

BLASTED

by Sarah Kane

Blasted was first performed at the Royal Court Theatre Upstairs, London, on 12 January 1995. The cast was as follows:

Ian	Pip Donaghy
Cate	Kate Ashfield
Soldier	Dermot Kerrigan

Directed by James Macdonald

Designed by Franziska Wilcken

Lighting by Jon Linstrum

Sound by Paul Arditti

Characters

Ian

Cate

Soldier

Scene One

A very expensive hotel room in Leeds – the kind that is so expensive it could be anywhere in the world.

There is a large double bed.

A mini-bar and champagne on ice.

A telephone.

A large bouquet of flowers.

Two doors – one is the entrance from the corridor, the other leads off to the bathroom.

*Two people enter – **Ian** and **Cate**.*

Ian is 45, Welsh born but lived in Leeds much of his life and picked up the accent.

Cate is 21, a lower-middle-class Southerner with a south London accent and a stutter when under stress.

They enter.

Cate stops at the door amazed at the classiness of the room.

Ian comes in, throws a small pile of newspapers on the bed, goes straight to the mini-bar and pours himself a large gin.

He looks briefly out of the window at the street, then turns back to the room.

Ian I've shat in better places than this.

He gulps down the gin.

I stink.

You want a bath?

Cate (shakes her head)

Ian goes into the bathroom and we hear him run the water. He comes back in with only a towel around his waist and a revolver in his hand. He checks it is loaded and puts it under his pillow.

Ian Tip that wog when he brings up the sandwiches.

He leaves fifty pence and goes into the bathroom.

Cate comes into the room. She puts her bag down and bounces on the

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bed. She goes around the room, looking in every drawer, touching everything. She smells the flowers and smiles.

Cate Lovely.

Ian *comes back in, hair wet, towel around his waist, drying himself off. He stops and looks at Cate a moment, who is sucking her thumb. He goes back in the bathroom where he dresses. We hear him coughing terribly in the bathroom. He spits in the sink and re-enters.*

Cate You all right?

Ian It's nothing.

He pours himself another gin, this time with tonic, ice and lemon, and sips it at a more normal pace. He collects his gun and puts it in his under arm holster. He smiles at Cate.

Ian I'm glad you've come. Didn't think you would.

He offers her champagne.

Cate *(shakes her head)* I was worried.

Ian This? *(He indicates his chest.)* Don't matter.

Cate I didn't mean that. You sounded unhappy.

Ian *(pops the champagne. He pours them both a glass)*

Cate What we celebrating?

Ian *(doesn't answer. He goes to the window and looks out)*
Hate this city. Stinks. Wogs and Pakis taking over.

Cate You shouldn't call them that.

Ian Why not?

Cate It's not very nice.

Ian You a nigger-lover?

Cate Ian, don't.

Ian You like our coloured brethren?

Cate Don't mind them.

Ian Grow up.

Cate There's Indians at the day centre where my brother goes. They're really polite.

Ian So they should be.

Cate He's friends with some of them.

Ian Retard, isn't he?

Cate No, he's got learning difficulties.

Ian Aye. Spaz.

Cate No he's not.

Ian Glad my son's not a Joey.

Cate Don't c- call him that.

Ian Your mother I feel sorry for. Two of you like it.

Cate Like wh- what?

Ian *looks at her, deciding whether or not to continue. He decides against it.*

Ian You know I love you.

Cate *(smiles a big smile, friendly and non-sexual)*

Ian Don't want you ever to leave.

Cate I'm here for the night.

Ian *drinks. She's made her point.*

Ian Sweating again. Stink.
You ever thought of getting married?

Cate Who'd marry me?

Ian I would.

Cate I couldn't.

Ian You don't love me. I don't blame you, I wouldn't.

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Cate I couldn't leave mum.

Ian Have to one day.

Cate Why?

Ian (*opens his mouth to answer but can't think of one*)

There is a knock at the door.

Ian starts, and **Cate** goes to answer it.

Ian Don't.

Cate Why not?

Ian I said.

He takes his gun from the holster and goes to the door.

He listens.

Nothing.

Cate (*giggles*)

Ian Shh.

He listens.

Still nothing.

Ian Probably the wog with the sarnies. Open it.

Cate opens the door.

There's no one there, just a tray of sandwiches on the floor.

She brings them in and examines them.

Cate Ham. Don't believe it.

Ian (*takes a sandwich and eats it*) Champagne?

Cate (*shakes her head*)

Ian Got something against ham?

Cate Dead meat. Blood. Can't eat an animal.

Ian No one would know.

Cate No, I can't, I actually can't, I'd puke all over the place.

Ian It's only a pig.

Cate I'm hungry.

Ian Have one of these.

Cate I CAN'T.

Ian I'll take you out for an Indian.
Jesus, what's this? Cheese.

Cate *beams.*

She separates the cheese sandwiches from the ham ones, and eats.

Ian *watches her.*

Ian Don't like your clothes.

Cate *(looks down at her clothes)*

Ian You look like a lesbos.

Cate What's that?

Ian Don't look very sexy, that's all.

Cate Oh. *(She continues to eat.)* Don't like your clothes either.

Ian *(looks down at his clothes.*

Then gets up, takes them all off, and stands in front of her, naked)

Put your mouth on me.

Cate *(stares. Then bursts out laughing)*

Ian No? Fine.

Because I stink?

Cate *(laughs even more)*

Ian *attempts to dress, but fumbles with embarrassment.*

He gathers his clothes and goes into the bathroom where he dresses.

Cate *eats, and giggles over the sandwiches.*

Ian *returns, fully dressed.*

He picks up his gun, unloads and reloads it.

Ian You got a job yet?

Cate No.

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Ian Still screwing the taxpayer.

Cate Mum gives me money.

Ian When are you going to stand on your own feet?

Cate I've applied for a job at an advertising agency.

Ian (*laughs genuinely*) No chance.

Cate Why not?

Ian (*stops laughing and looks at her*)

Cate. You're stupid. You're never going to get a job.

Cate I am. I am not.

Ian See.

Cate St- stop it. You're doing it d- deliberately.

Ian Doing what?

Cate C- confusing me.

Ian No, I'm talking, you're just too thick to understand.

Cate I am not, I am not.

Cate *begins to tremble. Ian is laughing.*

Cate *faints.*

Ian *stops laughing and stares at her motionless body.*

Ian Cate?

He turns her over and lifts up her eyelids.

He doesn't know what to do.

He gets a glass of gin and dabs some on her face.

Cate *sits bolt upright, eyes open but still unconscious.*

Ian Fucking Jesus.

Cate *bursts out laughing, unnaturally, hysterically, uncontrollably.*

Ian Stop fucking about.

