sandy brown curls.

WOLF: Coming.

KAT: And down at the boot.

WOLF: Crying.

KAT: He kneels and holds the boot out over the waves.

WOLF: Coming then crying.

KAT: A thought passes across his knotted brow as the waves lick at his feet, calling out to the boot.

WOLF: Crying then coming.

KAT: He holds out the boot further.

WOLF: Crying and coming.

KAT: He lets it slip through his fingers

WOLF: Crying.

KAT: The boot begins to tumble towards the waves.

WOLF: I'm blubbering.

KAT: Spinning end on end, blue falling into blue.

WOLF: I'm hollering my guts out.

KAT: But then

WOLF: I'm stopping.

KAT: His other hand

WOLF: My tears are gone.

KAT: Surges out

WOLF: The engine is re-engaged.

KAT: And grabs the boot.

WOLF: Rocket re-loaded.

KAT: The man gets up

WOLF: Bull at the gate.

KAT: His tight arse sliding in his pants.

WOLF: Lion ready to roar.

KAT: And he walks off down the beach

WOLF: And I'm coming.

KAT: The boot still in his hand.

WOLF: No boot now - I want to come.

KAT: We don't see the boot.

WOLF: Boots stopping me coming.

KAT: The boot is gone.

WOLF: Boot bad.

KAT: The boot is history.

WOLF: And I'm coming.

KAT: We go down low as his Davidesque physique

WOLF: I'm really coming.

KAT: Silhouetted against the sky.

WOLF: I'm gonna come so hard.

KAT: Disappears into the fiery red sun.

WOLF: Blood pumping.

KAT: The music swells.

IT DOES.

WOLF: Vein throbbing.

KAT: Title. Lower case.

WOLF: Fully charged.

KAT: Bottom of the screen. Left.

WOLF: Rocket loaded !

KAT: "Henshaw. For you and your future."

WOLF: Oh my dog !

KAT: And with music,

WOLF LETS FORTH WITH A LOUD ECSTATIC MOAN.

KAT: Fade to black.

MUSIC FADES. WOLF FLOPS FORWARD ON TO THE TABLE. PANTING LOUDLY. KAT BOWS TO LEE. LEE GIVES HER THE FINGER, WOLF STILL PANTING. LONG PAUSE. EVENTUALLY:

WOLF: You made me come.

KAT: Cry and come.

WOLF: Cry *then* come.

KAT: Big time ?

WOLF: The biggest.

KAT: Back wall ?

WOLF: I splashed all over the back wall. I think I even got some on Lee. Sorry.

LEE: Forget it. I'm used to it.

WOLF: You made me come all over the back wall.

LEE: Perfect. So we go with mine then ?

WOLF: (CHANGE) Nah - I still prefer Lee's.

LEE IS JUBILANT.

KAT: But you hit the back wall.

WOLF: I know.

KAT: I made you hit the back wall.

WOLF: Strange isn't ? But I still want Lee's. Maybe it was the tears.

KAT: But you liked the tears.

WOLF: I loved the tears.

KAT: Then what ?

WOLF: I don't know. Maybe they made me feel guilty. Guilty about coming.

KAT: But ...

WOLF: Guilt is bad.

LEE: Very bad.

WOLF: Guilt is a turn off.

LEE: And we can't have that.

WOLF: Something about those boots

LEE: I'll can the boots.

WOLF: (GOING TO HER) But the boots are what made it so great. We go with Delta.

LEE: Kylie.

KAT: And Humphrey Bear ?

WOLF: Meeting the -

LEE: (ELATED) Thorpedo !

WOLF: Humphrey *B* Bear never made me feel guilty. We'll pitch it first thing tomorrow. Shall we say Noon ?

LEE NODS. WOLF STARTS TO LEAVE. LEE BOWS TO KAT. KAT GIVES HIM THE FINGER. WOLF REACHES THE DOOR. HE STOPS.

WOLF: Hey ?

LEE: Yes Wolf ?

WOLF: What's this campaign for anyway ?

LEE: Rocket Launchers for the US.

