

**FAR FROM HOME**

A radio drama by

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**FOR EDUCATIONAL USE ONLY**

## **CHARACTERS**

Jane  
Terry  
Beth, 16  
Fiona  
Marie  
Derek  
Michael

SCENE 1 HOME

BETH: I don't know.

JANE: I know.

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

JANE: She won't do that.

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

JANE: I know.

TERRY: The state of him...

JANE: She wouldn't be like that.

TERRY: More dead than alive, the mornings.

JANE: She wouldn't do that.

TERRY: Mmm?

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

JANE: You will...you will.

TERRY: She doesn't have to.

JANE: So you can breathe.

TERRY: She doesn't have to.

BETH: Can't I say something?

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

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

JANE: Yes. That's you.

PAUSE

BETH: Has everybody finished?

PAUSE



TERRY: Let me help you.

JANE: What's this?

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

HE BEGINS TO STROKE HER.

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

PAUSE

JANE: Don't come near me.

SCENE 2 HOME

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

BETH: That's it.

TERRY: Yeh.

PAUSE

BETH: It sounded ok?

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

BETH: But you could tell...

TERRY: 'Course.

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

PAUSE



PAUSE

TERRY: Mmm?

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

TERRY: You chose it?

PAUSE

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

TERRY: Ok.

BETH; If...if...if I need to.

TERRY: Well well...you say.

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

TERRY: Eh...yeh, practise.

BETH: I've done all I can.

TERRY: Mmm?

BETH: So what would be the point of practising?

TERRY: You think so?

BETH: If you do.

TERRY: Oh well...

PAUSE

Ok. Leave it alone.

BETH: What?

TERRY: Put it down. Why not?

BETH: Why?

TERRY: Rest.

BETH: It's a flute dad...

TERRY; Yeh.

BETH: ...it's not weightlifting.

TERRY: You couldn't do that.

BETH: What?

TERRY: Weightlifting...could you?

BETH: So..?

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

BETH: Prodigy.

TERRY: Aren't you?

BETH: No.

TERRY: Yeh, you are.

BETH: Huh!

TERRY: Huh! Mmm.

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

TERRY: Oh my God.

BETH: Yes?

TERRY: What? Here?

BETH: Don't.

PAUSE

TERRY: Love to. No, love to.

BETH: Can't be bothered. Not now.

PAUSE

Where is she?

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

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

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

BETH: For Ireland you mean.

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

BETH: Why does she hate it?

TERRY: Do you like it?

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

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

BETH: She's been here years.

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



SCENE 5 BEDROOM

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

TERRY: I know.

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

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

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

PAUSE

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

JANE: Take me away.

TERRY: To move?

JANE: Yes.

PAUSE

TERRY: I can't do that.

JANE: Uh huh?

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

SCENE 6 HOME

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

JANE: Your father up?

BETH: Uh? I had my test today.

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

BETH: Sit down.

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

BETH: I did alright.

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

BETH: Mmm. My flute.

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

BETH: Not yet.

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

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

JANE: Terry! That's good.

BETH: Are you listening?

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

BETH: Don't patronise me.

JANE: Mmm? Oh Beth...

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

JANE: God could you murder me?

BETH: Eh?

JANE: With that look.

BETH: I'm asking you but you're not4n2b4tlook.



JANE: I want your father!

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

TERRY: Oh hoh?

JANE: I woke you.

TERRY: Yeh, you did.

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

TERRY: Did you?

BETH: Though no-one's interested.

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

JANE: There was something at work.

TERRY: Yeh?

JANE: That fight I saw.

TERRY: I don't remember.

JANE: Yes you remember. Last night!

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

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

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

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

TERRY: Get her a cup of tea!

BETH: Jesus, alright!

BETH GOES OUT.

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

JANE: This afternoon. I was on my way out. His iTj11.9951o11.9951o11.9951

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

TERRY: Who?

JANE: Mmm? What?

TERRY: Who...who said?

JANE: At work!

TERRY: How do they know?

JANE: Well it's not a secret Terry.

TERRY: We hear things...we hear things all the time. At work.



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

JANE:                    Uh huh.

