

# RECOGNISE ME

by

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Characters:

Cast of 5 (3M 2F)

MARCUS PIKE – forty-four

CONNIE SWIFT – late-thirties (*American accent*)

NICK CROFT – late-thirties

TOMAS MULLER – late-thirties (*German accent*)

SAFFIE BERRY – early-twenties

*V.O. IAN DOUGLAS*

*V.O. ANNOUNCER*

*V.O. ERIC PIKE*

Synopsis of scenes:

Act 1

Scene 1 – Friday 1.00 p.m.

Scene 2 – Friday 10.30 p.m.

Act 2

Scene 1 – Saturday 11.00 a.m.

Scene 2 – Saturday 7.30 p.m.

Scene 3 – Three months later. Saturday 4.00 p.m.

Place – The garden of MARCUS and CONNIE's house.

Time – June/October.

*Author's note: Original songs have/are being composed for this. Lyrics are shown where relevant to the action.*

Act 1

Scene 1

*June. Friday 1.00 p.m.*

*The garden is roughly cut grass with a paved path running through. Thick bushes and shrubs run along a wall, upstage. There is a section of a large garden cabin SL with its entrance door and part of its window. The window is face on to the audience. An exit alongside the front of the cabin continues off to an unseen gap in the fence SL. An exit on the SR side leads to the remainder of the garden and to the house and also to the field. The significant items in the space are a three-seater garden swing and a garden chair. There is second, unopened, garden chair placed somewhere in the space.*

*TOMAS sits in the garden swing holding a book. SAFFIE lies on the grass on her stomach listening to music through earphones. She reads a magazine. She is angled away from TOMAS, who is enjoying the view of her. SAFFIE sings to herself from song: 'TRUST MYSELF'.*

SAFFIE: *(Sings.) I fall in to the sky  
Tumble through the air  
I've never been so high  
And I'm a little scared  
But all I need to do is trust myself  
Let my wings unfold  
All I need to do is trust myself  
Oh oh*

*SAFFIE becomes aware of TOMAS looking at her. She removes an earphone.*

Good book is that?

TOMAS: I've no idea, haven't got into it yet.

SAFFIE: Maybe you should try reading it.

TOMAS: Just enjoying the view of the garden.

SAFFIE: Yeah, right.

*SAFFIE rolls over on her back and opens her legs and her skirt in TOMAS's direction.*

How's that view... of the garden?

TOMAS: Nice.

SAFFIE: Remember it, it's all you're getting. It would be good to think you wanted me here for my musical abilities.

TOMAS: Unquestionably. I'm just enjoying your other abilities too.

SAFFIE: Well I'm gonna start charging for them too if you don't stop ogling and you wouldn't be able to afford my prices, mister. Read your book.

TOMAS: Ah, this is so much better than rehearsing in that grubby studio in London. I forgot how much fun breathing is. What are you listening to, singing away so merrily?

SAFFIE: Her.

TOMAS: Connie?

SAFFIE: She's good.

TOMAS: She is – was... still is, I suppose.

SAFFIE: She's quit doing it, you say?

TOMAS: She has.

SAFFIE: Why?

TOMAS: You'll have to ask her. Marcus is now become her full time job perhaps.

SAFFIE: Yeah, I can believe that.

MARCUS: *(Off.)* Shit! Fucking dog!

SAFFIE: Here comes Mr Cheerful.

TOMAS: Just continue being nice.

*SAFFIE puts the earphone back in and resumes reading. MARCUS enters SR with a guitar lead.*

Put your foot in it again, Marcus?

MARCUS: That's it, I'm putting down dog killer. Bloody Alsatian from next door comes and craps in our garden.

SAFFIE: Ugh, that stinks!

MARCUS: It's dog shit, sweetheart, what do you expect, Channel Number Five?

*MARCUS removes his shoe and throws it towards the bushes. He does the same with the other shoe.*

(To TOMAS.) Well...?

TOMAS: He's on his way.

MARCUS: What does that mean?

TOMAS: It means he's on his way.

MARCUS: Call him again.

TOMAS: He's on a train, what can he do, knock on the driver's door and tell him to speed up?

MARCUS: Yes.

TOMAS: I know *you* would, Marcus. Don't worry, Nick's quick, Karl says he'll pick up the songs in no time.

MARCUS: That's all the time he's gonna have.

TOMAS: Once he gets here we'll go for it, all guns blazing.

MARCUS: Bloody Karl! I bet you he didn't break his wrist. I bet he found something else more lucrative.

TOMAS: That wouldn't be hard. He might in fact have done us a favour. If Nick's demo is anything to go by he's a far better musician than Karl... and we should be thankful he could step in at such short notice.

MARCUS: Ever the optimist, eh.

TOMAS: Somebody has to be around here and since it's not going to be you, Marcus.

MARCUS: It would've been a good excuse to cancel this... charade.

TOMAS: Over my dead body.

