

## Act Two

## Scene Seven

*Lapdance club.*

*Late night. September (three months later).*

**Larry** is sitting. *He is wearing a smart suit.*

**Alice** is standing. *She is wearing a short dress, wig and high heels. She has a garter round her thigh, there is cash in the garter.*

*They are in a private room. Music in the distance.*

**Larry** gazes at her. *She smiles. She is nice to him.*

*Silence.*

**Larry** I love you.

*Pause.*

**Alice** Thank you.

*Beat.*

**Larry** What's this room called?

**Alice** 'The Paradise Suite'.

**Larry** How many Paradise Suites are there?

**Alice** Six.

*Beat.*

**Larry** Do I have to pay you to talk to me?

**Alice** No, but if you want to tip me it's your choice.

*He takes out a twenty. She presents her leg. He puts the money in her garter.*

Thank you.

**Larry** I went to a place like this in New York.

*This is sexist.*

Pornography has gone upmarket – BULLY FOR ENGLAND.

This is honest *progress*, don't you think?

**Alice** England always imports the best of America.

**Larry** I used to come here twenty years ago . . . it was a punk club . . . the stage was . . .

*He can't remember, he gives up.*

Everything is a Version of Something Else.

*He takes a slug of his drink.*

Twenty years ago, how old were you?

**Alice** Four.

**Larry** Christ, when I was in flares you were in nappies.

**Alice** My nappies were flared.

*Larry laughs.*

**Larry** You have the face of an angel.

**Alice** Thank you.

**Larry** What does your cunt taste like?

**Alice** Heaven.

*Beat.*

**Larry** How long you been doing this?

**Alice** Three months.

**Larry** Straight after he left you?

**Alice** No one left me.

*Beat. Larry glances round the room.*

**Larry** Been here already tonight?

**Alice** Yes.

**Larry** With who?

**Alice** A couple. A man and a woman.

**Larry** What did you do?

**Alice** I stripped, I danced, I bent over.

**Larry** You gave this *couple* a thrill?

**Alice** I think so.

**Larry** What d'you talk about?

**Alice** This and that.

**Larry** D'you tell the truth?

**Alice** Yes and no.

**Larry** Are you telling *me* the truth?

**Alice** Yes.

**Larry** And no?

**Alice** I'm telling you the truth.

**Larry** Why?

**Alice** Because it's what you want.

**Larry** Yes. *It's what I want.*

*He stares at her.*

*Nice wig.*

**Alice** Thank you.

**Larry** Does it turn you on?

**Alice** Sometimes.

**Larry** *Liar.* You're telling me it turns you on because you think that's what I want to hear. You think *I'm* turned on by it turning *you* on.

**Alice** The thought of me *creaming* myself when I strip for strangers doesn't turn you on?

**Larry** Put like that . . . yes.

*She shows him her behind.*

Are you flirting with me?

**Alice** Maybe.

**Larry** Are you *allowed* to flirt with me?

**Alice** Sure.

**Larry** Really?

**Alice** No I'm not, I'm breaking all the rules.

**Larry** You're mocking me.

*She sits opposite him.*

**Alice** Yes, I'm allowed to flirt.

**Larry** To prise my money from me.

**Alice** To prise your money from you I can say or do as I please.

**Larry** Except *touch*.

**Alice** We are not allowed to touch.

**Larry** Is that a good rule do you think?

**Alice** Sometimes.

*Beal.*

**Larry** Open your legs.

*She does so.*

*Wider.*

*She does so. Pause. Larry looks between her legs.*  
What would happen if I touched you now?

**Alice** I would call Security.

**Larry** And what would they do?

**Alice** They would ask you to leave and ask you not to come back.

**Larry** And if I refused to leave?

**Alice** They would remove you. This is a two-way mirror.

*She nods in the direction of the audience.*

There are cameras in the ceiling.

*Beat. Larry glances up and to the audience.*

**Larry** I think it's best that I don't attempt to touch you.

*He looks at her.*

I'd like to touch you . . . later.

**Alice** I'm not a whore.

**Larry** I wouldn't pay.

*He gazes at her.*

Why the fuck did he leave you?

*Beat.*

**Alice** What's your job?

**Larry** A question, you've asked me a question.

**Alice** So?

**Larry** It's a chink in your armour.

**Alice** I'm not wearing armour.

**Larry** *Yes you are.*

I'm in the skin trade.

**Alice** You own strip clubs?

**Larry** *(smiles)* Do I look like the sort of man who owns strip clubs?

**Alice** Yes.

**Larry** *looks in the mirror/audience.*

**Larry** Define that look.

**Alice** *Rich.*

**Larry** Close your legs. I don't own strip clubs.

**Alice** Do you own golf clubs?

**Larry** You know what I do.

*He stands.*

Why are you calling yourself Jane?

**Alice** Because it's my name.

**Larry** But we both know it isn't. You're all protecting your identities. The girl in there who calls herself 'Venus'. What's her *real* name?

**Alice** Pluto.

**Larry** You're cheeky.

**Alice** Would you like me to stop being cheeky?

**Larry** No.

*Beat.*

**Alice** What's *your* name?

**Larry** *considers.*

**Larry** Daniel.

*Beat.*

**Alice** Daniel the Dermatologist.

**Larry** I never told you my job.

**Alice** I guessed.

**Larry** *looks at her.*

**Larry** *(close)* You're strong.

There's another one in there (judging by the scars, a recent patient of 'Doctor Ti'), she calls herself 'Cupid'. Who's going to tell her Cupid was a bloke?

**Alice** He wasn't a bloke, he was a little boy.

*Pause.*

**Larry** I'd like you to tell me your name. *Please.*

*He gives her £20.*

**Alice** Thank you. My name is Jane.

**Larry** Your *real* name.

*He gives her £20.*

**Alice** Thank you. My real name is Jane.

**Larry** Careful.

*He gives her £20.*

**Alice** Thank you. It's still Jane.

**Larry** I've got another five hundred quid here.

*He takes out the money.*

Why don't I give you – All – This – Money – and you tell me what your Real Name is,

*He raises her face towards his with the wad of notes.*

Alice.

*She tries to take the money. Larry withdraws it.*

**Alice** I promise.

*Larry gives her the money.*

**Alice** Thank you. My real name is Plain – Jane – Jones.

**Larry** I may be rich but I'm not stupid.

**Alice** What a shame, 'Doc', I love 'em rich and stupid.

**Larry** DON'T FUCK AROUND WITH ME.

**Alice** I apologise.

**Larry** *Accepted.* All the girls in this hellhole; the pneumatic robots, the coked-up baby dolls – and you're no different – you all use 'stage names' to con yourselves you're someone else so you don't feel ashamed when you show your cunts and arseholes to Complete Fucking Strangers.

