

“THE FOREST” by Kevin Fegan

“The Forest” was commissioned by Mansfield Palace Theatre and first performed at The Old Library Theatre Mansfield 12-15th March 2008 and at The Lowry Salford Quays 9-11th April 2008.

© Kevin Fegan 2007

Email: kev@kevinfegan.co.uk

Website: www.kevinfegan.co.uk

Mobile: 07904111671

“The Forest” by Kevin Fegan ©

“THE FOREST” by Kevin Fegan

CAST:

2 male 1 female

CHARACTERS:

Wainwright

McCaffery

Marion

SET

Wainwright’s house: the living room. The Forest is invading the space.

The action takes place over one night. Present Day.

“THE FOREST” BY KEVIN FEGAN

SCENE 1.

THE FOREST. MUSIC.

WAINWRIGHT

I’m following a winding stream. I stop and eat blackberries from the bushes. My tongue turns a delicious purple. Bright sunlight. A carpet of bluebells between silver birch. I look at my reflection in the water. I remove my socks and shoes and dip my toes into the cool stream. I splash water on my face and set off in search of the oaks. They are twisted into the most incredible shapes. Some of them look petrified and the bark peels off easily in my hand; but there are new shoots growing on every branch. They pass through generations like we do seasons. I look on the floor amongst the acorns and select one. I keep it in my pocket as a lucky charm and walk towards a clearing up ahead.

McCAFFERY

It’s night-time and I’m lost. There’s no end to the trees and it feels as though the dawn will never arrive. It’s been raining for days and my boots are muddy and saturated from puddle after puddle. I can hear the rustle of vermin hunting their prey. I find the innocent skull of some small, insignificant creature. Leaves are dripping from branches, hanging loose like rotting flesh. In the darkness, the oaks are demons sent to torment me. With every step there is the putrid smell of my own decay.

MARION

Everything is overgrown. It's hard-going between the tall grass and sweeping branches. I'm trying to watch my step; but tripping over tree-roots. I find a strong stick to strike my way through the undergrowth. I see a rabbit caught in a snare. I try and free it, but the wire tightens around its leg. There is nothing I can do to help it. A stream is blocking my route. Insects gather by the water to bite me. I jump across the stream. Up ahead, I see a makeshift den. It could be a trap. I hold my stick close.

EXIT MARION AND McCAFFERY.

SCENE 2

WAINWRIGHT’S HOUSE: THE LIVING ROOM. SATURDAY NIGHT ABOUT 9PM. WAINWRIGHT IS LYING ON THE SOFA, IN A DRUNKEN SLEEP. THE SOFA IS SURROUNDED BY DEBRIS. HE STIRS FROM HIS SLEEP AND FALLS OFF THE SOFA. HE SEARCHES FOR HEADACHE TABLETS AND TAKES TWO WITH WHAT’S LEFT OF A BOTTLE OF WINE. HE CHECKS TO SEE IF ANYONE IS ARRIVING.

WAINWRIGHT

What gives her the right? Bitch. Weekends are mine. That’s what we agreed. She can’t just renege on an agreement when it suits her. They’re obviously not coming now, are they?
FINISHES HIS GLASS OF WINE.

Got to stop drinking during the day. Need to keep fit.
HE ATTEMPTS A FEW PRESS-UPS AND COLLAPSES.
Bollocks, I’ll start tomorrow. It’s okay to be depressed, some days are like that. Go with the flow. Let it out. Tomorrow could be a happy day. It won’t always be like this. Long-term, I’ll get over it. I always do. Find somebody else. Short-term, it’s bloody hell. That’s life, that’s the deal. Pleasure and pain, can’t have one without the other.

HE TAKES OUT HIS MOBILE AND FLICKS THROUGH THE PHONE BOOK.

There must be somebody I can call. Who’s going to be in on a

Saturday night? Other than me? Couples, that's who. I'm not phoning couples, they'll think I'm a right sadbastard. There's got to be somebody here who's on their own, wishing someone would phone, somebody who'd welcome a nice friendly fuck.

HE FINDS A NAME.

Ah-ha!

HE DIALS.

Come on, pick up the phone.

ANSWERPHONE. HE RINGS OFF.

Typical.

HE CONSULTS HIS NUMBERS AGAIN.

I'd settle for a kiss and a cuddle. Or just a laugh. It's not a lot to ask.

DIALS AGAIN. ANSWERPHONE AGAIN. RINGS OFF.

So where did all my friends go?

HIS MOBY RINGS.

Yesss!

ANSWERS

Hello?

PAUSE.

No. Wrong number.

RINGS OFF.

Shit, wouldn't you know it.

HIS HEAD ACHES.

I need these tablets to kick in.

HE RESTS.

I'll take her to Court. She can't stop me seeing him. I'm a good dad. Let's have some recognition for a change. A little appreciation. Men need appreciation, it says so in the books.

HE LOOKS THROUGH A BOX OF PHOTOGRAPHS.

I'll kidnap him, that's what I'll do. I'll collect him from nursery.

See how she likes it, not able to see our son. And when Marion comes looking for him, I'll kidnap her too, until she agrees to live with us again.

(HE FINDS A PHOTO OF MARION) Look how beautiful she is there... Oh, Marion (KISSES PHOTO).

ELSEWHERE, MARION RE-APPEARS.

WAINWRIGHT

How could she walk out on me? She's been lying to me all along. Nobody just leaves unless they've lined up something better. Too frightened to tell me. What does she think I'm going to do? I'm not violent. I just don't want nobody else bringing up my boy. That's my job. They aren't going to love him like I do. Protect him, like I would. I'm not having him call anyone else 'dad', not even step-dad. I'll kick-off big-time if they try that. He's got my name and he's keeping it.

I know she said to keep away from her new place. And I have, all these months. I thought once wouldn't hurt. I'm only human. I have a right to see where my son lives. There's only

so much I can take. I only went 'round yesterday to tell her what happened at the jail. I was feeling emotional. There's only Marion would understand.

SCENE 3

LAST NIGHT AT MARION’S NEW HOME. THERE IS A
KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

MARION

Who is it?

WAINWRIGHT

It’s me, Wainwright, open up.

MARION

What’re you doing here?

WAINWRIGHT

Don’t be like that. I need to talk.

MARION

There’s nothing to talk about.

WAINWRIGHT

It’s not about us. It’s something else.

MARION

I’ll see you tomorrow when I drop Josh off.

WAINWRIGHT

Please?

MARION

No.

WAINWRIGHT

Marion, please?

MARION

Go away, Wainwright.

WAINWRIGHT WAITS SILENTLY BY THE DOOR.

WAINWRIGHT

(CALLING) Have you got someone in there?

MARION

Go away!

WAINWRIGHT

Open this door, you bitch!

HE BANGS ON THE DOOR AND TRIES TO FORCE IT; BUT FAILS.

MARION

I’m warning you, Wainwright.

WAINWRIGHT

I knew it, I knew you were seeing someone else.

MARION

Who do you think you are? You don’t own me. I don’t have to explain myself to you or anyone.

WAINWRIGHT

Tell him to get out here, hiding behind your skirts, I’ll smash his fucking head in.

HE OPENS THE LETTERBOX AND SHOUTS.

I want my son. He’s not staying there with you, playing happy families. I swear, I’ll get a gun.

HE TRIES TO FORCE THE DOOR AGAIN AND FAILS. SHE PHONES HIS MOBILE.

(ANSWERING) What?

MARION

(INTO HER MOBILE) I've phoned the police. They're on their way. I suggest you leave, now.

RINGS OFF.

HE LOSES HIS TEMPER WITH THE DOOR.

WAINWRIGHT

Give me Josh. I'm not going anywhere 'til I get my son.

HE TAKES OUT A PEN AND PAPER AND WRITES A NOTE.

HE POSTS THE NOTE AND MOVES AWAY FROM HER DOOR.

MARION

He gets back in his car and drives to the end of the street and on to the main road. Suddenly, this riot van pulls him over and these coppers drag him out of the car and up against a wall, frisking him for weapons. They keep going on about a gun.

WAINWRIGHT

(TO POLICE)

I don't have a gun, please, you've got me mixed up with someone else.

MARION

They're screaming in his face about a Firearms Licence and how he's threatened to shoot me.

WAINWRIGHT

I'm not dangerous, I'm not a violent person. Look, look, check my wallet, I work for the Home Office. I'm a Criminologist, for

Christ's sake.

MARION

They check his I.D. and ask him what had he shoved through my letter-box? He tells them it was a note, a love-letter.

MARION PICKS UP THE NOTE.

WAINWRIGHT

(REMEMBERING WHAT HE WROTE)

Please, Marion, don't destroy our family. I can change. Don't take Junior away from me. I still love you. No one will ever love you as much as I do.

MARION

They back off, embarrassed, and 'phone me to check his story. They tell him to go home. This one copper takes his arm and says, “Bit of advice, mate; we've all been there, deal with it.”

I could kill him, coming 'round here like that.

EXIT MARION.

SCENE 4

HE FINDS AN OLD PHOTO OF HIM AND McCAFFERY AS CHILDREN, PLAYING OUTLAWS IN THE FOREST. ELSEWHERE, McCAFFERY APPEARS IN HIS PRISON CELL.

WAINWRIGHT

I didn't want to cause trouble, I only went 'round to see Marion 'cause I wanted to tell her about McCaffery. Of all the jails, he had to be in that one. Of all the Parole Boards I could have sat on, they had to send me there.