TERRY;                  Jane...

JANE:

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

TERRY: What?

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

SCENE 7 STREET

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

JANE: What is it?

IT HONKS ITS HORN.

What do you want?

THE CAR DRIVES OFF.

SCENE 8 HOME

JANE: What is it?

BETH: Just call me.

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

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

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

Who?

BETH: I thought you were ringing me?

JANE: Someone rang.

BETH: It doesn't matter.

JANE: What?

BETH: I'm going to be late.

JANE: Where?

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

JANE: No...

BETH: Mum?

JANE: No!

BETH: What?

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

BETH: I'm going after school.

JANE: Don't. Come home.

BETH: Why?

JANE: I'll tell you.

BETH: Mum, this is ridiculous.

JANE: Listen...

BETH: No!

JANE: They're onto us!

BETH: Eh? Mum...

JANE: Didn't you hear me?

BETH: Oh...

JANE: Come home then.

BETH: Why?





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

TERRY: She knows.

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

TERRY: No.

JANE: And you agree.

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

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

TERRY: What? Jane!

JANE: Last night...

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

JANE: Are you?

TERRY: So tired.

JANE: I was threatened.

PAUSE

TERRY: Wh...where?

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

TERRY: You were threatened?

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

PAUSE

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

PAUSE

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

JANE: I saw a murder.

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

PAUSE

JANE: Happy?

PAUSE

TERRY: I was hoping...

JANE: What?

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

PAUSE

JANE: Forget-me-nots.

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

JANE: That was then.

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

THEY GO UPSTAIRS.

SCENE 10 HOME

JANE: What did he say?

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

JANE: Just now?

BETH: Mmm?

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

BETH: No.

JANE: You listening to this?

TERRY: Yes.

BETH: Mum...

JANE: He didn't approach you?

BETH: No. Just looked.

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

TERRY: No.

JANE: Mmm?

TERRY: Alright.

JANE: Alright?

TERRY: I said alright.

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

TERRY: I want to know.

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

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

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

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

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

TERRY: Yeh.

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

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

JANE: Dead! You know dead?

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

JANE: Is that why you're interested?

TERRY: Yes.

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

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

PAUSE

JANE: I went to the police.

TERRY: Ah.

JANE: Yes.

TERRY: Christ...

JANE: Yes.

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

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

TERRY:

...you mad, stupid, mad...





FIONA: So?

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

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

JANE: Yes...the family.

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

JANE: Sure. Will I call Beth?

FIONA: And she knows?

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

FIONA: But you have explained?

JANE: Oh yeh.

FIONA: Good.

JANE: What happens? You talk to us?

FIONA: That's right.

PAUSE

JANE: Would you like some..?

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

JANE: Round here...?

FIONA: Mmm.

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

FIONA: Still...

JANE: I saw what I saw.

FIONA: That's right.

JANE: And you've got them?

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

JANE: Yes.

FIONA: You're haONA: MmeH5ast rigjETEMC P M CID 1 BBDC BT7T2 1 Tf-0.0

FIONA: Well...

JANE: He was a nice fellow.

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

JANE: He...

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

JANE: Oh yeh.

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

PAUSE

JANE: My daughter...

FIONA: It's frightening.

JANE: Would you be frightened?

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

JANE: Do you have a daughter, Fiona?







TERRY: I was going to ask you that.

FIONA: Were you, Terry?



FIONA:

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

TERRY:

That's interesting, Fiona. She tell you?

FIONA: What's that, Terry.

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

PAUSE

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

TERRY; Well...

FIONA: ...we need to...

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

FIONA: There's a problem here...

TERRY: Why?

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

PAUSE

TERRY: You mean me?

FIONA:

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

SCENE 12

BETH: Mum...

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

BETH: But it's just not here.

JANE: But it is here!

PAUSE

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

BETH CRIES

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

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

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

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

PAUSE

JANE: Wha...why?

BETH: Because then I'll be lost!

PAUSE

JANE: No.

BETH: You see?

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

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

PAUSE

JANE: I see.

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

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

TERRY: Yes, oh yes you are.

JANE: What, exactly?