Cate *collapses again and lies still.*

Ian *stands by helplessly.*

After a few moments, Cate comes round as if waking up in the morning.

Ian What the Christ was that?

Cate Have to tell her.

Ian Cate?

Cate She's in danger.

*She closes her eyes and slowly comes back to normal.
She looks at Ian and smiles.*

Ian What now?

Cate Did I faint?

Ian That was real?

Cate Happens all the time.

Ian What, fits?

Cate Since dad came back.

Ian Does it hurt?

Cate I'll grow out of it the doctor says.

Ian How do you feel?

Cate (*smiles*)

Ian Thought you were dead.

Cate Suppose that's what it's like.

Ian Don't do it again, fucking scared me.

Cate Don't know much about it, I just go. Can be away for minutes or months sometimes, then I come back just where I was.

Ian It's terrible.

Cate I didn't go far.

Ian What if you didn't come round?

Cate Wouldn't know. I'd stay there.

Ian Can't stand it.

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Cate What?

Ian Death. Not being.

He goes to the mini-bar and pours himself another large gin and lights a cigarette.

Cate You fall asleep and then you wake up.

Ian How do you know?

Cate Why don't you give up smoking?

Ian (laughs)

Cate You should. They'll make you ill.

Ian Too late for that.

Cate Whenever I think of you it's with a cigarette and a gin.

Ian Good.

Cate They make your clothes smell.

Ian Don't forget my breath.

Cate Imagine what your lungs must look like.

Ian Don't need to imagine. I've seen.

Cate When?

Ian Last year. When I came round, surgeon brought in this lump of rotting pork, stank. My lung.

Cate He took it out?

Ian Other one's the same now.

Cate But you'll die.

Ian Aye.

Cate Please stop smoking.

Ian Won't make any difference.

Cate Can't they do something?

Ian No. It's not like your brother, look after him he'll be all right.

Cate They die young.

Ian I'm fucked.

Cate Can't you get a transplant?

Ian Don't be stupid. They give them to people with a life. Kids.

Cate People die in accidents all the time. They must have some spare.

Ian Why? What for? Keep me alive to die of cirrhosis in three months time.

Cate You're making it worse, speeding it up.

Ian Enjoy myself while I'm here.

(He inhales deeply on his cigarette and swallows the last of the gin neat.)

[I'll] Call that coon, get some more sent up.

Cate *(shakes)*

Ian Wonder if the conker understands English.

He notices Cate's distress and cuddles her. He kisses her. She pulls away and wipes her mouth.

Cate Don't put your tongue in, I don't like it.

Ian Sorry.

The telephone rings loudly. Ian starts, then answers it.

Ian Hello?

Cate Who is it?

Ian *(covers the mouthpiece)* Shh.

(Into the mouthpiece.) Got it here.

(He takes a notebook from the pile of newspapers and reads down the phone.)

A serial killer slaughtered British tourist Samantha Scrace in a sick murder ritual comma, police revealed yesterday point new par. The bubbly nineteen-year-old from Leeds was among seven victims found buried in identical triangular tombs in an isolated New Zealand forest point new par. Each had been stabbed more than twenty times and placed face down comma, hands bound behind their backs point new par. Caps up, ashes at the site showed the maniac had stayed to cook a meal, caps down point new par. Samantha comma, a beautiful redhead with dreams of becoming a model comma, was on the trip of a lifetime after finishing her A levels last year point. Samantha's heartbroken mum said yesterday colon quoting, we pray the police will come up with something dash, anything comma, soon point still quoting. The sooner this lunatic is brought to justice the better point end quote new par. The Foreign Office warned tourists down under to take extra care point. A spokesman said colon quoting, common sense is the best rule point end quote, copy ends.

(He listens. Then he laughs.)

Exactly.

(He listens.)

That one again, I went to see her. Scouse tart, spread her legs. No. Forget it. Tears and lies, not worth the space. No.

He presses a button on the phone to connect him to room service.

Ian Tosser.

Cate How do they know you're here?

Ian Told them.

Cate Why?

Ian In case they needed me.

Cate Silly. We came here to be away from them.

Ian Thought you'd like this. Nice hotel. *(Into the mouthpiece.)*
Bring a bottle of gin up, son.

He puts the phone down.

Cate We always used to go to yours.

Ian That was years ago. You've grown up.

Cate *(smiles)*

Ian I'm not well any more.

Cate *(stops smiling)*

Ian *kisses her.*

She responds.

He puts his hand inside her shirt and moves it towards her breast.

With the other hand he undoes his trousers and starts masturbating.

He begins to undo her shirt.

She pushes him away.

Cate Ian, d- don't.

Ian What?

Cate I don't w- want to do this.

Ian Yes you do.

Cate I don't.

Ian Why not? You're nervous, that's all.

He starts to kiss her again.

Cate I t- t- t- t- t- t- told you. I really like you but I c- c- c- c- can't do this.

Ian *(kissing her)* Shhh. *(He starts to undo her trousers.)*

Cate *panics.*

She starts to tremble and make inarticulate crying sounds.

Ian *stops, frightened of bringing another 'fit' on.*

Ian All right, Cate, it's all right. We don't have to do anything.

He strokes her face until she has calmed down.

She sucks her thumb. Then.

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Ian That wasn't very fair.

Cate What?

Ian Leaving me hanging, making a prick of myself.

Cate I f- f- felt –

Ian Don't pity me, Cate. You don't have to fuck me 'cause I'm dying, but don't push your cunt in my face then take it away 'cause I stick my tongue out.

Cate I- I- Ian.

Ian What's the m- m- matter?

Cate I k- k- kissed you, that's all. I l- l- like you.

Ian Don't give me a hard-on if you're not going to finish me off. It hurts.

Cate I'm sorry.

Ian Can't switch it on and off like that. If I don't come my cock aches.

Cate I didn't mean it.

Ian Shit. (*He appears to be in considerable pain.*)

Cate I'm sorry. I am. I won't do it again.

Ian, *apparently still in pain, takes her hand and grasps it around his penis, keeping his own hand over the top.*

Like this, he masturbates until he comes with some genuine pain.

He releases Cate's hand and she withdraws it.

Cate Is it better?

Ian (*nods*)

Cate I'm sorry.

Ian Don't worry.
Can we make love tonight?

Cate No.

Ian Why not?

Cate I'm not your girlfriend any more.

Ian Will you be my girlfriend again?

Cate I can't.

Ian Why not?

Cate I told Shaun I'd be his.

Ian Have you slept with him?

Cate No.

Ian Slept with me before. You're more mine than his.

Cate I'm not.

Ian What was that about then, wanking me off?

Cate I d- d- d- d-

Ian Sorry. Pressure, pressure. I love you, that's all.