I know how to be impartial, it's my job. After all these years, I didn't think it would matter. I should have declared an interest. If only I'd done my homework, read the paperwork in advance like I'm supposed to, instead of getting pissed again the night before and thinking I could wing it on the day. If I'd have known who it was that was up for parole, I could have stepped down, told the judge I used to know the prisoner. What the hell was I thinking? They could dismiss me for that. I'd never work for the Home Office again. It could ruin my career. I should never have taken the chance.

AS WAINWRIGHT LOOKS THROUGH PHOTOS, IT IS YESTERDAY MORNING IN McCAFFERY'S PRISON CELL. HE'S DOING `PRESS-UPS WHILE REHEARSING WHAT HE WILL SAY TO THE PAROLE BOARD, LATER THAT DAY.

McCAFFERY

Please bear with me, your Honour, this isn't easy for me.

HE STOPS THE PRESS-UPS AND STANDS AS IF TO
ADDRESS THE BOARD.

I've been inside 15 years now. I've changed a lot in that time.

I don't recognise the person I was at 18. How many of us do?

I've had to grow up in jail. I'll admit, I was all over the place
when I was first sent down. It took me a while to come to
terms with what I'd done. But I did. And it changed me.

I don't consider myself a risk to society. I know I won't
re-offend. I made a terrible mistake one night and I've had to
pay for it. Which is only right and proper. I deeply regret what
I've done; but I can't change that. I can only make sure I'll
never do it again.

If I've got a problem, something I'm having to think hard
about, I work it out in my writing. Poetry is my therapy now as
much as the gym. I realise it's not something I can make
much money at, when I'm released; although you never know,
do you? But it keeps me sane and safe. My English teacher,
she says, I could get into university, easy. I might just do that,
once I've settled. I'm asking you to consider me for immediate
release, on Licence.

Probation have sorted a hostel place for me and they're
confident they can help me find work, after a period of
resettlement. And if I mess-up, well, I'm a Lifer, aren't I? You

can lock me up again, any time you want. I can say that because I’m confident I won’t fuck-up – shit, I can’t say that.

HE RETURNS TO DOING PRESS-UPS.

McCAFFERY IS ON HIS FEET AGAIN; BUT THIS TIME NO LONGER REHEARSING HIS SPEECH.

McCAFFERY

Just let me go, you bastards. You’ve had your pound of flesh. What more do you want? Do you want me to be institutionalised before you let me go? Do you want me to be so paranoid I can’t function? Do you want to wait a few more years ‘til I’m psychotic, then let me go? So I’m that fucked-up I top the first taxi-driver says a wrong word to me? You don’t know me. You’ve never met me before this Hearing. That’s what I wanna say to them. I’ll play your mind-games, I’ll jump through the hoops, if that’s what it takes. I’ll rehearse my little speech until I say what you want to hear. Yes, I’m a murderer, if that’s what it says on the label; but don’t you ever assume you know who I am. This is the day you either save me or damn me. The choice is yours. And so are the consequences.

WAINWRIGHT AND McCAFFERY STEP FORWARD,
FACING THE AUDIENCE, AS IF AT THE HEARING, BUT
QUOTING WHAT THE JUDGE IS SAYING TO THEM.

McCAFFERY

“Mr. McCaffery, you have the opportunity to address the Parole Board. Is there anything you would like to say before we come to our decision?”

WAINWRIGHT

“Mr. Wainwright, you have been asked to appear before this court as an expert in criminal behaviour. You have heard the testimonials and read the reports of those in authority with direct knowledge of the prisoner and his history. You have heard the reservations expressed by the prison Governor and the prison Psychologist and the recommendations expressed by Mr. McCaffery’s Probation Officer, Senior Wing Officer and his English Teacher. You have heard the prisoner, Mr. McCaffery, address this Hearing. It is Mr. McCaffery’s opinion that he has served his expected tariff and that he no longer presents a risk to the public. He has requested immediate release on Licence. Is there anything you would like to add before I consider my verdict?”

THEY TURN AND LOOK EACH OTHER STRAIGHT IN THE EYES.

SCENE 5

THE FOREST. McCAFFERY IS RUNNING THROUGH THE FOREST. IT'S RAINING. HE HAS JUST ESCAPED FROM PRISON.

McCAFFERY

On the run,
a personal marathon,
pump it up, pump it up,
press-ups, squat-thrusts,
tuck-jumps and pull-ups,
abdominal curls and dips,
pump it up, pump it up,
pump it up, pump it up.

Welcome to the training ground,
with its bars and ropes
so you can hang from the walls,
its rubber mats to deaden the pain of falling,
its washable floors
to remove those ugly stains
so the same old surfaces
can be used again and again.

Animals need exercise, we are not machines,
you can never be sure which way we'll turn,
we might turn on you
with a bench-press or a power-clean.
always an element of risk and you love it.
Risk is sexy as sure as sex is risky,
hand on your heart and tell me
it's not beating faster here.

Look at us:

the running boys,
the robbing-bastard, joy-riding boys
taking it and driving it away,
the body beautiful,
sharp as a love-hate tattoo.
Let them chase me,
I'm buzzing to fuck.

I am super fit:

when my short fuse is blown
and my fists are flying
in some downtown bar,
that broken bottle
in someone's face
will have precision

written all over it.

Running in the rain,
running to my future,
running from my past,
running myself into a trance,
visions of what I have done,
visions of what I have become,
the percussion of a downpour,
pumping away in the rain,

the beautiful rain,
mixing with sweat and tears
until it distils into bliss
to take me away from all this.
A thousand-mile stare
lost behind bars
somewhere
turns into a smile.

We're all in it together,
this dirty business
of crime and punishment.
I'm on the run,
a personal marathon.

“The Forest” by Kevin Fegan ©

pump it up, pump it up,
on the run,
pump it up, pump it up...
EXIT McCAFFERY.

SCENE 6

WAINWRIGHT’S HOUSE. THERE IS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. HE ASSUMES IT WILL BE MARION WITH THEIR SON AND QUICKLY CHECKS THE ROOM TO HIDE ANY SIGN OF HIS DRINKING. KNOCK AGAIN.

WAINWRIGHT

Marion.

HE OPENS THE DOOR. IT IS McCAFFERY. HE IS STILL IN HIS PRISON ISSUE AND LOOKS VERY COLD.

WAINWRIGHT STEPS OUTSIDE TO BLOCK ANY ATTEMPT BY McCAFFERY TO ENTER.

What the fuckin’ ‘ell - ?

McCAFFERY

A simple, ‘Hello’, would do.

WAINWRIGHT

I thought you - ?

McCAFFERY

‘Come in’, would be polite.

WAINWRIGHT

What’re you doin’ here?

McCAFFERY

Come to see you.

WAINWRIGHT

Why?

McCAFFERY

Let me in, I'll tell you.

WAINWRIGHT

You're still in prison issue, McCaffery – have you done a runner?

McCAFFERY

I'm freezin' to death here.

WAINWRIGHT

Don't make me call the police.

McCAFFERY

If I could just get warm and dry, then I'll leave, I swear.

WAINWRIGHT

No way, it is an offence to harbour an escaped convict, you know?

McCAFFERY

I won't grass you up. (LOADED) You know I'm not like that.

WAINWRIGHT

I don't believe this. Look, just leave, you're getting me into more trouble.

McCAFFERY

Are you in bother with the police? I could help.

WAINWRIGHT

No.

McCAFFERY

I've spent all night in the forest. One hour and I'll be gone.

WAINWRIGHT

Don't you understand how serious - ?

McCAFFERY

I know, I know, I made a mistake. They were transferring me straight after the Hearing to an Open nick without a release date. You know that's torture. I panicked. I bolted, like any caged animal would.

WAINWRIGHT

You have to give yourself up.

McCAFFERY

I will, I swear. Look, technically, I've not 'escaped', I've 'absconded'. I'm 'Low Risk', I won't be anywhere near the top of the police's 'Wanted List', you know that?

WAINWRIGHT

You're a Lifer.

McCAFFERY

Then they can't give me a worse sentence, can they?

WAINWRIGHT

Go now and I won't say anything about it. What you do is your business.

McCAFFERY

I've nowhere else to go.

WAINWRIGHT

The police 'll provide you with a warm cell for the night.

McCAFFERY

Come on, we were best mates once, that must count for something?

WAINWRIGHT

What do you want from me?

McCAFFERY

One hour.

WAINWRIGHT

I'm calling the police.

SF/X NOISES OFF FROM NEIGHBOURS.

McCAFFERY

Sounds to me like the neighbours are taking an interest?

Respectable neighbourhood, by the look of it.

WAINWRIGHT

You can't come in.

McCAFFERY

(LAYING IT ON THICK)

I can't tell you how bad it's been for me, mate.

WAINWRIGHT

I'm sorry for you, I really am, but –

McCAFFERY

(OFFERING TO SHOW HIM)

Do you want to see the scars?

WAINWRIGHT

No, please.

McCAFFERY

I've been knifed by other cons, beaten unconscious by my cell-mate, kicked half-to-death by the screws –

WAINWRIGHT

I don't want to hear it.

McCAFFERY

I wasn't a criminal, I didn't think like them. It started the first week I was there. I shouldn't even have been in the man's jail. It's the scars you can't see that are the worst.

WAINWRIGHT

Wasn't there anyone you could turn to for help?

McCAFFERY

What help is there for an 18 year old boy who's been gang-raped by men twice his age?

WAINWRIGHT

Fucking hell, man, I had no idea.

S/FX MORE NOISES OFF FROM NEIGHBOURS.

