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*'Why has this happened to us? Things like this don't happen to families like ours.'*

Beautiful and privileged, Lucy is enjoying a burgeoning career in television. But her social drug habit has become a hard drug addiction, casting a dark shadow over her future happiness.

As her charmed life begins to slip away Lucy comes to realise that the devoted support of her family does not come without a price.

*The Knot of the Heart* was first presented at the Almeida Theatre, London, on 10 March 2011.

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Girl photo © Corbis,  
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ALMEIDA  
THEATRE

# THE KNOT OF THE HEART

DAVID ELDRIDGE



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## Characters

## One

Lucy

Angela

Barbara

Marina

**Zac, Pete, Brian, Dr Harris, Andrew and Oscar** should be played by a single actor.

**Lucy**, twenty-seven, and her mother **Barbara**, sixty are in the garden of their large Islington home. It's a quiet warm summer's evening.

**Barbara** drinks from a glass of red wine. **Lucy** takes an empty Bic Biro from her cardigan pocket and a folded square of tin foil. She unfolds it. Tears come off and wraps it around the Biro to make a tube which she hangs out of her mouth like a cigarette. She replaces the Biro, tears some more foil to make a flat oblong surface and then takes a small lump of heroin out of a small wrap which she puts on that foil.

**Lucy** Will you hold it for me?

**Barbara** I know what that is.

**Lucy** looks at her mother.

**Lucy** You've never minded me smoking joints in the garden.

**Barbara** This is too much Lucy.

**Lucy** Mummy I'm twenty-seven. I make my own choices. I do my own thing.

*Silence.*

Fine when Zac comes down we'll go in Gibson Square. Fuck's sake. Doesn't matter any more anyway.

**Barbara** No. Don't. Please darling.

*She thinks and then approaches Lucy. Lucy passes the foil with the heroin to her mother which she holds. Lucy finds a Zippo in her pocket which she also passes to her mother. Barbara ignites the Zippo which she holds underneath the smack. Lucy smokes it. Barbara watches her daughter. Lucy backs away and takes the foil tube from her mouth.*

**Lucy** See? I'm still here. Lots of my friends do it. Like no one's injecting or anything. Its only a tiny bit of opium. And I've had such an awful day you wouldn't believe it.

**Barbara** Lucy you promised me you would never:

**Lucy** I would never inject. I would never do that to you. I would never do to that to myself. I promise. On my life.

*She screws the foil into a ball and sticks it away.*

**Barbara** Oh darling not on the lawn.

*She looks for the fucked foil in the garden.*

**Lucy** What are you doing?

**Barbara** It will drive me mad the thought of it in the garden.

**Lucy** A bird will carry it away. Or a worm will eat it.

**Barbara** How will a worm digest such a thing?

**Lucy** Worms love foil.

**Barbara** Worms don't love anything darling. They've no feelings or brain.

**Lucy** How dare you be so dismissive of the great British worm.

**Barbara** Darling believe me I'm a great fan of the worm. I just haven't met one yet that can compost tin foil.

**Lucy** They love it. Foil is worm bling.

**Barbara** What's bling?

*Lucy laughs and then becomes reflective.*

**Lucy** Don't you remember in the pilot last year?

**Barbara** What was that darling?

**Lucy** Are you listening? On my show.

**Barbara** No.

**Lucy** We had a whole green school awards thing. And I don't know. This funny little prep school in Bloomsbury had done a project on worms and we had the kids on with their worms. So we did worms. You know it's the kind of stupid shit we do in children's television.

**Barbara** Yes, yes.

**Lucy** I love it.

*Silence.*

**Barbara** You would tell me if something was wrong?

*Silence.*

**Lucy** The epigeic worm is a bit of a bore but the lob worm is a hard mother-fucker.

**Barbara** Lucy.

**Lucy** He lives ten feet below the surface and comes up at night for supper. Yes your average epigeic tiger worm hasn't got the balls to even take on a dead fly. But your *Lumbricus terrestris* will eat my little gift in one gulp and buzz its tits off as a prize to boot.

**Barbara** I wish I'd known you were coming.

**Lucy** Why?

**Barbara** Well.

**Lucy** Mother chill your boots.

**Barbara** I'd have cooked.

**Lucy** Oh for God's sake you know how it makes me feel ill to look at such a ridiculously large plate of food. And you expect me to actually eat it. You know Mummy if you want to make me a sandwich, make me a sandwich and let's not keep harping on about it.

*Barbara drinks and studies Lucy.*

**Barbara** Okay.

**Lucy** Well are you going to make a sandwich?

**Barbara** I will in a minute.

**Lucy** Well I'll have cheese and jam.

**Barbara** Okay.

**Lucy** And some crisps.

**Barbara** Yes.

*She drinks and looks at the garden.*

**Lucy** You know mummy something's happened.

**Barbara** I knew.

**Lucy** Did you?

**Barbara** I had a feeling. Will you give me a minute darling? Will you just give me a moment? I –

*She drinks. Silence.*

**Barbara** Of course the secret to a truly great bouillabaisse is in the orange peel and fennel seed.

**Lucy** *warns her mother off with a look.*

**Barbara** I'm only saying I would have made a meal. When one thinks of the great hopes I had for this garden when we first came here Lulu. I can remember it like yesterday. In the old two-oh-five with the roof down and you and Angela in the back looking around Gibson Square. And the removals men were already fetching our belongings in. And Grandmother's picture had been broken and you were a darling telling the boy who broke it not to worry when you knew how furious I was. Even at that age. So pretty. Cuddling Mr Dog your favourite.

*She drinks.*

**Barbara** Yes. An arbour bench, a sun dial perhaps, a weather vane always seemed like an indulgence but I assumed a bird bath was a done deal. In my garden. The curse of bind weed.

**Lucy** Seriously have we got weed?

**Barbara** An abundance of bind weed and a plinth covered in bird shit.

*She laughs, snorts as she laughs, starts to giggle at her loud snort, which sets Lucy off and they're both crying with laughter. Silence.*

**Lucy** I love you Mummy.

**Barbara** I love you Lucy.

**Lucy** I think we ought to perhaps talk before – I'm frightened. I –

*Zac enters, he's 30, tall, posh, off his head.*

**Zac** Hi. Hi again.

**Barbara** Would you like a cheese and jam sandwich as well Zac?

*Zac looks at Lucy and then back at Barbara and then back at Lucy again.*

**Zac** Cheese and jam. That's. Unusual.

**Lucy** And what?

**Zac** But I can see how it might work. The cheesiness of the cheese and the jamminess of the jam.

**Lucy** Listen you retard goon you're not judging the spastic special edition of *Masterchef*. Now get out your drugs and skin up.

*Zac laughs, thinks and then whispers something in Lucy's ear.*

**Barbara** What's that?

**Lucy** He said 'I wouldn't venture into the WC'. How quaint. 'For half an hour'.

*Zac blinks bright red and Barbara laughs.*

**Zac** That isn't right. Lucy that's just really cruel. Get out your own fucking drugs.

**Lucy** Don't talk to me like that in front of my mother or I will cut off your balls and devil them like a pair of lamb's kidney's.

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One 11

**Barbara** Lucy I wish you would sometimes take your own advice and put on your chilling boots.

**Zac** *wants to laugh – doesn't.*

**Lucy** I think I want to die.

**Zac** *laughs his head off.* **Barbara** *joins in, pleased to be the source of such hilarity.*

**Lucy** Why are you laughing you don't even know what you're laughing at?

*Silence.*

I've been fired. From the show. I've been fired. I know I have.

**Barbara** They've done what?

**Lucy** My producer caught me. I was in my dressing room having a smoke. Only a tiny bit to chill me out. And I don't know why. I, I hadn't locked my door and she knocked and came in with the script changes I told them to make. I freaked out. And she asked me to sit down and explain what I was doing when it was, you know, perfectly fucking obvious what I was doing. And she went mad. She was screaming and shouting at me and I calmed down a bit myself. And then she said she was going to speak to the Exec and I begged her not to. I begged her. And she told me she was going to get someone to come and baby-sit me. She actually said that, can you believe it? And she told me I had to say I wasn't feeling very well if anyone asked. And we wouldn't be filming the piece about the Shetland ponies. And I was so looking forward to it. They were going to film something else before they wasted any more time. And then just before she left she turned around and she said to me 'There are a million people waiting to take your place Lucy'. She actually said that! What a bitch.

*Silence.*

And then the Exec came down. Like the Headmaster. And he gave me an absolute bollocking. And it wasn't like he cared I

was in bis or anything. And he was so angry about all the time and money that would be wasted because I would have to go home. And he said I had to understand how serious it was.

Being caught doing something like that on a kids' show. And how the BBC couldn't have another scandal. They offered to ring someone and then they got me a car home. They've told me to say I've got gastric flu. But I think I am completely out. I can't even face talking to my agent. She's left me ten messages already and she's going nuts. I'm dead. I'm finished. That is it.

**Barbara** For smoking a cigarette?

**Lucy** *explodes:*

**Lucy** Are you a complete imbecile mother?

*Silence.*

**Barbara** No.

**Lucy** *is about to cry – doesn't.*

**Zac** It's wrong hey Barbara? Tiny little bit of brown. You'd think she'd had her face down in a pool of her own vomit.

**Lucy** For God's sake shut up!

**Barbara** How dare they?

**Lucy** They can't do it to me can they?

**Barbara** Well I won't let them.

**Lucy** You can't stop it. I can't stop it. You can't stop it.

**Barbara** *goes to Lucy to try and comfort her but Lucy shrugs her off and walks away.*

**Barbara** Darling we will get this all sorted out. Please don't worry.

**Lucy** This is my life.

*Silence.*

**Barbara** We will speak to your sister. Angela will write to them.



**Lucy** No one knows. They're hushing it up. If they can. I don't think they can.

**Barbara** Well they've no right.

**Lucy** *looks as if she will again explode.* **Barbara** *stops herself.* *Silence.*

**Barbara** It will all blow over Lucy.

**Lucy** It won't blow over. What am I going to do?

*Silence.*

**Barbara** I knew all this was too good to be true.

*She wipes away a tear.* *Silence.*

**Lucy** Pull yourself together mother please.

**Zac** These people are tight man.

**Lucy** Shut up Zac you couldn't hold down a job as a runner on Dave you useless cretin. This is all your fault.

*Zac looks at her.*

**Lucy** You asked me if I wanted to try it. You did it.

**Barbara** Did he?

**Lucy** I was quite happy with my own class A drugs until that gangly twit hove'd in to vlew.

*Silence.*

**Barbara** How long has this been going on?

**Lucy** We had some at a party last New Year's Eve.

**Zac** It's cool Babs.

**Barbara** Get out of this house now. I said now.

*Silence.*

**Zac** No man she asked for it. And dat is the truth.

**Lucy** What are you talking like that for? Wigger prick. He went to Harrow and he lives on Christchurch Hill with his mother and father.

**Zac** You go too far Lucy.

**Lucy** And what?

**Zac** I'm gone. Don't call me. Because I will blank you and I will laugh at you when you're clucking.

**Lucy** Fuck off.

**Barbara** Yes. Please leave. Now.

**Zac** *nods at Barbara who points as if to indicate he should leave.* *He goes.*

**Lucy** What am I going to do? I am utterly ruined. I don't think they can hush it up. I'm completely ruined Mummy. What am I going to do?

*Silence.*

Can I come and stay tonight?

**Barbara** Darling of course.

**Lucy** Just for tonight.

**Barbara** You can come and stay with me. You can go in your old room. You'll be safe here. No one will harm you here.

**Lucy** Won't they? I'm frightened it will all come out.

**Barbara** You can stay here as long as you want.

**Lucy** I don't know if I should.

**Barbara** It's up to you darling. This is your home.

*Silence.*

**Lucy** Can I? I would really appreciate it.

**Barbara** You're here now and that's all that matters. You're going to let me look after you.

**Lucy** Will you?

**Barbara** Always.

*Silence.*

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**Lucy** Nothing is for always Mummy.

**Barbara** Well I am. I want you to listen to me. Look at Mummy, I am here.

*Silence.*

And I will never let you down.

*Two*

*Lucy and her older sister Angela, thirty-six. Angela has just come into the kitchen at their mother's house. Lucy hasn't noticed. Lucy is rying through Angela's bag and finds her purse which she opens. Lucy notices Angela staring at her and drops it.*

**Angela** What are you doing with my purse?

*Silence.*

**Angela** You had it there in your hand.

*Lucy thinks.*

**Lucy** I didn't.

**Angela** I saw it.

**Lucy** It's on the floor.

**Angela** Because you dropped it on the floor.

**Lucy** Are you mad Angela?

**Angela** I saw you drop it on the floor.

**Lucy** Are you mad?

**Angela** I came in and saw you drop it on the floor.

**Lucy** No you didn't. I'm making a cup of tea, would you like one?

**Angela** I saw you drop it.

**Lucy** No I'm sorry Angela you didn't.

**Angela** I saw you.

**Lucy** Have you got a cigarette?

**Angela** I saw you do it.

**Lucy** Cigarette?

**Angela** I saw you.

*Silence.*

Why are you lying to me?

**Lucy** I asked you for a cigarette.

**Angela** Why are you lying to me?

**Lucy** Have you got a cigarette?

**Angela** Why are you telling me a bare-faced lie when you know perfectly well what happened was that I came in here to the kitchen to fetch my handbag. I saw you with my purse and you dropped it on the floor?

**Lucy** You're not in Highbury Corner Magistrates' Court now.

**Angela** You're telling a bare-faced lie. I saw you.

**Lucy** Sorry Angela you didn't.

**Angela** I saw.

**Lucy** So steely. You really should have taken silk. You would have gone far.

**Angela** You mean like you?

*Silence.*

**Lucy** Really this is so boring.

**Angela** I know what you are.

*Silence.*

We both know.