Cate You were horrible to me.

Ian I wasn't.

Cate Stopped phoning me, never said why.

Ian It was difficult, Cate.

Cate Because I haven't got a job?

Ian No, pet, not that.

Cate Because of my brother?

Ian No, no, Cate. Leave it now.

Cate That's not fair.

Ian I said leave it.

He reaches for his gun.

There is a knock at the door.

Ian starts, then goes to answer it.

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Ian I'm not going to hurt you, just leave it. And keep quiet. It'll only be Sooty after something.

Cate Andrew.

Ian What do you want to know a conker's name for?

Cate I thought he was nice.

Ian After a bit of black meat, eh? Won't do it with me but you'll go with a whodat.

Cate You're horrible.

Ian Cate, love. I'm trying to look after you. Stop you getting hurt.

Cate You hurt me.

Ian No, I love you.

Cate Stopped loving me.

Ian I've told you to leave that.
Now.

He kisses her passionately, then goes to the door.

When his back is turned, Cate wipes her mouth.

Ian *opens the door. There is a bottle of gin outside on a tray.*

Ian *brings it in and stands, unable to decide between gin and champagne.*

Cate Have champagne, better for you.

Ian Don't want it better for me.

Cate You'll die quicker.

Ian Thanks. Don't it scare you?

Cate What?

Ian Death.

Cate Whose?

Ian Yours.

Cate Only for mum. She'd be unhappy if I died. And my brother.

Ian You're young.
When I was your age –
Now.

Cate Will you have to go to hospital?

Ian Nothing they can do.

Cate Does Stella know?

Ian What would I want to tell her for?

Cate You were married.

Ian So?

Cate She'd want to know.

Ian So she can throw a party at the coven.

Cate She wouldn't do that. What about Matthew?

Ian What about Matthew?

Cate Have you told him?

Ian I'll send him an invite for the funeral.

Cate He'll be upset.

Ian He hates me.

Cate He doesn't.

Ian He fucking does.

Cate Are you upset?

Ian Yes. His mother's a lesbos. Am I not preferable to that?

Cate Perhaps she's a nice person.

Ian She don't carry a gun.

Cate I expect that's it.

Ian I loved Stella till she became a witch and fucked off with a dyke, and I love you, though you've got the potential.

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Cate For what?

Ian Sucking gash.

Cate (*utters an inarticulate sound*)

Ian You ever had a fuck with a woman?

Cate No.

Ian Do you want to?

Cate Don't think so. Have you? With a man.

Ian You think I'm a cocksucker? You've seen me. (*He vaguely indicates his groin.*) How can you think that?

Cate I don't. I asked. You asked me.

Ian You dress like a lesbos. I don't dress like a cocksucker.

Cate What do they dress like?

Ian Hitler was wrong about the Jews who have they hurt the queers he should have gone for scum them and the wogs and fucking football fans send a bomber over Elland Road finish them off.

He pours champagne and toasts the idea.

Cate I like football.

Ian Why?

Cate It's good.

Ian And when was the last time you went to a football match?

Cate Saturday. United beat Liverpool 2–0.

Ian Didn't you get stabbed?

Cate Why should I?

Ian That's what football's about. It's not fancy footwork and scoring goals. It's tribalism.

Cate I like it.

Ian You would. About your level.

Cate I go to Elland Road sometimes. Would you bomb me?

Ian What do you want to ask a question like that for?

Cate Would you though?

Ian Don't be thick.

Cate But would you?

Ian Haven't got a bomber.

Cate Shoot me, then. Could you do that?

Ian Cate.

Cate Do you think it's hard to shoot someone?

Ian Easy as shitting blood.

Cate Could you shoot me?

Ian Could you shoot me stop asking that could you shoot me you could shoot me.

Cate I don't think so.

Ian If I hurt you.

Cate Don't think you would.

Ian But if.

Cate No, you're soft.

Ian With people I love.

*He stares at her, considering making a pass.
She smiles back, friendly.*

Ian What's this job, then?

Cate Personal Assistant.

Ian Who to?

Cate Don't know.

Ian Who did you write the letter to?

Cate Sir or madam.

Ian You have to know who you're writing to.

Cate It didn't say.

Ian How much?

Cate What?

Ian Money. How much do you get paid.

Cate Mum said it was a lot. I don't mind about that as long as I can go out sometimes.

Ian Don't despise money. You got it easy.

Cate I haven't got any money.

Ian No and you haven't got kids to bring up neither.

Cate Not yet.

Ian Don't even think about it. Who would have children.
You have kids, they grow up, they hate you and you die.

Cate I don't hate mum.

Ian You still need her.

Cate You think I'm stupid. I'm not stupid.

Ian I worry, that's all.

Cate Can look after myself.

Ian Like me.

Cate No.

Ian You hate me, don't you.

Cate You shouldn't have that gun.

Ian May need it.

Cate What for?

Ian (*drinks*)

Cate Can't imagine it.

Ian What?

Cate You. Shooting someone. You wouldn't kill anything.

Ian (*drinks*)

Cate Have you ever shot anyone?

Ian Your mind.

Cate Have you though?

Ian Leave it now, Cate.

She takes the warning.

Ian *kisses her and lights a cigarette.*

Ian When I'm with you I can't think about anything else.
You take me to another place.

Cate It's like that when I have a fit.

Ian Just you.

Cate The world don't exist, not like this. Looks the same
but –
Time slows down.
A dream I get stuck in, can't do nothing about it.
One time –

Ian Make love to me.

Cate Blocks out everything else.
Once –

Ian [I'll] Make love to you.

Cate It's like that when I touch myself.

Ian *is embarrassed.*

Cate Just before I'm wondering what it'll be like, and just
after I'm thinking about the next one, but just as it happens
it's lovely, I don't think of nothing else.

Ian Like the first cigarette of the day.

Cate That's bad for you though.

Ian Stop talking now, you don't know anything about it.

Cate Don't need to.

Ian Don't know nothing. That's why I love you, want to make love to you.

Cate But you can't.

Ian Why not?

Cate I don't want to.

Ian Why did you come here?

Cate You sounded unhappy.

Ian Make me happy.

Cate I can't.

Ian Please.

Cate No.

Ian Why not?

Cate Can't.

Ian Can.

Cate How.

Ian You know.

Cate Don't.

Ian Please.

Cate No.

Ian I love you.

Cate I don't love you.

Ian *turns away.*

He sees the bouquet of flowers and picks them up.

Ian These are for you.

Blackout.

The sound of spring rain.

Scene Two

The same.

Very early the following morning.

Bright and sunny – it's going to be a very hot day.

The bouquet of flowers is now ripped apart and scattered around the room.