McCAFFERY

You don't want the whole world to know your business, do you?

PAUSE.

Better make a decision quick.

WAINWRIGHT

One hour. You can't stay. Warm, dry and out. I don't care who knows.

“The Forest” by Kevin Fegan ©

HE LETS McCAFFERY IN.

Wipe your feet.

McCAFFERY

Sorry, mate, bit out of touch.

WAINWRIGHT

Don't call me, 'mate'.

SCENE 7

WAINWRIGHT’S HOUSE. CONTINUED INSIDE.

McCAFFERY MAKES HIMSELF AT HOME WHILE
WAINWRIGHT FINDS A TOWEL AND THROWS IT AT HIM.
McCAFFERY IS LOOKING FOR A DRINK.

McCAFFERY

You’ve done all right for yourself, haven’t you? Proper little
Hansel and Gretel house, innit?

WAINWRIGHT

I like it here.

McCAFFERY

I could take to this.

WAINWRIGHT

Don’t get too comfy. How did you find me?

McCAFFERY

You didn’t exactly move far, did you?

McCAFFERY FINDS A DRINK.

WAINWRIGHT

Help yourself, why don’t you?

McCAFFERY

Sorry, do you want one?

WAINWRIGHT

No.

McCAFFERY POURS HIM ONE ANYWAY.

McCAFFERY

Bit better than the pit estate we came from, eh?

WAINWRIGHT

I don't think we appreciated what we had back then.

McCAFFERY

I know what you mean, all this on our doorstep.

Why is it they sink pits in the most beautiful of places?

WAINWRIGHT

You wouldn't recognise it now.

McCAFFERY

At one time, you couldn't enter this part of the world without passing a pit. I didn't see any winding gear coming here, no slag-heaps.

WAINWRIGHT

All gone. All grassed over.

McCAFFERY

Nature's way of re-claiming what's hers, I suppose?

WAINWRIGHT

All in the last 15 years.

McCAFFERY

I paint landscapes.

WAINWRIGHT

Landscapes?

McCAFFERY

Of the mind. You didn't read any of my poetry, did you?

WAINWRIGHT

I would have liked to.

McCAFFERY

I wanted to bring them to the Parole Board, show what I’m really made of; but they wouldn’t let me.

WAINWRIGHT

That’s a shame. Although I don’t think he was the sort of Judge that would be impressed.

McCAFFERY

What about you? You surprised, me getting into poetry?

WAINWRIGHT

I’m pleased for you.

McCAFFERY

But are you surprised?

WAINWRIGHT

Not really. People change.

McCAFFERY

You have.

WAINWRIGHT

Yes.

McCAFFERY

Me too.

You’ve got a few letters after your name.

WAINWRIGHT

Yes.

McCAFFERY

And a few grey hairs.

WAINWRIGHT

Yes.

McCAFFERY

Me too.

A lot of changes.

WAINWRIGHT

To be expected.

McCAFFERY

Trust me to get sent down just as the rave scene was kickin'
in big-time.

WAINWRIGHT

Bad timing.

McCAFFERY

Bet you've had a ball, haven't you, all those parties?

WAINWRIGHT

I've had my moments.

McCAFFERY

Do you remember the first time we dropped an 'e'?

WAINWRIGHT

How could I forget?

McCAFFERY

Holding on to the banister. Frightened of losing our cool.
All those wasted years of standing around on the edge of the
dance-floor, watching the girls dancing ‘round their handbags,
waiting for the last dance at the disco before you dare ask
anyone. Then whoosh! No stoppin’ us.

WAINWRIGHT

No stoppin’ you.

McCAFFERY

Wicked.

WAINWRIGHT

No one says that any more.

McCAFFERY

I know that. I’ve not been living underground, you know.

WAINWRIGHT

Joke?

McCAFFERY POURS HIMSELF ANOTHER DRINK.

Did the poetry help?

McCAFFERY

What with?

WAINWRIGHT

You know, dealing with the, er, assaults and stuff?

McCAFFERY

Oh no, I made that up.

WAINWRIGHT

You what?

McCAFFERY

Well, you wouldn't have let me in, would you, if - ?

WAINWRIGHT

You mean - ? You cheeky fucker.

McCAFFERY PICKS UP A PHOTO OF HIM AND

WAINWRIGHT AS CHILDREN PLAYING OUTLAWS.

McCAFFERY

How old were we in this photo?

WAINWRIGHT

I should have known.

McCAFFERY

About 10, I reckon.

Cheers!

HE CLINKS GLASSES, EVEN THOUGH WAINWRIGHT

HASN'T PICKED UP. HE CARRIES ON REGARDLESS.

A toast. To the new Sheriff of Nottingham.

WAINWRIGHT

Still fancy yourself as Robin Hood?

SCENE 8

THE FOREST 1984. MUSIC. McCAFFERY AND
WAINWRIGHT, AGE 10, ARE PLAYING.

McCAFFERY

What you got there?

WAINWRIGHT

It's a proper throwing knife.

McCAFFERY

Giz a look.

WAINWRIGHT THROWS IT AT A TREE AND
IT STICKS IN.

McCAFFERY

Wow, it really works.

WAINWRIGHT

'Course it works.

McCAFFERY

Giz a go.

WAINWRIGHT HANDS HIM THE KNIFE. McCAFFERY
THROWS IT, BUT IT DOESN'T STICK IN. WAINWRIGHT
TAKES THE KNIFE OFF HIM.

WAINWRIGHT

You're doing it wrong. Don't hold it by the handle, hold it by
the blade. Kind of flick your wrist when you let go so it
summersaults before it hits the target.

McCAFFERY

How d’you know all this?

WAINWRIGHT

Me dad.

McCAFFERY

Did he buy it you?

WAINWRIGHT

He had one at 10, so he said I could have one.

McCAFFERY

You jammy bastard.

WAINWRIGHT

You’ve got a knife.

McCAFFERY

Yeah, right, me mum’s kitchen knife.

WAINWRIGHT

(ADMIRING HIS THROWING KNIFE) Don’t you just love the shape of the blade? It’s like a flame. They do a brown one as well; but I prefer the black one. And you get a leather sheath with it.

McCAFFERY

I’m gonna get one of them. Save up me pocket money, when I get any.

ELSEWHERE IN THE FOREST, MARION, AGE 7, IS PUSHING HER BIKE AND CARRYING A STICK. SHE IS WEARING A MAGGIE THATCHER MASK. SHE TAKES OFF

THE MASK.

MARION

I don't like pink. My daddy says, I throw a ball like a boy, but I don't care cos boys have more fun. He tells me to punch him in the stomach as hard as I can, and once I winded him cos he wasn't ready. My daddy had to grow tall so he could become a policeman. I like water cos it's blue, except in the forest where it's, like, muddy. I'm a fast swimmer, mum wants me to swim for my school like she did when she was my age. You have to be careful in the forest cos the trees are tall and look the same and it's dead easy to get lost. Girls are always telling me to get lost. My mum could have been an actress if she had the chance. I found this mask, it makes me look like a witch. My bike's really fast, I could easy get away from witches. Anyroad, I've got my stick, I'd batter any witches what tried to turn me into a toad. I wanna be a witch when I grow up, or a disco-dancer.

WAINWRIGHT

Let's play ambush. I'm Robin.

McCAFFERY

You're always Robin.

WAINWRIGHT

All right, you be Robin.

McCAFFERY

No, you've got the fancy knife.

WAINWRIGHT

The oaks, right, they're the Sheriff's men. We've got to sneak up and throw our knives at them. Not the birch trees, they're too skinny. If it sticks in, they're dead; if it dunt, they've got away. See how many we can kill before we have to go home.
THEY CRAWL ON THEIR BELLIES.

McCAFFERY

It's like army, this.

WAINWRIGHT

Commandoes.

McCAFFERY

Your dad was in the army, wasn't he?

WAINWRIGHT

Yeah.

McCAFFERY

Did he kill anybody?

WAINWRIGHT

Dunno. He dun't talk about it.

McCAFFERY

Bet he did.

WAINWRIGHT

He's got an Argentinian bayonet at home.

McCAFFERY

Honest? Can I see it?

WAINWRIGHT

Yeah; but we have to sneak a look.

McCAFFERY

Where did he get it?

WAINWRIGHT

Off a dead “Argie”, stupid.

McCAFFERY

Told you he killed people.

WAINWRIGHT

I never thought about it like that.

EXIT MARION.

SCENE 9

RETURN TO PRESENT DAY. WAINWRIGHT’S HOUSE.

McCAFFERY

None of us made very good outlaws, did we? They blew it ‘round here when they didn’t go out on strike. Breaking with tradition, siding with the Sheriff’s men, big mistake. Me dad thought they’d won, secured a future for their kids. By the time we started on the big money, it was all over.

WAINWRIGHT

They couldn’t win either way.

McCAFFERY

Best thing ever happened to you, by the look of it, finishing at pit.

WAINWRIGHT

You could say that.

McCAFFERY

You still keep guns?

WAINWRIGHT

No.

McCAFFERY

Thought it was in your blood?

WAINWRIGHT

Dad’s, not mine.

McCAFFERY

I couldn't believe it when he took you into that sports shop
and made you try those air-rifles like they were football boots,
until he found you one that fit. How old were we? 14? 15?

WAINWRIGHT

He did it properly. He told me if I ever abused a weapon, he'd
take it off me.

McCAFFERY

He didn't know what we got up to in the woods though, did
he?

PAUSE.

You always let me play with them, I'll give you that.

WAINWRIGHT

You were a good shot.