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

JANE: Is that what you think I am?

TERRY: Yes. Your way or not at all.

JANE: I spoke to Beth.

TERRY: I feel sorry for that kid.

JANE: Do you?

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

### SCENE 13

JANE: No?

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

PAUSE

JANE: And the Tylers?

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

PAUSE

JANE: Well.

FIONA: You've my number?

JANE: Yes.

FIONA: Good.

SCENE 14 HOME

JANE COMES IN. THE PHONE IS RINGING.

WOMAN: Terry.

JANE: Who's this?

WOMAN: I'm a friend.

JANE: What do you want?

WOMAN: Tell him Annie called, will you?

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

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

PAUSE

JANE: Fiona?

FIONA: Hello?

JANE: It's Jane.

SCENE 15 HOME

SIX MONTHS LATER THE FAMILY HAVE  
MOVED TO FELIXSTOWE.

TERRY: Good.

BETH: What'll I do?





BETH: Great.

JANE: Listen to her.

FIONA: Nothing wrong with that eh, Beth?

BETH: That's it.

FIONA: And happy birthday.

BETH: And nice card. Thanks.

TERRY: Some cakes, what about it?

BETH: I chose 'em.

JANE: Ok.

BETH COUGHS.

JANE: You like cake, Fiona?

FIONA: I'm afraid I do.

TERRY: 'Course you do.

TERRY HOLDS OUT THE PLATE OF CAKES.

FIONA TAKES ONE.

JANE: Be careful now.

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

TERRY: Are you?

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

TERRY: Mmm?

FIONA: I'm alright.

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

BETH: Yeh.

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

PAUSE

JANE: I know.

BETH: Amazing!

TERRY: You have fun, seventeen?

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

PAUSE

JANE: Here. Beth.

JANE GIVES BETH A PRESENT. PAUSE

TERRY: Go on.



PAUSE

FIONA: So...

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

FIONA: That's right.

TERRY: Yeh.

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

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

FIONA: You want to congratulate yourselves.

TERRY: See?

JANE: *(Mimicing)* See?

FIONA: Oh yeh.

TERRY: I'm thinking of getting a caravan.

FIONA: You aren't?

TERRY: Aren't I Jane?

JANE: You say.

FIONA: So what's this?

TERRY: The open road.

FIONA: Ah. The gypsy in your soul?







FIONA: You okay?

BETH: Cough, just...

FIONA: Oh.

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

FIONA: Tsk. Poor thing.

JANE: Doctor says it's asthma.

FIONA: Oh.

PAUSE

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

PAUSE

TERRY: You interested?

FIONA: Yeh.

JANE: She is.

BETH: I got to do some work.

FIONA: You eh..? Flute?

BETH: Yeh.

BETH STANDS UP.

FIONA: You got to do some practice?

BETH: Oh yes.

JANE: She's got a concert coming.

FIONA: Is that right?

BETH: I'll see you.

FIONA: Get me a ticket. Take care.

BETH: Thanks for coming.

FIONA: You going out later with your friends?

BETH: No.

FIONA: Ok then.

BETH GOES OUT.



JANE:

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

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

JANE: It's gone.

FIONA: Can you believe it?

JANE: Yes.

PAUSE

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

JANE: It's nice of you to come.

FIONA: Yeh?

PAUSE

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

FIONA: What?

JANE: He does.

FIONA: I don't...

JANE: I know.

FIONA: You're saying he knows?

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

FIONA: Where?

JANE;                   They tailed him.

FIONA:                  Home? You mean?

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

FIONA:                  Jane...

JANE:                    At night, yeh?

PAUSE

FIONA:                  Why are you saying this?

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

FIONA:                  Wait a minute...



TERRY: It's...

BETH: What?

PAUSE

TERRY: It's a good flute.

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

TERRY: What?

BETH: Dad...

TERRY: She's alright.

BETH: I'm sorry.

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

SCENE 18 SEASHORE

JANE: You can't get away from it.

FIONA: Why would he be doing that?

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

FIONA: Mm? What? What's that?

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







JANE: I made it.

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

JANE: I could do.