**Lucy** Have you got a cigarette or not?

**Angela** So why lie about something we both know has happened?

**Lucy** Are you deaf as well as crazy?

**Angela** We both know the truth of what's going on here.

**Lucy** Go away Angela.

**Angela** So why did you tell me a bare-faced lie?

**Lucy** You're not in charge any more.

**Angela** Why do you continue to tell me these bare-faced lies?

**Lucy** You're the liar.

**Angela** My eyes did not lie.

**Lucy** Are you on drugs?

**Angela** And my breaking heart is not lying to me either.

*Silence.*

**Lucy** Mum, Angela's off of her tisi!

**Angela** When are you going to leave?

*Silence.*

**Lucy** When you get out of my face.

**Angela** I mean really it's silly your flat sitting empty.

**Lucy** Mum's lonely.

*Silence.*

**Angela** She's been doing perfectly well for the last six years.

**Lucy** Oh yeah forgot she doesn't confide in you, because you have no time to listen to her.

*Silence.*

**Angela** When are you going home?

**Lucy** I can't.

**Angela** There's no such thing as can't.

**Lucy** Someone else is there.

**Angela** Well throw them out.

**Lucy** I need the money.

**Angela** Evidently.



*Silence.*

This is absurd. Wake up Lucy.

**Lucy** Can't help you there sister.

**Angela** Wake up.

**Lucy** I am awake.

**Angela** You know that's not what I mean.

**Lucy** I'm awake! I'm alive! Look! I'm alive you deaf cunt!

*Silence.*

**Angela** Why are you doing this to me?

**Lucy** Oh have I upset you sister?

**Angela** Angela will do.

**Lucy** Have I sister?

**Angela** My name is Angela thank you very much.

*Silence.*

**Lucy** Have I upset you sister?

**Angela** I told you Angela will do.

**Lucy** I know Angela will do, Angela, but you're my beloved sister, sister.

**Angela** What are you doing with the rent from your flat?

**Lucy** I don't know.

**Angela** Does Mum know what you're doing with the money?

**Lucy** It's my money.

**Angela** But as I understand it mother dear has one hundred thousand pounds equity in your flat. And if it is worth four hundred thousand pounds, say, then she is entitled if not to 25 per cent of the monies, 25 per cent of the say.

**Lucy** Please, Angela when you leave this house grab hold of the first man you see and let him fuck you.

**Angela** Does she know?

**Lucy** Ask her yourself.

**Angela** Oh I will.

**Lucy** You've lost it. You've gone and lost the plot at last! I always knew you would! Mum Angela's on drugs!

**Angela** And who exactly is living in your flat?

**Lucy** I don't know, ask mother. If she can remember Have you got that cigarette or not?

**Angela** takes a packet of cigarettes from her own pocket. She shows **Lucy** she has one left and then puts it in her own mouth and lights it. *Silence.*

**Lucy** very calmly removes it from **Angela's** lips and smokes it herself.

**Lucy** You know its been a complete disappointment to me that my beloved older sister has always finally behaved in such a childish way.

*Silence.*

Look I was only checking to see if Mummy had taken any money from your purse. She hides my money all the time. As if I'm a child. And she tries to steal my Visa card as well!

*Silence.*

She's always saying to me she hasn't got any money when I need something.

*Silence.*

**Angela** Really? I wonder why. Why do you think she's hiding your money Lucy?

**Lucy** I don't believe her do you?

**Angela** I don't anything any more Lucy!n.

*Silence.*

**Lucy** She's lying.

**Angela** What have I ever done to you?

**Lucy** Mummy's a freak. She is a freak.

**Angela** What have I ever done to you? What could I have ever done, would you tell me please Lucy?

**Barbara enters with a glass of red wine in her hand.**

**Barbara** Was someone calling?

**Angela** Did you know Lucy has let off her flat?

**Barbara** Ash tray Lucy dear.

**Angela** Did you know?

**Barbara** Yes darling. I let it off for her.

**Angela** And where is that money going?

**Barbara** When the letting agent has taken his share and Lucy's accountant has kept a portion towards your sister's tax bill I suppose the rest plops into her bank account.

**Angela** And what do you think she is doing with that money?

**Barbara** I expect she's spending it.

**Angela** I see.

**Barbara** She is a grown woman.

**Angela** Then what is she doing here?

**Barbara** It won't be long before she's feeling better and gets back to work and popping here there and everywhere like she used to. She is ill. Angela why are you always bossing me around and telling me what to do?

*Silence.*

**Angela** And what about the hundred thousand pounds she owes you?

**Barbara** She will repay the money when the flat is sold. Whenever that is. Ashtray Lucy.

**Angela** And you believe that is what will happen now do you?

**Barbara** Yes I do.

**Angela** The way things are turning out.

**Barbara** Lucy has given her word.

**Angela** Well quite frankly –

**Barbara** Why am I always treated like a child by you Angela?

**Angela** I wonder. Is that the second glass or the second bottle?

*Silence.*

**Barbara** 'What is a cynic? A man who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing.'

**Angela** Bravo Mother. If only your book of quotations held me in the same thrall it did when I was doing my A-levels. Why do you prefer her to me?

**Barbara** There's never been any favouritism.

**Lucy** Give me a cuddle Angela.

*Angela smiles and removes the wine glass from Barbara and drinks.*

*Barbara calmly removes it from her daughter's hand and drinks herself.*

*Lucy watches eagerly.*

**Angela** Why do you prefer her to me?

**Barbara** I don't.

**Angela** Why do you prefer her to me?

**Barbara** I don't.

**Angela** Why do you prefer her to me?

**Barbara** I said I don't.

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**Angela** Why do you prefer her to me?

**Barbara** Angela.

**Angela** Why do you prefer her to me?

**Barbara** Angela dear.

**Angela** Why do you prefer her to me?

**Barbara** You're so boring when you're like this Angela. I do wish you would go home.

*Silence.*

**Lucy** No stay Angela.

**Angela** Why?

**Barbara** Because Lucy is nice to me. Lucy doesn't talk at me.

**Angela** When she wants something.

**Barbara** If only you could see how you are towards me. This isn't about you Angela.

**Angela** And it never is, is it? I have never asked you for a penny.

**Barbara** Perhaps you wish you had?

**Angela** Perhaps I do. You would have had to consider my needs

*Silence.*

**Barbara** How much would you like?

**Angela** That's not the point.

**Barbara** But I thought it was your point exactly? Perhaps you would like your half now? I'm sure looking into the coldness in your eyes, you wish me dead anyway.

*Silence.*

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

**Barbara** But it's not about what you need, it's about what you want and what you wish you had. Why, when you've had all of life's advantages, are you so full of anger?

**Angela** I actually feel incredibly calm now.

**Barbara** You only have to accept that you're a tough and Lucy is delicate. You are different and you always have been.

**Angela** Well how wrong you are.

*Silence.*

If she were mine and she were under my roof I'd make her wash. She smells. I'd make her wash her mouth out and hair out with soap. I'd make her scrub her own dirty knickers and scrub and scrub her teeth with her toothbrush until her gums -

**Barbara** Well what a cruel mother you will make. If you ever find a man that will have you.

*Silence.*

**Angela** It seems to me as someone who spends her whole life trying to establish the facts in one miserable story or other, that what is happening to her and what she is doing to you is quite self-evident.

**Barbara** They are your facts not mine.

**Angela** As they always have been. And that is why this family is screwed.

*Silence.*

**Barbara** You pain me.

**Angela** What hackneyed neatness. One daughter who battles with reality and another who flees from it.

*Silence.*

**Barbara** I must say I am hurt.

**Angela** I intended to hurt you. As you did me.

*Silence.*

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**Barbara** I never would have expected such an adolescent argument with a woman of thirty-six years of age.

**Angela** I won't come back.

**Barbara** Then that is your decision.

**Angela** I won't.

**Barbara** Don't threaten me.

**Angela** I assure you it's not a threat.

**Barbara** Then you had better leave.

**Lucy** Don't go Angela, it's boring when you're not here.

*Angela looks at Lucy for a very long time.*

**Barbara** Goodbye Angela.

**Angela** Goodbye Lucy. Goodbye Mum.

*She goes. Silence.*

**Lucy** Where's she gone?

**Barbara** Home. To her house.

*Three*

*Lucy is lying on the floor resting her head on a smart cushion.*

*She has a pint glass full of liquid which looks like apple or orange juice nearby. There's something else lying by too.*

*Barbara comes in. She has two Waitrose shopping bags full of groceries. She looks at Lucy.*

**Barbara** Lucy darling why don't you lie on the sofa. It will be much more comfortable. I'll fetch a blanket.

*She spots something which stops her in her tracks. She puts down the groceries and goes to where Lucy is lying. As she kneels down to pick up the thing she has seen she absently knocks over the pint of liquid.*

**Barbara** Oh no.

*She picks up the object which has attracted her attention. It's a hypodermic needle and syringe. Lucy has been shooting up. Barbara screams.*

*Lucy begins to come round. Barbara begins to shake her and freak out.*

**Barbara** What have you done Lucy? What have you done? Lucy? Lucy!

**Lucy** Take your hands off of me. Now!

**Barbara** You promised me.

**Lucy** Don't yell.

**Barbara** Lucy!

**Lucy** Zac's dead.

**Barbara** My God. Lucy.

*Silence.*

Who is dead?

**Lucy** My friend.

**Barbara** I don't know who you mean darling. Who is dead?

Lucy Zac.

Barbara Zac?

Lucy Yes.

Barbara Lucy have you been out?

Lucy I was upset.

Barbara What have you been doing Lucy?

Lucy I was upset Mummy.

Barbara You promised me you would never do this.

Lucy I'm sorry.

Barbara You promised me faithfully and I believed you.

Lucy I'm sorry I'm bad.

Barbara Lucy there's blood! What have you done?

Lucy It was a bit of an effort trying to do it on my own.

*Barbara fights back tears. Wipes them away and then inadvertently puts her hand in the spill liquid. Something isn't right. Barbara smells her hand.*

Barbara Darling what is this?

Lucy I needed a wee.

Silence.

Barbara You?

Lucy I needed a wee.

Silence.

Barbara Okay.

Lucy I was upset.

Barbara I know darling.

Lucy Zac was my friend.

Barbara I know.

Lucy He understood me.

Barbara I know he did.

Lucy He was my friend.

Barbara I know.

Lucy I had to go out.

Barbara Darling where did you get the money?

Lucy I couldn't find where you'd put my debit card and my credit card.

Barbara Lucy, I had to cut them up. There are new ones coming. You don't need any money darling.

*Lucy's face contorts and then relaxes. Contorts and then relaxes.*

Lucy I do. I had to go out.

Barbara Lucy what happened?

Lucy I met a man in Clissold Park.

*Lucy's face contorts and then relaxes.*

Barbara What did he do Lucy?

Lucy You know what he did Mummy.

*This is too much for Barbara to bear. She turns away from Lucy full of her own inner agony. Silence.*

*Barbara steels herself and goes to the groceries. She takes out some multi-surface cleaner and angrily pulls a spanking new tea towel from its cardboard packaging. She looks at Lucy.*

Lucy I'm sorry.

Barbara I know darling.

*She goes to Lucy, and then gets down on her hands and knees and begins cleaning up the spill piss. She takes her time, as long as it takes. All her anguish, pain and hurt is somehow manifest in the cleaning up of Lucy's piss. Silence.*



**Barbara** You mustn't go out Lucy.

**Lucy** I know.

**Barbara** You will get into trouble.

**Lucy** I'm sorry.

**Barbara** People will find out. People will find out the truth. And they mustn't.

**Lucy** I think they will.

**Barbara** It will make it harder.

**Lucy** I know.

**Barbara** It will only make it harder for you to go back to work when you're feeling better.

*Lucy's face contorts and then relaxes.*

**Barbara** So you have to do what Mummy says.

**Lucy** I'm sorry Mummy.

**Barbara** What happened to Zac?

*Lucy's face contorts and then relaxes.*

**Barbara** You don't have to tell me if you don't want to. You can tell me later. When you're feeling better.

**Lucy** He died in the hospital.

**Barbara** Did he?

**Lucy** The lady at the hospital rang me up.

**Barbara** Did she?

**Lucy** Yes she did.

**Barbara** What did she say?

**Lucy** She said my phone number was on a piece of paper in his Oyster card.

**Barbara** And how did he die?

**Lucy** You know how he died Mummy.

*Lucy's face contorts and then relaxes. Silence.*

*Barbara finishes cleaning up. She puts the tea towel in the pint glass. She comes over and sits by Lucy's feet. Barbara tries to take Lucy's foot in her hands so she can rub it. But Lucy doesn't like her feet being touched and moves her foot. Barbara tries again and Lucy moves her foot. Barbara tries again and Lucy gives in. Barbara massages Lucy's foot.*

**Barbara** There was a drunk in Waitrose. A black man. Must have been six foot tall. No shoes and a long green coat, which looked like it must have been something. You know before. The pockets were torn. He fell into a little Jewish lady. And she dropped all her groceries. I picked up the dates. The asparagus. And we watched the security guards and the policemen pull him away. He was screaming. Almost hysterically Lucy. Foaming and drooling. I was formulating my anger into something pitiful. To raise a smile. But little old lady looked at me. And I caught a whiff of something. Of her judging me. Intuitively judging me Lucy!u. And she said, 'There but for the Grace of God go you and I'. Smiled. Nodded rather formally actually, and turned away. And picked up a packet of Quinoa. Which she can't have had any intention of buying. John Bradford said it I think. 'There but for the Grace of God goes John Bradford.' He was burned at the stake at Newgate prison. I shall have to check my book or it will annoy me.

*Silence.*

I walked along Holloway Road in a blind fury. And must have let half a dozen taxis go by before I focused on flagging one down. How dare that little Jewess judge me like that? That vagrant had nothing to do with me. He has nothing to do with my life.

*Silence.*

And me in Waitrose and you in Clissold Park.

*Silence.*

**Lucy** You need to give me money.

**Barbara** I know but darling --

**Lucy** It's no use trying to pull wool over my eyes.

**Barbara** I know darling but --

**Lucy** You don't know what it's like.

*Silence*

**Barbara** I'm only trying to do my best.

*Silence*

Give me a cuddle Lucy.

**Lucy** *sis right up. Allows Barbara to hold her.*

**Lucy** When I ask for money you have to give me money otherwise. Otherwise. There are all manner of terrible things which can happen. Zac would never let me inject. He'd never let -- he was so selfish. Fellow travellers. Smokers of opium.

Yeah right. You know if you're going to do it, let's fucking do it. Bring it on. I'm glad the twit died. Injecting without telling me. Liar.

*Her face contorts and then relaxes.*

**Barbara** What's it like?

**Lucy** What?

**Barbara** I need to know. I need to know. I can't -- Why -- I, I need to know.

*Silence.*

**Lucy** Imagine me inside your tummy again. It's lovely. The best cuddle of your life. Calm. Calmness. A snoring dog in a new basket. Lovely. Under the blanket. Like when I was small.