WOLF: Rocket Launchers. (BEAT) Cool.

AND WOLF EXITS.

PHIL, A WAR VETERAN, DRESSED IN SUIT AND WITH MEDALS PINNED ON HIS CHEST, ENTERS CARRYING A WREATH.

LIGHTS COME UP ON A WAR MEMORIAL.

LEE: I guess this means you two aren't getting back together ?

KAT: Oh suck my dick. (EXITS)

LEE: Anytime.

LEE SMILES AND EXITS THE OTHER WAY.

PHIL PLACES THE WREATH IN FRONT OF THE MEMORIAL. HE STANDS IN FRONT OF THE MEMORIAL IN SILENT REFLECTION.

4. ARMISTICE DAY

War Memorial. Dawn.

KENNY, a young man in battle fatigues, approaches. He looks at **PHIL**.

KENNY: How many did you kill ?

PHIL DOES NOT RESPOND.

KENNY: Hey Grand-dad, I said how many did you kill ?

PHIL: Pardon me.

KENNY: Your hearing aid on the blink ? How many did you kill ? You know ? Wogs, Niggers, Gooks. How many did you blow away ?

PAUSE.

PHIL: Don't know.

KENNY: Come on grand dad. Don't be modest. You're among friends now. How many ? Five, ten, fifty. Got some nice medals there, must've killed a few.

PHIL: I was given these for acts of bravery.

KENNY: Exactly. Killing the enemy.

PHIL: Saving the lives of my fellow soldiers.

KENNY: Yeah, by killing the enemy. And what we're you packing ? Semi-automatic, automatic. SK - 47. Or did you pack the heavy artillery ? The large calibre. The big boys. Cause some real havoc.

PHIL: They carried them.

KENNY: Who ?

PHIL: The enemy. They carried SK- 47s.

KENNY: That's right. Russian Assault rifles. They had them. Bloody gooks. Gunned you down. Bet you lost a few eh ? In your own Company. Saw a few of

KENNY: (CONT) your best mates picked off before your two eyes. Held them in your arms as they struggled for their last breath.

PHIL: I lost a few. We all did.

KENNY: Too right. Damn shame. Bloody shame.

KENNY PULLS OUT A BLACK TEXTA. HE OFFERS IT TO PHIL.

KENNY: Will you sign my fatigues ? Add your initials to my personal roll of honour.

HE SHOWS PHIL HIS SHIRT SLEEVE WHICH HAS A FEW AUTOGRAPHS ALREADY SIGNED. PHIL LOOKS AT HIM.

KENNY: But only if you've actually done the business. Only if you've put a few Gooks down. Every man who's sign this shirt is a certifiable Gook killer.

PHIL: You want me to sign your shirt ?

KENNY: If you've done the business. And I'd say looking at you – you have. I mean, you're talking to a fan. You and me, grand dad. We're on the same side. See, what I reckon is you done a good job right. Went to New Guinea, France, Africa -

PHIL: I served in Korea.

KENNY: Exactly Korea. The forgotten war. You went there and you did 'em in. Blew 'em away. Repelled the invaders.

PHIL: It was an internal conflict. We were defending the South.

KENNY: By killing Gooks. And now, what are they doing ? Letting 'em in. Inviting them, free of charge. Our guests. Fucking tragedy, national fucking tragedy. These gooks who you fought so bravely against are now destroying our country - from the inside.

PHIL: I fought in the war for people like you.

KENNY: That's what I'm saying.

PHIL: I fought so they could have life.

KENNY: And I'm grateful. But now, you're great victory is being tarnished. The gooks are taking over. So I say bundle them all up. Smoke 'em up out of their little China towns, their little rickshaws - put 'em all on a boat and

KENNY: (CONT) send 'em back where they come from. Eh, punch a few holes in the side first though, so it sinks on the way. Service to humanity.

PHIL: I fought for the people of South Korea.

KENNY: That's right - the good Gooks. But we ain't got none of them. They're all bad Gooks - ones we got here. Time to mobilise. A call to arms. Show some spirit. Spirit of the Anzacs.