I'm trying to have a conversation here.

**Alice** You're out of cash, Buster.

**Larry** I've paid for the room.

**Alice** This is extra.

*Pause.*

**Larry** We met last year.

**Alice** Wrong girl.

**Larry** I touched your face at Anna's . . . opening.

I know you're in grief. I know you're . . . 'destroyed'.

TALK TO ME.

**Alice** I am.

**Larry** Talk to me in real life.

I didn't know you'd be here.

I know who you are.

I love your scar, I love everything about you that hurts.

*Silence. Larry slowly breaks down.*

She won't even see me . . .

You feel the same, I *know* you feel the same.

**Alice** You can't cry here.

**Larry** Hold me, let me hold you.

*Larry approaches her.*

**Alice** We're not allowed to touch.

*Pause.*

**Larry** Come home with me, Alice. It's *safe*. Let me look after you.

**Alice** I don't need looking after.

**Larry** *Everyone* needs looking after.

**Alice** I'm not your revenge fuck.

*Pause.*

**Larry** I'll pay you.

**Alice** I don't need your money.

**Larry** You *have* my money.

**Alice** Thank you.

**Larry** THANK YOU, THANK YOU. Is that some kind of rule?

**Alice** I'm just being polite.

*Pause. Larry sits down.*

**Larry** Get a lot of men in here, crying their guts out?

**Alice** Occupational hazard.

*Beat.*

**Larry** Have you ever desired a customer?

**Alice** Yes.

**Larry** Put me out of my misery, do you . . . desire *me*? Because I'm being pretty fucking honest about my feelings for *you*.

**Alice** Your '*feelings*'?

**Larry** Whatever.

*Beat.*

**Alice** No. I don't desire you.

*Pause.*

**Larry** Thank you. Thank you sincerely for your honesty. Next question: do you think it's possible you could perceive me as something other than a sad slot machine spewing out money?

**Alice** That's the transaction; you're the customer, I'm the service.

**Larry** Hey, we're in a strip club, let's not debate sexual politics.

**Alice** *Debate?*

**Larry** You're asking for a snack, gorgeous.

**Alice** No I'm not.

*Beat.*

**Larry** But you *are* gorgeous.

**Alice** 'Thank you.'

*Pause. Larry stands, straightens his tie, lights a cigarette.*

**Larry** Will you lend me my cab fare?

**Alice** (*laughing*) No.

**Larry** I'll give it back to you tomorrow . . .

**Alice** Company policy; you give *us* the money.

**Larry** And what do we get in return?

**Alice** We're nice to you.

**Larry** 'And We Get To See You Naked.'

**Alice** It's beautiful.

**Larry** Except . . . you think you haven't given us anything of yourselves.

You think because you don't love us or desire us or even like us you think you've won.

**Alice** It's not a war.

**Larry** *laughs for some time.*

**Larry** But you do give us something of yourselves: you give us . . . *imagery* . . . and we do with it what we will.

If you women could see one minute of our Home Movies – the shit that slops through our minds every day – you'd string us up by our balls, you really would.

You don't understand the territory.  
Because you *are* the territory.

I could tell you to strip right now . . .

**Alice** Yes. Do you want me to?

**Larry** No.

**Alice** . . . tell me something *true*.

**Alice** Lying is the most fun a girl can have without taking her clothes off. But it's better if you do.

**Larry** You're cold. You're all cold at heart.

*He stares into the two-way mirror.*

WHAT D'YOU HAVE TO DO TO GET A BIT OF INTIMACY AROUND HERE?

**Alice** Well, maybe next time I'll have worked on my intimacy.

**Larry** No. I'll tell you what's going to work. What's going to *work* is that you're going to take your clothes off right now and you're going to turn around *very slowly* and bend over and touch the fucking floor for my viewing pleasure.

**Alice** That's what you want?

*Beat.*

**Larry** What else could I want?

*Blackout.*

### Scene Eight

*Restaurant.*

*Evening/lunchtime. October (a month later).*

**Dan** *is sitting at a table with a drink. He is smoking. He waits.*

*Anna joins him.*

**Anna** Sorry, I'm really sorry.

**Dan** *kisses her.*

**Dan** What happened?

**Anna** Traffic.

**Anna** *sits.*

**Dan** You're flushed, you didn't need to run.

**Anna** *smiles.*

**Anna** Have you ordered?

**Dan** I ordered a menu about ten years ago.

*Pause. Dan looks at her.*

So . . . how was it?

**Anna** Oh . . . fine.

*Beat.*

**Dan** You had lunch?

**Anna** Mmmmm.

*Beat.*

**Dan** Where?

*Beat.*

**Anna** Here, actually.

**Dan** *Here?*

**Anna** He chose it.

**Dan** Then what?

**Anna** Then we left.

*Pause.*

**Dan** *And?*

**Anna** There is no 'and'.

**Dan** You haven't seen him for four months, there must be an 'and'.

**Anna** *shrugs.*

**Dan** How is he?

**Anna** Terrible.

**Dan** How's his *dermatology*?

**Anna** He is now in private practice.

**Dan** How does he square that with his politics?

**Anna** He's not much concerned with politics at present.

*Beal.*

**Dan** Was he weeping all over the place?

**Anna** Some of the time.

**Dan** (*genuine*) Poor bastard.

Was he . . . 'difficult' . . . ?

**Anna** Are you angry I saw him?

**Dan** No, no, it's just . . . I haven't seen *Alice*.

**Anna** You can't see *Alice*, you don't know where she is.

**Dan** I haven't tried to find her.

**Anna** He's been begging me to see him for months, you *know* why I saw him, I saw him so he'd . . . *sign*.

**Dan** So has he signed?

**Anna** *Yes.*

**Dan** Congratulations. You are now a divorcee – double divorce. Sorry.

*He takes her hand.*

How do you feel?

**Anna** Tired.

**Dan** *kisses her hand, Anna kisses his.*

**Dan** I love you. *And* . . . I need a piss.

**Dan** *exits.*

**Anna** *reaches into her bag and pulls out the divorce papers.*

**Larry** *enters.*

**Larry** (*sitting*) Afternoon.

**Anna** Hi.

**Larry** *looks around.*

**Larry** I hate this place.

**Anna** At least it's central.

**Larry** I hate central. The centre of London's a theme park. I hate 'retro' and I hate the future. Where does that leave me?

*He looks at her.*

Come back.

**Anna** You promised you wouldn't.

**Larry** *Come back.*

*Beal.*

**Anna** How's work?

**Larry** Oh, Jesus. Work's shit, OK.

*He looks around for a waiter.*

(*Loud*) Do they have waiters here?