*Silence.*

I've needed something. For such a long time. And I never knew what it was. Until today. I never once Mummy.

*Silence.*

**Barbara** Go on.

*Silence.*

**Lucy** Everything else is background now. Tap and modern and ballet, horse-riding and learning to play the flute. Theatre school and singing lessons and learning to inhale cigarettes and being fingered by boys with Coca-Cola breath. And auditions and making tea and skits on the radio and producers with wandering hands and wives. And being constantly perky and sunny and cheeky and charming and blonde and rosy and game. Constantly game. Let's fucking send a wrecking ball through that one. Hey Mummy. Everyone knows that people in terrible kids' TV are the worst. Let's cane it. Let's smoke it. Let's chop it up and snort it. Cut it. Pass it on and skank the clueless. Baking powder will do. And be ready to let a snail crawl up your arm at nine in the morning with a bastard behind the eyes. Be prepared. And now I'm at my mother's house.

*Her face contorts and then relaxes.*

**Lucy** I was almost famous. I almost made it.

*Silence.*

Not any more Mummy. Everything is background. I know what completeness is. I have seen the face of God. Speedball.

*Silence.*

**Barbara** You must tell me how much you want. You must tell me when you need it. I will give you the money. Please promise me you won't go to Clissold Park again. Promise me.

**Lucy** On my life.

*Silence.*

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That's all I wanted.

*Silence.*

Did I tell you?

**Barbara** Tell me what darling?

**Lucy** My friend.

**Barbara** Yes?

**Lucy** Zac. Zac is dead.

*Four*

*The accident and emergency department of the Whittington Hospital.  
Early hours of the morning.*

*Lucy is on a hospital trolley. A man, Pete, towers over her. With some cheap flowers.*

**Pete** Really it was quite easy to come in.

**Lucy** I'm sure.

**Pete** It was.

**Lucy** Obviously.

**Pete** Never been easier.

**Lucy** I'll come and find you later.

**Pete** But we need to sort things out.

**Lucy** Well how can I sort things out now?

**Pete** That's not my problem.

**Lucy** Okay Pete.

**Pete** I think the security man is new.

**Lucy** Whatever.

**Pete** And I think these helped.

*Pete puts the flowers down on the trolley. Silence.*

**Lucy** So what do you expect me to do?

**Pete** You look better.

**Lucy** I haven't got anything on me at all.

**Pete** I thought you were dead.

**Lucy** I don't know what's happened to my bag or my purse.

**Pete** Have they given you an injection?

**Lucy** Yes in my bottom and it really fucking hurt.

**Pete** Was it Naloxone?

**Lucy** I don't know.

**Pete** I thought you were gone.

**Lucy** Then why didn't you ring an ambulance?

**Pete** Why don't I believe you when you say you don't have nothing on you? I think you skanked me Lucy.

**Lucy** Well if you hadn't fucking run off and left me to die then you would know where you were wouldn't you?

**Pete** There were two more wraps.

**Lucy** Fuck off.

**Pete** I went back there.

**Lucy** Just fuck off before I start to scream.

*Pete produces a Stanley knife from his left pocket which he gestures with.*

**Pete** I went back and there weren't no signs of nothing there.

**Lucy** Fuck off.

**Pete** The posh girl always got something. Dat much I know.

*He slips his right hand under the cover of the sheet towards Lucy's groin.*

**Lucy** Move your hand now or I will scream this whole fucker down.

*Pete ignores her and feels to see if she has hidden a wrap of heroin in her vagina.*

**Pete** If you think I will hesitate in cutting your face in half then you must think again.

*Satisfied nothing is there he removes his hand from under the covers. He smiles. Sniffs the scent on his fingers.*

**Pete** It's a long time since I sampled that sweet smell of pussy.

**Lucy** How dare you.

**Pete** I must say I never thought of you dat way.

**Lucy** How dare you.

**Pete** But maybe we should get to know each other in a new way.

**Lucy** I'd rather fuck a rabid dog then let you anywhere near me you disgusting beast.

*Silence.*

**Pete** Now two, is forty you owe me. Forty notes. Forty on the nose.

**Lucy** I don't know what happened to your gear. I was unconscious at the time.

**Pete** You see I have always had a rule which has served me well. Never believe a junkie.

**Lucy** How dare you call me a junkie.

**Pete** You got it, I know you have.

**Lucy** This is ridiculous. All that's happened is I OD'd and you ran away and left me to die on my own and somewhere and at some point you lost your gear.

**Pete** Don't start back-chatting me.

**Lucy** And then you started to feel guilty about what you did.

**Pete** I ain't got nothing to feel bad about!

**Lucy** You started to feel guilty and you started to cluck.

**Pete** Shut up now!

**Lucy** And you didn't have your gear and you wanted someone to blame.

*Pete threatens her with the knife.*

**Pete** Did you put it in your batty?

**Lucy** What?

**Pete** Did you hide my gear in your bottom? You heard me.  
**Lucy** No Pete I didn't.

**Pete** Roll over.

**Lucy** No.

**Pete** I said roll over.

**Barbara enters.** *She has a handbag over one arm. Pete puts the knife back in his pocket so Barbara doesn't see it.*  
**Barbara** Hello.

**Lucy** This is my friend Pete. I was telling him how they pronounced me dead. And then I came back. But he's going now.

**Barbara** Thank you for coming to visit.  
**Pete** No problem.

**Barbara** Bless you, Lucy hasn't got many friends.  
**Pete** I know.

**Lucy** Mummy before he goes could you give him the forty pounds he says I owe him.

*Silence*

**Barbara** Was it you?

**Pete** What?

**Barbara** Was it you that gave it to her?

**Pete** No.

**Lucy** Just give him the money and he'll go away.

**Barbara** *thinks and then puts her handbag on the bed. She takes out her purse and two twenty-pound notes. She goes to Pete and gives him the money.*

**Pete** Good.

**Barbara** *slaps him as hard as she can around the face. Silence.*

**Pete** You can have that one for free. But you touch me again and I will shank you.

**Pete** *brings out the Stanley knife.*

**Barbara** Please do your worst. You will go to prison and never be able to come near my daughter again. Go on. Please.  
*Silence.*

**Pete** You are Wacko Jacko.

**Barbara** She was pronounced dead! I lost my husband when she was only a baby and I won't lose Lucy before her time! Get out!

**Pete** You're freaking me out woman. I want more money.  
Now!

**Barbara** Go away. Go on. Go away. Get out.

**Lucy** Do what my mother says or I will scream.  
**Pete** *thinks and puts away the Stanley knife and makes to go.*

**Pete** Your daughter's a whore who takes it up the Gary for smack you old dried up bitch. I hope you die of cancer.  
*He goes. Lucy closes her eyes. Her face contorts. Silence.*

**Barbara** *makes to go to Lucy.*

**Lucy** No.

**Barbara** *returns to her bag. She takes a little hip flask out and has a quick nip of brandy.*

**Lucy** Can I have some?

*Silence.*

**Barbara** No Lucy.

**Barbara** *She returns the hip flask to her bag and looks at Lucy. She goes to Lucy and gets on the bed with her. She holds Lucy and they hold each other for a long time.*

**Lucy** Are you okay?



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**Barbara** Yes. Are you?

**Lucy** Yes I think so. I love you Mummy.

**Barbara** I love you Lucy.

## *Five*

*Barbara's large house in Islington, a few weeks later.*

*Angela and Barbara talk. The cordless house phone sits between them. Barbara drinks red wine.*

**Angela** I'm pleased you called.

**Barbara** It's been hard.

**Angela** Yes it has been hard.

**Barbara** Yes.

**Angela** How are you?

**Barbara** Not good.

**Angela** Well I'm here now.

**Barbara** Yes you are darling.

**Angela** I am pleased you called me.

**Barbara** Well yes.

**Angela** I can't think of the last time you asked me to come.

**Barbara** Well then we're both pleased.

**Angela** Even before.

**Barbara** Before?

**Angela** Mother it's been a year.

*Silence*

**Barbara** It hasn't?

**Angela** It has.

**Barbara** Well I can't believe it's been a year.

**Angela** I thought we really had fallen out this time.

**Barbara** Well how could you think that?

**Angela** I'm ashamed to admit it, but this time I couldn't pick up the phone.

**Barbara** Why are you compelled to go over things?

**Angela** But you did. I never thought you would but you did.

**Barbara** Yes I did.

**Angela** You phoned, you called me.

**Barbara** Darling I am your mother and you are my daughter.

*Silence*

**Angela** Yes, I know.

**Barbara** Let's not pick over the bones.

**Angela** Okay, okay.

**Barbara** Good.

**Angela** Do you have any idea what a hard time I've had?

**Barbara** No.

**Angela** I met someone.

**Barbara** Oh good.

**Angela** And he left me. About two months ago.

**Barbara** Well I've rather put my foot in it.

**Angela** I can't tell you how it's made me feel about myself.

**Barbara** Well you will soon find another.

**Angela** Mummy I had an ectopic pregnancy.

*She fights back tears. She won't cry in front of her mother. Silence.*

**Barbara** I wish I had known.

**Angela** I'm sorry.

**Barbara** I would have liked to have been able to support you.

**Angela** I love you Mummy.

**Barbara** I love you Angela. I regret very much the ugly things I said the last time we spoke. I've hated us falling out. Lucy's easy. She likes simple things. I don't always understand you Angela. I can't help it. I am so sorry.

*Angela walks into her mother's arms and they embrace for some time.*

**Barbara** Do you know why I called you Angela? Do you remember?

**Angela** Of course I do.

**Barbara** Because you looked like an angel on my bosom.

*Angela detaches herself from Barbara and walks away with her arms folded.*

**Angela** Where's Lucy?

*Silence.*

**Barbara** She's not here.

**Angela** Has she gone out?

**Barbara** I don't know where she is.

**Angela** I see.

**Barbara** I've been in a frightful state.

**Angela** Right.

**Barbara** I daren't take my eyes off of the phone.

**Angela** Oh yes there it is.

**Barbara** In the last few months she's been inclined to wander off.

**Angela** Right.

**Barbara** But she always turns up. Like a bad penny.

**Angela** I'm sure you don't mean that.

**Barbara** Would you like a glass of wine?

**Angela** No.

*Silence.*

How long has she been gone this time?

**Barbara** A fortnight.

*Silence.*

I'm having all the red tops delivered and I can't sleep because I'm convinced she's going to turn up on the front of the paper in a gutter and it will come out and her life will be ruined.

**Angela** I wouldn't worry about the tabloid press. They don't even know who she is and insofar as I'm aware she's never slept with a footballer.

**Barbara** Please don't take that tone.

*Silence.*

**Angela** If you hadn't rather over-egged the pudding with 'an angel on my bosom' I might not have grasped so quickly how shallow your motive in contracting me was.

**Barbara** No.

**Angela** Still none of us ever has done subtly well. I don't know why the working class get such a bad press. I find the middle class infinitely crasser.

**Barbara** I think you're being dreadfully unfair.

**Angela** Am I?

**Barbara** All I've been thinking is how have I managed to lose both of my daughters.

*Silence.*

**Angela** You haven't lost us.

**Barbara** Haven't I?

**Angela** Lucy will turn up.

**Barbara** And you?

*Silence.*

Well your silence gives me the answer.

**Angela** There's no such thing as unconditional love Mother.

**Barbara** Well you will know better if you ever have children. Ignore me. I'm sorry, I can't –

**Angela** What? Help yourself?

**Barbara** No.

*Silence.*

I will always love my daughters.

**Angela** Why do you love me?

**Barbara** I am your mother.

**Angela** Yes but how do you love me?

**Barbara** Well I love you.

**Angela** Yes but what is it about me? Me.

**Barbara** Angela you're so wilful, how can one describe all the emotions in the world?

**Angela** I'm not asking for them all.

**Barbara** Really you're like a terrier with a bone.

**Angela** I'm not asking for all the reasons I'm only asking for one. What is one thing that you love about me?

**Barbara** Why do you always require a reason?

**Angela** Because it's the way I am.

**Barbara** Really.

**Angela** And because I would like to hear something apart from the fact I am obviously cynical, wilful, I'm hard-nosed, a tough, a cold woman with men and a bit funny.

**Barbara** I won't argue with you now. Take off your coat and I'll fetch you a glass of wine.

**Angela** I don't want a glass of wine.

*Silence.*

Why is it you have never been able to love me?

**Barbara** I have done my best.

**Angela** You're not even engaged with reality. For God's sake you can't even accept the truth of how Daddy died!

*Silence.*

It might have been easy to pull the wool over the eyes of a little nine-year-old girl but I am a grown woman now.

*At that precise moment the phone begins to ring. Barbara snatches it up. She goes white as she listens to the voice on the other end.*

**Barbara** Calm down Lucy I can't hear you. Darling calm down.

*The phone line evidently goes dead.*

**Barbara** Lucy! Lucy! Lucy darling I'm here I'm coming to fetch you! Lucy!

**Barbara** *is helpless and doesn't know what to do. She gulps down the wine she has left. She looks at the empty wine glass and the phone receiver.*

**Angela** What's happened?

**Barbara** She said she needs some money her dealer's going to kill her. Then she screamed and the line went dead. It went dead.

**Barbara** *collapses, not physically, but internally, a sort of internal collapse leaving her whimpering like a dying animal. Angela takes the glass and phone off her on reflex.*

**Angela** Where is she?

**Barbara** I don't know.

**Angela** The police will be no use unless we know where she is.

**Barbara** She didn't say she was frightened and she was screaming.

**Angela** I don't know what I can do.

*Silence.*

**Barbara** She's going to end up dead isn't she?

**Angela** No Mum.

**Barbara** If not tonight another night.

*Silence.*

My Lucy dead. No, no, no, never, never, never. Pull yourself together.