PHIL: What did you say ?

KENNY: Spirit of the Anzacs. You know, on the beaches ? Out of the boats, charging up the hill. Machine guns whistling all around. Taking one in the shoulder but still pounding on. Higher and higher to where the Gooks were hiding in their trenches like frightened little rabbits. Something to be proud of. Something to believe in - in the middle of all this chaos. Something pure. The birth of a nation. Anzacs.

PHIL: You don't know what that word means.

KENNY: I know what it stands for but. It stands for - killing Gooks !

PHIL: Do you know what today is ?

KENNY: Fucking War Day.

PHIL: It's Armistice Day. Not Anzac Day. Today was when the papers were signed to end the First World War.

KENNY: Fucking big mistake that. War's not over Grand-dad. War's just beginning.

PHIL: Today is when we honour the dead. We remember.

KENNY: Exactly. Remember not to let them die in vain.

PHIL MOVES OFF.

KENNY: Hey grand dad. Where you going ?

PHIL: I have nothing more to say to you.

KENNY: Hey, just remember - you fought for me.

PHIL TURNS AND FACES KENNY.

PHIL: We may have made a grave mistake.

KENNY: No mistake matey. You won. You fuckin' kicked their slanty little arses - and now me, and blokes like me, are carrying on the battle. Preserving the spirit. The spirit of the Anzacs.

KENNY MOVES CLOSER.

KENNY: Listen, you're a bit past it but if you're still keen for some active duty we can let you come along. Watch some Gooks going down. And the Towelheads. Fuckin' terrorists. They're on our list now. For what they done. To the Towers, to our friends and allies. They're going down too. They'll be praying to Allah alright. They'll be praying to Allah for their fucking lives.

PHIL LOOKS AT KENNY. HE TURNS AND STARTS TO EXIT.

KENNY: Ain't you gonna sign my shirt ? Show 'em the spirit. Spirit of the Anzacs.

PHIL STOPS. HE TURNS AND GOES BACK TO KENNY.

PHIL: Yeah. I'll sign your shirt.

KENNY: Excellent.

KENNY HOLDS THE TEXTA OUT TO PHIL. PHIL SUDDENLY GRABS KENNY'S ARM AND TWISTS IT BEHIND HIS BACK.

KENNY: Hey, what's this ? Some kind of combat move. Cool.

PHIL TWISTS HARDER.

KENNY: Hey stop it Grand dad. You're hurting me. Stop it.

KENNY GOES DOWN ON TO HIS KNEES. PHIL LEANS OVER HIM.

PHIL: (SLOWLY AND DELIBERATELY) Don't - you - ever - use - that -word
- again.

PHIL RELEASES KENNY'S ARM. KENNY SPRAWLS ON TO THE FLOOR. PHIL TURNS AND EXITS.

KENNY WATCHES HIM GO.

KENNY: Yeah ? Well fuck you too. Dropkick. Has been. Past it. Bet you didn't kill anyone anyway. Bet you were in a fuckin' office all the war. Administration, yeah that's you. Fuckin' pencil neck. Got your medals for counting paper clips. Anzac. You ain't a fuckin' Anzac's arsehole. You

KENNY: (CONT) don't know what killing means. But don't worry - we'll show you. We'll fuckin' show you. I can say what I like. You can't stop me.

HE STANDS AND BEGINS CHANTING.

KENNY: Anzacs. Anzacs. Anzacs.

PETER ENTERS. HE MAKES HIS WAY OVER TO A ROW OF SEATS IN A HOSPITAL WAITING AREA. HE SITS.

KENNY FREEZES MID-CHANT. THE LIGHTS ON **KENNY** FADE.

5. A Difficult Birth

Hospital Waiting Room. Midnight.

CAROLINE ENTERS.

CAROLINE: Here you are. I've been up and down, all over – no one could tell me where I was supposed to ...

PETER: You're here now.

CAROLINE: Eventually.

PETER: Would you like to sit down ?

CAROLINE: Yes. Thank you. (SITTING) Thanks for the call.

PETER: It's okay.