Cate is still asleep.

Ian is awake, glancing through the newspapers.

Ian goes to the mini-bar. It is empty.

He finds the bottle of gin under the bed and pours half of what is left into a glass.

He stands looking out of the window at the street.

He takes the first sip and is overcome with pain.

He waits for it to pass, but it doesn't. It gets worse.

Ian clutches his side – it becomes extreme.

He begins to cough, and experiences intense pain in his chest, each cough tearing at his lung.

Cate wakes and watches **Ian**.

Ian drops to his knees, puts the glass down carefully, and gives in to the pain.

It looks very much as if he is dying.

His heart, lung, liver and kidneys are all under attack, and he is making involuntary crying sounds.

Just at the moment when it seems he cannot survive this, it begins to ease.

Very slowly, the pain decreases until it has all gone.

Ian is a crumpled heap on the floor.

*He looks up and sees **Cate** watching him.*

Cate Cunt.

Ian *gets up slowly, picks up the glass and drinks.
He lights his first cigarette of the day.*

Ian I'm having a shower.

Cate It's only six o'clock.

Ian Want one?

Cate Not with you.

Ian Suit yourself. Cigarette?

Cate *makes a noise of disgust.
They are silent.*

Ian *stands, smoking and drinking neat gin.
When he's sufficiently numbed, he comes and goes between the bedroom
and the bathroom, undressing and collecting discarded towels.
He stops, towel around his waist, gun in hand, and looks at Cate.
She is staring at him with hate.*

Ian Don't worry, I'll be dead soon.

(He tosses the gun onto the bed.)

Have a pop.

Cate *doesn't move.*

Ian *waits, then chuckles and goes into the bathroom.
We hear the shower running.*

Cate *stares at the gun.
She gets up very slowly and dresses.
She packs her bag.
She picks up Ian's leather jacket and smells it.
She rips the arms off at the seams.
She picks up his gun and examines it.
We hear Ian coughing up in the bathroom.
Cate puts the gun down and he comes in.
He dresses. He looks at the gun.*

Ian No?

(He chuckles, unloads and reloads the gun and tucks it in his holster.)

We're one, yes?

Cate *(sneers)*

Ian We're one.
Coming down for breakfast? It's paid for.

Cate Choke on it.

Ian Sarky little tart this morning, aren't we?

He picks up his jacket and begins to put it on.

He stares at the damage, then looks at Cate.

A beat, and then she goes for him, slapping him around the head hard and fast.

He wrestles her onto the bed, her still kicking, punching and biting.

She takes the gun from his holster and points it at his groin.

He backs off rapidly.

Ian Easy, easy, that's a loaded gun.

Cate I d- d- d- d- d- d- d- d-

Ian Cate, come on.

Cate d- d- d- d- d- d- d- d- d-

Ian You don't want an accident. Think about your mum.
And your brother. What would they think?

Cate I d- d- d- d- d- d- d- d- d- d-

Cate *trembles and starts gasping for air. She faints.*

Ian *goes to her, takes the gun and puts it back in the holster.*

He lies her on the bed, on her back.

He puts the gun to her head, lies between her legs, and simulates sex.

As he comes, Cate sits bolt upright with a shout.

Ian *moves away, unsure what to do, pointing the gun at her from behind.*

She laughs hysterically, as before, but doesn't stop.

She laughs and laughs and laughs until she isn't laughing any more, she's crying her heart out.

She collapses again and lies still.

Ian Cate? Catie?

Ian *puts the gun away.*
He kisses her and she comes round.
She stares at him.

Ian You back?

Cate Liar.

Ian *doesn't know if this means yes or no, so he just waits.*
Cate *closes her eyes for a few seconds, then opens them.*

Ian Cate?

Cate Want to go home now.

Ian It's not even seven. There won't be a train.

Cate I'll wait at the station.

Ian It's raining.

Cate It's not.

Ian Want you to stay here. Till after breakfast at least.

Cate No.

Ian Cate. After breakfast.

Cate No.

Ian *locks the door and pockets the key.*

Ian I love you.

Cate I don't want to stay.

Ian Please.

Cate Don't want to.

Ian You make me feel safe.

Cate Nothing to be scared of.

Ian I'll order breakfast.

Cate Not hungry.

Ian (*lights a cigarette*)

Cate How can you smoke on an empty stomach?

Ian It's not empty. There's gin in it.

Cate Why can't I go home?

Ian (*thinks*)

It's too dangerous.

Outside, a car backfires – there is an enormous bang.

Ian *throws himself flat on the floor.*

Cate (*laughs*) It's only a car.

Ian You. You're fucking thick.

Cate I'm not. You're scared of things when there's nothing to be scared of. What's thick about not being scared of cars?

Ian I'm not scared of cars. I'm scared of dying.

Cate A car won't kill you. Not from out there.
Not unless you ran out in front of it.

(*She kisses him.*)

What's scaring you?

Ian Thought it was a gun.

Cate (*kissing his neck*) Who'd have a gun?

Ian Me.

Cate (*undoing his shirt*) You're in here.

Ian Someone like me.

Cate (*kissing his chest*) Why would they shoot at you?

Ian Revenge.

Cate (*runs her hands down his back*)

Ian For things I've done.

Cate (*massaging his neck*) Tell me.

Ian Tapped my phone.

Cate (*kisses the back of his neck*)

Ian Talk to someone and I know I'm being listened to.
I'm sorry I stopped calling you but –

Cate (*strokes his stomach and kisses between his shoulder blades*)

Ian Got angry when you said you loved me, talking soft on the phone, people listening to that.

Cate (*kissing his back*) Tell me.

Ian In before you know it.

Cate (*licks his back*)

Ian Signed the Official Secrets Act, shouldn't be telling you this.

Cate (*claws and scratches his back*)

Ian Don't want to get you into trouble.

Cate (*bites his back*)

Ian Think they're trying to kill me. Served my purpose.

Cate (*pushes him onto his back*)

Ian Done the jobs they asked. Because I love this land.

Cate (*sucks his nipples*)

Ian Stood at stations, listened to conversations and given the nod.

Cate (*undoes his trousers*)

Ian Driving jobs. Picking people up, disposing of bodies, the lot.

Cate (*begins to perform oral sex on Ian*)

Ian Said you were dangerous.

So I stopped.

Didn't want you in any danger.

But

Had to call you again

Missed

This

Now

I do

The real job

I

Am

A

Killer

On the word 'killer' he comes.

*As soon as **Cate** hears the word she bites his penis as hard as she can.*

***Ian's** cry of pleasure turns into a scream of pain.*

*He tries to pull away but **Cate** holds on with her teeth.*

He hits her and she lets go.