*She stifles a sob and slaps her own face.*

**Angela** No.

**Barbara** We've got to do something. Tell me what to do Angela. You were always the sensible one.

**Angela** I don't know what to do.

**Barbara** I know you hate me but I am begging you to tell me what to do.

**Angela** I don't hate you Mummy.

**Barbara** *gets down on her knees to plead.*

**Barbara** I know you hate me. I'm sorry I'm such a hopeless mother but you must help me with Lucy.

*She begins to repeatedly slap herself about her cheeks.*

**Angela** Mum please.

**Barbara** I can't. You see I've run out. It's no wonder you hate me.

**Angela** There's nothing we can do.

**Barbara** There must be.

**Angela** What can we do?

**Barbara** There must be something we can do.

**Angela** There's nothing we can do.

**Barbara** But there must be.

**Angela** Only Lucy can help herself now.

**Barbara** No.

**Angela** It's the truth.

**Barbara** No, I must be able to help my girl in some way.

**Angela** You know in your heart in your bones you've done everything you can for her.

**Barbara** No.

**Angela** Well I don't know what I can do.

**Barbara** There must be something more I can do.

**Angela** She's better off on her own, you're only enabling her habit.

**Barbara explodes.**

**Barbara** I am helping her! I am protecting her!

*Silence.*

Why has this happened to us? Things like this don't happen to families like ours! Why? Tell me Angela why?

**Angela** I don't know Mum. I think I should go. It was a mistake to come. It was silly of me to think things could be any different.

*Silence.*

**Barbara** Please don't leave me on my own tonight Angela.

*Silence.*

**Angela.**

**Angela** Mum you can't expect me to drop everything. I -  
God this is awful.

**Barbara** Angela darling

**Angela** Oh God.

**Barbara** Angela darling.

**Angela** Mum stop, get up.

**Barbara** Angela.

*Angela takes a deep breath and looks at her mother. She passes*

*Barbara the wine glass and phone back. And then takes off her coat which she puts over one arm. She helps her mother up.*

**Barbara** Thank you darling Bless you.

**Angela** Under the circumstances how could I possibly do anything else?



*The accident and emergency department of the Whittington Hospital. Early hours of the morning.*

**Lucy** *is sitting up on a hospital trolley. She is a complete state, a transformation from the person we met at the beginning of the play. She has a bad cut on her right hand which she holds aloft and the blood runs down her forearm. A nurse, Brian, comes in and attends to her.*

**Lucy** Chop, chop.

**Brian** Very funny.

**Lucy** Chop, chop I say my dear man.

**Brian**

Right Lucy I'm going to need to clean that up.

**Lucy** Well be sharp about it.

**Brian** No one told me we had Lady Muck in tonight. It's not what it says on your notes pet.

**Lucy** Fucking pet fucking cunt fucking cheeky cunt.

**Brian** Okay darling this is how it is. You either cut out the abusive language or I fetch the security man and you're out of here do you understand me?

**Lucy** *looks at him and smiles very sweetly.*

**Lucy** I'm sorry nurse. My hand hurts.

**Brian** Okay.

**Brian** *goes to work cleaning up Lucy's hand before he stitches it.*

**Lucy** Please be careful I need to look after my hand.

**Brian** Don't worry.

**Lucy** Thank you Mr Nurse.

**Brian** So how did you cut your hand?

**Lucy** I don't know.

**Brian** I think someone said you had a fight.

**Lucy** Well that's a lie.

**Brian** So how did you do it?

**Lucy** I must have fallen over.

**Brian** Where did you fall over then?

**Lucy** I can't remember.

**Brian** Right.

**Lucy** Do you know who I am?

**Brian** No pet but I'm sure you're going to tell me.

**Lucy** I am not exactly at liberty to say exactly but when you find out about my television pedigree you'll regret treating me like dirt.

**Brian** *takes a step back from her and takes a good look at her*

**Brian** Well I can't say I recognise you.

**Lucy** I've been poorly and taken some time off that's why.

**Brian** Is it you and that Amy Winehouse?

**Lucy** I don't think you would know my work as you don't look like the sort of person who might have children.

**Brian** *laughs and shakes his head.*

**Brian** Right we're going to put a stitch or two in and you can get off home. Wherever that is.

**Lucy** Do I have to go tonight?

**Brian** Yes pet you do.

**Lucy** Please don't.

**Brian** Where do you live?

*Silence.*

Right let's get this done.

*He gives Lucy a local anesthetic.*

**Brian** I once met a doctor who liked a bit of smack on the side. He said he found shooting up very erotic. The injection of liquid in to a body. Pulling back and the blood. Can't see it myself. My God he was a big man.

*He begins to stitch up Lucy's hand. It still hurts a touch.*

**Brian** You know I stitched up a chap last week who claimed to be the grandson of Hermann Göring. Claimed his grandmother was some sort of servant at Berchtesgaden and she had a bit of a -

*He whistles.*

With the fat Nazi just before the end of the war. Quite convincing he were. Went on and on about how he'd tried to contact his aunt who was Göring's only daughter or summat. Reckoned he'd been to Munich and South Africa in search of her. He liked a bit of smack as well this homeless chap did. Told me he'd taken it up so he could commune with his grandfather who'd been addicted himself. Shot in the groin he was in the beer hall putsch. Had too much morphine for his pain. Same thing with one of our other regulars. Ex-Russian soldier wounded in Chechnia. Homeless as well. Same thing. Memory of an elephant I've got. Never forget a face. Never forget a fact. Available for pub quizzes on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Of course the grandson of Hermann Göring was all fabrication and I tried to humour him but you mustn't go along with a delusion really.

**Lucy** I know what you're trying to do and I'm afraid you don't know what you're talking about.

**Brian** So if you're a TV presenter how come you're sleeping rough?

*The local anaesthetic is wearing off and Lucy yelps with pain as Brian finishes up.*

**Brian** I'm sorry did I catch you?

*He catches her good hand very gently in a gesture of kindness. He lets go.*

**Lucy** I'm not sleeping rough I'm staying with friends.

**Brian** Fine okay fine whatever you say there's no flies on me.

**Lucy** I'm staying with friends okay.

**Brian** Okay.

**Lucy** I'm staying with friends. I've millions of friends. Millions of them. More than you will ever have.

**Brian** What is it love?

*He looks at her. Lucy takes his hand and then withdraws it after a few moments.*

**Brian** Lucy?

**Lucy** Offers her hand back. **Brian** is wary of taking it.

**Brian** Lucy? What happened to you pet?

**Lucy** shakes her head.

**Brian** Can you not go home? Have you had a falling out at home?

**Lucy** No.

**Brian** Why don't you go back then?

**Lucy**'s face contorts and then relaxes.

**Lucy** Please hold my hand.

**Brian** holds her good hand uneasily.

**Brian** Go on love spit it out.

**Lucy** I am going to be famous. I am.

**Brian** What is it?

**Lucy** I was on the television. I was.

**Brian** Lucy.

**Lucy** It was on CBBC and it was called the *Animal House* and everyone said it was going to be a winner and I've seen that bitch they've put on there instead of me and she's not a patch on me.

*Her face contorts and then relaxes.*

**Brian** Did someone attack you?

**Lucy** I love the animals.

**Brian** Does someone want to harm you?

**Lucy** I love them. The birds, the bees, the snails. I love them. You're a kind man.

**Brian** It's my job to be kind.

*Lucy looks at him. Silence.*

**Lucy** I think I'm in a bit of a spot.

**Brian** Go on.

**Lucy** I think I'm in a bit of a pickle.

**Brian** Go, go for it, go on I'm listening. I'm here.

*Lucy grips Brian's hand and whispers in his ear. He looks at her. She nods.*

**Brian** I'm sorry.

*Lucy begins to cry but holds herself in. She thinks. Jumps off of the bed.*

**Lucy** I'm going. I've had enough of this.

**Brian** No don't - let me make a phone call first.

**Lucy** You can't keep me here!

*She begins to rage.*

**Lucy** Do you think you can lock me up like my mother? Do you? Do you? Do you? Well you can't!

**Brian** I've a phone number I can ring if you will just -

**Lucy** Just what?

**Brian** Just stop for a moment pet and think about what you just whispered in my ear. I'd like to help you.

**Lucy** I don't need your fucking help! I don't need anyone! I'm fine! I'm fine! Fuck off with your help!

*Silence.*

*Brian changes his posture as if to show she is free to leave. Lucy panics.*

**Lucy** Please help me, please help me I've ruined my life, what have I done, what have I done? Please help me.

*Brian goes to her and comforts her.*

**Lucy** Help me, I need help. I can't stand it any more. I want to die. I'd rather die than be locked in this circle of hell any more. I can't do it I can't do it.

**Brian** I know, I know.

**Lucy** Help me Mr Nurse.

**Brian** There, there.

*At this phrase Lucy pulls away from Brian.*

**Brian** Lucy what is it?

*Lucy shakes her head. Silence.*

**Brian** Will you be okay for a minute while I pop out and call someone down to see you?

**Lucy** No.

**Brian** I need to pop out.

**Lucy** You said you would help me?

**Brian** And I will.

**Lucy** Please help me.

**Brian** I will.

**Lucy** Help me.

**Brian** I will I promise you I'll get someone down and when they've examined you I'm going to give you a number you can ring and they'll do what they can.

**Lucy** It's not the police is it, I can't have any scandals.

**Brian** No.

**Lucy** Help me Mr Nurse.

**Brian** Lucy you told me you've been raped.

**Lucy nods.** *Silence.*

*She has a full-on panic attack. She tries to breathe and then begins to get control of herself.*

**Brian** Easy. Good girl. That's it deep breaths. Deep breaths. Now Lucy pet you're not going to disappear on me are you when I pop out?

**Lucy shakes her head.**

**Brian** Are you one hundred per cent certain that you're going to pop your self back on that bed and take some nice deep breaths and chill your boots for me.

**Lucy nods.**

**Brian** Good.

**Lucy** I'll do everything you tell me, I can't stand it any more I can't.

*She wants to cry but holds herself in. Silence.*

**Lucy** I want to change my life. I want to so badly. Please.

**Brian nods.** **Lucy calms right down.** *Silence.*

**Brian** I'll do what I can.

**Lucy** Thank you. Thank you.

**Brian** I'm only doing what my mother always taught me to do best. To be interfering and nosey.

*He smiles. Lucy laughs and then smiles a beautiful smile before clauting over again.*

**Lucy** Mr Nurse please tell me the number you're talking about, who is it?

**Brian** It's Brian.

**Lucy** Brian please.

**Brian** We've the number of a crisis intervention team. They'll do what they can if they can and give you a bed if they've space.

**Lucy** If? No, no, no. No.

**Brian** Yes pet. If. If they can do it and you can do it.

## Seven

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*A room in a North London crisis intervention centre three days later. It's pretty basic. A bed, wash basin and a mirror.*

**Lucy** *washes herself in the basin, then brushes her hair and looks in the mirror. She looks and feels better. Silence.*

**Marina**, *a care worker, enters.*

**Marina** Lucy?

**Lucy** Yes?

**Marina** Didn't you fancy any breakfast?

**Lucy** No.

**Marina**

**Lucy** You need to get your strength up. I could smell the fried food from here and it made me want to vomit.

**Marina** You can have toast and fruit juice. There's toast and fruit juice Lucy.

**Lucy** And no doubt horrible white bread.

**Marina** You're undernourished and you need three good meals a day while you're here.

**Lucy** The methadone's made me feel sick. It's disgusting, it's like Nighthurse.

**Marina** Lucy.

**Lucy** And are you sure this room is all you have? If you call my mother I'm sure she will pay for the best room.

**Marina** Lucy there are only thirty rooms here. Serving all of greater London. You're lucky you've one of the only single rooms Lucy.

**Lucy** Lucky? I don't think so.

*Silence.*

**Marina** Lucy you made an agreement when we admitted you last night to stick by the rules and boundaries we've got. They're for everyone's benefit including you.

**Lucy** What, eating a cooked breakfast?

**Marina** You need to make sure you go to breakfast. And see everyone Lucy.

**Lucy** I don't want to be with all those people.

**Marina**

*Why what's wrong with them?*

**Lucy** They're all men and the other two women are crack whores. I think I'd rather stay in my cell.

**Marina** It's not a cell. I know its strange being here. And everything is new. But you will have a lot more similarities with the other people here than you realise now. And you can learn from other people's insights.

**Lucy** I'll thank you if you're finished.

**Marina** Your first group is at ten o'clock Lucy.

**Lucy** How interesting.

**Marina** Lucy you made an agreement to attend groups. Didn't you Lucy?

**Lucy** And do what?

**Marina** The group work is an important part of the work we do here. It's an important part of how we support you in your time here and to prepare for what comes next. It's like learning a new language. It feels hard at first. But you gain insights into how your mind works and what motivates you. And that knowledge is power Lucy.

**Lucy** To do what?

**Marina** Get in touch with who you really are. As opposed to the person you think you are and who you think you should be.



**Lucy** Oh please.

**Marina** You don't have to say anything Lucy. And some things aren't appropriate for group therapy anyway. You don't have to worry about a thing.

**Lucy** I'm sorry but I am not one of those people.  
*Silence.*

**Marina** Don't put your energy elsewhere Lucy.

**Lucy** Oh don't worry I've no intention of putting my energy elsewhere.

**Marina** I know how hard it is.

**Lucy** I doubt that very much.

*Silence.*

**Marina** All sorts of people share your experiences Lucy.

**Lucy** I'm me. I'm my own person.

*Silence.*

And I must be the biggest freak in the world.

**Marina** You're not.

**Lucy** I think I must be to end up here.  
*Silence.*

**Marina** You're not. Look at me. Mad as a box of frogs I know.

*She smiles.*

**Lucy** I've never been so ashamed in my life, I think I'd rather be dead.

**Marina** You're alive Lucy.

**Lucy** I think I really would rather be dead and buried.

**Marina** We all make bad choices Lucy. Because we're human. We're all in the same boat.

*Silence.*

Where are you Lucy?

**Lucy** Right now I'm in a crummy room in a crisis centre about half a mile from where I –

*She wants to cry but she stops herself.*

Grew up.

**Marina** You're safe here.

**Lucy** Am I?

**Marina** You are.

**Lucy** Am I?

**Marina** Yes you are.

*Silence.*

**Lucy** I am so ashamed. It's like a veil, a mist, a fog, a thick fog, a putrid sticky fog that's in my eyes and my ears and my mouth and my nose and every pore of my body and my feet and all over my hands and in my heart and it will never go away never. Please don't make me go out.

*Silence.*

**Marina** And why are you here Lucy?

**Lucy** Because my life has become chaotic and out of control and I have been attacked and –

*Silence.*

And I think my life may now be in danger and other people must agree with me because I am here. Taking a valuable bed. And I had everything I wanted.