CAROLINE: No. I mean it. You didn't have to and you did – immediately. I appreciate that.

PETER: I'm glad you could come.

CAROLINE: Of course I could come. It doesn't matter what - she's still my ...
When did you hear ?

PETER: About an hour ago.

CAROLINE: Who ...

PETER: The hospital. (BEAT) She gave them my name.

PAUSE.

CAROLINE: Oh. Good. That's good. But how did they ...

PETER: I was a patient here once.

CAROLINE: Really ?

PETER: Gall bladder. They looked me up on there ... system.

CAROLINE: Very ... resourceful. (PAUSE) So, what's the state of play ?

PETER: State of ... ?

CAROLINE: How bad ...

PETER: I'm not sure. I just got here.

CAROLINE: You haven't seen –

PETER: Not yet.

CAROLINE: But how will we know what to ...

PETER: They'll tell us.

CAROLINE: But when ?

PETER: Soon.

CAROLINE: But how much time have we ... got ?

PETER: Soon.

PAUSE.

CAROLINE: Waiting. Can't stand it. Never could. Coffee ?

PETER: No. But you go.

CAROLINE: Is that alright ? I just can't bear –

PETER: I'll hold the fort.

CAROLINE: Won't be long.

CAROLINE STARTS TO EXIT. SIMONE ENTERS.

SIMONE: Mr Russik ?

PETER: Yes. (CALLING) Caroline.

SIMONE: You're Mr Russik ?

CAROLINE RETURNS.

PETER: Peter.

SIMONE: Peter ?

PETER: My name is Peter Russik.

SIMONE: Simone Delaunay. I'm the Resident -

CAROLINE: How is ...

SIMONE LOOKS AT CAROLINE, THEN AT PETER.

CAROLINE: It's okay.

SIMONE LOOKS AT PETER AGAIN.

CAROLINE: I'm the mother.

SIMONE: Of course. Please. Sit down.

THEY ALL SIT.

PETER: How is she ?

SIMONE: Usually it's a quite routine condition. If she'd come to us even a few months ago –

PETER: I haven't seen her for six months.

CAROLINE: And don't look at me. She hasn't deemed me worthy of a phone call for three years.

SIMONE: I'm sorry. We seem to be at cross purposes. There is no accusation here. I'm simply trying to tell you about Mrs Russik.

PETER: Understood. And thank you. (PAUSE) So how bad is it ?

SIMONE: If we'd seen her a few months ago –

CAROLINE: I think we've established that you didn't.

PETER LOOKS AT CAROLINE.

PETER: Go on.

SIMONE: If we had seen her it may have been possible to stop the infection before it spread too far.

CAROLINE: But you didn't.

SIMONE: And the infection has spread.

PETER: Meaning ?

SIMONE: It will now be very difficult to save both of them.

PAUSE.

PETER: Jesus.

CAROLINE: Personally I'm not surprised.

SIMONE: We can continue to try and treat the infection but then there is a possibility that both mother and child will die. Or we can remove the child -

PETER: How long is she -

SIMONE: About seven and a half months we think. It's difficult to be exact.

CAROLINE: Can the baby survive ?

SIMONE: In these situations we don't like -

CAROLINE: Will my Grand child live Doctor ?

SIMONE: Infants younger than this child have survived in similar circumstances.

PAUSE.

CAROLINE: Well then - what are you waiting for ?

SIMONE: Mrs Russik - -

PETER: Her name is Janet.

SIMONE: Janet is very weak. The trauma of the baby's removal could kill her.

CAROLINE: So ?

PETER: Caroline – Jesus.

CAROLINE: What ? She's brought this on herself. Pumped her self so full of that garbage she didn't know if she's Arthur or Martha. You tried to stop her. We all tried to stop her. She knew it might kill the child – but she continued to do it. You gave her everything Peter. She was lucky to have you. And how – how did she repay you ?

PETER: It doesn't matter what's she done. She's still a –

CAROLINE: A what ? A human being ? A daughter ? A mother ? She's nothing. A waste of space. Bad seed. Good riddance.