**Anna** They're all busy.

**Larry** I love you. Please come back.

**Anna** I'm not coming back.

*She spreads the divorce papers on the table. Larry stares at them.*

Sign this, please.

**Larry** No pen.

**Anna** *hands him her pen.*

**Anna** Pen.

**Larry** *takes her hand.*

**Anna** Give me back my hand . . .

**Larry** *lets go.*

**Anna** Sign.

*Beat.*

**Larry** I'll sign it on one condition: we skip lunch, we go to my sleek, little surgery and we christen the patients' bed with our final fuck. I know you don't *want* to, I know you think I'm *sick* for asking – but that's what I'm asking – 'For Old Times' Sake', because I'm obsessed with you, because I can't get over you unless you . . . because I think on some small level you owe me *something*, for deceiving me so . . . *exquisitely*.

For all these reasons I'm *begging* you to give me your body. Be my whore and in return I will pay you with your liberty. If you do this I swear I will not contact you again – you know I'm a man of my word.

I will divorce you and, in time, consider the possibility of a friendship.

*He stands.*

I'm going to the bar. I assume you still drink vodka tonic?

**Anna** *nods.*

**Larry** *exits.*

**Dan** *returns and sits.*

**Dan** Any sign of a waiter?

**Anna** No.

**Dan** Do you want some food?

**Anna** I'm not hungry.

**Dan** *stares at her. Anna turns to him, slowly.*

**Dan** You slept with him, didn't you?

*Pause.*

**Anna** Yes. I'm . . . 'sorry' . . .

**Dan** *smiles.*

**Dan** What do you expect me to do?

**Anna** Understand . . . hopefully?

*Beat.*

**Dan** Why didn't you lie to me?

**Anna** We said we'd always tell each other the truth.

**Dan** What's so great about the truth? Try lying for a change – it's the currency of the world.

**Anna** Dan, I did what he wanted and now he will leave us alone.

I love *you*, I didn't give *him* anything.

**Dan** Your body?



**Dan** *reaches for his cigarettes.*

**Anna** If Alice came to you . . . *desperate* . . . with all that love still between you and she said she needed you to want her so that she could get over you, you would do it. I wouldn't like it either but I would forgive you because it's . . . a mercy fuck — a *sympathy* fuck. Moral rape, everyone does it. It's . . . *kindness*.

**Dan** No, it's cowardice. You don't have the guts to let him hate you.

Did you enjoy it?

**Anna** *No.*

**Dan** So you hated every second of it?

**Anna** *looks at Dan.*

**Dan** Did you come?

**Anna** *No.*

**Dan** Did you fake it?

**Anna** *Yes.*

**Dan** Why?

**Anna** To make him *think* I enjoyed it, why do you think?

**Dan** If you were just his *slag* why did you give him the pleasure of thinking you'd enjoyed it?

**Anna** Because that's what *slags do*.

**Dan** You fake it with me?

**Anna** Yes, yes I do. I fake one in three, all right?

**Dan** Tell me the truth.

*Pause.*

**Anna** *Occasionally* . . . I have faked it. It's not important, you don't *make* me come. I come . . . you're . . . 'in the area' . . . providing valiant assistance.

**Dan** You make *me* come.

**Anna** You're a man, you'd come if the tooth fairy winked at you.

*Beat.*

**Dan** You're late because you've come straight here from being with him.

*Beat.*

**Anna** *Yes.*

**Dan** Where was it?

**Anna** His new surgery.

*Beat.*

**Dan** Long session.

**Anna** *tries to touch him, he pulls away from her.*

**Anna** Dan, please be bigger than . . . *jealous*. Please, be bigger.

**Dan** What could be bigger than jealousy?

*Long silence.*

**Anna** When we're making love, why don't you kiss me? Why don't you like it when I say I love you? I'm on your side. *Talk to me.*

**Dan** It *hurts*. I'm ashamed. I know it's illogical and I do understand but *I hate you*.

I love you and I don't like other men fucking you, is that so weird?

**Anna** *No. YES. It was only sex.*

**Dan** (*hard*) If you can still fuck him you haven't left him. (*Softly*) It's gone . . . we're not innocent any more.

**Anna** Don't stop loving me . . . I can see it draining out of you.

I'm sorry, it was a stupid thing to do. It meant *nothing*. If you love me enough you'll forgive me.

**Dan** Are you *testing* me?

**Anna** No. Dan, I do understand.

**Dan** (*gently*) No . . . *he* understands.

*He looks at her.*

All I can see is *him* all over you.

He's clever, your *ex-husband* . . . I almost admire him.

*Silence.*

**Anna** Where are you?

*Alice?*

**Dan** (*smiles*) I was reading the paper once. She wanted some attention. She crouched down on the carpet and pissed right in front of me.

Isn't that the most charming thing you've ever heard?

**Anna** (*tough*) Why did you swear eternal love when all you wanted was a fuck?

**Dan** I didn't just want a fuck, I wanted you.

**Anna** You wanted excitement, love bores you.

**Dan** No . . . it disappoints me.

I think you enjoyed it; he wheedles you into bed, the old jokes, the strange familiarity,

I think you had 'a whale of a time' and the truth is, I'll never know unless I ask *him*.

**Anna** Well, why don't you?

**Larry** returns to the table with two drinks. *Vodka tonic for Anna, Scotch and dry for himself.*

**Larry** Vodka tonic for the lady.

**Anna** (*to Larry*) Drink your drink and then we'll go.

*Larry looks at her.*

**Anna** (*to Larry*) I'm doing this because I feel guilty and because I pity you. You know that, don't you?

**Larry** Yes.

**Anna** (*to Larry*) Feel good about yourself?

**Larry** No.

*Larry drinks.*

**Dan** (*to Anna*) I'm sorry . . .

**Anna** (*to Dan*) I didn't do it to hurt you. It's not all about *you*.

**Dan** (*to Anna*) I know. Let's go home . . .

**Dan** and **Anna** kiss.

I'll get us a cab.

**Dan** exits. **Larry** sits.

**Larry** Will you tell him?

**Anna** I don't know.

**Larry** (*helpful*) Better to be truthful about this sort of thing . . .

**Anna** Sign.

*Beat.*

**Larry** I forgive you.

**Anna** Sign.

**Larry** signs.

*Blackout.*

## Scene Nine

Museum.

*Afternoon. November (a month later).**A glass cabinet containing a life-size model of a Victorian child. A girl, dressed in rags. Behind her a model of a London street circa 1880s.***Alice** *is alone. She is wearing a cashmere sweater. She is looking at the exhibit.**She is holding a small package.***Larry** *enters. He watches her.***Larry** 'Young Woman, London.'**Alice** *turns.***Larry** Hallo, gorgeous.**Alice** You're late, you old fart.**Larry** Sorry.*They kiss, warmly.*

You minx.