McCAFFERY

You were better.

We were outlaws then, all right; armed and dangerous.

WAINWRIGHT

Never dangerous - I joined a gun club, remember?

McCAFFERY

Only so you could use more powerful weapons legally.
44 Magnum? It was like firing a cannon with your bare hands,
the kickback.

(RUBBING BETWEEN HIS THUMB AND INDEX FINGER)

Cut the bridge just here – look, there’s a scar. Most powerful hand-gun in the world at the time. And what were we shooting at? Bloody paper targets.

WAINWRIGHT

Never seemed daft to me.

McCAFFERY

Lucky it didn’t dislocate my shoulder.

PAUSE.

Was it normal, do you think?

WAINWRIGHT

What do you mean?

McCAFFERY

Playing with guns.

WAINWRIGHT

No harm done.

McCAFFERY

You nearly blew my head off.

WAINWRIGHT

It was an air rifle. You had a pistol.

McCAFFERY

Yeah, yours. You had a telescopic sight.

WAINWRIGHT

So if I really wanted to hit you, I could have.

McCAFFERY

I was hiding behind a tree.

WAINWRIGHT

It was a big, fat oak.

McCAFFERY

Still a tree.

WAINWRIGHT

You could easy hide your whole body. Not like it was a silver birch or something where you'd have to stand sideways for cover.

McCAFFERY

We weren't supposed to be shooting at each other.

WAINWRIGHT

I was keeping it low.

McCAFFERY

In case you winged me.

WAINWRIGHT

In the leg, maybe; it wouldn't be the end of the world.

McCAFFERY

We were ambushing trees, that was the game. Then, all of a sudden, you're firing at my tree.

WAINWRIGHT

It was a bit of fun.

McCAFFERY

What did it feel like? Shooting at someone.

WAINWRIGHT

You shot back, you tell me.

McCAFFERY

And what if you'd killed me?

WAINWRIGHT

Don't be so melodramatic.

McCAFFERY

You'd be doing Life.

McCAFFERY WANDERS AROUND THE ROOM AGAIN. HE
STOPS AT A PHOTO OF WAINWRIGHT'S SON.

Yours?

WAINWRIGHT

My son.

McCAFFERY

Good-looking kid. Obviously doesn't get it from you.

PAUSE.

All alone on a Saturday night, are we?

WAINWRIGHT

Not any more.

McCAFFERY

No photos of the boy's mother?

WAINWRIGHT FINALLY PICKS UP HIS GLASS AND
DRINKS.

SCENE 10

CONTINUED FROM SCENE 8. THE FOREST 1984. MUSIC.

WAINWRIGHT & McCAFFERY, AGE 10, HAVE BUILT A DEN. WAINWRIGHT HAS A MINER’S HELMET, A CAMERA AND A WOMAN’S DRESS IN THE DEN.

ELSEWHERE IN THE FOREST, MARION RE-APPEARS WITH HER BIKE AND STICK AND WEARING HER MAGGIE THATCHER MASK.

McCAFFERY

What we waitin’ for?

WAINWRIGHT

Shurrup. You’ll give the game away.

McCAFFERY

What game?

WAINWRIGHT

It’s an ambush, stupid.

McCAFFERY

Who we ambushin’?

WAINWRIGHT

A girl.

McCAFFERY

What girl?

WAINWRIGHT

Any girl. Next one to come along. She’s gonna be my Maid

Marion.

McCAFFERY

What about me?

WAINWRIGHT

You’ve got a castle, you’re the Sherrif.

McCAFFERY

I want a Maid Marion.

WAINWRIGHT

Find your own.

McCAFFERY

I’ll kidnap yours.

WAINWRIGHT

You can’t do that. Everybody knows Maid Marion lives with Robin in the Major Oak, ‘cause it’s got a hole in the roof to escape.

McCAFFERY

Yeah, well, the Sherrif kidnaps her and Robin Hood has to come looking for her so he can capture Robin and hang him by the neck from the castle ‘til he’s dead. I saw it on the telly.

WAINWRIGHT

You liar, he got away.

McCAFFERY

Not on my telly. Anyroad, you’re not allowed in the Major Oak.

WAINWRIGHT TAKES AN ACORN FROM HIS POCKET.

WAINWRIGHT

I've got this lucky acorn, I'm going to plant it. It'll grow as big
as the Major Oak.

McCAFFERY

I'll chop it down.

WAINWRIGHT

I'll chop you down.

McCAFFERY

What do we do when we've ambushed her?

WAINWRIGHT

Make her wear this dress.

McCAFFERY

Where'd you get that?

WAINWRIGHT

Mum's wardrobe.

McCAFFERY

It's your mum's dress.

WAINWRIGHT

So?

McCAFFERY

She'll kill you.

WAINWRIGHT

She won't even know.

McCAFFERY

It's too big.

WAINWRIGHT

I've brought some safety pins to tuck it in.

McCAFFERY

What if this girl won't do it?

WAINWRIGHT

We'll take her clothes off.

McCAFFERY

She'll run away.

WAINWRIGHT

We'll tie her up.

McCAFFERY

She'll cry.

WAINWRIGHT

We'll stab her with these pins.

McCAFFERY

She'll die and they'll throw you in the dungeon. It's pitch black like the forest at night.

WAINWRIGHT

Big deal, I've got a miner's helmet, I can see in the dark.

McCAFFERY

Sssh! There's someone comin'. It's a girl.

MARION APPROACHES, WEARING HER MAGGIE

THATCHER MASK. THE TWO BOYS SURROUND HER.

SHE DROPS HER BIKE AND GRIPS HER STICK.

WAINWRIGHT

Who are you s’posed to be?

MARION

Don’t you know, stupid?

McCAFFERY

Take it off.

MARION

No.

WAINWRIGHT

D’you wanna come in our den?

MARION

I don’t like dens.

WAINWRIGHT

It’s our secret.

McCAFFERY

We’re outlaws.

WAINWRIGHT

I am, he’s not. He’s the Sherrif.

McCAFFERY

No, I’m not.

WAINWRIGHT

I’m Robin Hood. D’you wanna be Maid Marion?

MARION

No.

WAINWRIGHT

Please?

MARION

What's it worth?

McCAFFERY PRODUCES A SMALL ANIMAL SKULL FROM HIS POCKET.

McCAFFERY

I've got this skull. But you can't have it.

WAINWRIGHT

I've got this dress.

MARION LIFTS HER MASK.

MARION

Let me see.

WAINWRIGHT SHOWS HER THE DRESS. BEFORE SHE TAKES IT, SHE LETS THEM KNOW SHE CAN DEFEND HERSELF WITH THE STICK. SHE TAKES THE DRESS AND PULLS IT ON OVER HER CLOTHES. WAINWRIGHT HANDS McCAFFERY THE CAMERA.

McCAFFERY

Don't wear it, you'll have to marry him.

MARION

What you gonna wear?

WAINWRIGHT

I've got this helmet?

WAINWRIGHT WEARS THE HELMET. MARION WEARS

HER MASK AGAIN. THEY POSE FOR A WEDDING PHOTO.

MARION

(TO McCAFFERY) Take a picture then.

McCAFFERY

You shunt wear that.

WAINWRIGHT

Can so.

MARION COLLECTS HER BIKE WHILE THEY ARGUE.

McCAFFERY

Giz it here.

WAINWRIGHT

I can wear it if I want.

McCAFFERY

You're not supposed to wear it outside pit.

WAINWRIGHT

Just superstition that.

McCAFFERY

Me dad says it causes arguments.

WAINWRIGHT

We're not on strike.

McCAFFERY

Us neither.

WAINWRIGHT

Anybody calls me 'scab', I'll get police onto 'em.

McCAFFERY

Bloody strikers.

WAINWRIGHT

Done nowt for us.

MARION CYCLES AWAY, WEARING THE DRESS.

WAINWRIGHT

Hey! Where you goin’?

MARION

Thanks for the dress, suckers!

SCENE 11

RETURN TO PRESENT DAY. WAINWRIGHT’S HOUSE.

WAINWRIGHT

You dry yet?

McCAFFERY THROWS THE TOWEL BACK AT HIM AND OFFERS TO SHAKE HANDS. MUSIC.

McCAFFERY

No hard feelings?

WAINWRIGHT

‘Course not.

WAINWRIGHT OFFERS HIS HAND; BUT McCAFFERY PULLS HIS HAND AWAY AND HE IS IN HANDCUFFS. McCAFFERY IS 18 AGAIN AND HE HAS JUST BEEN SENTENCED.

McCAFFERY

I am taken straight from the courtroom in ‘cuffs. I can taste my family’s shame as I’m led to a waiting van. I can’t see out of the windows. I want to look at ordinary people in the street, collect a few last images before it’s too late. I start to lose all sense of time. The van stops. I hear gates slamming shut. I smell the diesel engine ticking over. The van door opens and slams behind me. Gate after gate slam like orders from above. Some of the screws are female, I wasn’t expecting that. Form after form for me to sign. They make me strip and take everything away. They leave me to stew, bollock-naked,

for a while so I'm grateful when my prison issue arrives. I'm escorted to a cell. The door slams into my face like angry words, hitting me like revenge.

WAINWRIGHT IS SHAKING HANDS, RELIVING HIS FIRST DAY AT UNIVERSITY.

WAINWRIGHT

I shake hands with mum and dad and they drive away, pipping their horn as they round the corner. I can hardly believe I'm here. Me at university. I always knew I wouldn't stick it down the pit, even with the big money; but I never thought I'd turn into an academic. Mixed Halls of Residence suits me just fine, never seen so many fit women. Welcome to bedsitland, behind every door I can smell adventure.