*She wants to cry but holds herself in.*

**Lucy** You won't tell anyone who I am will you? You won't tell my mother will you?

**Marina** Lucy why are you here?

**Lucy** So I can detox so I don't die.

**Marina** Why are you here?

**Lucy** I don't know why because all I want to do is die. I think it would be better for everyone concerned.

*Silence.*

**Marina** You don't mean that.

**Lucy** I do. I do.

*Silence.*

I really do. What's the point of me being in this world? Why should I live and breathe when I'm of no use to anyone and I'm no more than a never-ending source of danger and utter heartbreak to everyone I know and to myself? I have broken my own heart and I know I will never ever be able to mend it. It is broken.

*She wipes some tears away and then gets herself together.*

**Lucy** Only one bad thing has ever happened in my life until I started smoking heroin. I've only been clean a day and everything is coming back. My head is so full of my own life. It's all coming back. And you know what is so awful? My dad died when I was six months old and apart from that, I don't even remember that, there's not been one bad thing that has happened to me that I can think of that's why. That's why. So it must only be me I'm obviously a born fuck-up. Did I grow up on the Mouniford Estate in Hackney? Was my mother a drug addict or prostitute? Did I go to a crappy comp and go on the dole when I was sixteen? Was I bullied or did I have brothers and sisters who hated me? Was I abused? Did I have no talents? I was the star of my year at school.

*She sings. She's a binding singer. It's too much. She bursts into tears. Silence apart from the sound of her crying.*

**Marina** gives her a tissue. **Lucy** wipes her eyes and pulls herself together. *Silence.*

**Lucy** I can't go to a group. What will they think of me?

**Marina** Everyone feels like you.

**Lucy** But how can they when I've had so much and they've had nothing?

**Marina** It's not like that.

**Lucy** I don't think I can do it.

**Marina** Why are you here Lucy?

**Lucy** blows her nose and thinks.

**Marina** Why did you ring the number after the hospital gave it to you Lucy? Why did you ring us Lucy?

**Lucy** Because.

**Marina** Because what?

**Lucy** Because.

**Marina** Because you want to get better. You've spoken to me last night.

**Lucy** But you're different.

**Marina** You've spoken to me Lucy.

**Lucy** It's different there's only one of you.

**Marina** I know what you do for a living. You could stand in front of a camera and talk to thousands, millions, if someone asked you.

**Lucy** Of children. And I only lasted three episodes before I fucked that one up.

**Marina** You and a dozen others is nothing for you Lucy. Nothing.

**Lucy** I can't leave this room.

**Marina** You can. You're amongst friends and fellow travellers here.

**Lucy** Fellow travellers. Smokers of opium.  
*She smiles and thinks.*

**Marina** You can do it.

**Lucy** If I'm compelled to.

**Marina** Not for me. For you. You can do it. You can do it for you. Everything else is background now. It's all static.  
*Lucy looks at Marina directly.*

**Marina** This is about you doing all the things you need to do to get yourself better. Not what other people want. What you want. What you need. Where you need to put your energy to go where you need to go.  
*Silence.*

**Marina** I'll be outside for a few minutes and we can go up to the group room together if you like. I'll introduce you to everyone. You can do it. You have to do it. I know you can.  
**Lucy** How?

**Marina** Because I've seen a thousand girls like you in my time here. Feeling like the world is coming to an end. And it's hard but – But when they've the determination to effect a change in their life and go for it they do Lucy.  
*Silence.*

I'll be outside.

*She nods and goes. Silence.*

*Lucy spends as much time thinking about her decision as is conceivably possible, takes a deep breath and walks out of the room.*  
*Interval.*

## Eight

*A room in the North London crisis intervention centre. There are three plastic chairs.*

*Barbara waits nervously on one of them. She checks her watch. Silence. Lucy enters carrying a sports bag. She is accompanied by Marina who has a folder under her arm. Barbara stands.*

**Barbara** Hello Lucy.

**Lucy** Hi Mum.

**Barbara** You look well.

**Lucy** Thanks.

**Marina** Who let you in?

**Barbara** A young man.

**Marina** Well you shouldn't be in here.

**Barbara** It had started to rain. What do you expect me to do? Stand on the street?  
*Silence.*

You look well Lucy.

**Lucy** Thank you.

**Marina** You know she's put on nearly a stone since she's been here.

**Barbara** Have you?

**Lucy** I was a bit skinny.

**Barbara** I made a spaghetti bolognese. Its on the hob.  
**Lucy** Great.

**Barbara** And in case you didn't fancy that there's macaroni cheese. I made that as well.

**Lucy** I don't mind.

**Barbara** And I thought you might be hungry so I brought some sandwiches. Cheese and jam. And some crisps as well. *She rifles around in her bag for the sandwiches which she brings out in a haphazard box.*

**Lucy** I had breakfast.

**Barbara** Oh what did you have, I suppose the food's not up to much is it?

**Lucy** Mummy that's pretty rude.

*Silence.*

It's great.

**Marina** We don't have a fantastic budget but our chef Gaz works some miracles and we're all convinced it's only a matter of time before he's on the box on *Masterchef*.

**Barbara** Look I brought Mr Dog.

*She puts the sandwiches back in her bag and fetches out an old battered soft toy of a Labrador dog.*

**Barbara** Look Mr Dog Mr Dog Lucy.

*She gingerly advances towards Lucy with the soft toy. Lucy doesn't want it.*

**Marina** Barbara I'm not sure --

*Lucy takes it and looks at it. Barbara embraces Lucy.*

**Marina** Barbara.

**Barbara** Sorry, sorry.

*She backs away.*

**Lucy** It's okay

*She goes to her mum and gives her the hug she wants. Barbara wipes her eyes.*

**Barbara** Look at you.

**Marina** Lucy I think we should pop upstairs and talk privately for ten minutes don't you? I'll get someone to fetch down a coffee for your mum.

**Barbara** What about?

**Lucy** No.

*Silence.*

**Marina** What is it Lucy?

**Lucy** We can talk here.

**Barbara** What about?

**Lucy** I don't know what happens next.

**Barbara** Don't you want to come home?

*Silence.*

She doesn't want to come home.

*Silence.*

**Lucy** No I do.

**Barbara** I love you Lucy.

**Lucy** I love you Mummy. I do want to come home.

**Marina** Lucy's doing great. She's been a star.

**Barbara** She's always been a star you don't need to tell me that.

**Marina** But every step takes great courage and strength.

*Silence.*

**Barbara** Angela's coming round at the weekend.

**Lucy** Is she?

**Barbara** That will be nice won't it?

**Lucy** Yes.

**Marina** Is Angela your older sister?

**Lucy** Yes.

**Marina** Would you like to see her?

**Lucy** I don't know.

*Silence.*

**Barbara** Things are better.

**Lucy** Are they?

**Barbara** I contacted Angela.

**Lucy** Did you?

**Barbara** I've tried to make things up to her Lucy.

**Lucy** Have you?

**Barbara** I apologised with all my heart.

*Silence.*

**Lucy** What did you say to her?

**Barbara** I said sorry.

**Lucy** What for?

**Barbara** Well I said sorry for - You know. I said sorry.

**Lucy** What for?

**Barbara glances at Marina.** *Silence.*

**Marina** Look I feel - This is an inappropriate situation for me to be in.

**Lucy** I want you to stay.

*Silence.*

**Barbara** I feel uncomfortable. I -

**Lucy** I think it would be better if I stopped tonight and Mummy can come and collect me tomorrow morning.

**Marina** You have stayed for the maximum period already Lucy.

**Lucy** Yes, Mummy can come back in the morning.

**Marina** Lucy, we're already admitting a girl upstairs in your place.

**Lucy** Well you can't.

*Silence.*

**Barbara** Lucy you should see your room.

**Lucy** I want to stay here.

**Barbara** I went to John Lewis and you've new bedding, its lovely. Not at all girly-girly like your old things. You're a grown woman now. Lucy, we've a taxi booked.

**Lucy** Haven't you brought the car up?

**Barbara** I didn't know where I would park.

**Lucy** Why didn't you drive?

**Barbara** A taxi's easier.

**Lucy** Why didn't you drive?

**Barbara** Because I didn't want to drive.

*Silence.*

I must say whether I drive or take a taxi has never concerned you before.

*Silence.*

I do apologise.

**Marina** Not at all. Its not an easy thing. For either of you.

**Lucy** I don't want to go home.

**Marina** I'm afraid I have to get on as well.

**Lucy** If I go home I -

*Silence.*



**Marina** You need to put your energy into what's next, not what came before Lucy. None of it matters any more.

**Barbara** I've done my homework Lucy.

**Lucy** Mummy I can deal with whatever I need to deal with.

**Barbara** And you will have my support. I would like to tell the lady here. Or they will think I am a poor mother.

*Silence.*

**Lucy** You're not a poor mother.

**Barbara** I feel like a poor mother. I feel like the worst mother in the world.

**Marina** You're not chuck.

**Barbara** Well it's very hard to believe at the moment. After everything.

*She wants to cry but holds herself in.*

**Marina** I'd recommend you doing EA.

*Silence.*

**Barbara** How dare you speak to me like that. How dare she.

**Marina** I'm sorry I think you've got the wrong end of the stick.

**Barbara** How dare she say that, who are these people Lucy?

**Lucy** She didn't mean fuck all mother. Its Families Anonymous.

**Marina** Its an organisation called Families Anonymous. There's CoDA as well.

**Barbara** What is that?

**Lucy** It's Co-Dependents Anonymous.

*Silence.*

**Barbara** I don't really think that sort of thing is for people like us.

**Marina** It's hard for the families to come to terms. Mothers in particular find it very hard that the person you gave birth to and nursed and nourished and brought up has - had the kind of problems Lucy has. You need support.

**Barbara** That's quite enough. I won't speak about my family and private life in this way.

**Lucy** Mother.

**Marina** Look I -

**Barbara** I won't. I have come to fetch my daughter home and that is all we need to discuss.

*Silence.*

As soon as Lucy is home everything will be fine. Won't it darling? Won't it? As I was trying to say I have found a masseur who will come to Gibson Square. And a craniosacral therapist and I thought perhaps we could go to a pilates class together. Couldn't we darling?

**Lucy** Yes we could.

**Barbara** And I've booked for the two of us and Angela to have a weekend away.

**Lucy** The three of us? Together.

**Barbara** At a health spa. In Hampshire. In Brockenhurst. In the New Forest. Its not too far from Southampton. If we get fed up we could catch the ferry and go to the Isle of Wight. I've always wanted to go to Osborne House. Of course Queen Victoria died there. 'We are not amused.' Anyway I think it will do us all good. To be away together as a family. I think Angela has stress issues even before one takes into consideration her career in the law. But if you would rather we went together then I'm sure Angela won't mind us going on our own.



**Lucy** No.

**Marina** Sounds great. I wish someone would take me to Blackpool.

*She laughs. Lucy looks at Barbara.*

**Lucy** Thank you Mummy. That would be lovely. The three of us.

**Marina** Well how lovely.

**Barbara** Honestly darling I will speak to Angela if you don't want her there.

**Lucy** No, I'd like her to be there.

**Barbara** Whatever you want.

*Silence.*

**Lucy** Will you be honest?

**Barbara** About what?

**Lucy** I don't know.

**Barbara** Darling you know there are no secrets between us.

*Silence.*

**Lucy** I suppose we ought to be going home?

**Marina** Yes I think it's time to say goodbye.

**Lucy** Goodbye Marina.

**Marina** Goodbye. You can be very proud of everything you've achieved here.

**Lucy** It doesn't feel like three weeks.

**Marina** Everyone says that.

**Lucy** It feels like a lifetime.

*Silence.*

**Barbara** Thank you for helping my daughter.

**Marina** We do what we can.

**Barbara** I mean it sincerely.

**Marina** I know you do. Here before you go. Did you hear the one about the morbidly obese junkie?

**Barbara glances at Lucy uncertainly.**

**Marina** When he fell over he tried to smoke the crack he made in the pavement.

*She laughs.*

**Marina** Oh don't get me started we'll be here all day.

**Lucy laughs and gives Marina a little wave.**

**Marina** I hope you won't be offended when I say I hope I never see you again.

**Lucy** Don't worry Marina. I'm never coming back.

**Lucy** sits opposite **Dr Harris** in his room in the drug treatment centre at a large North London hospital. There is a bed where patients can be examined in the room.

**Dr Harris** has a questionnaire resting on the inch-thick yellow folder containing **Lucy's** notes. He has a pen ready to write. He takes notes through the consultation.

**Lucy** Where's Dr Burden-Rogers?

**Dr Harris** I'm afraid Dr Burden-Rogers is away. I'm Dr Harris, Dr Burden-Rogers' SHO.

**Lucy** Is he on holiday?

**Dr Harris** He's at a conference in Malta. Anyway, shall we begin?

**Lucy** stands up and gathers her bag as if to leave.

**Lucy** I'll wait until he comes back.

**Dr Harris** Now we've not met before I know, but why don't you sit down and tell me a little bit about yourself?

**Lucy** If you want to know about me why don't you read my fucking notes.

*Silence.*

**Dr Harris** I have read your notes **Lucy**. You're doing remarkably well. It would be great to hear where you're at. In your own words. I think it's important don't you?

**Lucy** I'm on methadone.

**Dr Harris** How much?

**Lucy** Seventy milligrams.

**Dr Harris** How often do you pick up?

**Lucy** Once a week.

**Dr Harris** How do you feel about that?

**Lucy** Okay.

**Dr Harris** That's great.

**Lucy** I used to be on supervised consumption but now I just pick up once a week.

**Dr Harris** Now you're twenty-nine and you're single is that correct?

**Lucy** Yes it is. Thanks for the little reminder.

*Silence.*

**Dr Harris** And where do you live?

**Lucy** With my mother in Islington.

**Dr Harris** And no children?

**Lucy** No. No children.

*Silence.*

**Dr Harris** And do you use anything on top of the methadone?

**Lucy** No.

**Dr Harris** No alcohol or cannabis? Do you smoke?

**Lucy** Yes.

**Dr Harris** How many per day would you say you smoke?

**Lucy** I don't keep count.

**Dr Harris** Ten? A small pack?

**Lucy** I didn't realise I was here because of my self-destructive relationship with Mr. Marlboro Light.

*Silence.*

**Dr Harris** Any crack? Or heroin on top? Perhaps for a treat.

**Lucy** Nothing for ages.

**Dr Harris** Ages?

**Lucy** Maybe once a month.

**Dr Harris** Do you inject?

**Lucy** No. Listen Dr Twat why don't you read my notes?

**Dr Harris** I know it's a bit tedious Lucy but you've been through a review before and you know the form. We need a thorough interview. Now if I can recall, you haven't injected for approximately a year is that correct?