***Ian** lies in pain, unable to speak.*

***Cate** spits frantically, trying to get every trace of him out of her mouth.*

She goes to the bathroom and we hear her cleaning her teeth.

***Ian** examines himself. He is still in one piece.*

***Cate** returns.*

Cate You should resign.

Ian Don't work like that.

Cate Will they come here?

Ian I don't know.

Cate *(begins to panic)*

Ian Don't start that again.

Cate I c- c- c- c- c-

Ian Cate, I'll shoot you myself you don't stop.

I told you because I love you, not to scare you.

Cate You don't.

Ian Don't argue I do. And you love me.

Cate No more.

Ian Loved me last night.

Cate I didn't want to do it.

Ian Thought you liked that.

Cate No.

Ian Made enough noise.

Cate It was hurting.

Ian Went down on Stella all the time, didn't hurt her.

Cate You bit me. It's still bleeding.

Ian Is that what this is all about?

Cate You're cruel.

Ian Don't be stupid.

Cate Stop calling me that.

Ian You sleep with someone holding hands and kissing you wank me off then say we can't fuck get into bed but don't want me to touch you what's wrong with you Joey.

Cate I'm not. You're cruel. I wouldn't shoot someone.

Ian Pointed it at me.

Cate Wouldn't shoot.

Ian It's my job. I love this country. I won't see it destroyed by slag.

Cate It's wrong to kill.

Ian Planting bombs and killing little kiddies, that's wrong. That's what they do. Kids like your brother.

Cate It's wrong.

Ian Yes, it is.

Cate No. You. Doing that.

Ian When are you going to grow up?

Cate I don't believe in killing.

Ian You'll learn.

Cate No I won't.

Ian Can't always be taking it backing down letting them think they've got a right turn the other cheek SHIT some things are worth more than that have to be protected from shite.

Cate I used to love you.

Ian What's changed?

Cate You.

Ian No. Now you see me. That's all.

Cate You're a nightmare.

She shakes.

Ian watches a while, then hugs her.

She is still shaking so he hugs tightly to stop her.

Cate That hurts.

Ian Sorry.

He hugs her less tightly.

He has a coughing fit.

He spits into his handkerchief and waits for the pain to subside.

Then he lights a cigarette.

Ian How you feeling?

Cate I ache.

Ian (nods)

Cate Everywhere.
I stink of you.

Ian You want a bath?

Cate *begins to cough and retch.*

She puts her fingers down her throat and produces a hair.

She holds it up and looks at Ian in disgust. She spits.

Ian *goes into the bathroom and turns on one of the bath taps.*

Cate *stares out of the window.*

Ian *returns.*

Cate Looks like there's a war on.

Ian Turning into wogland.

You coming to Leeds again?

Cate Twenty-sixth.

Ian Will you come and see me?

Cate I'm going to the football.

She goes to the bathroom.

Ian *picks up the phone.*

Ian Two English breakfasts, son.

He finishes the remainder of the gin.

Cate *returns.*

Cate I can't piss. It's just blood.

Ian Drink lots of water.

Cate Or shit. It hurts.

Ian It'll heal.

There is a knock at the door. They both jump.

Cate DON'T ANSWER IT DON'T ANSWER IT DON'T
ANSWER IT

She dives on the bed and puts her head under the pillow.

Ian Cate, shut up.

He pulls the pillow off and puts the gun to her head.

Cate Do it. Go on, shoot me. Can't be no worse than what
you've done already. Shoot me if you want, then turn it on
yourself and do the world a favour.

Ian *(stares at her)*

Cate I'm not scared of you, Ian. Go on.

Ian *(gets off her)*

Cate *(laughs)*

Ian Answer the door and suck the cunt's cock.

Cate *tries to open the door. It is locked.*

Ian *throws the key at her. She opens the door.*

The breakfasts are outside on a tray. She brings them in.

Ian *locks the door.*

Cate *stares at the food.*

Cate Sausages. Bacon.

Ian Sorry. Forgot. Swap your meat for my tomatoes and mushrooms. And toast.

Cate *(begins to retch)* The smell.

Ian *takes a sausage off the plate and stuffs it in his mouth, and keeps a rasher of bacon in his hand.*

He puts the tray of food under the bed with a towel over it.

Ian Will you stay another day?

Cate I'm having a bath and going home.

She picks up her bag and goes into the bathroom, closing the door.

We hear the other bath tap being turned on.

There are two loud knocks at the outer door.

Ian *draws his gun, goes to the door and listens.*

The door is tried from outside. It is locked.

There are two more loud knocks.

Ian Who's there?

Silence.

Then two more loud knocks.

Ian Who's there?

Silence.

Then two more knocks.

Ian looks at the door.

Then he knocks twice.

Silence.

Then two more knocks from outside.

Ian thinks.

Then he knocks three times.

Silence.

Three knocks from outside.

Ian knocks once.

One knock from outside.

Ian knocks twice.

Two knocks.

Ian puts his gun back in the holster and unlocks the door.

Ian (under his breath) Speak the Queen's English fucking nigger.

He opens the door.

*Outside is a **Soldier** with a sniper's rifle.*

Ian tries to push the door shut and draw his revolver.

*The **Soldier** pushes the door open and takes **Ian**'s gun easily.*

The two stand, both surprised, staring at each other.

Eventually.

Soldier What's that?

Ian looks down and realises he is still holding a rasher of bacon.

Ian Pig.

*The **Soldier** holds out his hand.*

Ian gives him the bacon and he eats it quickly, rind and all.

*The **Soldier** wipes his mouth.*

Soldier Got any more?

Ian No.

Soldier Got any more?

Ian I –
No.

Soldier Got any more?

Ian (*points to the tray under the bed*)

*The Soldier bends down carefully, never taking his eyes or rifle off Ian, and takes the tray from under the bed.
He straightens up and glances down at the food.*

Soldier Two.

Ian I was hungry.

Soldier I bet.

*He sits on the edge of the bed and very quickly devours both breakfasts.
He sighs with relief and burps.
He nods towards the bathroom.*

Soldier She in there?

Ian Who?

Soldier I can smell the sex.

(He begins to search the room.)

You a journalist?

Ian I –

Soldier Passport.

Ian What for?

Soldier (*looks at him*)

Ian In the jacket.

*The Soldier is searching a chest of drawers.
He finds a pair of Cate's knickers and holds them up with a smile.*

Soldier Hers?

Ian (*doesn't answer*)

Soldier Or yours.

(He closes his eyes and rubs them gently over his face, smelling with pleasure.)

What's she like?

Ian *(doesn't answer)*

Soldier Is she soft?
Is she – ?

Ian *(doesn't answer)*

The Soldier puts Cate's knickers in his pocket and goes to the bathroom.