I sit in my room with my belongings all around me, enjoying my privacy. I turn the key in the lock, wrap myself in clean sheets and think of starting afresh. I fall to sleep with the sweet taste of success. It feels like Day One. I can hear my future knocking.

McCAFFERY

Dad came to visit, once. He says, “Hello, son. Are they treating you well? Your mother sends her love. Sure, you know your mother: she's not used to this sort of thing. She's never had to deal with The Law in her life. She certainly couldn't face this place. And you, her favourite, locked away like some kind of dangerous animal.”

He confessed he'd been in a few police cells in his time, for the fighting. He'd never told mum, he thought the shock might have killed her. What about this shock? I wanted to ask him but I couldn't.

“Your brothers have said they'll visit when they can get the time off work.”

What about his work?

“This redundancy is killing me. It's not the money, I have a handsome cheque for my labours, I'll give them their due. You know me, I'm a worker and, sure, your mother hates me under her feet. I've heard things are picking up back home. All the talk is of an economic miracle in the making. I've been told I could easy get the casual work, even at my age.”

Was there something he was trying to tell me?

“Damn this country! We should never have come here in the first place. God knows, we tried to make a go of it back home. If it wasn't for the want of work. What choice did we have? None of this would have happened if I'd stayed put. My whole life has been a terrible mistake. I've played out my life down some foreign hole in the ground, it's enough to make any man bitter.”

Dad said he wouldn't be along to visit me again. They were off on the old boat, back to the old sod.

“We'll write the new address an' all. Come for a holiday when it's all over and done with.”

He wished there was something he could say or do and told me I'd always be in their prayers.

WAINWRIGHT

My dad said he was proud of me.

“Your mother never wanted you to work underground. But she didn't want you to be a soldier like me, neither. Not much else to choose from 'round here. She wanted us to emigrate, Australia or Canada, but I wouldn't leave this part of the world. I love this country. And now a son at university, who'd have thought it? I know I made the right decision to stay put.”

McCAFFERY OFFERS HIS HAND AGAIN TO

WAINWRIGHT, WHO ACCEPTS AND THEY SHAKE HANDS.

WAINWRIGHT

I'm sorry, it must have been so hard for you, all these years.

McCAFFERY

How come you never came to visit?

NO RESPONSE.

Do you know what it's like, at night, in your cell?

Remember when you're crawling along a yardie seam, on your belly and suddenly the light on your helmet goes out?

That feeling of total darkness, of the roof and the walls closing in; you can't go forward and you can't turn back, thinking, any minute now, I'm gonna be crushed. Imagine that, every night of your life for 15 years.

WAINWRIGHT

Sounds like you swopped one hell-hole for another.

McCAFFERY

Did you ever think of visiting?

Or writing a letter?

NO RESPONSE.

I often thought about you: what kind of life you'd be living?

I often thought about what life I might have had.

WAINWRIGHT

You've done well inside.

McCAFFERY

You mean my writing?

WAINWRIGHT

You might never have discovered you could –

McCAFFERY

If I hadn't been sent down?

WAINWRIGHT

It's not all bad, is it? You've come a long way.

McCAFFERY

But not far enough to be released?

WAINWRIGHT

That's why you're here.

McCAFFERY

Why wouldn't the Parole Board recommend release?

WAINWRIGHT

You know why.

McCAFFERY

I'm still regarded as a risk?

WAINWRIGHT

Yes.

McCAFFERY

Was the decision unanimous?

WAINWRIGHT

I can't say.

McCAFFERY

Tell me.

WAINWRIGHT

I'm not allowed.

McCAFFERY

I'm giving you permission.

WAINWRIGHT

It doesn't work like that.

McCAFFERY

Was it unanimous?

WAINWRIGHT

No, it wasn't unanimous.

PAUSE.

McCAFFERY

Do you ever see anything of the girl?

WAINWRIGHT

Marion? (LYING) No.

McCAFFERY

You’ve no idea what she’s doing now?

WAINWRIGHT

Not right now, no.

McCAFFERY

Shame you never hooked up with her, she was hot.

NO RESPONSE.

McCAFFERY

Always thought you and her might, you know?

WAINWRIGHT

No, I don’t know.

McCAFFERY

Come off it, she fancied you that night.

WAINWRIGHT

I don’t want to talk about it.

McCAFFERY

Not even now, after all this time?

NO RESPONSE.

No, you never did, did you?

WAINWRIGHT

I gave a statement.

McCAFFERY

Didn’t see you in court? Or Marion?

WAINWRIGHT

I wasn't called. I can't speak for her.

McCAFFERY

Convenient that, wasn't it?

WAINWRIGHT

Meaning?

McCAFFERY

Strange how you didn't appear in court at the original trial; yet, up you pop, 15 years later, at the Parole Hearing, without so much as a “do you mind?”

WAINWRIGHT

It was work. I'm paid to do it.

McCAFFERY

Paid for your opinion, now there's a thing. Oh, I'd like a job like yours.

WAINWRIGHT

I thought about you the entire journey home yesterday. I've been thinking about nothing else since.

McCAFFERY

I'm touched.

PAUSE.

Which way did you vote?

WAINWRIGHT

I want you to leave.

McCAFFERY

What’s the matter? Do you feel at risk?

WAINWRIGHT

You’ve out-stayed your welcome, McCaffery.

McCAFFERY

After all, I have killed before.

WAINWRIGHT

Why are you bitter?

McCAFFERY

Not bitter, angry. You get that way when you’ve been betrayed.

WAINWRIGHT

I don’t have to put up with this.

McCAFFERY

Which way did you vote, Wainwright?

WAINWRIGHT

I’m calling the police.

WAINWRIGHT GOES FOR THE PHONE, McCAFFERY

STOPS HIM.

McCAFFERY

Which way did you vote?

THEY WRESTLE.

THERE IS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

INTERVAL.

SCENE 12

CONTINUES FROM SCENE 11. OUTSIDE AND INSIDE
WAINWRIGHT'S. WAINWRIGHT CAN SEE IT'S MARION AT
THE DOOR. HE STEPS OUTSIDE.

DURING THIS SCENE, McCAFFERY LOOKS FOR AND
FINDS A STRONG-BOX AND THE KEY TO OPEN IT.
HE TAKES OUT A GUN AND HANDCUFFS FROM THE BOX
AND STASHES THEM ON HIS PERSON, THEN PUTS THE
BOX BACK. HE HOLDS ON TO THE KEY. McCAFFERY
POURS HIMSELF ANOTHER DRINK.

WAINWRIGHT

It's you.

MARION

Well? You wanted to talk. Here I am, so talk. Because if you
want to see Josh again, we have to sort this mess out, once
and for all.

SHE TRIES TO COME IN; BUT HE BLOCKS HER.

WAINWRIGHT

Not now.

MARION

What is it with you? Only last night you're trying to break in
and –

WAINWRIGHT

Not good timing.

MARION

Excuse me, you'd better go and tell your tart to keep the bed warm while we sort this out.

WAINWRIGHT

Go away.

MARION

I don't believe this.

WAINWRIGHT

Just –

MARION

I have deliberately left Josh so I can have it out with you. I am not going anywhere until –

WAINWRIGHT

Left him? Who with?

MARION

His grandma.

WAINWRIGHT

That's all right, then. Only, I don't want you leaving –

MARION

Let me in. This is ridiculous.

WAINWRIGHT

I can't do that.

MARION

Suit yourself. If you want the world to know your business.

WAINWRIGHT

I can't believe you called the police on me. How could you do that, you bitch? I was very nearly arrested.

MARION

You brought it on yourself.

WAINWRIGHT

You told them I had a gun.

MARION

I did not.

WAINWRIGHT

I could have been shot.

MARION

You said, your exact words, “I swear I'll get a gun”.

WAINWRIGHT

I didn't mean it. I was trying to frighten you –

MARION

Well, you succeeded.

WAINWRIGHT

Frighten you into letting me take Josh.

MARION

Wainwright, you have to rise above your feelings.

WAINWRIGHT

Like you, you mean?

MARION

You have to put Josh first. That’s the only way to know how to behave for the best.

WAINWRIGHT

For you.

MARION

And you.

WAINWRIGHT

And lover boy.

MARION

For all our sakes.

Look, I realise it’s not you has ended the relationship, it’s me.

WAINWRIGHT

Very big of you.

MARION

I don’t know why I bother.

WAINWRIGHT

You’re my wife.

MARION

We never got married, remember?

WAINWRIGHT

You can’t blame that on me. You’re still my partner.

MARION

“Was” your partner.

WAINWRIGHT

I’m hurting, Marion, I’m hurting bad. You did this to us so you’ll have to live with the consequences.

McCAFFERY STEPS OUTSIDE.

McCAFFERY

Fuck me, if it isn’t Maid Marion herself.

MARION

(TO WAINWRIGHT) Have they let him go?

McCAFFERY

Wait a minute, don’t tell me you and her?

WAINWRIGHT

(TO MARION) Not exactly, no.

McCAFFERY

I’m on a little Home Visit, seeing old pals, isn’t that right?

WAINWRIGHT

Something like that.

McCAFFERY

No wonder you didn’t visit, you two.

MARION

(TO WAINWRIGHT) I’ll leave you to it.

McCAFFERY

No, no, no; come in, have a drink.

WAINWRIGHT

(TO MARION) I don’t think that’s a good idea. He was just about to leave.