**Lucy** Yes.

**Dr Harris** And you have a little on top as a treat once monthly.

**Lucy** It's not a treat.

**Dr Harris** Yes?

**Lucy** It's more like a visceral whole body yearning for something exciting in my excruciatingly boring new life. My daily treat is now *Loose Women* and I never thought I'd say that about that bunch of third-rate harridans.

**Dr Harris** *laughs. Silence.*

**Dr Harris** So you smoke it off of foil?

**Lucy** Yes I do.

**Dr Harris** How do you pay for it?

*Silence.*

**Lucy** I don't. My mother pays for it.

**Dr Harris** And where do you get it?

**Lucy** My mother meets my dealer in a little cafe on Upper Street. And you know she sometimes buys him a cake. Apparently he's fond of meringues.

*Silence.*

**Dr Harris** And how's your health in general?

**Lucy** Okay. I think.

**Dr Harris** And how are you getting on with the interferon injections?

**Lucy** Glad it's over that's for sure.

**Dr Harris** Oh you've finished the treatment?

**Lucy** Yeah, six months of the evil fucker.

**Dr Harris** And the hepatitis C?

**Lucy** It's cured. I've got one more blood test. But it's gone. I know it's gone.

*She smiles. So does Dr Harris.*

**Dr Harris** Why don't you sit down? I assure you while you may think I'm a twat I'm actually quite a nice bloke.

**Lucy** I'll be the judge of that.

**Dr Harris** *smiles. Lucy thinks and then goes back to her chair.*

**Lucy** You're okay. I can see you're okay.

**Dr Harris** Thank you.

*He smiles.*

**Lucy** That's okay.

**Dr Harris** So how are you feeling about your treatment? Where are you hoping to get to next Lucy?

**Lucy** *thinks. She is very serious.*

**Lucy** I want to get my methadone script cut down. I want to come off it as soon as I can. I want to get back to work. I want to get my life back. I want to get back to work. It's so boring. It's so boring. I want to be a normal person like you again. I want to get back to work and get my own place and do all the things I've always thought about doing. I need to. I want my dignity. It is so important to me. I have to do this. I will be too old. I want to be completely clean from everything before I'm thirty.

*Silence.*

Do you know how much the little children adore the *Animal Show*? Do you? They won't understand why I've gone. And I miss them.

*Silence.*

**Dr Harris** Yes. I can see how much this means. And you say your mother buys the heroin when you have a little bit as a treat?

**Lucy** And? She doesn't want me getting mixed up with dealers any more. What's wrong with that? It makes sense for her and it works for me. I don't want to mix with them either.

*Silence.*

**Dr Harris** And the last proper relapse was six months ago?

**Lucy** More of a lapse I'd say. Not a relapse. I didn't inject.

*Silence.*

**Dr Harris** Lucy we don't want to run before we can walk and –

**Lucy** Have you read my notes? Really? I am tired of this life. I am tired of getting clean, lapsing, getting clean, relapsing, getting clean and relapsing. I am on the road. And I am not going back. I am never going back. I want to detox completely.

*Silence.*

**Dr Harris** Well we can't force you to do anything. This is about you.

**Lucy** I need to get back to work. I need to pay my own way and get back in to my flat. I need to get my life back. I know I do.

*Silence.*

**Dr Harris** And what is your relationship with your former employers?

**Lucy** They said once I sorted myself out we could have a conversation about coming back.

**Dr Harris** And how likely do you think it is they will honour that understanding?

**Lucy** Listen if I can be blunt those fuckers pushed it up and if they don't want to be nice then I will make trouble for them.

**Dr Harris** I see. So your employment status is –

**Lucy** Resting.

**Dr Harris** *makes some notes.* *Silence.*

**Lucy** You know an important staging post in my sexual development was an adolescent fantasy I had of being fucked over a desk by a doctor in a white coat.

**Dr Harris** *looks up alarmed.*

**Lucy** Joke. Joke.

**Dr Harris** *laughs exceedingly nervously and dives back into his notes.*

**Dr Harris** You said you were living with your mother?

**Lucy** Yes.

**Dr Harris** And there's no one else there?

**Lucy** No.

**Dr Harris** And does she work?

**Lucy** She's got savings.

**Dr Harris** So you live off your mother's savings?

**Lucy** I don't want to talk about my mother any more today.

**Dr Harris** And where is your father?

**Lucy** He's dead.

**Dr Harris** How did he die?

**Lucy** I don't want to talk about my mother and my father.

**Dr Harris** Do you have any siblings?

**Lucy** I have a sister Angela and she's a solicitor and that's about it.

*She stands.*

**Dr Harris** I just want to understand if there's anything in the family that might be of relevance. Any predisposition.

**Lucy** What to being a junkie and a fuck-up?

**Dr Harris** If you want to put it like that.

*Lucy smiles.*

**Dr Harris** So there's no history of any prescription drugs. Alcohol. Anything like that in the family?

*Lucy thinks, smiles.*

**Lucy** No. But grandfather fell off the side of a tug boat in the war after drinking too much rum. The old sea dog.

**Dr Harris** I can see you share a sense of humour with Dr Burden-Rogers.

**Lucy** Yes he doesn't hide behind his questionnaire as much as you.

*She smiles.*

**Dr Harris** You're aggressive. Angry. Why is that?

**Lucy** You're the psychiatrist. You tell me.

*Silence.*

I like Dr Burden-Rogers. He gives me the horn.

*She smiles. Silence.*

**Dr Harris** Now I noticed in your last medical review there were multiple deliberate self-harming events.

*Lucy bursts out laughing.*

**Lucy** Go on say that again.

**Dr Harris** In your last medical review it was noted there were multiple deliberate self-harming events.

**Lucy** That is so *Grey's Anatomy*.

**Dr Harris** I'm glad to be a source of such amusement.

**Lucy** You are.

**Dr Harris** Are you still cutting?

**Lucy** You really should lighten up.

**Dr Harris** *checks his questionnaire.* *Silence.*

**Dr Harris** Nothing criminal. No. Well I suppose – Abem.

**Lucy** No. Nothing for ages.

**Dr Harris** You look well.

**Lucy** Why thank you kind sir.

**Dr Harris** You seem pretty together.

**Lucy** I feel more like myself.

*Silence.*

**Dr Harris** Now Lucy I want to talk to you a little bit more about how you're feeling. If I were to say that one out of ten is feeling very low indeed. So as one might feel everything were completely pointless. And ten out of ten were say one of the best days where you feel really good. How many out of ten would you say you feel now?

**Lucy** About five. Maybe five and a half.

**Dr Harris** Well that's a first, a client using a half point.

**Dr Harris** *laughs.* *Silence.*

**Lucy** Groovy.

**Dr Harris** And would you say you've felt better or worse than five point five in the last month say?

**Lucy** Worse.

**Dr Harris** And how many out of ten would you say?

**Lucy** One.

**Dr Harris** One?

**Lucy** Point five.

**Dr Harris** And would say you felt life –

**Lucy** Wasn't worth living? Yes I would. But one must have hope wouldn't you say Dr Harris?

**Dr Harris** Yes I would.

**Lucy** That's my point five.

*Silence.*

**Dr Harris** Is anything worrying you?

**Lucy** I need to get back to work. You know my career. It's the most important thing.

**Dr Harris** Yes I understand. Any anxiety? Panic attacks?

**Lucy** Yes.

**Dr Harris** How often would you say?

**Lucy** Maybe once a fortnight.

**Dr Harris** Good. Do you ever have any thoughts you can't get out of your head or do you ever worry about anything, which actually if you looked at the facts, you might not be so worried about? Do you understand what I mean?

**Lucy** Welcome to my world.

*She laughs. So does Dr Harris.*

**Dr Harris** Is there anything which recurs?

**Lucy** No.

*Silence.*

**Dr Harris** Well. Let's get the nurse in and do the physical examination and you can get off home to *Loose Woman*.

*He realises he's said the wrong thing and goes to the door and calls for the nurse.*

Eileen.

*He looks at Lucy.*

**Dr Harris** I don't think now is the time to try a complete detox. I think you're doing very well but –

**Lucy** I don't feel I'm going anywhere. I'm so bored.

**Dr Harris** I think it's vitally important we sustain the new stability in your life. You have done so well Lucy.

*Lucy blushes. She doesn't know why.*

**Dr Harris** Have I said something?

*Lucy finds courage.*

**Dr Harris** Yes?

**Lucy** There was one thing.

**Dr Harris** Go on.

**Lucy** After my first relapse my mother got rid of our masseur when I scored some weed from him. But she still retains this faith in manipulating my body. In touching me.

**Dr Harris** Touching you?

**Lucy** No not in a dirty way. Or an abusive way. But she insists on rubbing and massaging my feet. As if she were Aladdin. As if she could wish my illness away.

*Silence.*

I can't stand to have my feet touched. I never have. I was so ticklish as a child. You've no need to examine my feet. I've never injected into my feet. I couldn't bear it. I once had a boyfriend who thought the height of erotic sophistication was to lick my feet clean. In the end I burst a blood vessel in his eye because I reacted reflexively. And kicked him the face.



**Dr Harris** smiles.

**Lucy** It's my mother. When she touches my feet I feel so intensely awkward I shut my eyes and I almost go out of my body I feel so uncomfortable. She thinks she's induced a healing trance which of course only encourages her. But I imagine her eating me. The tendon. Lower tibia. A great lump of calf muscle and the burst femoral vein hosing us both down in arterial blood. I often think if my mother could she would eat me. Eat me whole. So she could have me back in her tummy again.

**Dr Harris** I see.

*He hesitates, unsure whether to make a further note now.*

**Lucy** These are the thoughts that come into my head Dr Harris. And they simply won't go away. I don't think they will. Not while I'm on drugs. And methadone is a drug. Like heroin is a drug. I need to be free of everything before I can get myself sane.

**Dr Harris** I don't think you should go it alone.

**Lucy** I don't think Dr Burden-Rogers would agree with you there Dr Harris. I really don't. He knows me.

**Dr Harris** I don't think any doctor worth his salt would endorse such a risky course of action.

**Lucy** thinks.

**Lucy** I've made my mind up. And there's nothing you could say that would change my mind.

## Ten

*A room in the North London crisis intervention centre. There are three plastic chairs.*

*Barbara stands and so does Lucy and Marina. There's tension between them. Silence.*

**Lucy** I'm not coming home with you this time Mother.  
*Silence.*

**Marina** We have a lot of dealings with the hostel.

**Barbara** The hostel.

**Lucy** I don't know why you have come.

**Barbara** I am your mother.

**Lucy** Didn't you read my letter?

**Barbara** Yes but I thought I could give you a lift.

**Marina** I know this is difficult Barbara.

**Barbara** Difficult?

*Silence.*

*My dear I'm not sure there's a word in the English language which is adequate to describe what it's been like in the last two and a half years.*

*Silence.*

**Lucy** You're driving?

**Barbara** Yes.

**Lucy** Are you sure you should be driving?

**Barbara** Yes.

**Lucy** Mummy I think I need to try and stand on my own two feet.

**Barbara** On your own two feet?

**Lucy** Yes.

*Silence.*

**Barbara** Why?

**Lucy** I just do.

**Barbara** But how is going to live in a hostel going to help you?

**Marina** Lucy's care worker will be coming to collect her.

**Barbara** Her care worker?

*Silence.*

I don't understand this. I know after your father died perhaps I over-compensated with you. You never knew him in the way Angela did. But I can't see for the life of me what I have done wrong. As a mother. Except to try and give you the most magical childhood and love you and look after you.

*Silence.*

I dare say there's not a girl in London who had a dressing-up box to compare with yours.

*Silence.*

**Lucy** I am very grateful.

**Barbara** I can't get over it. She was such a brilliant girl. You should have heard the stories she came up with. Lucy and Mr Dog on the bus up to the Heath. So funny and entertaining. Off the wall and yet incredibly considerate and affectionate. The cuddles we had. Actually until the last few years. I miss it terribly. I miss you darling. I miss you so much.

*Silence.*

No matter how many times I go over and over this in my mind I –

**Lucy** And what about what I want?

**Marina** After Lucy tried to stop taking her methadone it was a significant relapse she had. A real setback for her. She doesn't want to go backwards like that again. I think Lucy feels that coming home now is too much to deal with all at once after relapsing and detoxing this time.

**Barbara** I know what Lucy feels, I have read her letter.

*Silence.*

How can a mother and mother's love be too much?

*Silence.*

Lucy if you go and live in a hostel how on earth are you going to get back to work?

**Lucy** I will manage.

**Barbara** They won't take you back. No one will have you. How will you keep your clothes and make yourself presentable? People will know.

**Lucy** *looks at Marina.* *Silence.*

**Lucy** I would like to come home, but I'm afraid.

**Barbara** Afraid of what? I'll do anything you want.

**Lucy** I don't want you to do anything I want. I want you to say no. I want you to say no.

*Silence.*

**Barbara** I have only ever done what you have asked me to do.

**Lucy** But Mother you have brought me drugs when I have asked you to pay for them and pick them up.

*Silence.*

**Barbara** What would you do?

*Silence.*

Would you see your daughter. Your precious daughter go onto the streets and prostitute herself?

*Silence.*

Would you rather have a phone call in the middle of the night from your daughter screaming her dealer is going to kill her. And the phone go dead. And not sleep for a week believing she is lying dead in an alleyway. Or would you rather she was safe at home in her bedroom?

*Silence.*

Please tell me Lucy what would you do?

*Silence.*

Would you rather your daughter have clean needles or would you rather she contracted hepatitis C or HIV?

**Lucy** But Mummy you enable my habit.

**Barbara** I would give anything. I would give my life if we could only turn back the clock to the very first time I caught you and your friends smoking pot. I've gone over and over it in my head. I thought she's only thirteen. Her sister's at university. She hasn't got anyone. Only me. Her friends. And should I force those good children? From good families with their whole lives ahead of them onto the street corners. Prone to tough kids pushing harder drugs upon them. In danger of arrest.