*He tugs the sweater.***Alice** 'The sacred sweater', I'll give it back.**Larry** It suits you. Keep it.**Alice** Thank you.*She hands him the package.*

Happy birthday.

**Larry** Thank you.

I'm late because I walked through Postman's Park to get here . . . and I had a little look . . . at the memorial.

**Alice** Oh.**Larry** Yeah . . . *oh.***Larry** *looks at the exhibit, smiles.***Alice** Do you hate me?**Larry** No, I adore you.**Alice** Do we have to talk about it?**Larry** Not if you don't want to.*She kisses him.***Alice** Thank you. I've got a surprise for you.**Larry** You're full of them.**Alice** *looks at Larry's watch.***Alice** Wait here.**Alice** *exits.***Larry** *opens the package, looks inside, smiles.***Anna** *enters looking at her watch. She has a guide book, camera and a large brown envelope. She is wearing the shoes Larry gave her in**Scene Six.**She sees Larry. Stops. Larry looks up, sees her.***Anna** What are you doing here?**Larry** I'm . . . lazing on a Sunday afternoon. You?**Anna** I'm meeting Alice.*Beat.***Larry** Who?**Anna** Dan's Alice – Dan's ex-Alice. She phoned me at the studio this morning . . . she wants her negatives . . .**Larry** . . . Right . . .*Beat.***Anna** You don't go to museums.**Larry** The evidence would suggest otherwise.

*Beat.*

**Anna** (*suspicious*) Are you OK?

**Larry** Yeah, you?

**Anna** Fine. It's your birthday today.

**Larry** I know.

*Beat.*

**Anna** I thought of you this morning.

**Larry** Lucky me.

*Beat.*

**Anna** Happy birthday.

**Larry** Thank you.

**Anna** *nods to the package.*

**Anna** Present?

**Larry** (*evasive*) ... *Yeah* ...

**Anna** What is it?

**Larry** A Newton's Cradle.

**Anna** Who from?

*Beat.*

**Larry** My dad.

**Anna** From *Joe*?

*Pause.*

**Larry** It's from *Alice*.

I'm fucking her.

I – Ann – Fucking – Alice.

She's set us up, I had no idea you were meeting her.

*Pause.*

**Anna** You're old enough to be her ancestor.

**Larry** Disgusting, isn't it.

**Anna** You should be ashamed.

**Larry** (*smiles*) Oh, I am.

*Beat.*

**Anna** ... *How?*

**Larry** (*vague*) I went to a club, she happened to be there.

**Anna** A club?

**Larry** Yeah, a club.

**Anna** You don't go to clubs.

**Larry** I'm reliving my youth.

**Anna** Was it a strip club?

**Larry** You know, I can't remember.

*He looks at Anna.*

*Jealous?*

**Anna** *shrugs.*

**Larry** Ah, well.

**Anna** When did it start?

**Larry** About a month ago.

**Anna** Before or after I came to your surgery?

**Larry** The night before. (*Dirty*) She made me strip for her.

**Anna** I don't want to know.

**Larry** I know.

Did you tell your 'soulmate' about *that* afternoon?

**Anna** Of course.

**Larry** How did he take it?

*Beat.*

**Anna** Like a *man*.

*She looks at him.*

**Larry** I told you it was best to be truthful.

**Anna** You're sly.

**Larry** Am I?

*(Fondly.)* You love your guide books, you look like a tourist.

**Anna** I feel like one. Please don't hate me.

**Larry** It's easier than loving you.

*He looks at Anna.*

Me and Alice . . . it's *nothing*.

**Anna** Nice nothing?

**Larry** Very.

*They look at each other, close.*

Since we're talking, could you have a word with your lawyer?

I'm still waiting for confirmation of our divorce.

*If that's what you want.*

*Alice enters.*

**Alice** Hi, do you two know each other?

**Larry** I think I'll leave you to it.

**Alice** Good idea, we don't want *him* here while we're working, do we?

**Larry (to Alice)** Later, Minx.

*(To Anna.)* Bye.

*He makes to exit, turns.*

*(To Anna.)* Nice shoes by the way.

*Larry exits.*

**Anna** How did you get so brutal?

**Alice** I lived a little.

*Alice strokes the sweater, Anna watches her.*

**Anna** You're primitive.

**Alice** Yeah, I am. How's Dan?

**Anna** Fine.

**Alice** Did you tell him you were seeing me?

**Anna** No.

**Alice** Do you cut off his crusts?

**Anna** What?

**Alice** Do you cut off his crusts?

**Anna** What do you want?

**Alice** I want my negatives.

*Anna hands the envelope to Alice.*

**Alice** What's your latest project, Anna?

**Anna** Derelict buildings.

**Alice** How nice, the beauty of ugliness.

**Anna** What are you doing with Larry?

**Alice** *Everything.*

I like your bed.

You should come round one night, come and watch your husband blubbering into his pillow – it might help you develop a conscience.

**Anna** I know what I've done.

**Alice** His big thing at the moment is how upset his family are. Apparently, they all worship you, they can't understand why you had to ruin everything. He spends *hours* staring up my arsehole like there's going to be some answer there. Any ideas, Anna?

Why don't you go back to him?

**Anna** And then Dan would go back to you?

**Alice** Maybe.

**Anna** *Ask him.*

**Alice** I'm not a beggar.

**Anna** Dan left you, I didn't force him to go.

**Alice** You made yourself available, don't weasel out of it.

**Anna** Screwing Larry was a big mistake.

**Alice** Yeah, well, *everyone* screws Larry round here.

**Anna** You're Dan's little girl, he won't like it.

**Alice** So don't tell him, I think you owe me that.

**Anna** *looks away.*

**Alice** She even looks beautiful when she's angry. The Perfect Woman.

**Anna** JUST FUCKING STOP IT.

**Alice** Now we're talking.

**Anna** Why *now*, why come for me *now*?

**Alice** Because I felt strong enough, it's taken me five months to convince myself you're not better than me.

**Anna** It's not a competition.

**Alice** Yes it is.

**Anna** I don't want a fight.

**Alice** SO GIVE IN.

*Silence. They look at each other.*

(*Gently.*) Why did you do this?

**Anna** (*tough*) I fell in love with him, Alice.

**Alice** That's the most stupid expression in the world. 'I fell in love' – as if you had no *choice*.

There's a moment, there's always a *moment*; I can do this, I can give in to this or I can resist it. I don't know when your moment was but I bet there was one.