McCAFFERY

Don't be so anti-social. We've not seen each other for 15 years, we've lots of catching up to do.

(USHERING HER IN) Come on, what you havin'? I won't take no for an answer.

ONCE INSIDE, McCAFFERY POURS THEM A DRINK.

McCAFFERY

Sorry about the mess – man living on his own, you know how it is?

MARION

Can't be worse than living with hundreds of men?

McCAFFERY

Touche. You've not lost it.

(RAISING HIS GLASS) Cheers: “to us”.

WAINWRIGHT

There is no “us”.

McCAFFERY

I see now which one of us you really fancied. Best man won and all that. I never stood a chance, did I, with this handsome brute?

MARION

You didn't exactly audition well, did you?

McCAFFERY

I like this girl. That was very naughty of you, Wainwright, not to let on about you and Marion. He told me, he had no idea

what you were doing these days.

MARION

Is that so?

WAINWRIGHT

I don't.

McCAFFERY

You still living 'round here?

MARION

Not far.

McCAFFERY

He loves it here, don't you Wainwright?

MARION

I wouldn't have thought you'd come back here?

McCAFFERY

Why not? We all grew up in the forest, didn't we? Happy days.

SCENE 13

THE FOREST. MUSIC.

WAINWRIGHT

I had a favourite place down by the stream. There was this one tree stretched out over the water and we'd hang rope swings from it, so we could Tarzan over crocodiles below and swing across to the other side. Sometimes we'd fall in and get soaking wet and have to hang ourselves out to dry. Years later, I took Marion down there. It was a lovely warm evening, there was no else around and we talked about our different blue fantasies. I told her one of mine and she stretched out over the base of this tree where it started to bend over the green water. A kingfisher appeared on the banks of the stream. It was one of those magical moments when great sex and making love were catching fire at the same time.

McCAFFERY

I had a crush on this girl at school. She was in my class and our teacher that year was a nun, Sister Assumption. We were singing hymns in the classroom before lessons and a few of us were deliberately singing out of tune and giggling. Sister stopped the singing and picked on this girl, dragging her out in front of the class. She reached for her cane and made this girl hold out her hand. Sister raised her arm and her dark cape fanned open like a raven's wing. She whacked it as hard as she could and this girl winced, on the edge of tears. She

thought that was it, but Sister made her hold out the other hand and whacked it just as hard. Then Sister did the same again. And this girl started to cry with the pain. Then Sister did the same again. And this girl was bawling with the humiliation. Then Sister did the same again. And this girl screamed with the degradation. And I wanted to grab the cane off Sister and beat her with it, beat her black and blue, beat her in the name of justice. But I did nothing. Instead, I ran to the forest and cried. For the girl. For myself. And swore, next time I would do something.

MARION

I wasn't allowed to play in the forest on my own. That's why I did it. It was like a secret meeting with a stranger. Sometimes, I'd lean into a strong, dark tree and wrap its green branches around me, restraining my arms, tugging at my hair, its tender leaves falling over my face, stroking my neck, gently gagging my mouth. I could surrender myself in the knowledge that I wouldn't be hurt. I didn't want to be controlled, but I didn't want to be in control either. The men I've met never seem to understand that.

SCENE 14

RETURN TO PRESENT DAY AT WAINWRIGHT’S.

McCAFFERY

So, I assume you two got it together outside the courtroom?

MARION

It wasn’t like that.

McCAFFERY

Oh? What was it like?

MARION

It was about 10 years later, if you must know.

McCAFFERY

Really? You know how to keep a man waiting, Marion, I’ll give you that.

PAUSE.

And a beautiful little boy? Wainwright’s showed me the photos.

MARION

He is, very beautiful.

McCAFFERY

But now it’s all gone a bit –

MARION

It’s over, yes.

WAINWRIGHT

Have you quite finished picking over the bones of our relationship with strangers?

McCAFFERY

Oops! Still a bit raw.

WAINWRIGHT

It's none of your goddamn business.

McCAFFERY

I don't think it's over for Wainwright, he's a bit depressed.

WAINWRIGHT

I am not depressed.

MARION

Depression is low-level anger.

McCAFFERY

Really? What's alcoholism?

WAINWRIGHT

I'm warning you.

McCAFFERY

Chill out, man, you're so aggressive.

MARION

See what I mean?

WAINWRIGHT

Don't give me you're counselling bullshit. I'm not one of your inadequates.

MARION

I wouldn't have you as a client, believe me.

McCAFFERY

You're a counsellor?

MARION

Yes.

WAINWRIGHT

She’s in training.

MARION

No. I’m a qualified counsellor. I’m in training as a therapist.

WAINWRIGHT

Sorry, she’s in re-training; she was a dancer.

McCAFFERY

I remember.

MARION

So? You were a pit-moggy when I first met you.

McCAFFERY

A counsellor and a criminologist – mmm, barrel of laughs around your campfire. I’ll bet.

WAINWRIGHT

(LEANING ON THE PHONE) Why don’t you leave?

McCAFFERY

(IGNORING HIM) I’m not really surprised you guys got it together. After all, you have a lot in common, a history.

MARION

You mean, you? Took me years to recover.

McCAFFERY

(SARCASTIC) Tell me about it.

MARION

Okay, maybe not 15 years; but I couldn't get serious with any boy after what you did?

McCAFFERY

What did I do, Marion?

MARION

You don't need me to tell you.

McCAFFERY

I did the crime and I've done the time. But what did you do, Marion?

MARION

I don't know what you mean?

McCAFFERY

No? Let me remind you.

SCENE 15

DANCE MUSIC. 1992. A NIGHTCLUB IN THE FOREST.

WAINWRIGHT IS WEARING A T-SHIRT WITH “18 TODAY
AND STILL A VIRGIN”. McCAFFERY IS WITH HIM.

MARION, AN OLDER-LOOKING 15 YEAR OLD, IS EYEING
THEM UP.

McCAFFERY

She fancies me.

WAINWRIGHT

Bollocks.

McCAFFERY

She keeps looking this way.

WAINWRIGHT

Yeah, at the handsome guy next to you.

McCAFFERY

You, you ugly twat?

WAINWRIGHT

Who else?

McCAFFERY

Looking for the sympathy vote cos it's your birthday?

WAINWRIGHT

She doesn't know that.

McCAFFERY

Don't you think the t-shirt is a bit of a give-away?

WAINWRIGHT

Oh yeah, I forgot about that.

MARION WALKS TOWARDS THEM.

Buzzin', she's coming over.

SHE WALKS DELIBERATELY BETWEEN THEM TO THE
BAR.

McCAFFERY

(CALLING AFTER HER, HOLDING UP HIS GLASS) Oi,
gorgeous, mine's a large one.

MARION

Not what I've heard, darlin'.

WAINWRIGHT

I thought you'd come to buy 'me' a drink?

SHE TAKES A GOOD LOOK AT HIM.

WAINWRIGHT

It's me birthday.

MARION

I can see that.

McCAFFERY

He's hoping to lose his t-shirt tonight.

WAINWRIGHT

Can I buy you one?

MARION

If you like.

McCAFFERY

I'm collecting birthday kisses for him.

SHE CHECKS NO ONE IS LOOKING, THEN PLANTS A
KISS ON WAINWRIGHT'S LIPS. McCAFFERY OFFERS HIS
LIPS BUT SHE FEEDS HIM A CHERRY FROM HER DRINK.

McCAFFERY

Oh look, I've popped her cherry.

MARION IS LOOKING AROUND.

McCAFFERY

Lost someone?

MARION

No, er, just a mate.

McCAFFERY

There y'are, Wainwright, she's got a pal for you.

MARION

D'you work at pit?

McCAFFERY

Does it show?

MARION

Got plenty of money, then; you can buy me another.

WAINWRIGHT

Not for much longer.

McCAFFERY

Closing us down. After all that fucking aggro.

WAINWRIGHT

I didn't want to work there anyroad. I'm happy with
redundancy.

McCAFFERY

We won't get no redundancy, we've only been there two years
Betrayed, that's us; the bastards. We didn't go out on strike,
what they picking on us for?

WAINWRIGHT

Don't get him started.

McCAFFERY

I'm cool.

WAINWRIGHT

What d'you do?

MARION

Er, dance.

WAINWRIGHT

Nice one.

McCAFFERY

Stripper, more like.

WAINWRIGHT

She's not.

MARION

Don't you think I could?

WAINWRIGHT

I dint mean it like that; I mean, er, you've got the body for it.

McCAFFERY

I don't know, I'd need to see it first.

MARION

Cheeky fucker.

SHE IS LOOKING ROUND AGAIN.

MARION

(SUDDENLY) I'd better go.

WAINWRIGHT

Hang on, what's your name?

SHE LEAVES.

McCAFFERY

What you said to her, you knobhead? We were lined up for a threesome there.

WAINWRIGHT

I'm not firing the same hole as you.

McCAFFERY

Come on, lover boy, might as well get off our faces and have a dance.

MUSIC STOPS DEAD.

SCENE 16

RETURN TO PRESENT DAY AT WAINWRIGHT’S.

MARION

(TO McCAFFERY)

You never recognised me, did you? As the little girl who stole your dress.

WAINWRIGHT

She’d been watching us for years.

McCAFFERY

Is that true?

MARION

I’d seen you from afar.

WAINWRIGHT

Liar. You told me you had a crush on us.

MARION

I didn’t know any better.

McCAFFERY

I’m flattered.

MARION

Don’t be. I was younger than you, that’s all.

McCAFFERY

You should have said, that night.

MARION

I was going to.