*Silence.*

And God darling I did drugs when I was young. It was the sixties. Don't you think I wish I had done things differently? But I am only trying to do my best. But whatever my best is it is the wrong thing.

*Silence.*

You can come home and I don't mind if you completely shut me out. Just ignore me. We can live separately. Only come home. Come home darling. Let me look after you.

**Lucy looks at Marina.** *Silence.*

**Marina** Lucy's decided what she wants to do. I know it must be very painful.

**Lucy** No I haven't.

*Silence.*

**Barbara** Are you going to come home?

*Silence.*

**Lucy** You must make a promise.

**Barbara** I would make a promise in my own blood.

*Silence.*

**Lucy** You must never ever enable my habit again. No matter how much I beg, scream and fight.

**Barbara** I won't.

**Lucy** And most importantly of all.

*Silence.*

**Barbara** Yes darling? Tell me. You can tell me. You know you can.

*Silence.*

**Lucy** You must always say no. Especially when I threaten that I'm going to leave home.

*Silence.*

**Barbara** nods her head and then holds out her arms.

## Eleven

Eleven 89

*A quiet corner in a cafe on Upper Street, Islington. A table and two chairs, a pot of tea, milk jug and crockery for two.*

**Lucy** *stands as a man in a smart suit with a briefcase enters. This is Andrew.*

**Lucy** Are you Andrew?

**Andrew** Yes I am. I'm sorry I'm a few minutes late.

**Lucy** Please. Sit down.

**Andrew** Great.

**Lucy** I've a pot of tea. But would you like some coffee?

**Andrew** No tea's fine. Thank you.

*He sits down.*

**Lucy** Thank you for coming over.

**Andrew** Oh it's no trouble..

**Lucy** I don't like to stray too far from home at the moment.

**Andrew** Yes I hear you've been ill?

**Lucy** Yes I have. But I'm much better now. Much more like my old self.

**Andrew** *fiddles around with his case which he then leaves on the table.*

**Lucy** Shall I put it on the floor?

**Andrew** Oh no I had my laptop bag stolen a few weeks ago and I'm a touch paranoid at the moment.

**Lucy** Oh I'm so sorry to hear that.

**Andrew** Anyway thank you for meeting me.

**Lucy** Oh no the pleasure is all mine.

**Andrew** You were rather hard to track down. I understand you're not with your agent any more?

**Lucy** Oh well there wasn't any point. I wasn't well. And anyway she never did much for me and I'm forever getting calls from people desperate to represent me. God it can be such a pain. So I haven't heard of your company or your good self before but I understand you're producing a show and you're looking for someone to present it?

**Andrew** We're interested in meeting people. Talking to people.

**Lucy** But you're meeting people right?

**Andrew** God I loved the *Animal House* when you were on it. And my nieces and nephews loved it. And you know the thing that really made me laugh was I'd be in the gym on the cross-trainer in the morning. And you'd have Sky News, and Sky Sports News, and BBC Breakfast, and MTV but you'd have a dozen men all watching you on CBBC. I thought this girl is going to go all the way Davina. Dermot. Watch out. I did. I still do.

**Lucy** *laughs and blushes a bit.* *Silence.*

**Lucy** I really loved it. I miss it.

**Andrew** Three years ago wasn't it?

**Lucy** Doesn't time fly?

**Andrew** So what exactly happened?  
*Silence.*

**Lucy** Well.

**Andrew** I mean obviously I know what was said publicly. That you'd had some kind of breakdown. And there were all sorts of rumours that you'd completely lost the plot and been wandering around the streets. I mean. I know. Things get exaggerated. And I suppose I need to know where I am. Before we can take this discussion any further.

**Lucy** Right.

**Andrew** And there were other rumours that things had been hushed up. At the BBC. That the Exec had decided to keep something quiet.

**Lucy** Right.

**Andrew** Television is. It's a small world. And people talk. And I feel I need to know the truth whatever it is. Because those boys in the tabloid press can be such utter shits when they get their teeth in to someone.

*Silence.*

I'd love to work with you.

**Lucy** So would I.

**Andrew** And what we've got is a great new format for a kids' nature show. Lot of travel. *Animal House* can kiss their fucking BAFTA goodbye.

**Lucy** It's a nature show?

*Silence.*

**Andrew** So Lucy? What gives?

**Lucy** You know I want to get back to work. It's all I've ever wanted.

**Andrew** We have to be honest with each other.

**Lucy** Yes I can see that.

**Andrew** So we can defend your side of the story.

**Lucy** Yes.

**Andrew** Should it ever come out.

**Lucy** I don't think it will. It's been over three years.  
*Silence.*

**Lucy** And anyway I've been doing this thing recently. In the last few months. To help me with my illness. And it's all about honesty and moral rigour really.

**Andrew** Right.

**Lucy** I've been going to NA.

**Andrew** Sorry could you say that again?

**Lucy** Narcotics Anonymous.

**Andrew** So you've had a problem with drugs?

**Lucy** Yes.

*Silence.*

**Andrew** I'm not judging you.

**Lucy** Thank you. It's important.

**Andrew** So the BBC hushed it up?

**Lucy** The Exec did. I don't think anyone knew above him. And it wasn't like many people knew who I was. He knew he should have played it by the book and hung me out to dry but he didn't. He called me shortly after and he was very keen I kept quiet obviously. And he promised me as soon as I was feeling better I could call him and he'd make sure I was looked after.

**Andrew** And this is the man who's now in charge of children's television?

**Lucy** With me fronting your new show I wouldn't have thought you would have any problem getting it commissioned? Would you?

**Andrew** *can't believe his luck and laughs.* *Silence.*

*He studies her.*

**Lucy** You haven't changed your mind have you? Because I really need this.



**Andrew** It kind of freaked me out a bit when you said it was an illness.

**Lucy** Why? It is!

**Andrew** I mean you can't really call it an illness can you? It's an addiction.

**Lucy** I thought you said you wouldn't judge me?

**Andrew** I said I wasn't judging you I didn't say I wouldn't ever judge you.

**Lucy** Look are we still having an interview for a job or is something else happening here?

**Andrew** You know it's pretty hot to handle what you've just told me. I mean the BBC hush up a drug-taking children's TV presenter, who according to obviously true rumours, was caught red-handed injecting heroin in her dressing room.

**Lucy** I was smoking it.

**Andrew** Oh well that makes all the difference.

*Silence.*

Come on you've got to admit it, it's not a real illness.

**Lucy** No.

**Andrew** It's a make-believe illness.

**Lucy** What I've experienced is not make-believe.

**Andrew** Apart from the lemming as far as I know humans are the only creatures capable of self-destruction.

**Lucy** Lemmings don't throw themselves off cliffs deliberately. That's a widespread misconception.

**Andrew** You seem to know a lot about it.

**Lucy** Well I had a nature show on the television.

*Silence.*

**Andrew** Come on, it's not a real illness is it? Getting off of your face to try and block out all of life's difficulties and obstacles.

**Lucy** Why are you picking an argument with me about this?

**Andrew** I mean and it's make-believe the idea that you can treat people any more than it's a real illness in the first place. Taking up all the resources that could be better spent on people with real illnesses. Like cancer. My mother died from cancer. What would you say to her about that?

**Lucy** I didn't take up all that many resources, my mother paid for private until - I -

**Andrew** Until the money ran out?

**Lucy** If it were not for all the support and treatment I have had I would be dead.

**Andrew** Can I quote you on that?

*Silence.*

**Lucy** Who the fuck are you?

*She stands.*

**Lucy** Who the fucking Christ are you?

**Andrew** Sit down. I. Sit down. And I will explain.

**Andrew** Who the fuck are you?  
Please Lucy.

*Silence.*

I do work in the media.

*He stands.*

I work for a well-known popular Sunday newspaper. The news desk had a call.

*Silence.*

I suggest you sit down. We're not after you.

**Lucy** *picks up her cup and throws tea over Andrew.*

**Andrew** Well thank you very much.

**Lucy** The pleasure was all mine. You complete fucking bastard.

## Twelve

**Lucy and Angela** *stand together in a bar in North London.*  
*It's a Tuesday night, so the bar is quiet. Angela gulps red wine from the*

*large glass she's drinking from. Lucy has a Diet Coke.*

**Angela** What do you want Lucy?

**Lucy** I need to talk.

**Angela** Oh you need me?

**Lucy** I'd like you to allow me to talk to you.

**Angela** Well Lucy I am all ears.

*Silence.*

**Lucy** You're drinking?

**Angela** Oh for God's sake please. If you can't bear them join them.

**Lucy** I - I'm sorry.

**Angela** So am I dear.

**Lucy** I know you're angry with me about everything. I want to try.

**Angela** Look let's not mince words. What do you want?  
*Silence.*

**Lucy** I'm in NA. I've been doing okay. I want to say sorry and make amends for what I've done. It's an important part of it. Truly sister.

*Silence.*

**Lucy** I've been going to church. You can pulverise me with your debating skills. As per usual. If you like. And I must admit I feel something of a hypocrite. But there are plenty of women

there who don't give a fig about God either, they want to get their kids in good schools.

*Silence.*

It's something to do on a Sunday. I like the walk to church. I like to sing. Loudly.

*Silence.*

I've been exploring quite a few things. Hinduism. Buddhism. A number of other eastern traditions as well. You know in Sanskrit there's a phrase *Hridaya-granthi*. It means the knot of the heart. It's meant something to me. The knot of the heart must be broken. In order for self-knowledge. Enlightenment. I've come to realise a heart is easier to break than a knot.

**Angela** Yes.

*Silence.*

**Lucy** I thought we would both be married and have children by now. By the time we were this age.

**Angela** So did I.

*Silence.*

**Lucy** When I was a kid you gave me the best cuddles. Much nicer than Mummy. I was so lonely when you went to university. I think I cried myself to sleep for a week.

*Silence.*

I am truly sorry for everything I have done.

*She takes a piece of folded paper from her pocket. She passes it to Angela. Angela takes it and looks at it. Lucy has written on both sides.*

**Angela** And am I supposed to read this now or take it home to study?

**Lucy** I've written down everything I can remember.

**Angela** *looks at it, turns over the pages and skins it in fifteen seconds.*

**Angela** This is no good.

**Lucy** What?

**Angela** Do you really think everything began when I caught you trying to steal money from my purse in Mum's kitchen?

*Silence.*

**Lucy** No. Of course not.

**Angela** But that's where you began!

*Silence.*

**Lucy** Then perhaps we ought to meet another time when I've had a chance to think about our relationship again. I'm sorry.

**Angela** Oh no I've no intention of us meeting again.

**Lucy** I can only say I hope you don't mean that.

*Silence.*

I understand we've become estranged from each other. I do. And in a way we no longer know each other. I don't know you. I haven't taken the time to be interested in your life. I know that. I haven't been able to. But I'm the new me. I'm the new Lucy. And I know you can't possibly imagine everything I've been through.

**Angela** *goes to drink. Decides not to take a sip.*

**Lucy** You don't know what's been going on with me.

**Angela** You couldn't be more mistaken.

*Silence.*

**Lucy** I know there's a part of you that knows exactly. Because you cut yourself don't you? Like me.

**Angela** *is gob-smacked.*

**Lucy** I saw you when I was ten years old. You were home for the weekend. And I looked in your room. The door was ajar

and I looked in. And you were cutting yourself. Inside your thighs. Watching the blood. Feeling purged. Like you'd just had the best hit of your life. And it's still going on isn't it Angela? Did you think I wouldn't notice the blood on your blouse. That you could explain it away with some excuse or other about menstrual blood. Or as an old stain. When really you went in to the toilet earlier for your fix. You took the razor blade from your purse and you cut your tummy.

**Angela** Liar!

**Lucy** You know once years ago when I was still at Italia Conti and you had a party to celebrate your new job. In a rare moment of drunken indiscretion Angela, you said you couldn't stand to have a bloke go down on you. Well she wouldn't would she. She wouldn't want him to see what an awful mess she's made of her inner thighs.

**Angela** I'm afraid you're very much mistaken.  
*Silence.*

**Lucy** I'm very sorry that you say I am. I saw you. And I learned what to do when I was sad.

**Angela** Fuck off.

*She gives Lucy back the piece of paper with Lucy's story of their relationship.*

**Lucy** Would it help if I were to explain what's been going on?

**Angela** That would be pointless.

**Lucy** Please Angela I am trying.

**Angela** *explodes.*

**Angela** Don't you think I don't know every detail of your life. I have been consumed by it.  
*She drinks.*

**Lucy** Angela we can't make a scene in here.

**Angela** Then let's go out onto the street.

**Lucy** I won't get in to some sort of unseemly slanging match in a bar.

**Angela** Why, in case it gets into the newspapers?  
**Lucy** Angela.

**Angela** What a shame it all had to come out? I only wish it happened three years earlier. I wish it had. I wish it had. Perhaps it might have shamed you into stopping. Shamed Mummy from burring through half a million pounds of savings and accumulating another quarter of a million in debt.

*Silence.*

But no. No. We all have to protect Lucy. Pretty Lucy. Lucy the pretty one. Lucy the talented one. Lucy with the voice of an angel. How straight her back as she adopts the first position. My, look at her plié.

**Lucy** I'm not sure how being humiliated in the press and causing a scandal at the BBC has helped anyone, least of all me.

**Angela** If you're still maintaining the delusion that you have or ever did have any chance of a career in television again, then I don't believe you are better.

**Lucy** I am better. But how you can think all that tabloid hideousness helps me in any way. My career is over.

**Angela** Well there's always *Dancing on Ice*.  
*Silence.*

Grow up. It's a make-believe career. It always was. And even then it wasn't make-believe enough. You had to inure it with some moronic faux-rakish behaviour that might have been laughable if it hadn't destroyed what was left of our family. Smokers of opium how ridiculous. I would laugh if I didn't feel so sick. It was good while it lasted but it is gone and you have to face reality.

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*Silence.*

**Lucy** Angela you chose the law and I chose entertainment and I don't criticise your choice.

**Angela** But was it your choice? Was it mine?

**Lucy** I don't know what you mean.

**Angela** I was always the intelligent plain one. You were always the pretty and creative one. Who told us that? When really we were both children who had different talents and different needs.