He knocks on the door. No answer.

He tries the door. It is locked. He forces it and goes in.

Ian *waits, in a panic.*

We hear the bath taps being turned off.

Ian *looks out of the window.*

Ian Jesus Lord.

The Soldier returns.

Soldier Gone. Taking a risk. Lot of bastard soldiers out there.

Ian *looks in the bathroom. Cate isn't there.*

The Soldier looks in Ian's jacket pockets and takes his keys, money and passport.

Soldier *(reading the passport)* Ian Jones, occupation journalist.

Ian Oi.

Soldier Oi.

They stare at each other.

Ian If you've come to shoot me –

The Soldier reaches out to touch Ian's face.

Ian You taking the piss?

Soldier Me?

(He smiles.)

Our town now.

(He stands on the bed and urinates over the pillows.)

Ian is disgusted.

There is a blinding light, then a huge explosion.

Blackout.

The sound of summer rain.

Scene Three

The hotel has been blasted by a mortar bomb.

There is a large hole in one of the walls, and everything is covered in dust which is still falling.

The **Soldier** is unconscious, rifle still in hand.
He has dropped Ian's gun which lies between them.

Ian lies very still, eyes open.

Ian Mum?

Silence.

*The **Soldier** wakes and turns his eyes and rifle on Ian with the minimum possible movement. He instinctively runs his free hand over his limbs and body to check that he is still in one piece. He is.*

Soldier The drink.

Ian looks around.

*There is a bottle of gin lying next to him with the lid off.
He holds it up to the light.*

Ian Empty.

*The **Soldier** takes the bottle and drinks the last mouthful.*

Ian *(chuckles)* Worse than me.

Soldier *(holds the bottle up and shakes it over his mouth, catching any remaining drops)*

Ian *(finds his cigarettes in his shirt pocket and lights up)*

Soldier Give us a cig.

Ian Why?

Soldier 'Cause I've got a gun and you haven't.

Ian *(considers the logic.
Then takes a single cigarette out of the packet and tosses
it at the Soldier)*

Soldier *(picks up the cigarette and puts it in his mouth.
Looks at Ian, waiting for a light)*

Ian *(looks back, considering)*

Soldier *(waits)*

Ian *(holds out his cigarette)*

Soldier *(leans forward, touching the tip of his cigarette against the
lit one, eyes always on Ian.
He smokes.)*

Never met an Englishman with a gun before, most
of them don't know what a gun is. You a soldier?

Ian Of sorts.

Soldier Which side, if you can remember.

Ian Don't know what the sides are here. Don't know
where . . .

(He trails off, confused, and looks at the Soldier.)

Think I might be drunk.

Soldier No. It's real.

(Picks up the revolver and examines it.)

Come to fight for us?

Ian No, I –

Soldier No, course not. English.

Ian I'm Welsh.

Soldier Sound English, fucking accent.

Ian I live there.

Soldier Foreigner?

Ian English and Welsh is the same. British. I'm not an import.

Soldier What's fucking Welsh, never heard of it.

Ian Come over from God knows where have their kids and call them English they're not English born in England don't make you English.

Soldier Welsh as in Wales?

Ian It's attitude.

(He turns away.)

Look at the state of my fucking jacket. The bitch.

Soldier Your girlfriend did that, angry was she?

Ian She's not my girlfriend.

Soldier What, then?

Ian Mind your fucking own.

Soldier Haven't been here long have you.

Ian So?

Soldier Learn some manners, Ian.

Ian Don't call me that.

Soldier What shall I call you?

Ian Nothing.

Silence.

The Soldier looks at Ian for a very long time, saying nothing.

Ian is uncomfortable.

Eventually.

Ian What?

Soldier Nothing.

Silence.

Ian *is uneasy again.*

Ian My name's Ian.

Soldier I
Am
Dying to make love, Ian.

Ian (*looks at him*)

Soldier You got a girlfriend?

Ian (*doesn't answer*)

Soldier I have. Col. Fucking beautiful.

Ian Cate –

Soldier Close my eyes and think about her.
She's –
She's –
She's –
She's –
She's –
She's –
She's –
When was the last time you – ?

Ian (*looks at him*)

Soldier When? I know it was recent, smell it, remember.

Ian Last night. I think.

Soldier Good?

Ian Don't know. I was pissed. Probably not.

Soldier Three of us.

Ian Don't tell me.

Soldier Went to a house just outside town. All gone. Apart from a small boy hiding in the corner. One of the others took

him outside. Lay him on the ground and shot him through the legs. Heard crying in the basement. Went down. Three men and four women. Called the others. They held the men while I fucked the women. Youngest was twelve. Didn't cry, just lay there. Turned her over and –

Then she cried. Made her lick me clean. Closed my eyes and thought of –

Shot her father in the mouth. Brothers shouted. Hung them from the ceiling by their testicles.

Ian Charming.

Soldier Never done that?

Ian No.

Soldier Sure?

Ian I wouldn't forget.

Soldier You would.

Ian Couldn't sleep with myself.

Soldier What about your wife?

Ian I'm divorced.

Soldier Didn't you ever –

Ian No.

Soldier What about that girl, locked herself in the bathroom.

Ian (*doesn't answer*)

Soldier Ah.

Ian You did four in one go, I've only ever done one.

Soldier You killed her?

Ian (*makes a move for his gun*)

Soldier Don't I'll have to shoot you. Then I'd be lonely.

Ian Course I haven't.

Soldier Why not, don't seem to like her very much.

Ian I do.
She's . . . a woman.

Soldier So.

Ian I've never –
It's not –

Soldier What?

Ian (*doesn't answer*)

Soldier Thought you were a soldier.

Ian Not like that.

Soldier Not like that, they're all like that.

Ian My job –

Soldier Even me. Have to be.
My girl –
Not going back to her. When I go back.
She's dead, see. Fucking bastard soldier, he –

He stops.
Silence.

Ian I'm sorry.

Soldier Why?

Ian It's terrible.

Soldier What is?

Ian Losing someone, a woman, like that.

Soldier You know, do you?

Ian I –

Soldier Like what?

Ian Like –
You said –
A soldier –

Soldier You're a soldier.

Ian I haven't –

Soldier What if you were ordered to?

Ian Can't imagine it.

Soldier Imagine it.

Ian (*imagines it*)

Soldier In the line of duty. For your country. Wales.

Ian (*imagines harder*)

Soldier Foreign slag.

Ian (*imagines harder. Looks sick*)

Soldier Would you?

Ian (*nods*)

Soldier How.

Ian Quickly. Back of the head. Bam.

Soldier That's all.

Ian It's enough.

Soldier You think?

Ian Yes.

Soldier You never killed anyone.