WAINWRIGHT

Yeah, like you were going to tell us your so-called mate was actually your boyfriend?

MARION

I didn't get the chance.

WAINWRIGHT

You used us.

MARION

I did not.

WAINWRIGHT

To escape from your jealous boyfriend.

MARION

I didn't mean anybody to get hurt.

WAINWRIGHT

Yes, you did. You wanted us to chase him away for you.

Only he didn't run, did he? We did 'cause he'd got all his mates with him.

SCENE 17

MUSIC. RETURN TO NIGHTCLUB 1992.

WAINWRIGHT

(AS IF BOYFRIEND IS HAVING A GO AT HIM) I don't want no trouble. (PAUSE). I didn't know she was. (PAUSE). She never said. (PAUSE). Why would I do that?

McCAFFERY STEPS DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF WAINWRIGHT, AS IF FRONTING IT WITH MARION'S BOYFRIEND.

McCAFFERY

Chill out, youth, it's his birthday, we're just having a goodtime. (PAUSE). I'm his minder, if you must know. (PAUSE). Drop yourself a pill, sort your head out and have a dance, no one likes a beer-monster. (PAUSE) We'll leave when we're ready. (PAUSE). Tough guy when you've got all your mates behind you, aren't you? (PAUSE). Why, do you want to give him a birthday kiss?

MCCAFFERY HOLDS HIS NOSE AS IF HE'S BEEN HEADBUTTED BUT RECOVERS QUICKLY AND STANDS HIS GROUND.

Is that the best you can do?

WAINWRIGHT

Bouncers!

WAINWRIGHT GRABS McCAFFERY AND TAKES HIM AWAY.

WAINWRIGHT

What the fuck do you think you're doing?

McCAFFERY

You've got to stand up to these cunts.

WAINWRIGHT

Let's go.

McCAFFERY

I haven't finished me drink.

WAINWRIGHT

Leave it.

McCAFFERY

I'm not running from nobody.

WAINWRIGHT

They'll be waiting for us outside.

McCAFFERY

Let 'em wait.

WAINWRIGHT

Great fucking birthday, this has turned out to be. All because of that bitch.

McCAFFERY

She soon disappeared, didn't she, eh?

WAINWRIGHT

Come on, there's an emergency exit.

MUSIC STOPS.

SCENE 18

RETURN TO PRESENT DAY AT WAINWRIGHT’S.

MARION

(TO WAINWRIGHT) I didn’t realise you blamed me?

WAINWRIGHT

You do now.

MARION

I was 15.

WAINWRIGHT

You were a tart then and you’re a tart now.

MARION

(SARCASTIC) Of course, if I left you, I must be. Who, in their right mind, could leave someone as amusing and loyal as you?

WAINWRIGHT

I wish I’d never met you.

MARION

You’d wish away our son?

NO RESPONSE.

I don’t have to put up with this shit, I’m off.

McCAFFERY BLOCKS THE DOOR.

Get out of my way.

McCAFFERY

No one leaves until I say so.

MARION

Wainwright?

WAINWRIGHT

Let her go.

SHE TRIES AGAIN TO PASS. McCAFFERY PULLS OUT
WAINWRIGHT'S GUN.

McCAFFERY

You lied to me, Wainwright. When I saw that strong-box, I
knew you were lying. You told me, you didn't keep guns any
more. You really should keep the key in a less obvious place.

WAINWRIGHT

You bastard, let her go; this is between you and me.

MARION

What the fuck's going on?

McCAFFERY

I think we're all involved, don't you?

WAINWRIGHT

He's on the run, Marion, he's crazy.

McCAFFERY

Sit down and shut up.

MARION

Now he tells me. Thanks, thanks a million for dragging me
into this.

WAINWRIGHT

I tried to keep you out, you and your big mouth.

McCAFFERY

Tut-tut, fighting like an old married couple, you should be ashamed of yourselves.

HE TAKES A ROPE FROM THE BOX AND THROWS IT AT WAINWRIGHT.

Tie her up.

WAINWRIGHT

Fuck you.

McCAFFERY POINTS THE GUN AT MARION'S HEAD.

MARION

Do it.

WAINWRIGHT TIES HER.

McCAFFERY

Tight.

WAINWRIGHT TIGHTENS THE ROPE.

Is that turning you on, Marion?

It's turning Wainwright on. You can strip her, if you like; stick pins in her or make her wear your mum's dress?

WAINWRIGHT LUNGES AT McCAFFERY. McCAFFERY HITS HIM WITH THE BUTT OF THE GUN AND KNOCKS HIM TO THE GROUND. McCAFFERY HANDCUFFS HIM.

McCAFFERY

Touch a nerve, did I? You just missed your big chance to get your own back on her.

MARION

What do you want from us?

McCAFFERY

Tell her.

WAINWRIGHT

Tell her, what?

McCAFFERY

Tell her what happened next.

WAINWRIGHT

I'm not playing your stupid games.

McCAFFERY

This is no game, believe me. I want to hear what you've got to say 'cause we never heard it in court, did we?

MARION

We gave statements, you know that.

WAINWRIGHT

They wouldn't let us appear, you pleaded guilty.

McCAFFERY

Yes, I did; like a good Catholic boy, I took on all the guilt.

WAINWRIGHT

What's that supposed to mean? We didn't kill him.

McCAFFERY

You're in my court now. Tell us what happened.

WAINWRIGHT TESTIFIES, AS IF 18 AGAIN AND
APPEARING IN COURT AT McCAFFERY'S TRIAL.

WAINWRIGHT

The emergency exit led straight into the forest. It was our forest, where we used to play. I thought they'd never find us. It was dark; but we heard them nearby. We decided to split up. I don't know where McCaffery ended up; but I hid in a tree, its trunk had been opened by lightning or old age or something. I seemed to be in there for ages. I was coming down off the 'e' so I was feeling a bit floaty. The bark was peeling off in my hands, it felt weird but pleasant to touch. I heard someone approach. He stopped right in front of me. It was him, the boyfriend. He had his back to me and he was alone, he must have drifted away from the others. I took my chance and jumped him. I knocked him to the ground and stuck the boot in; but he recovered quickly and grabbed my leg. I lost my balance. We both got up and he smacked me in the face and legged it. That was the last I saw of him.

McCAFFERY

We'd split up. I was walking along a track; I was lost. I don't know how long I was there, it seemed like the dawn would never arrive. It was pitch black. He literally ran into me. We both, like, froze for a second, face to face. I looked into his green eyes and saw fear. I nugged him; he went down, dropped to his knees. I picked up this log and smashed his head with it. There was dark blood coming from his head. The blood was seeping through the grass and into the ground.

WAINWRIGHT

I found McCaffery wandering through the forest like he didn't know where he was going. I stopped him. I saw blood splattered on his clothes. I saw the look in his eye. He didn't say a word. I just knew what he'd done. It was me who called the ambulance.

RETURN TO LIVING ROOM. McCAFFERY PULLS MARION'S HEAD BACK AND PUSHES HIS FACE IN TO HERS.

McCAFFERY

I think you owe me at least a fuck, after what I did for you?

WAINWRIGHT

Leave her alone.

McCAFFERY

You know you want me.

WAINWRIGHT

You touch her, I swear I'll kill you.

McCAFFERY LETS HER GO AND TURNS ON

WAINWRIGHT.

McCAFFERY

What's this? The expert criminologist threatening murder. You told me you weren't capable of killing? Now, either you are or you aren't, which is it to be?

MARION

Stop it, please stop it.

McCAFFERY BINDS WAINWRIGHT WITH ROPE AND
GAGS HIS MOUTH AND DRAGS HIM OFF-STAGE (INTO A
BACK ROOM).

SCENE 19

McCAFFERY RE-ENTERS TO FIND MARION, STILL TIED UP BUT TRYING TO ESCAPE.

MARION

McCaffery, we can talk about this. You don't have to hurt us.

McCAFFERY

Ah, therapy, I like the sound of that.

Okay, let's talk.

HE PUTS THE GUN DOWN.

Off you go.

MARION

What do you want to know?

McCAFFERY

Which one of us did you really fancy?

MARION

Both of you.

McCAFFERY

Don't lie to me because you're scared.

MARION

I'm telling you the truth.

McCAFFERY

That's good to know because I really fancied you. If

Wainwright had gone to prison instead of me, do you think me and you...?

MARION

No.

McCAFFERY

But you got it together with Wainwright?

MARION

I told you, it was 10 years later. We'd both completely changed, we were different people.

McCAFFERY

I've changed. I'm a different person.

MARION

Then, it's possible, we might have. I met Wainwright again through work and we had a history.

McCAFFERY

Me.

MARION

We were both disturbed by what had happened to you, it brought us together again.

McCAFFERY

Both victims – that's nice.

MARION

I realise now it was a mistake. It's not a healthy reason for having a relationship with someone.

McCAFFERY

Have you told him this?

MARION

He knows why I left.

McCAFFERY

Let's role play.

MARION

What?

McCAFFERY

You're a therapist, you must use role play? It's all the rage in jail.

McCAFFERY TAKES A WHITE THROW OFF THE SOFA.

MARION

What are you doing?

HE UNTIES HER AND PICKS UP THE GUN AGAIN.

McCAFFERY

Okay, now strip.

MARION

Please, don't do this.

HE POINTS THE GUN AT HER.

McCAFFERY

I said –

SHE REMOVES HER CLOTHES, DOWN TO HER UNDERWEAR. HE CIRCLES HER, MENACINGLY, TAKING A GOOD LOOK AT HER AND RUNNING HIS GUN ACROSS HER BARE FLESH.