PETER: You are talking about your child.

CAROLINE: And you are talking about your child. We did everything we could. Everything. She chose this. She put that ... stuff in front of you, me, Donald – everybody. Now she's trying to put it in front of your child. My grand child. She made her bed – now let her bloody well lie in it.

SIMONE: Perhaps I should come back.

CAROLINE: You're not going anywhere.

SIMONE: Mr Russik needs time to think.

PETER: My name is Peter.

CAROLINE: What is there to think about ?

SIMONE: With respect – it's not your decision.

CAROLINE: What do you mean it's not my - Of course it's my -

SIMONE: The next of kin is the only person who has the right to decide on behalf of the patient.

CAROLINE: Next of kin ? I'm her mother. I am the next of kin.

SIMONE: Not according to the patient. She nominated Mr Russik. Peter. Only Peter. He must decide on behalf of the patient. And as in our law the rights of an unborn child revert to the mother – he must decide for the child as well.

CAROLINE: Well fine. Then you tell her Peter. Go ahead.

PETER: Tell her what ?

PAUSE.

CAROLINE: Don't you dare. Don't you dare think twice about this. We are talking about an innocent child.

PETER: She is my wife.

CAROLINE: And she chose to run off with that -

PETER: You don't have to remind me.

CAROLINE: Well you clearly need reminding. How can you even hesitate ? You heard what he said. There is a chance and only a chance that she could survive if we don't do something now. But if we don't that baby – your child – will die. What do you need to think about ?

PETER: Even if I do agree to this the baby still may not ...

CAROLINE: But at least it will have a chance. A chance. She had hers – now give your child that same chance.

PETER: I love her.

CAROLINE: So did I. She was my only daughter. I loved her more than anything. But you have to be strong now. Like I had to be when Donald died. You have to grow up now. You can save your child's life if you act now.

PETER: (TO SIMONE) Is that true ? Will I save the babies' life if I do this ?

SIMONE: It's not up to me. There are legal questions here which -

PETER: I'm asking your opinion.

SIMONE: And I am not allowed to give it. It is your decision. Not mine and not hers. Yours. Once you have made that choice we will do all we can but you must tell us what to do. You must act in the best interests of the patients. Both patients.

CAROLINE: Think Peter, think. Remember what she was like. When you first met her. That Janet. Not what she became. Our Janet. Think what she would want. She'd want us to save her child. To keep her alive through that new life. That's what she'd want. You know that. Peter. Please. Let her go. Save her child.

PAUSE.

SIMONE: Mr Russik ?

PAUSE. PETER NODS.

SIMONE: I'll bring you the papers to sign.

SIMONE EXITS.

CAROLINE: You've done the right thing.

PETER: Doctor ?

SIMONE: Yes ?

PETER: The baby. It's not mine. (PAUSE) Couldn't be mine. If it was –

SIMONE: You don't have to tell me this.

PETER: I just wanted you to know. It's important to me.

SIMONE NODS. SHE EXITS. CAROLINE STANDS.

CAROLINE: Not yours. Well ... you've done the right thing. Either way.

PETER: (WATCHING **CAROLINE**) Would you stop gloating ?

CAROLINE: How dare you ? I am not gloating.

PETER: Your daughter's going to be dead in about five minutes and you can't wipe the smile off your face. You finally got your revenge for her magnificent failure.

CAROLINE: Nonsense.

PAUSE.

CAROLINE: You've always been like a son to me. Strange. I always felt you were more like my child than Janet.

PETER: Would you mind ...

CAROLINE: Of course. I'll leave you alone, with your ...

CAROLINE LEAVES. SHE STOPS.

CAROLINE: Great way to spend the New Year.

PETER DOES NOT RESPOND. CAROLINE EXITS.

PETER ALONE.

THE BOY ENTERS. HE WALKS TOWARDS PETER. HE STANDS IN FRONT OF PETER LOOKING AT HIM. SILENCE.

PETER LOOKS STRAIGHT AT THE BOY – BUT DOES NOT SEE HIM.

LIGHTS FADE.