

Mary It's not impossible, is it, Elizabeth?

Elizabeth Well . . . I wouldn't bank on it . . .

John You see?

Elizabeth I mean, obviously it's not impossible –

Mary That's not the reason I'm doing it.

Elizabeth I actually think Emma and I are getting somewhere. But she can't apologise until she completely understands what she's done, d'you see?

John She killed someone. She went to prison. What's *not* to understand?

Mary I know what I'm doing, and I know you don't, but I'm going to meet her. You can stay in the dark, but I'm walking towards the light.

Blackout.

Lights up on Mary and Emma. Visiting time.

Mary Hello.

She stares at Emma.

Emma Hi.

Pause.

Mary How are you?

Emma Fine.

Pause.

Mary Good . . .

Pause.

Thank you for agreeing to meet me.

Emma Whatever.

Mary I'm glad you did.

Pause.

Are you?

Emma Am I what?

Mary Glad. That we could meet.

Emma *shrugs.*

Mary You weren't nervous?

Emma What about?

Mary Meeting me.

Emma It doesn't bother me.

Mary Doesn't it?

Emma No.

Pause.

Mary Danny was our youngest son.

Emma Yeah.

Mary We have another son called Joe. He's twenty.

Emma Right.

Mary Danny was about to go to university.

Emma Good for him.

Elizabeth *appears with three polystyrene cups of tea.*

Elizabeth Three teas.

Emma I don't want tea.

Elizabeth So don't drink it.

Emma I wanted coffee.

Elizabeth Well, I –

Emma Forget it. It doesn't matter.

Mary Please. Get her a coffee, could you?

Elizabeth Sure.

She goes.

Emma Why did you do that?

Mary I suppose I'm trying to show that I mean you no harm.

Emma Why?

Elizabeth Because . . . I don't. Mean you any harm.

Emma You fucking mental?

Elizabeth What d'you mean?

Emma Nothing. Forget it.

Silence.

Mary How are you . . . how are you finding it?

Emma What?

Mary Prison.

Emma It's fine. I don't have a problem with it.

Mary It must be very difficult being away from your family.

Emma You haven't met my family.

Mary No.

Emma Right. Is that it then? Can I go now?

Mary I've only just got here.

Emma What d'you want me to say?

Mary I don't know.

Emma What you doing here then?

Mary I don't know.

Emma Jesus Christ . . .

Mary Elizabeth's gone to get you a coffee, you can't go yet.

Emma Elizabeth's a wanker.

Silence.

Mary You read my letters?

Emma No.

Mary Why not?

Emma I've been busy.

Mary With what?

Elizabeth *comes back with the coffee.*

Elizabeth Here we are.

Mary What have you been busy with?

Emma Bring any sugar?

Elizabeth *puts the sugar on the table.* **Emma** *puts three in her coffee.*

Emma I love sugar.

Mary You said you've been busy.

Emma I love anything sweet. I can eat a whole box of Coco Pops. Not those tinsy ones from the variety pack. A big huge family one. In one sitting. I like sweets, sugar, chocolate, anything like that I can eat, but you know what I can't eat, olives, what is the point of an olive, I mean what is it, it tastes like shit, who invented the olive –

Elizabeth Emma –

Emma What?

Elizabeth Mary doesn't want to hear one of your food rants –

Emma But what *is* an olive?

Mary It's a fruit.

Emma It's not a fucking fruit.

Elizabeth It doesn't matter what olives are, we've established you don't like them, so can we move on –

Emma An orange is a fruit. An apple. An olive is like a piece of shit.

Elizabeth Emma, come on –

Emma A pineapple is a fruit. A lime. Lime's my favourite flavour. I love lime Starbursts. But can you imagine, right, an *olive*-flavoured Starburst? No, right, because a) it would be disgusting, and b) an olive is not a fruit.

Elizabeth Let's get over the olives, can we?

Emma OK.

Pause.

But it's not a fruit though.

Elizabeth Fine.

Pause.

Emma Why doesn't she just tell me what she wants?

Mary I don't want anything.

Emma So what's she doing here then?

Mary Perhaps if you read the letters –

Elizabeth You told me you *had* read them –

Mary D'you still have the letters, Emma?

Emma Yeah, somewhere.

Mary Why is it you won't read them?

Emma *stares stonily ahead.*

Mary Is it because you were frightened of what I might say in them?

Emma No.

Mary Is it –