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 Spiritual.

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.
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.