Ian Fucking have.

Soldier No.

Ian Don't you fucking –

Soldier Couldn't talk like this. You'd know.

Ian Know what?

Soldier Exactly. You don't know.

Ian Know fucking what?

Soldier Stay in the dark.

Ian What? Fucking what? What don't I know?

Soldier You think –

(He stops and smiles)

I broke a woman's neck. Stabbed up between her legs, on the fifth stab snapped her spine.

Ian *(looks sick)*

Soldier You couldn't do that.

Ian No.

Soldier You never killed.

Ian Not like that.

Soldier Not
Like
That

Ian I'm not a torturer.

Soldier You're close to them, gun to head. Tie them up, tell them what you're going to do to them, make them wait for it, then . . . what?

Ian Shoot them.

Soldier You haven't got a clue.

Ian What, then?

Soldier You never fucked a man before you killed him?

Ian No.

Soldier Or after?

Ian Course not.

Soldier Why not?

Ian What for, I'm not queer.

Soldier Col, they buggered her. Cut her throat. Hacked her ears and nose off, nailed them to the front door.

Ian Enough.

Soldier Ever seen anything like that?

Ian Stop.

Soldier Not in photos?

Ian Never.

Soldier Some journalist, that's your job.

Ian What?

Soldier Proving it happened. I'm here, got no choice. But you. You should be telling people.

Ian No one's interested.

Soldier You can do something, for me –

Ian No.

Soldier Course you can.

Ian I can't do anything.

Soldier Try.

Ian I write . . . stories. That's all. Stories. This isn't a story anyone wants to hear.

Soldier Why not?

Ian *(takes one of the newspapers from the bed and reads)*

'Kinky car dealer Richard Morris drove two teenage prostitutes into the country, tied them naked to fences and whipped them with a belt before having sex. Morris, from Sheffield, was jailed for three years for unlawful sexual intercourse with one of the girls, aged thirteen.'

(He tosses the paper away)

Stories.

Soldier Doing to them what they done to us, what good is that? At home I'm clean. Like it never happened. Tell them you saw me. Tell them . . . you saw me.

Ian It's not my job.

Soldier Whose is it?

Ian I'm a home journalist, for Yorkshire. I don't cover foreign affairs.

Soldier Foreign affairs, what you doing here?

Ian I do other stuff. Shootings and rapes and kids getting fiddled by queer priests and schoolteachers. Not soldiers screwing each other for a patch of land. It has to be . . . personal. Your girlfriend, she's a story. Soft and clean. Not you. Filthy, like the wogs. No joy in a story about blacks who gives a shit? Why bring you to light?

Soldier You don't know fuck all about me.
I went to school.
I made love with Col.
Bastards killed her, now I'm here.
Now I'm here.

(He pushes the rifle in Ian's face.)

Turn over, Ian.

Ian Why?

Soldier Going to fuck you.

Ian No.

Soldier Kill you, then.

Ian Fine.

Soldier See. Rather be shot than fucked and shot.

Ian Yes.

Soldier And now you agree with anything I say.

*(He kisses Ian very tenderly on the lips.
They stare at each other)*

You smell like her. Same cigarettes.

He gets up and turns Ian over with one hand.

He holds the revolver to Ian's head with the other.

He pulls down Ian's trousers, undoes his own and rapes him – eyes closed and smelling Ian's hair.

The Soldier is crying his heart out.

Ian's face registers pain but he is silent.

When the Soldier has finished he pulls up his trousers and pushes the revolver up Ian's anus.

Soldier Bastard pulled the trigger on Col.
What's it like?

Ian *(tries to answer. He can't)*

Soldier *(withdraws the gun and sits next to Ian)*

You never fucked by a man before?

Ian *(doesn't answer)*

Soldier Didn't think so. It's nothing. Saw thousands of people packing into trucks like pigs trying to leave town. Women threw their babies on board hoping someone would look after them. Crushing each other to death. Insides of people's heads came out of their eyes. Saw a child most of his face blown off, young girl I fucked hand up inside her trying to claw my liquid out, starving man eating his dead wife's leg. Gun was born here and won't die. Can't get tragic about your arse. Don't think your Welsh arse is different to any other arse I fucked. Sure you haven't got any more food, I'm fucking starving.

Ian Are you going to kill me?

Soldier Always looking after your own arse.

The Soldier grips Ian's head in his hands.

48 Blasted

*He puts his mouth over one of **Ian**'s eyes, sucks it out, bites it off and eats it.*

He does the same to the other eye.

Soldier He ate her eyes.
Poor bastard.
Poor love.
Poor fucking bastard.

Blackout.

The sound of autumn rain.

Scene Four

The same.

The **Soldier** lies close to **Ian**, the revolver in his hand. He has blown his own brain out.

Cate enters through the bathroom door, soaking wet and carrying a baby. She steps over the **Soldier** with a glance.

*Then she sees **Ian**.*

Cate You're a nightmare.

Ian Cate?

Cate It won't stop.

Ian Catie? You here?

Cate Everyone in town is crying.

Ian Touch me.

Cate They can't stop. Soldiers have taken over.

Ian They've won?

Cate Most people gave up.

Ian You seen Matthew?

Cate No.

Ian Will you tell him for me?

Cate He isn't here.

Ian Tell him –
Tell him –

Cate No.

Ian Tell him –

Cate No.

Ian Don't know what to tell him.
I'm cold.
Tell him –
You here?

Cate A woman gave me her baby.

Ian You come for me, Catie? Punish me or rescue me makes no difference I love you Cate tell him for me do it for me touch me Cate.

Cate Don't know what to do with it.

Ian I'm cold.

Cate Keeps crying.

Ian Tell him –

Cate I can't.

Ian Will you stay with me, Cate?

Cate No.

Ian Why not?

Cate I have to go back soon.

Ian Shaun know what we did?

Cate Nothing.

Ian Better tell him.

Cate No.

Ian He'll know. Even if you don't.

Cate How?

Ian Smell it. Soiled goods. Don't want it, not when you can have someone clean.

Cate What's happened to your eyes?

Ian I need you to stay, Cate. Won't be for long.

Cate Do you know about babies?

Ian No.

Cate What about Matthew?

Ian He's twenty-four.

Cate When he was born.

Ian They shit and cry. Hopeless.

Cate Bleeding.

Ian Will you touch me?

Cate No.

Ian So I know you're here.

Cate You can hear me.

Ian Won't hurt you, I promise.

Cate *(goes to him slowly and touches the top of his head)*

Ian Help me.

Cate *(strokes his hair)*

Ian Be dead soon, anyway, Cate. And it hurts. Help me to –
Help me –
Finish
It

Cate *(withdraws her hand)*

Ian Catie?

