

NANCY

Ralph Wantage?
Nancy Shirley.
You got my letter.
You agreed to see me.
Shall I sit down?

RALPH

She was your kid . . .
One of them.
This . . .

NANCY

Rhona.

RALPH

Rhona.
Funny you coming.

NANCY

I want you to know
I forgive you for killing my daughter.

*Silence. Ralph abruptly covers his eye sockets with both hands. Long pause. Ralph brings his hands down, looks somewhere at the corner of her.
Very long pause . . . then the works wound very rusty . . .*

RALPH

Thank you.
It's a nice day anyway.

NANCY

Yes.
There's buds out.
We saw a great bank of pussy willow on the way here.
I should have brought you some.
Are you allowed . . . that sort of thing?

He ignores her. He has no idea if he is allowed that sort of thing.

RALPH

We can have videos now.

NANCY

That's nice.
Is that nice?

RALPH
It's alright.

NANCY
I want you to know
I don't hate you.

RALPH
Okay.

NANCY
I used to.
But I don't any more.

RALPH
Okay.

NANCY
My daughter . . . Ingrid . . . said . . . Let It Go . . .
Like A Bird Into The Wind.
She's Spritual.

RALPH
How old is she?

NANCY
Thirty-seven.

RALPH
Oh.

NANCY
I've brought some photographs.
Would you like to see them?

RALPH
Of . . . her?

NANCY
Rhona.
And our family. Ingrid. Bob. My husband.
That's Rhona as a baby.
That's me holding her.
This is Ingrid, that's her sister, holding her.
This is them holding their pets.
Her cat is Fluff
Ingrid's holding Black-and-White.
You can see why they're called that . . . because she's

Fluffy . . . and he's . . . see . . . ?
This is Rhona with Ingrid and my husband Bob.
We were on a day out.
I took it . . . it's uneven ground . . .
That's why they're slightly . . .
This is Rhona dressed as an octopus.
For a fancy dress competition.

RALPH
Did she win?

NANCY
She came third.
Behind Little Miss Muffet
And a Loch Ness Monster.

RALPH
She should have won.

NANCY
That's what we thought.
But we were biased obviously.

RALPH
That's good those arms.
How did you do them?

NANCY
She did them.
Rhona.
They're wire she made into springs.
When you touched them,
They . . .

RALPH
I don't think I hurt her.

NANCY
You did.

RALPH
I don't think she was frightened at all . . .

NANCY
She must have been

Ralph looks away. Nancy touches his arm.

RALPH

You're not allowed to touch.

NANCY

Sorry.

But she must have been frightened!

RALPH

Do you live on a farm

And ride horses

And read poetry

And have warm bread?

NANCY

Not on a farm.

No horses.

We aren't particular big on poetry.

Books, though.

Yes. Sometimes. Warm bread.

On cold days. You just pop it in the oven on

A low heat. Few minutes . . .

Ralph nods. He knows this.

Did your mother ever . . . ?

RALPH

Oh yes.

Oh yes.

NANCY

And your dad? What did he do?

RALPH

My dad

Well

He was the disciplinarian

Obviously.

NANCY

Made you behave, did he?

RALPH

Oh yes

Oh yes

Say you swore filthy language

He's got you by the hair here

And you're in the washing up water

Bosh, wash your mouth out with soap water!

Or you done wrong

Anything!
He's
See my eyes, twat?
Can you see it, you fucking little moron?
I'm looking into you and I'm seeing shit!
You hear me?
Ralph is hit on the side of the head
You deaf little faggot!
Ralph is hit on the side of the head
You listening to me?
Your head taking this in?
I'll make sure you hear what I say . . .
Stand still
Stand still
Stand still
You stand still and don't move one muscle
Not one
You don't even blink, pussy
Until I know you know I mean what I say,
'See my eyes, pussy?'
Ralph is blinking rapidly

NANCY
Frightening fucker.
Hurt you a lot.
Can you see it hurt Rhona then?
Can you see it frightened her?
What you did.

RALPH
Yes.
Ralph nods. Tears. Wipes eyes violently. Dry sobs. Awful, embarrassing, rusty crying.
Don't come and bother me again.
Cunt.
Scuse my French.