*Silence.*

**Lucy** Was it really that much money? Is Mum really in that much debt because of me?

*Silence.*

**Angela** I rang the news desk.

**Lucy** I beg your pardon.

**Angela** I tipped off the newspaper.

**Lucy** How could you? How could you?

*She hangs her head. Silence.*

**Angela** Very easily having played second fiddle to you for the last thirty years. The last three of which you seem to have been intent on killing yourself.

*Silence.*

One must always try to put anger to good use. I hoped. I think I've given you a new beginning.

*Silence.*

**Lucy** Perhaps it isn't hate. Perhaps it's love.

*Silence.*

**Angela** Chrissie Hynde knew it.

**Lucy** Don't, you'll sound like Mother. I think I might fall over. No I'm okay. I'm okay.

**Angela drinks. Silence.**

**Angela** For what it's worth I'm sorry if I have made the last few weeks difficult.

**Lucy** Thank you. For telling me the truth.

*Silence.*

**Angela** I've missed you.

**Lucy** I've missed you. Truly.

*Silence.*

**Angela** Have you honestly ever talked to Mum? About problems and stuff? I mean ever.

**Lucy** No. Have you?

**Angela** No.

*Silence.*

**Lucy** Why are the three of us so screwed up?

**Angela** I feel sorry for Mum losing Dad when we were little but -

**Lucy** Don't judge her. Don't blame her Angela.

**Angela** But she -

**Lucy** This is about me. It's about what I've done. I was the addict. I've blown all the money. I've done all the terrible things. Me. Me. I don't want excuses from you Angela for everything I've done any more than I want them from Mum any more.

*Silence.*

I am doing my best to make things right with the world, and my family and in me. Please don't take it away from me. This is about me.



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**Angela smiles.** *Silence.*

**Angela** But there is something else Lucy.

**Lucy** Don't judge her. The world's not black and white. Everyone makes bad choices.

*Silence.*

**Angela** There was something else you don't know. Now you're stronger I think it's time you knew the truth.

*Silence.*

**Lucy** Go on. Well tell me.

**Angela** The thing that no one talks about.

**Lucy** Which thing?

**Angela** You know.

**Lucy** Mummy or Daddy?

**Angela** Well both of them.

*Silence.*

**Lucy** What is it?

**Angela** *takes one abnormally gulp which finishes her red wine. And smiles kindly at her sister.*

**Angela** The big thing. That no one ever talks about. How Daddy died.

*Thirteen*

*The garden of Barbara's large Isington home.*

*It's warm. Lucy has a glass of red wine. Barbara, who has been gardening, walks towards her and takes the glass. She has a good gulp of the red wine. Lucy lights up a cigarette.*

**Barbara** You're smoking darling?

*Silence.*

**Lucy** I know.

**Barbara** Well I suppose we all have our little sins.

**Lucy** We do.

**Barbara** Now do you fancy finishing the French onion soup or shall we have a light salad?

**Lucy** A salad will be fine.

**Barbara** Are you off out?

**Lucy** In a while.

**Barbara** Oh you didn't say?

**Lucy** That's because I'm leaving. And I thought it would be much harder for both of us if I ...

*Silence.*

**Barbara** Isn't the garden looking marvellous. Who would have thought it after all these years? I actually thought someone must have painted the plinth at some point. But you know it was utterly coated in bird shit.

*Silence.*

**Lucy** I love you Mummy.

**Barbara** I love you Lucy.

**Lucy** Mummy I -

**Barbara** Well that explains it. Why the garden was calling.  
*She wipes her eyes. Silence.*

Of course I knew that one day – And here it is.  
*Silence.*

You know the house is going to have to be sold.

**Lucy** I will find a way of paying you back.

**Barbara** Darling

**Lucy** I will.

**Barbara** No. Well anyway. For all of Angela's splendid work with my many and various creditors I don't think they will be kept at bay for much longer. Surely you could wait until then?  
*Silence.*

**Lucy** No I can't. I've spent a month thinking very carefully about it. Making my decision. I had a talk with Angela.

**Barbara** What has she said?

*She drinks. Silence.*

**Barbara** You know once when I found you.

**Lucy** Yes?

**Barbara** When I found you in a state.

**Lucy** Yes?

**Barbara** You said to me that you had a need. You needed something for such a long time. And you had found it. In your state of oblivion. Perhaps you don't remember?

**Lucy** I do remember.

**Barbara** Of course it's your father I assume. And I feel so awful about it because –

**Lucy** No Mum.

**Barbara** No?

**Lucy** How can you miss someone you have never known?  
*Silence.*

**Barbara** You don't mind me asking do you?

**Lucy** No.

**Barbara** A mother longs to know these things.  
*Silence.*

Why did you do it? Why did you follow that path? Please tell me.

**Lucy** It was something friends were doing. It was something I wanted to be near.

**Barbara** But why?

**Lucy** I had incredible nerves. I had the most paralysing nerves. Before I go in front of the camera. Smoking weed was impossible. But heroin helped.

*Silence.*

**Barbara** But you've always been so confident?

**Lucy** I have always wanted to be so perfect.

**Barbara** But why?

**Lucy** For you.

**Barbara** For me?

**Lucy** Because you were so perfect. You gave me everything I ever wanted and made all my dreams come true. I have always been terrified of letting you down.

*Silence.*

**Barbara** But I would not care.

**Lucy** But I would.

**Barbara** I don't understand.

**Lucy** And yet there is a part of me – Have you never been into a beautiful room and wanted to trash it? To move the

symmetrically arranged cushions? I once had to meet someone in a suite in the Sanderson. And all I hoped was to come on my period. And I was due. So I could leave a mess in the lavatory. Smack sorted everything out. To begin with.

*Silence.*

**Barbara** *thinks.*

**Lucy** You know detoxing from heroin has never killed anyone but you can die withdrawing from alcohol suddenly. Can't you mother?

**Barbara** I've no idea what you're talking about.

*Silence.*

**Lucy** Angela told me.

**Barbara** Told you what?

**Lucy** Angela found out herself quite by accident from old Dr Dennis seven years ago, didn't she mother?

**Barbara** I don't know what you're getting at.

**Lucy** You told us Daddy died from a heart attack.

**Barbara** Which he did.

**Lucy** Brought on by a seizure.

*Silence.*

He had a problem didn't he?

**Barbara** He was a good man.

**Lucy** And you'd stopped drinking because you were carrying me.

**Barbara** Well that's what happens when you're pregnant Lucy, so I suppose so.

**Lucy** But Daddy couldn't stop could he?

**Barbara** Really this is fantasy.

**Lucy**

Because he was addicted. Did you clean up his piss?

**Barbara** You're becoming more like Angela as you get older.

**Lucy** But you said you would leave him. You said if he didn't stop drinking right away you were leaving. And he did. He quit. Like that. And he dropped down dead.

**Barbara** Well I've no idea where you've got all this. I have no idea why Angela would say such a thing.

**Lucy** You told her when she came round from seeing Dr Dennis to have it out with you. Or don't you remember because you were blind drunk at the time?

*Silence.*

Is this why you do it? Is it? Is this why you have never been able to put your foot down?

*Silence.*

**Barbara** I wanted to protect you. It was so unnecessary.

**Lucy** What, telling your daughters the truth?

**Barbara** He - Your father wasn't destructive. He was whacky to Angela. She adored him. But she was growing up and beginning to notice her father's behaviour wasn't normal. And I had you. I didn't want to cloud your lives with any unnecessary darkness after he died.

**Lucy** The world is full of light and dark mother!

**Barbara** I wanted you to have all the love two parents could give.

**Lucy** And left Angela with none.

**Barbara** That isn't true. I admit you were my favourite.

**Lucy** Why did you try to make Angela resent me?

**Barbara** That isn't true. I would never do that.

**Lucy** Was it because I called her Mummy when I was small instead of you?

*Silence.*

I know now what that need was. I know what wanted filling. That huge Angela-shaped hole in my heart that opened once you began to turn her away from me. Tell me why Mother. Tell me why. A daughter longs to know these things.

**Barbara** *throws red wine over Lucy.* *Silence.*

**Barbara** Oh my darling! I'm so sorry.

**Lucy** It's okay.

**Barbara** *takes off her apron gives it to Lucy to clean herself. She does. They look at each other.*

**Lucy** Why?

**Barbara** Why?

**Lucy** Why?

**Barbara** I need love. I need it too.

*Silence.*

*She half-sings.*

**Barbara** Don't put your daughter on the stage Mrs Worthington, don't put your daughter on the stage.

*She laughs to herself. Silence.*

**Barbara** Noël Coward.

**Lucy** Oh.

**Barbara** Noël bloody Coward.

**Lucy** I love you Mummy.

**Barbara** I love you Lucy.

*Silence.*

I tried to do better with you than I did with your father. I failed with your father. I did all the wrong things.

*Silence.*

Well after everything, I think we shall both appreciate a break from each other don't you Lucy?

*Silence.*

**Lucy** I was thinking of something else.

**Barbara** Oh?

*Silence.*

**Lucy** I don't know if I shall see you again.

**Barbara** What?

*Silence.*

**Lucy** I think if we said I was having a break I would feel honour-bound to. And I don't know what I will do with my life. And apart from the weeks astray in the last couple of years we have spoken every single day of my life and I – And it's so huge. What Angela told me. I feel my whole life has been one fantastical lie. And I have to get away.

*Silence.*

I have given it consideration and the feeling of dread. Of going away and the knowing that on a certain date I come back. I have to go away and not know.

**Barbara** I see.

**Lucy** I think in my own way I've tried before. But somehow the harder I have tried to untangle our – It seems –

**Barbara** Yes.

**Lucy** Yes.

**Barbara** This is all my fault. To think I brought you drugs. I –

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**Lucy** I don't care about that.

*Silence.*

But I'm hurt about Daddy. And I must say I'm as cross with Angela as I am with you for not telling me the truth.

**Barbara** *wipes her eyes.* *Silence.*

**Lucy** *looks at her.*

**Lucy** All you have ever done is love me and done your best for me. But now I have to go.

*Silence.*

**Lucy** Why didn't you ever talk to us?

**Barbara** It's my pain that he died. That I feel he died because of me. I didn't want to burden you both with it.

**Lucy** How can a mother's pain ever be a burden to her daughters?

**Barbara** *wipes her eyes.* *Silence.*

**Lucy** I love you Mummy.

**Barbara** I love you Lucy.

*Silence.*

**Lucy** I love you Mummy.

**Barbara** I love you Lucy.

**Lucy** I love you Mummy.

**Barbara** I love you Lucy.

**Lucy** I love you Mummy.

**Barbara** I love you Lucy.

*Silence.*

I love you Lucy.

*Silence.*

I love you Lucy.

**Lucy** Stop.

*Silence.*

Stop.

**Barbara** *wipes her eyes.*

**Lucy** Don't. I'll.

*She wipes her eyes.*

**Barbara** Well. God bless and good luck.

*Silence.*

Where will you go?

**Lucy** To South Africa for a couple of months and then – I don't know what.

**Barbara** How will you –

**Lucy** Angela has given me some money and a camcorder. To go and see what I can find and have an adventure.

**Barbara** What an extraordinary girl she is.  
*Silence.*

**Lucy** Perhaps you will tell her some time.  
*Silence.*

**Barbara** Yes. I will do my best.



## Fourteen

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*The top of Table Mountain, Cape Town, South Africa.*

**Lucy** *is alone looking out over the ocean towards Robben Island. Silence.*

**Oscar** *joins her. He is South African.*

**Oscar** Can you see Robben Island?

**Lucy** Yes.

**Oscar** Would you like to go?

**Lucy** Perhaps.

**Oscar** At one time it was a leper colony. Everyone knows about Nelson Mandela but no one knows about the lepers.

**Lucy** Is there an excursion?

**Oscar** There's a ferry.

**Lucy** Well we should go.

**Oscar** You didn't look like you liked the cable car too much?

**Lucy** It wasn't too bad. My mother always said I was never good at heights.

*They look out at the ocean.*

**Oscar** That's Lion's Head, that's Signal Hill and that's Devil's Peak.

**Lucy** It's quite something here.

**Oscar** I never tire of it. No matter how many times.

**Lucy** This place is the closest thing to heaven I can imagine. What the fuck is that?

**Oscar** *laughs.*

**Oscar** Oh it's just a classic. I thought you liked nature?

**Lucy** It's a rat rabbit with vampire teeth and an evil look in his eye.

*She laughs. So does Oscar.*

**Oscar** They're all right there's a lot of scraps for them from all the tourists.

**Lucy** I'm glad I came to South Africa. To the Cape.

**Oscar** And you didn't come for the football either.

**Lucy** *laughs.*

**Lucy** Despite its history, all its difficulties and problems it's a place that's trying to find a new beginning for itself.

*She smiles.*

**Lucy** And I get that profoundly.

**Oscar** So I hear.

*They both laugh.*

**Lucy** When I think of my life and being here now I want to cry. Not in a bad way. But I - I'm so pleased I came here.

**Oscar** *smiles.*

**Oscar** Well I tell you what Luce I'm sure as shit pleased you did.

**Lucy** *looks at him and smiles. Angela comes up onto the high point.*

**Oscar** Otherwise I never would have met that bloody annoying sister of yours.

**Angela** *comes towards Oscar and they kiss for a very long time.*

**Angela** What's he saying about me Lucy?!

**Lucy** Oh nothing, he's being boring about Robben Island.

**Angela** Give him a thump.

**Lucy** I will.

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**Oscar** Hey! You wouldn't think she's madly in love with me would you hey Lucy?

**Angela** Don't push your luck Oscar or you'll be taking the short way down.

**Angela and Oscar** notice **Lucy** looking out at the ocean. *They come and stand next to her and look out.*

**Lucy** Have you spoken to Mumm?

**Angela** This morning

**Lucy** How is she?

**Angela** Fine.

**Lucy** What's she doing?

**Angela** She's absolutely fine.

**Lucy** Is she?

**Angela** I would say so. She's threatening to register on Guardian Soulmates.

*She shakes her head. Lucy smiles and thinks. Silence.*

*Lucy misses her Mumm and blinks back a tear.*

**Angela** Are you okay sister?

**Lucy** Yes sister.

**Angela** Are you sure sister?

**Lucy** Yes I am.

*Silence.*

I think. Perfectly.

*She smiles brightly, then thinks, and is filled with a sense of foreboding.*

Content. Is the word.

*They all look at the ocean.*

*End of play*