Cate Got to get something for baby to eat.

Ian Won't find anything.

Cate May as well look.

Ian Fucking bastards ate it all.

Cate It'll die.

Ian Needs its mother's milk.

Cate Ian.

Ian Stay. Nowhere to go, where are you going to go?
Bloody dangerous on your own, look at me.
Safer here with me.

Cate *(considers.*
Then sits down with the baby some distance from Ian)

Ian *(relaxes when he hears her sit)*

Cate *(rocks the baby)*

Ian Not as bad as all that, am I?

Cate *(looks at him)*

Ian Will you help me, Catie?

Cate Don't know how.

Ian Find my gun?

Cate *(thinks. Then gets up and searches around, baby in arms. She sees the revolver in the Soldier's hand and stares at it for some time)*

Ian Found it?

Cate No.

(She takes the revolver from the Soldier and fiddles with it.
It springs open and she stares in at the bullets.
She removes them and closes the gun)

Ian That it?

Cate Yes.

Ian Can I have it?

Cate I don't think so.

Ian Catie.

Cate What?

Ian Come on.

Cate Don't tell me what to do.

Ian I'm not, love. Can you keep that baby quiet.

Cate It's not doing anything. It's hungry.

Ian We're all bloody hungry, don't shoot myself I'll starve to death.

Cate It's wrong to kill yourself.

Ian No it's not.

Cate God wouldn't like it.

Ian There isn't one.

Cate How do you know?

Ian No God. No Father Christmas. No fairies. No Narnia.
No fucking nothing.

Cate Got to be something.

Ian Why?

Cate Doesn't make sense otherwise.

Ian Don't be fucking stupid, doesn't make sense anyway.
No reason for there to be a God just because it would be better if there was.

Cate Thought you didn't want to die.

Ian I can't see.

Cate My brother's got blind friends. You can't give up.

Ian Why not?

Cate It's weak.

Ian I know you want to punish me, trying to make me live.

Cate I don't.

Ian Course you fucking do, I would. There's people I'd love to suffer but they don't, they die and that's it.

Cate What if you're wrong?

Ian I'm not.

Cate But if.

Ian I've seen dead people. They're dead.
They're not somewhere else, they're dead.

Cate What about people who've seen ghosts?

Ian What about them? Imagining it.
Or making it up or wishing the person was still alive.

Cate People who've died and come back say they've seen
tunnels and lights –

Ian Can't die and come back. That's not dying, it's fainting.
When you die it's the end.

Cate I believe in God.

Ian Everything's got a scientific explanation.

Cate No.

Ian Give me my gun.

Cate What are you going to do?

Ian I won't hurt you.

Cate I know.

Ian End it. Got to, Cate, I'm ill. Just speeding it up a bit.

Cate (*thinks hard*)

Ian Please.

Cate (*gives him the gun*)

Ian (*takes the gun and puts it in his mouth.
He takes it out again*)

Don't stand behind me.

Ian *(Puts the gun back in his mouth.
He pulls the trigger. The gun clicks, empty.
He shoots again. And again and again and again.
He takes the gun out of his mouth)*

Fuck.

Cate Fate, see. You're not meant to do it. God –

Ian The cunt.

He throws the gun away in despair.

Cate *(Rocks the baby and looks down at it)*

Oh no.

Ian What.

Cate It's dead.

Ian Lucky bastard.

Cate *bursts out laughing, unnaturally, hysterically, uncontrollably.
She laughs and laughs and laughs and laughs and laughs.*

Blackout.

The sound of heavy winter rain.

Scene Five

The same.

Cate *is burying the baby under the floorboards.*

*She looks around and finds two pieces of wood. She rips the lining out of
Ian's jacket and binds the wood together in a cross which she jams
between the boards.*

She collects a few of the scattered flowers and places them under the cross.

Cate I don't know her name.

Ian Don't matter. No one's going to visit.

Cate I was supposed to look after her.

Ian Can bury me next to her soon. Dance on my grave.

Cate Don't feel no pain or know nothing you shouldn't know –

Ian Cate?

Cate Shh.

Ian What you doing?

Cate Praying. Just in case.

Ian Will you pray for me?

Cate No.

Ian When I'm dead, not now.

Cate No point when you're dead.

Ian You're praying for her.

Cate She's baby.

Ian So?

Cate Innocent.

Ian Can't you forgive me?

Cate Don't see bad things or go bad places –

Ian She's dead, Cate.

Cate Or meet anyone who'll do bad things.

Ian She won't, Cate, she's dead.

Cate Amen.

She starts to leave.

Ian Where you going?

Cate I'm hungry.

Ian Cate, it's dangerous. There's no food.

Cate Can get some off a soldier.

56 Blasted

Ian How?

Cate (*doesn't answer*)

Ian Don't do that.

Cate Why not?

Ian That's not you.

Cate I'm hungry.

Ian I know so am I. But.
I'd rather –
It's not –
Please, Cate.
I'm blind.

Cate I'm hungry.

She goes.

Ian Cate? Catie?
If you get some food –
Fuck.

Darkness.

Light.

Ian *masturbating.*

Ian cunt cunt cunt cunt cunt cunt cunt cunt cunt cunt

Darkness.

Light.

Ian *strangling himself.*

Darkness.

Light.

Ian *shitting.*

And then trying to clean it up with newspaper.

Darkness.

Light.

Ian *laughing hysterically.*

Darkness.

Light.

Ian *having a nightmare.*

Darkness.

Light.

Ian *crying, huge bloody tears.*

*He is hugging the **Soldier**'s body for comfort.*

Darkness.

Light.

Ian *lying very still, weak with hunger.*

Darkness.

Light.

Ian *tears the cross out of the ground, rips up the boards and lifts the baby's body out.*

He eats the baby.

He puts the sheet the baby was wrapped in back in the hole.

A beat, then he climbs in after it and lies down, head poking out of the floor.

He dies with relief.

It starts to rain on him, coming through the roof.

Eventually.

Ian *Shit.*

Cate *enters carrying some bread, a large sausage and a bottle of gin.*

There is blood seeping from between her legs.

Cate *You're sitting under a hole.*

Ian *I know.*

Cate *Get wet.*

Ian *Aye.*

Cate *Stupid bastard.*

*She pulls a sheet off the bed and wraps it around her.
She sits next to **Ian**'s head.*

She eats her fill of the sausage and bread, then washes it down with gin.

Ian listens.

*She feeds **Ian** with the remaining food.*

*She pours gin in **Ian**'s mouth.*

*She finishes feeding **Ian** and sits apart from him, huddled for warmth.*

She drinks the gin.

She sucks her thumb.

Silence.

It rains.

Ian Thank you.

Blackout.