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

JANE: No,782Crikey. Would you make me40un92os612 2o5arecdl 12 216.066

JANE: My house.

PAUSE

MARIE: With..?

JANE: Phillip.

MARIE: Your husband?

JANE: Yes. Be a laugh.

MARIE: Wouldn't it?

JANE: Well...

MARIE: Yes.

JANE: Saturday.

MARIE: This Saturday?

JANE: Mmm.

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

JANE: Why not?

MARIE: Are you sure you want to?

JANE: Oh yes.

MARIE: And shall I bring my partner?

JANE: Your partner?

MARIE: He's my husband actually.

JANE: Of course.

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

JANE: What?

MARIE: Awful name.

PAUSE

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

SCENE 20 BETH'S SCHOOL

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

BETH: Next week.



FIONA: What's that?

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

PAUSE

FIONA: Sure. I was wondering...

BETH: Eh?

FIONA:



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

JANE: You left?

DEREK: Well...

MARIE: He'll tell you.

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

MARIE: Modest!

DEREK: Alright, alright, a large pile.

JANE: Must be nice.

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

JANE: Lovely.

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

JANE: What's that?

DEREK: What drew you to these regions?

JANE: Mm?

PAUSE

DEREK: What drew you?

TERRY: What drew me?

JANE: Why did we come?

TERRY: I understand the question.

JANE: Well?

PAUSE

TERRY: Ozone.

DEREK: Ozone? Do you mean container ship exhaust?

JANE: Actually the air's very clean here.

DEREK: Oh come on.

PAUSE

TERRY: Alright, why do you stay here?

MARIE: Derek likes it.

TERRY: That right?

MARIE: It's not up to me.

TERRY: You'd rather leave?

MARIE: I'd rather leave.

TERRY: Ship ahoy?

MARIE: Exactly. You understand.

TERRY: I think you've got to escape.

MARIE: You listening Derek?

DEREK: It provides a base camp.

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

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

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

DEREK: Are we...are we gypsies?

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

TERRY: Nothing wrong with that.

JANE: What?

PAUSE

TERRY: What?

JANE: What are you saying?

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

MARIE: I'm everybody's friend.

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

TERRY: Mmm?

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

TERRY: No, it's not true.

MARIE: Is it men?

JANE: Drag him screaming! Kicking and screaming!

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

MARIE: I think so.

TERRY: I thought you would.

DEREK: Isn't it time we went home?

MARIE: You're pissed.

DEREK: So?

MARIE: Get a cab.

DEREK: I'll find a cab.

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

PAUSE

TERRY: I've got to go to work.

DEREK: What's your game?

TERRY: My game?

MARIE: He means...

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

PAUSE

MARIE:

Jane?

TERRY: It's what I do.

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

TERRY: Yes. Security work.

DEREK: Your own firm?

TERRY: That's it.

MARIE: Sounds

DEREK: Where have you come from?

JANE: A long way.

PAUSE

MARIE: Thank you, Jane. Splendid evening.

JANE: Wasn't it?

MARIE: Come on you.

DEREK: I thought you wanted a cab.

MARIE: Give me the keys.

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

JANE: Oh Christ.

TERRY: Mmm? What?

JANE:



TERRY: You invited her into our home.

JANE: I invited her?

TERRY: She's your friend.

JANE: Marie is not my friend!

PAUSE

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

PAUSE

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

PAUSE. HE GOES OUT THE FRONT DOOR.

SCENE 22 SEASHORE

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

FIONA: But why do you say that?

JANE: You aren't married, are you?

FIONA: No.

JANE: You know. You *know*.

PAUSE

FIONA: Do you?

JANE: Yes.



JANE: What?

BETH: No you didn't.

JANE: Why are you like this with me?

BETH: It's the way it is.

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

BETH: Where is he?

JANE: You know your father...

BETH: I know you drove him away.

JANE: No.

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

JANE: I haven't told you.

BETH: I don't want to know!

JANE BEGINS TO CRY.

JANE: I don't know why.

BETH: There it is.

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

BETH: Are you crying?

JANE: No.

BETH: You are.

JANE: I'm sorry!