**Anna** Yes, there was.

**Alice** You didn't fall in love, you gave in to temptation.

**Anna** Well, *you* fell in love with him.

**Alice** No, I chose him. I looked in his briefcase and I found this . . . *sandwich* . . . and I thought, 'I will give all my love to this charming man who cuts off his crusts.' I didn't *fall* in love, I chose to.

**Anna** You still want him, after everything he's done to you?

**Alice** You wouldn't understand, he . . . *buries* me. He makes me invisible.

**Anna** (*curious*) What are you *hiding* from?

**Alice** (*softly*) Everything. Everything's a lie, nothing matters.

**Anna** Too easy, Alice. It's the cop-out of the age.

**Alice** Yeah, well, you're *old*.

**Anna** *smiles to herself, looks at Alice.*

**Anna** I am sorry. I had a choice and I chose to be selfish. I'm sorry.

**Alice** (*shrugs*) Everyone's selfish, I stole Dan from someone else.

**Anna** *Ruth?*

**Alice** Ruth. She went to pieces when he left her.

**Anna** Did *she* ever come and see *you*?

**Alice** No.

*She turns to Anna.*

So . . . what are you going to do?

**Anna** *Think.*

*She touches Alice's sweater.*

Is Larry nice to you, in bed?

**Alice** OK, Dan's better.

**Anna** Rubbish, at least Larry's *there*.

**Alice** Dan's there, in his own quiet way.

**Anna** They spend a lifetime fucking and never know how to make love.

*Pause.*

**Alice** I've got a scar on my leg, Larry's mad about it, he licks it like a dog. Any ideas?

**Anna** (*strugs*) *Dermatology?* God knows. This is what we're dealing with.

We arrive with our . . . 'baggage' and for a while they're brilliant, they're 'Baggage Handlers'.

We say, 'Where's *your* baggage?' They deny all knowledge of it . . . 'They're *in love*' . . . they have none.

*Then* . . . just as you're relaxing . . . a Great Big Juggernaut arrives . . . with *their* baggage.

It Got Held Up.

They love the way we make them *feel* but not 'us'.

They love dreams.

**Alice** So do we. You should lower your expectations.

**Anna** It's easy to say that. I'm not being patronising but you're a child.

**Alice** You are being patronising.

**Anna** And you *are* a child.

*They look at each other.*

Who's 'Buster'?

**Alice** 'Buster'? No idea.

**Anna** He says it in his sleep.

**Alice** (*smiles*) I've got to go.

*Alice makes to exit.*

**Anna** Don't forget your negatives.

*Alice picks up the envelope.*

**Alice** Oh, yeah. Thanks.

*She hands the envelope to Anna.*

Do the right thing, Anna.

*Alice exits. Anna looks at the envelope.*

*Blackout.*

## Scene Ten

*Larry's surgery.*

*Late afternoon. December (a month later).*

*On Larry's desk: computer, phone, a Newton's Cradle. Also in the room, a surgery bed. Larry is seated at his desk.*

*Dan is standing, distraught. He holds his brown briefcase.*

*Silence.*

**Larry** So?

**Dan** I want Anna back.

**Larry** She's made her choice. You look like *shit*.

*Beat. Dan puts his briefcase down.*

**Dan** I owe you an apology. I fell in love with her. My intention was not to make you suffer.

**Larry** Where's the apology? You cunt.

**Dan** I apologise.

If you love her, you'll let her go so she can be . . . happy.

**Larry** She doesn't want to be 'happy'.

**Dan** Everyone wants to be happy.

**Larry** Depressives don't. They want to be *unhappy* to confirm they're depressed. If they were happy they couldn't be depressed any more, they'd have to go out into the world and live, which can be . . . *depressing*.

**Dan** Anna's not a depressive.

**Larry** Isn't she?

**Dan** I love her.

**Larry** Boo hoo, so do I. You don't love Anna, you love yourself.

**Dan** You're *wrong*, I don't love myself.

**Larry** Yes you do, and you know something, you're *winning* – you selfish people – it's *your* world. *Nice*, isn't it?

**Dan** *glances round the sleek surgery.*

**Dan** *Nice* office.

It's *you* who's selfish. You don't even want *Anna*, you want *revenge*.

She's gone back to you because she can't bear your *suffering*. You don't know who she is, you love her like a dog loves its owner.

**Larry** And the owner loves the dog for so doing. Companionship will always triumph over '*passion*'.

**Dan** You'll hurt her, you'll never forgive her.

**Larry** Of course I'll forgive her – I *have* forgiven her. Without forgiveness we're savages. You're *drowning*.

**Dan** You only *met* her because of me.

**Larry** Yeah . . . *thanks*.

**Dan** It's a joke, your marriage to her is a joke.

**Larry** Here's a good one: she never sent the divorce papers to her lawyer.

To a 'Towering Romantic Hero' like you I don't doubt I'm somewhat common but I am, nevertheless, what she has chosen.

And we must respect What The Woman Wants.

If you go *near* her again, I promise –

*The phone rings.*

– I will kill you.

*He picks it up.*

*(In phone.)* Uh-huh. OK.

*He puts the phone down.*

I have patients to see.

*He takes his jacket off to prepare for his patient.*

**Dan** When she came here you think she enjoyed it?

**Larry** I didn't fuck her to give her a '*nice time*'. I fucked her to fuck you up. A good fight is never clean.



And yeah, she enjoyed it, as you know, she loves a guilty fuck.

**Dan** You're an animal.

**Larry** YES. What are *you*?

**Dan** You think love is simple? You think the heart is like a diagram?

**Larry** Ever seen a human heart? It looks like a fist wrapped in blood.

GO FUCK YOURSELF . . . you . . . *WRITER*. You *LIAR*. Go check a few facts while I get my hands dirty.

**Dan** She hates your hands. She hates your simplicity.

*Pause.*

**Larry** *Listen* . . . I've spent the whole week talking about *you*.

Anna tells me you fucked her with your eyes closed. She tells me you wake in the night, crying for your dead mother.

*You mummy's boy.*

Shall we stop this?

It's *over*. Accept it.

You don't know the first thing about love because you don't understand *compromise*.

You don't even know . . . *Alice*.

**Dan** *looks at him.*

**Larry** Consider her scar, how did she get that?

*Beat.*

**Dan** When did *you* meet Alice?

*Pause.*

**Larry** Anna's exhibition. *You* remember.

A scar in the shape of a question mark, solve the mystery.

**Dan** She got it when her parents' car crashed.

*Pause.*

**Larry** There's a condition called '*dermatitis artefacta*'. It's a mental disorder manifested in the skin. The patient manufactures his or her very own skin disease. They pour bleach on themselves, gouge their skin, inject themselves with their own piss, sometimes their own shit. They create their own disease with the same diabolical attention to detail as the artist or the lover. It looks 'real' but its source is the deluded self.

