

Mary He's trying to deal with Danny being killed his way, and I'm trying to deal with it my way. And the problem is, my way makes him want to kill me, too.

Blackout.

Lights up on Emma and Elizabeth. Emma is holding a letter which Elizabeth has just handed over.

Emma Who's it from?

Elizabeth Mary Pritchard.

Emma Who's she?

Elizabeth Daniel Pritchard's mother. I told you about her.

A beat.

Emma What does she want?

Elizabeth Why don't you read it and see?

Emma No thanks.

She tries to hand it back to Elizabeth.

Elizabeth It's addressed to you. Keep it. You might want to read it later.

Emma I won't.

Elizabeth Keep it anyway.

Emma What does she want?

Elizabeth Why don't you read the letter?

Emma Why don't you tell me?

Elizabeth She asked me to give it to you.

Emma I don't want it.

Elizabeth Is that what you'd like me to tell her?

Emma Tell her anything you like.

Elizabeth OK.

Silence.

Emma Did you bring my fags?

Elizabeth Yes.

She rummages in her bag and takes out a pack of cigarettes.

I couldn't get the Rolos. They didn't have any.

Emma Where?

Elizabeth At my local shop.

Emma Must be a pretty poxy shop.

Elizabeth Well, they didn't have any.

Emma Get Rolos anywhere. Poxiest shop on earth sells Rolos.

Elizabeth This one doesn't.

Emma Cos it's poxy.

Elizabeth Are you going to read the letter or not?

Emma You could have got me a bar of fruit and rut instead.

Elizabeth I'll leave it with you.

Emma Or a packet of Starbursts.

Elizabeth You can read it later.

Emma Starbursts used to be called Opal Fruits. Did you know that?

Elizabeth Yes.

Emma A KitKat would've done. Fuck's sake. What's a KitKat cost? Nothing. Have a break, have a KitKat.

Elizabeth *puts the letter on the table between them.*

Elizabeth I'll leave it here, OK?

Emma Stop going on about the fucking letter, will you?

Elizabeth Stop going on about fucking confectionary.

Pause.

Emma I've never heard you swear before.

Elizabeth Well, now you have.

Emma Anyway, I like confectionary. Or sweets as I call them.

Elizabeth I'll get you a KitKat the next time.

Emma You coming back then?

Elizabeth What d'you mean?

Emma Why d'you bother? I'm a waste of time.

Elizabeth No you're not.

Emma I fucking am.

Elizabeth You can certainly be very trying.

Emma (*impersonating her*) 'You can certainly be very trying.'

Elizabeth That's not a very nice thing to do, Emma.

Emma 'That's not a very nice thing to do, Emma.'

Elizabeth Look, we can waste this visit, or we can make it worthwhile, it's up to you.

Emma I don't give a fuck, I never asked you to visit me.

Elizabeth Actually you did.

Emma I don't even like you, you're a cunt with a stupid voice, I even hate what you look like and you don't smell right, you smell fucking terrible, has no one ever told you that?

Elizabeth *is unfazed. She says nothing.*

Emma Have you ever eaten out of a dustbin?

Elizabeth No.

Emma I have.

Elizabeth Really.

Emma I was hungry.

Elizabeth *says nothing*

Emma You don't believe me, do you?

Elizabeth Why d'you think that might be?

Emma I was eight or nine. My brother and me used to go round the bins. One time we found half a birthday cake, just with a bit of ash on it.

Elizabeth You must have been very hungry.

Emma Ha ha, I was only joking.

Elizabeth Were you?

Emma Guess.

Elizabeth You were hungry. Why?

Emma Because no one fed us because my nan was in hospital.

Elizabeth Where was your mother?

Emma Off somewhere.

Elizabeth Where?

Emma I can't remember. She used to go out and not come back. But she must have gone for ages this time because there was nothing in the house to eat and we didn't have any money so we went round the bins.

Elizabeth I'm so sorry. That must have been horrible.

Emma Yeah, it was pretty poxy. You feel a right charlie. Yeah.

Pause.

My nan used to say that. 'A right charlie.'

Elizabeth Was there no one you could have gone to?

Emma My nan, but she was in hospital, I told you.

Elizabeth How long did this go on for?

Emma I can't remember now. I think the woman next door took us into her place and gave us some baked beans.

Pause.

I know what you're thinking, I bet you think I'm going to go whining on again about my rubbish childhood and everything, but I'm not, I mean, it can't have been that bad, can it, or I'd be dead. Like my brother. Someone shot him, I'm not kidding. It's ridiculous, it's like a joke my family, you couldn't put us on the telly, no one would believe it, we've got drugs, shootings, being on the game, broken noses, social services, horrible sex stuff and half the time the electric's cut off. We're one of those families you read about in the papers, the judge said my background was pitiful. Rude bastard. He's right, mind you. I just don't think he should've said it in public, in front of people, you don't want everyone to know your mum was on the game and your grandad was a kiddie fiddler, it's not your fault.

Elizabeth No, it's not your fault.

Emma OK, which bit of what I just said's not true?

Elizabeth Most of it?

Emma Which bit? Guess.

Elizabeth I've no idea.

Emma Because you see the other thing they said about me is I'm a bit of fantasist.

Elizabeth Yes.

Emma D'you think I am?

Elizabeth I think you make things up.

Emma Not everything. Some of what I say's true.

Elizabeth I know.