Very nice.

MARION

Don't hurt me.

HE PUTS THE GUN DOWN AGAIN.

McCAFFERY

I'm not going to hurt you, I'm going to marry you.

HE WRAPS THE THROW AROUND HER LIKE A
DRESS. HE CLEARS A PATH IN THE ROOM FOR HER
AND STANDS AT THE END, WAITING FOR HER. HE
SINGS THE WEDDING MARCH TUNE. SHE DOESN'T
DARE MOVE.

Come on, you have to join me at the altar.

HE SINGS THE TUNE AGAIN. SHE WALKS SLOWLY
TOWARDS HIM. HE NODS HIS APPROVAL UNTIL SHE
STANDS AT HIS SIDE.

HE RECITES THE WEDDING VOWS, ENDING WITH “TIL
DEATH US DO PART”.

McCAFFERY

Say that, Marion: “til death us do part”. Say it.

MARION

Til death us do part.

McCAFFERY

Good girl. Now the bride and groom may kiss.

HE KISSES HER FULL ON THE LIPS.

A toast!

HE POURS THEM BOTH A DRINK AND CLEARS HIS

THROAT.

Before I propose a toast to my beautiful new wife, I'd like to say a few words, if I may. As I'm sure you're all aware, it is with deep regret that our best man can't be with us today, or any day for a very long time, having committed a very wicked crime. The good news is that the path is clear for me and my lovely wife to have lots of babies and live happily ever after.

HE RAISES HIS GLASS.

To my beautiful bride, the lovely Marion.

MARION IS BREAKING DOWN.

MARION

Stop it! Stop it!

McCAFFERY

What's the matter, Marion? Don't you like that version? I thought we had a great future ahead of us.

MARION

Why are you doing this?

McCAFFERY

Did you cry for your boyfriend?

MARION

Of course I did; what do you take me for?

McCAFFERY

Were you in love with him?

MARION

No.

McCAFFERY

Did you even like him?

MARION

Yes.

PAUSE.

That night, I didn't like him. He was telling me how to behave in front of his mates. I felt like a rabbit in a snare.

McCAFFERY

Did you want me to kill your boyfriend for you?

MARION

No.

McCAFFERY

Is that what you wanted?

MARION

No.

McCAFFERY

But you wanted rid of him?

MARION

Yes, yes I wanted to finish with him.

McCAFFERY

So you used us?

MARION

I didn't mean -

McCAFFERY

You used me and Wainwright to do it for you?

MARION

Yes.

McCAFFERY

Did you cry for me?

MARION

I cried for all of us.

McCAFFERY

Why?

MARION

I didn't want any of this to happen. I was a girl. I wasn't in control. I didn't think.

McCAFFERY

About the consequences?

MARION

Boys fight, don't they? Or the ones I knew, all did. They didn't seem to mind. I had no idea what might happen.

McCAFFERY

Did you feel guilty?

MARION

Of course.

McCAFFERY

Why?

MARION

My boyfriend was dead. You were in jail. It was horrible.

McCAFFERY

Feeling horrible isn't feeling guilty.

MARION

I felt like it was all my fault.

McCAFFERY

Do you still feel guilty now?

MARION

Yes.

McCAFFERY

Were you responsible, Marion?

MARION

I don't know.

McCAFFERY

Were you responsible?

MARION

Is that what you want to hear?

McCAFFERY

Were you responsible for your actions?

MARION

(BREAKING DOWN) Yes, yes, I was responsible. I'm to blame as well for what happened.

McCAFFERY TURNS AWAY TO HIDE HIS EMOTIONS.
HE CONTROLS HIMSELF AND HANDS MARION HER
COAT.

McCAFFERY

Go.

MARION DROPS THE THROW AND PUTS ON HER COAT.

MARION

Please don't hurt him.

McCAFFERY

Just go.

SHE GOES TO THE DOOR AND TURNS.

MARION

You know I'll call the police.

HE NODS TOWARDS THE DOOR FOR HER TO LEAVE.

SHE GOES. McCAFFERY FIRES A SINGLE SHOT INTO
THE SOFA. THE SOUND IS MUFFLED BUT STILL LOUD.

HE FETCHES WAINWRIGHT.

SCENE 20

McCAFFERY RE-ENTERS WITH WAINWRIGHT, STILL HANDCUFFED AND GAGGED. WAINWRIGHT SEES MARION’S CLOTHES ARE ON THE FLOOR. McCAFFERY PULLS OFF WAINWRIGHT’S GAG AND UNTIES HIM.

WAINWRIGHT

What have you done to her, you bastard? If you’ve hurt her, I’ll kill you.

McCAFFERY

I know you will.

WAINWRIGHT

Where is she?

McCAFFERY

She’s gone.

WAINWRIGHT

Gone? Gone where?

McCAFFERY

See, you were right, I am still a risk, you should feel vindicated.

WAINWRIGHT

I voted “Yes”, you bastard.

McCAFFERY

For release?

WAINWRIGHT

I wish to god I hadn’t.

McCAFFERY

You voted to let me go?

WAINWRIGHT

I didn't tell the judge I knew you.

McCAFFERY

Why?

WAINWRIGHT

I thought I owed it to you.

McCAFFERY

I'm touched.

WAINWRIGHT

Don't be. I regret it, big-time.

McCAFFERY

It could have been you.

WAINWRIGHT

What?

McCAFFERY

That night. It could easily have been you who killed Marion's boyfriend. You kicked him, you said so yourself.

WAINWRIGHT

He ran off.

McCAFFERY

What if one of those kicks was lethal? A delayed reaction? Maybe you caused a haemorrhage, internal bleeding or a bloodclot or something and it was me who finished him off?

WAINWRIGHT

Rubbish. What the hell do you want from me, absolution?

McCAFFERY

I want you to admit some responsibility for what happened that night.

WAINWRIGHT

You're missing the point.

McCAFFERY

Am I? Then you'd better tell me, Mr. Expert Criminologist?

WAINWRIGHT

What makes me sick about people like you, is that you don't seem able to cope with normal emotions that the rest of us have to deal with. When Marion left me with my little boy I didn't go 'round and kill her.

McCAFFERY

No, but you felt like it.

WAINWRIGHT

I dealt with it. I've seen too many Lifers who've killed someone they love, rather than deal with their own shit.

McCAFFERY

I killed a complete stranger.

WAINWRIGHT

That's even worse. How could you do it?

McCAFFERY

I don't know. You tell me?

WAINWRIGHT

You said you saw fear in his eyes when you came face to face; but what did he see in your eyes, McCaffery?

McCAFFERY

How do I know? It was pitch black, I was off my face, he probably saw two very large pupils.

WAINWRIGHT

I was off my face too, you know that's not it.

McCAFFERY

He was drunk. He brought it on himself.

WAINWRIGHT

What did he see in your eyes?

McCAFFERY

They were making me redundant before I even got going in the job.

WAINWRIGHT

They were making us all redundant. What did he see?

McCAFFERY

My dad never wanted to come here. I should have been born somewhere else.

WAINWRIGHT

What did he see?

McCAFFERY

I don't know.

WAINWRIGHT

Did he see murder in your eyes?

McCAFFERY

No.

WAINWRIGHT

Did you want to kill him?

McCAFFERY

And you didn't, is that it? Is that the best you can do, Mr. Expert? Don't give me that bollocks about a prick of conscience that separates the murderers from the rest. You know it isn't true.

WAINWRIGHT

Isn't it? I could have smashed his head with a log; but I didn't, did I? You did.

McCAFFERY

Your dad's the soldier, you're the one brought up with guns and knives, you should have killed him.

WAINWRIGHT

It's not in my nature.

McCAFFERY

It's not in mine.

WAINWRIGHT

Well, it's not nurture, is it? We had the same upbringing.

McCAFFERY

No, we didn't, we “shared” the same upbringing. Your forest

was never my forest.

HE OFFERS WAINWRIGHT THE GUN.

Take it.

WAINWRIGHT TAKES THE GUN.

Shoot me. Go on. I've murdered the mother of your child, now shoot.

WAINWRIGHT

Tell me that's not true.

McCAFFERY

Shoot.

WAINWRIGHT

Tell me.

McCAFFERY

Marion's dead. Shoot.

MARION RETURNS.

WAINWRIGHT

Marion!

WAINWRIGHT DROPS THE GUN AND RUSHES TO HER.

McCAFFERY PICKS UP THE GUN.

MARION

They don't know you've got a gun, they don't have to know,
just give it to me.

McCAFFERY PUTS THE GUN TO HIS OWN HEAD.

McCAFFERY

I took an innocent life.

MARION

Please, give me the gun.

WAINWRIGHT

Don't do this to yourself.

McCAFFERY

I always wanted to be the outlaw.

MARION

It's over.

McCAFFERY

I want to leave.

MARION

You can.

WAINWRIGHT

You'll be free soon.

McCAFFERY

It's not about jail.

WAINWRIGHT

Face it.

McCAFFERY

I can't.

WAINWRIGHT

Say it.

McCAFFERY

I want to leave the forest.

MARION

We can all leave together.

McCAFFERY HANDS HER THE GUN.

LIGHTS UP ON FOREST. MUSIC.

McCAFFERY

We crawl out from our bed of coal

and rise again to the surface.

WAINWRIGHT

There is sunlight through the boughs of the trees,

leaves are falling on our faces.

MARION

We are lying on a bed of warm grass,

bathed in luxurious green.

PLAY ENDS.