*He takes a roll of paper and makes a new sheet on the surgery bed.*

I think Alice mutilated herself.

It's fairly common in children who lose their parents young. They blame themselves, they're disturbed.

**Dan** Alice is not 'disturbed'.

**Larry** *But she is.*

You were so busy feeling your grand artistic '*feelings*' you couldn't see what was in front of you. The girl is fragile and tender. She didn't want to be put in a book, she wanted to be *loved*.

**Dan** How do *you* know?

*Beat.*

**Larry** Clinical observation.

*He hands Dan his briefcase indicating for him to leave.*

*He looks at Dan, close.*

Don't cry on me.

*Silence. Dan breaks down, uncontrollably. Larry observes him.*

**Dan** I'm sorry.

*He continues to cry.*

I don't know what to do.

*Larry watches him sob. Eventually . . .*

**Larry** Sit down.

*Dan sinks into a chair, head in hands.*

**Larry** You want my advice? Go back to her.

**Dan** She'd never have me. She's vanished.

*Pause.*

**Larry** No, she hasn't.

*Dan looks up.*

**Larry** I found her . . . by accident. She's working in . . . a . . . 'club'.

Yes, I saw her naked.

No, I did not fuck her.

**Dan** You spoke to her?

**Larry** Yes.

**Dan** What about?

**Larry** You.

*The phone rings. Larry picks it up. He hands Dan a Kleenex.*

*(In phone.)* Yes. One minute.

*Larry puts the phone down. He writes on his prescription pad.*

**Dan** How is she?

**Larry** *(writing)* She loves you. Beyond Comprehension.

Here . . . your prescription.

*He hands Dan a piece of paper.*

It's where she works.

Go to her.

*They look at each other.*

**Dan** Thank you.

*Larry starts to consult his files.*

*Dan moves to leave but then gestures to the Newton's Cradle.*

**Dan** Where did you get that?

**Larry** A present.

*He begins to work on his computer.*

Still pissing about on the Net?

**Dan** Not recently.

*Beat.*

**Larry** I wanted to kill you.

**Dan** I thought you wanted to fuck me.

**Larry** *(smiles)* Don't get lippy.

I liked your book by the way.

**Dan** Thanks . . . You Stand Alone.

**Larry** *With Anna.*

You should write another one.

**Dan** *(shrugs)* Haven't got a subject.

*Beat.*

**Larry** When I was nine, a policeman touched me up.

He was my uncle. Still is. Uncle Ted.

Nice bloke, married, bit of a demon darts player.

Don't tell me you haven't got a subject, every human life is a million stories.

Thank God life ends – we'd never survive it.

From Big Bang to weary shag, the history of the world.

Our flesh is ferocious . . . our bodies will kill us . . . our bones will outlive us.

Still writing obituaries?

**Dan** Yes.

**Larry** Busy?

**Dan** (*nods*) I was made editor.

**Larry** Yeah? How come?

**Dan** The previous editor died.

*They smile.*

Alcohol poisoning. I sat with him for a week, in the hospital.

*They look at each other.*

**Larry** I really do have patients to see.

**Dan** *gestures to the Newton's Cradle.*

**Dan** Alice . . . gave me one of those.

**Larry** Really?

*Beat.*

**Dan** And yours?

**Larry** My dad.

**Dan** (*suspicious*) Your father?

**Larry** Yeah, he loves old tat.

**Dan** He's a cab driver, isn't he?

**Larry** Yeah.

*He points to Dan indicating, 'and yours'.*

. . . Teacher?

**Dan** History.

*Pause. Larry sets the cradle in motion. They watch it moving.*

**Larry** You should never have messed with Anna.

**Dan** *gets up.*

**Dan** I know, I'm sorry. Thank you.

**Larry** For what?

**Dan** Being kind.

**Larry** I am kind. Your invoice is in the post.

**Dan** *goes to exit.*

**Larry** Dan . . .

**Dan** *turns to Larry.*

**Larry** I lied to you.

I did fuck Alice.

I'm sorry for telling you.

I'm just . . . not . . . big enough to forgive you.

*Buster.*

*They look at each other.*

*Blackout.*

### Scene Eleven

*Hotel room.*

*Late night. January (a month later).*

**Dan** *is lying on the bed, smoking. He is reading a Gideon's Bible. He stubs his cigarette in the ashtray.*

**Alice** *is in the bathroom offstage.*

**Alice** (*off*) SHOW ME THE SNEER.

**Dan** *sneers in the direction of the bathroom.*

**Alice** (*off*) BOLLOCKS.

**Dan** (*laughing*) It's two in the morning, you'll wake the hotel.

**Alice** *enters in her pyjamas. She cartwheels on to the bed.*

**Alice** Fuck me!

**Dan** *Again?* We have to be up at six.

**Alice** How can *one* man be so endlessly disappointing?

**Dan** That's my *charm*.

**Alice** *lies in his arms*.

**Dan** So . . . where are we going?

**Alice** My treat – my holiday surprise – my rules.

**Dan** *tickles her*.

**Dan** *Where* are we going?

**Alice** *(laughing)* New York.

**Dan** You angel.

How long's the flight?

**Alice** Seven hours.

**Dan** I can't fly for seven hours.

**Alice** The *plane* will do the flying. I'll protect you.

*She kisses him.*

Don't be scared of flying.

**Dan** I'm not, I'm scared of *crashing*. Did you remember to pack my passport?

**Alice** Of course, it's with my passport.

**Dan** And where's that?

**Alice** In a place where *you* can't look. *No one* sees my passport photo.

**Dan** *strokes her*.

**Alice** Hey, when we get on the plane we'll have been together four years.

Happy anniversary . . . *Buster*.