BETH: Don't. Don't cry.

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

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

JANE: It's alright.

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

SCENE 24 HOME

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

MARIE: Is he in?

JANE: Oh God!

MARIE: What? I frighten you?

JANE: Jesus Mary and Joseph!

MARIE: Your voice..?

JANE: What do you want?

MARIE: What's the Irish?

JANE CHANGES TO AN ENGLISH ACCENT.

JANE: No. Was I? Well...

MARIE: Is it me?

JANE: What do you want?

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

JANE: So?

MARIE: Where's your husband?

JANE: How should I know?

MARIE: Oh?

JANE: Now go away I'm busy.

MARIE: Wait a minute.

JANE: You're drunk.

MARIE: The thing is...

JANE: I don't have time for this.

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

JANE: God help me, you're sad.

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

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

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

JANE: Like mine?

MARIE: Yes.

JANE: Go away.

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

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

JANE: Who is that? Who is it?

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

Ah God!

TERRY: Is she gone?

JANE: What are you doing?

TERRY: She was banging on the door.

JANE: Yes?

TERRY: Silly cow.

JANE: Uh huh.

PAUSE

TERRY: What?

JANE: What was she doing here?

TERRY: Are you kidding?

JANE: You don't know?

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

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

TERRY: Not if it was a mile long.

JANE: Since when were you so discriminating?



TERRY: Eh?

JANE: I don't believe you.

TERRY: Well the hell I care.

JANE: No.

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

JANE: Are you saying..?

TERRY: Not a shit do I care.

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

TERRY: I said...

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

TERRY: You want to get out of my face.

JANE: Oh?

TERRY: Oh yes.

JANE: Yeh?

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

JANE: You noticed?

TERRY: To destroy me. That's it.

JANE: Is that it?

TERRY: Yes, Jane.

JANE: Is it me now?

TERRY: Are you listening?

JANE: That's good.

TERRY: No.

JANE: To what?

TERRY: I'm not standing for it!

JANE: Ah yeh?

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

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

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

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

SCENE 25 CONCERT HALL

THE FOYER. JANE IS WAITING. BETH COMES  
IN.

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

BETH: *He* didn't.

JANE: You were late...

BETH: Mmm.

JANE: But we'll enjoy it.

BETH: What is it?

JANE: You're upset.

BETH: Am I?

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

BETH: Where is he?

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

PAUSE

BETH: I can't breath

JANE: No...

BETH: I'm going.

JANE: Eh? The concert...

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

JANE: You must!

BETH: F\*\*k it.

JANE: No, don't say...

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

JANE: Where? Why?

PAUSE

BETH: He was straight with you.

JANE: Eh?

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

JANE: No!

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

JANE: If you knew the truth!

BETH: The rest? You made it up.

JANE: What do you say?

BETH: Look at you.

JANE: Made it up? Made what?

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

JANE: You stupid? Are you?

BETH: No. I'm not.

JANE: Stupid little...child!

BETH: I'm going away.

PAUSE

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

BETH: You hear me? I'm going.

JANE; Wha..? What is this?

BETH: London.

JANE: No.

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

JANE: No.

BETH: Goodbye.

JANE: Don't.

BETH: Why? Why not?

PAUSE

JANE: Where would you live?

PAUSE

BETH: Dunno. It doesn't matter.

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

SCENE 26 SEASHORE

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

SCENE 27 HOME

THE PHONE RINGS. JANE PICKS IT UP.

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

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

FIONA:

PAUSE

TERRY: Christ knows.

PAUSE

FIONA: My poor darling.

SCENE 29 STREET.

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

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

SCENE 30 SMALL TOWN BAR IN CO CORK

MICHAEL: So Shelagh, small crowd tonight.

JANE: Yes.

MICHAEL: Give me a bottle of brown, please.

JANE SERVES HIM.

JANE: There you go.

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



JANE: It's fine.

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

JANE: It isn't difficult.

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

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

MICHAEL: After England, I mean.

JANE: Oh you can keep England.

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

JANE: That's what it is.

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

JANE: Not for a while, no.

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

SCENE 31 LONDON

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

THE END