**Dan** *stops, looks at her*.

**Dan** I'm going to take my eyes out.

**Alice** Brush your teeth as well.

**Dan** *gets off the bed*.

**Dan** What was in my sandwiches?

**Alice** Tuna.

**Dan** What colour was my apple?

**Alice** Green.

**Dan** It was *red*.

**Alice** It was *green* and it was horrible.

**Dan** What were your first words to me?

**Alice** 'Hallo, Stranger.'

**Dan** What a slut.

*Beat.*

**Alice** Where had I been?

**Dan** 'Clubbing', then the meat market and then . . . the buried river.

*Beat.*

**Alice** The what?

**Dan** You went to Blackfriars Bridge to see where the Fleet river comes out . . . *the swimming pig* . . . all that.

**Alice** You've lost the plot, *Grandad*.

**Dan** *'remembers' and exits to the bathroom*.

**Dan** *(off)* And you went to that park . . . with the memorial.

**Alice** Who did *you* go there with?

**Dan** *(off)* My old dead dad.

**Alice** He ate an egg sandwich, he had butter on his chin.

**Dan (off)** How do you *remember* these things?

**Alice** Because *my* head's not full of specky, egghead rubbish.  
What was your euphemism?

**Dan (off)** Reserved. Yours?

**Alice** Disarming. Were the chairs red or yellow?

**Dan enters. He is now wearing his spectacles.**

**Dan** No idea.

**Alice** Trick question, they were orange.

**Dan** You are a trick question. *Damsel.*

**Alice** *Knight.*

**Alice opens her legs. Dan looks at her, remembers something.**

*Pause.*

**Dan** Do you remember a doctor?

*Beat.*

**Alice** No . . . what doctor?

*Pause.*

**Dan** There was a *doctor* . . . he gave you a cigarette.

*Beat.*

**Alice** No. I haven't been on holiday for . . . *ever.*

**Dan** We went to the country.

**Alice** That doesn't count, you were making sneaky calls to that . . . *witch* we do not mention.

**Dan watches her.**

**Dan** Do you think they're happy?

**Alice** Who?

**Dan** Anna and . . . *Larry.*

**Alice** Couldn't give a toss. Come to bed.

**Dan** I want a *fag*. How did *you* manage to give up?

**Alice** Deep Inner Strength.

**Dan gets into bed. He holds Alice, kisses her, strokes her leg.**

**Dan** How *did* you get this?

**Alice** You know how.

**Dan** How?

**Alice** I fell off my bike because I refused to use stabilisers.

**Dan (disbelieving)** Really?

**Alice** You know how I got it.

*Beat.*

**Dan** Did you do it yourself?

**Alice** No.

*Beat.*

**Dan** Show me your passport.

**Alice** No, I look ugly.

*Beat.*

**Dan** When are you going to stop stripping?

**Alice** Soon.

**Dan** You're *addicted* to it.

**Alice** No I'm not.

It paid for this.

*Pause. Dan struggles but can't stop himself.*

**Dan** Tell me what happened.

**Alice** Dan . . . *don't.* Nothing happened.

**Dan** But he came to the club?

**Alice** Loads of men came to the club. *You* came to the club. The look on your face.

**Dan** The look on *your* face. What a face. What a *wig*.

*He gazes at her.*

I love your face . . . I saw *this* face . . . this . . . *vision*. And then you stepped into the road. It was the moment of my life.

**Alice** *This* is the moment of your life.

**Dan** You were perfect.

**Alice** I still am.

**Dan** I know.

On the way to the hospital . . . when you were *'telling'* . . . I kissed your forehead.

**Alice** You brute!

**Dan** The cabbie saw me kiss you . . . he said, 'Is she yours?' and I said, 'Yes . . . she's *mine*'.

*He kisses her forehead, holds her close. Struggles with himself.*

So he came to the club, watched you strip, had a little chat and that was it?

**Alice** Yes.

**Dan** You're not *trusting* me. I'm in love with you, you're *safe*. If you fucked him you fucked him, I just want to know.

**Alice** Why?

**Dan** (*tenderly*) Because I want to know *everything* because . . . I'm . . . *insane*.

*He strokes her face. Pause.*

*Tell me . . .*

*Long silence.*

**Alice** Nothing happened. You were living with someone else.

**Dan** (*sharp*) What are you justifying?

**Alice** I'm not justifying anything . . . I'm just *saying*.

**Dan** What are you *saying*?

**Alice** I'm not saying anything.

**Dan** I just want the truth.

**Dan** *Gets out of bed and puts his trousers on.*

**Alice** I'm telling you the truth.

**Dan** You and the truth are known strangers.

Did you ever give him a present?

*Beat.*

**Alice** No. Where are you going?

**Dan** Cigarettes.

**Alice** Everywhere's closed.

**Dan** I'll go to the terminal, I'll be back soon.

*He puts his coat on.*

When I get back *please* tell me the truth.

**Alice** Why?

**Dan** Because I'm addicted to it. Because without it we're animals. Trust me, I love you.

*He looks at her.*

What?

**Alice** *slowly* turns to him.

*Silence.*

**Alice** I don't love you any more.

*Pause.*

**Dan** Look . . . I'm sorry . . .

**Alice** No, I've changed the subject. I don't love you any more.

**Dan** Since when?

**Alice** (*gently*) Now . . . Just Now.

I don't want to lie and I can't tell the truth so it's over.

**Dan** Alice . . . don't leave me.

**Alice** *gets out of bed and goes to her rucksack, she finds Dan's passport and hands it to him.*

**Alice** I've left . . . I've gone.  
'I don't love you any more. Goodbye.'

*Beat.*

**Dan** Why don't you tell me the truth?

**Alice** (*softly*) So you can hate me?  
I fucked Larry. Many times. I enjoyed it. I came. I prefer you. Now go.

*Pause.*

**Dan** I knew that, he told me.

**Alice** You *knew*?

**Dan** I needed you to tell me.

**Alice** *Why?*

**Dan** Because he might've been lying, I had to hear it from you.

**Alice** I would never have told you because I know you'd never forgive me.

**Dan** I would, I *haze*!

**Alice** Why did he tell you?

**Dan** Because he's a bastard!

**Alice** (*distracted*) How could he?

**Dan** Because he wanted this to happen.

**Alice** But why *test* me?

**Dan** Because I'm an idiot.

**Alice** *Yeah.*

I would've loved you for ever. Now, please go.

**Dan** Don't do this, Alice, talk to me.

**Alice** I'm talking — *fuck off.*

**Dan** I'm sorry, you misunderstand, I didn't mean to —

**Alice** Yes you did.

**Dan** *I love you.*

**Alice** Where?

**Dan** What?

**Alice** *Show me.* Where is this 'love'?  
I can't see it, I can't *touch* it, I can't *feel* it.  
I can hear it, I can hear some words but I can't *do* anything with your easy words.

**Dan** Listen to me, please —

**Alice** Whatever you say it's too late.

**Dan** (*desperately*) *Please* don't do this.

**Alice** It's done. Now go or I'll call . . . *security.*

*Beat.*

**Dan** You're not in a strip club. There is no security.

*They look at each other. Pause.*

**Alice** tries to grab the phone. **Dan** throws her on to the bed. They struggle.

**Dan** Why d'you fuck him?

**Alice** I wanted to.

**Dan** Why?

**Alice** I desired him.

**Dan** Why?

**Alice** You weren't there.

**Dan** Why him?

**Alice** He asked me nicely.

**Dan** You're a liar.

**Alice** So?

**Dan** WHO ARE YOU?

**Alice** I'M NO ONE.

*She spits in his face. He grabs her by the throat, one hand.*

**Alice** Go on, hit me. That's what you want. Hit me, you fucker.

*Silence.*

**Dan** hits **Alice**, a slap across her face.

*Silence.*

**Alice** Do you have a single original thought in your head?

*Blackout.*

### Scene Twelve

*Postman's Park.*

*Afternoon. July (six months later).*

*A summer's day. Anna is looking at the memorial. She has a guide book.*

**Larry** stands, holding his white coat. He carries two sprogam cups. He watches her. She turns.

**Anna** *Spy.*

**Larry** approaches.

**Anna** You've got the coat.

**Larry** The white coat.

**Anna** Hallo, Doctor Larry.

**Larry** hands a cup to **Anna**.

**Anna** Thanks. Have you read these?

**Anna** turns back to the memorial.

**Larry** Yeah, I knew you'd like it.

**Larry** sits on a park bench and lights a cigarette.

**Anna** (*reading*) 'Elizabeth Boxall . . . aged seventeen . . . who died of injuries received in trying to save a child from a runaway horse. June 20th 1888.'

*She turns to Larry.*

How's Polly?

*Beat.*

**Larry** Polly's great.

**Anna** I always knew you'd end up with a pretty nurse.

**Larry** Yeah? How?

**Anna** I just thought you would.

Is she . . . 'the one'?

**Larry** I don't know.

*He glances at Anna.*



No.

Everyone learns, nobody changes.

**Anna** *You* don't change.

*Beat.*

**Larry** You . . . seeing anyone?

**Anna** No.

I got a dog.

**Larry** Yeah? What sort?

**Anna** Mongrel, she's a stray. I found her in the street, no collar . . . nothing.

*Pause.*

**Larry** You look fantastic.

**Anna** Don't *start*.

**Larry** I'd give you one . . .

**Anna** *looks at him.*

**Larry** Serious.

**Anna** Fuck off and die, you fucked-up slag.

*Pause.*

**Larry** I never told you this: when I strode into the bathroom . . . *that night* . . . I banged my knee on our cast-iron tub. The bathroom *ambushed* me. While you were sobbing in the sitting room I was hopping around in agony. The mirror was having a field day.

**Anna** *smiles.*

**Larry** How's work?

**Anna** I'm having a break . . . I'm taking the dog to the country . . . we're going to go for long walks.

*Beat.*

**Larry** Don't become . . . a sad person.

**Anna** I won't. I'm *not*. **Fuck** off.

**Larry** *looks at her.*

**Larry** Don't give your love to a dog.

**Anna** Well, *you* didn't want it, in the end.

There's always someone younger.

*They look out at the memorial.*

*Silence.*

**Larry** How did she die?

**Anna** I don't know. When he phoned, he said it happened last night in New York.

He's flying out today and he wanted to see us before he left.

**Larry** So they weren't together?

**Anna** They split up in January.

*Beat.*

**Larry** Did he say why?

**Anna** No.

*Beat.*

**Larry** How did they contact him?

**Anna** Maybe she wrote his name in her passport as 'next of kin'.

You're still in mine – 'in the event of death', I must remove you.

Are you glad you're back at the hospital?

*She sits with Larry.*

**Larry** Yeah. Well, Polly said she wouldn't have sex with me until I gave up private medicine. What's a man to do?

**Anna** *looks at the memorial.*

**Anna** Do you think the families arranged these?

**Larry** I suppose. It's like putting flowers at the roadside. People need to remember.

It makes things seem less . . . random.

Actually, I hate this memorial.

**Anna** Why?

**Larry** It's the sentimental act of a Victorian philanthropist: remember the dead, forget the living.

**Anna** You're a pompous bastard.

**Larry** And *you* are an incurable romantic.

Have a look for Alice Ayres.

**Anna** Larry, that's horrible.

**Larry** *points to one memorial in particular.*

**Larry** *(reading)* 'Alice Ayres, daughter of a bricklayer's labourer, who by intrepid conduct saved three children from a burning house in Union Street, Borough, at the cost of her own young life.'

April 24th 1885.'

She made herself up.

*They look at the memorial.*

*After a while, Larry puts his cigarette out and picks up his white coat.*

I'm not being callous but I've got a lot of patients to see. Will you give my apologies to Dan? I'm not good at grief.

**Anna** You're a coward.

**Larry** I know.

**Anna** *continues to look at the memorial then turns to Larry.*

**Anna** You do remember me?

*They look at each other.*

**Dan** *enters. He is wearing the suit and carrying the suitcase seen in Scene Five. He is holding a bunch of flowers. He is exhausted.*

**Dan** I couldn't get away from work, sorry.

**Larry** Dan . . . I'm sorry . . . I have to . . .

**Dan** It's fine.

**Larry** *exits.*

**Dan** *(to Anna)* You look well.

**Anna** I am well.

**Dan** *looks out at the memorial.*

**Anna** Dan . . .

**Anna** *gestures for him to sit, he remains standing.*

**Dan** This is where we sat.

**Anna** Who?

**Dan** Me and my father, didn't I tell you?

**Anna** No, wrong girl, you told Alice.

*Beat.*

**Dan** *Jane.* Her name was Jane Jones.

The police phoned me . . . they said that someone I knew, called Jane, had died . . . *(they found her address book).*

I said there must be a mistake . . .

They had to *describe* her.

There's no one else to identify the body.

She was knocked down by a car . . . on Forty-third and Madison.

When I went to work today . . . Graham said, 'Who's on the slab?'

I went out to the fire escape and just . . . cried like a baby.

I covered my face – why do we do that?

A man from the Treasury had died.

I spent all morning . . . writing his obituary.

There's no space. There's not enough . . . space.

*He sits on the bench with Anna.*

The phone rang. It was the police . . . they said there's no record of her parents' death . . . they said they were trying to trace them.

She told me that she fell in love with me because . . . I cut off my crusts . . . but it was just . . . it was only *that* day . . . because the bread . . . broke in my hands.

*He turns away from Anna, looks at the flowers.*

*Silence.*

*He turns back to Anna.*

I bumped into Ruth.

She's married. One kid, another on the way.

She married . . . a Spanish poet.

*He grins.*

She translated his work and fell in love with him.

Fell in love with a collection of poems.

They were called . . . 'Solitude'.

*He holds on to the flowers.*

I have to put these at Blackfriars Bridge.

**Dan and Anna stand.**

I have to go, I'll miss the plane.

*They look at each other.*

Goodbye.

**Anna** Yes. Goodbye.

*They exit separately.*

*Empty stage.*

*Blackout.*