MARCUS: What the hell am I doing this for anyway?

TOMAS: You're doing it to prove to the world that Marcus Pike has fifteen, wonderful new songs to hear.

MARCUS: Hardly the world though, is it.

TOMAS: Not tomorrow night perhaps, but after that it will be. Once Lovecott gets his talons into you he's going to carry you to the stars, with the rest of us clinging on to your coat tails.

SAFFIE: *(Taking off a earphone.)* What time's lunch, I'm starving?

MARCUS: Poor you, I'll call up Oxfam get them to start a new appeal.

SAFFIE: If I don't eat regularly my blood sugar levels go all over the place and I'm liable to do something irrational like sod off down to the nearest Mickey D's.

TOMAS: I'm getting a little peckish too. I'm sure Connie's on the case right, Marcus?

MARCUS: You'll be fed, everyone will be fed.

TOMAS: Let me go and check with her.

*TOMAS exits SR.*

MARCUS: You and he an item are you?

SAFFIE: No, we are not an item.

MARCUS: He must've tried it on though surely, knowing him.

SAFFIE: Oh yeah he continually tries it on and I continually push him off. What were your old band called again?

MARCUS: The Dark Rainbows, why?

SAFFIE: I thought so. There's an article about them in this mag.

MARCUS: No shit.

SAFFIE: There's stuff about you too.

MARCUS: What does it say?

SAFFIE: *(Reading.)* The Dark Rainbows' fortunes have peaked and troughed since their debut album 'Borrowed Light'. The acrimonious split between frontman Eric Pike and his ultimately burdensome brother, Marcus –

MARCUS: Burdensome! I was the one writing the hit songs, you moron.

SAFFIE: *(Reading.)* After their underwhelming fourth album ‘Steel Sunset’, was to be a breath of fresh air for the band allowing them to take the music into a new direction –

MARCUS: Of bland and puerile schmaltz for the undiscerning masses.

SAFFIE: Not what it says here.

MARCUS: I’m sure it doesn’t.

SAFFIE: *(Reading.)* He says: with their latest offering it’s good to see them returning somewhat to their early authentic sound.

MARCUS: The early authentic sound that I was responsible for. I bet it doesn’t say that in that rag.

SAFFIE: No. *(Reading.)* It does say you had an uncontrollable drink and drug problem though.

MARCUS: Who doesn’t? Or didn’t?

SAFFIE: Did you really try to climb the Eifel Tower wearing just your underwear?

MARCUS: No, it was the Arc De Triumph. And I was wearing slippers.

SAFFIE: Sounds like you got up to some pretty crazy things.

MARCUS: I did it as a service to the band. What band – that hasn’t been any band – hasn’t had someone – a band member – going out on a limb to get cameras clicking and journos writing to put their band on the rock and roll map? That was my job. A lot of it I didn’t enjoy, but it got people talking, listening to the music, making us edgy, sexy. And did I get any thanks for it? I’ll tell you what I got, I got kicked out on my arse. But when I went the spirit went too, the creative... balls. And that album Steel Sunset would have been ten times better than what it was if they’d allowed me into the studio. And what have they continued to do since? Churn out three highly un-distinctive middle of the road albums which could market themselves instead as an effective cure for insomnia.

SAFFIE: He’s given them four stars for their latest album.

MARCUS: Four out of fifty?

SAFFIE: Out of five.

MARCUS: What else does it say?

SAFFIE: About their latest album?

MARCUS: About me? Does it mention that I was responsible for writing the most successful songs on our first three albums? I didn't think so... it never does.

*TOMAS enters SR.*

I bet it mentions Athens though. I bet it talks all about Athens.

TOMAS: What's this?

MARCUS: You haven't got to it yet, read on.

TOMAS: What are you reading there?

SAFFIE: It's something about his old band.

TOMAS: Marcus I told you that's not good for your health reading those lies.

SAFFIE: *(Reading.)* Jesus!

TOMAS: Saffie, stop reading that now.

SAFFIE: Did you do that?

MARCUS: If it says it there it must be true.

TOMAS: Saffie!

SAFFIE: No, but did you?

TOMAS: Give me that!

*TOMAS snatches the magazine away from SAFFIE.*

SAFFIE: Oi! Give me that back!

TOMAS: Only if you promise not to read it.

MARCUS: Let her read it. I'm amazed she doesn't know already.

*SAFFIE takes her magazine.*

SAFFIE: Thank you.

*TOMAS's mobile beeps.*

TOMAS:                    (*Reading text.*) Okay, slight delay, someone's pushed the emergency button on the train.

MARCUS:                 Oh!

TOMAS:                    I'm sure he'll be moving again shortly. (*Magazine.*) It's never anything new, Marcus, you know that by now. These arseholes can only write the same thing. Well, whoever he is – she is – is going to be eating his – her – Apple Mac in the not too distant, and I for one am going to get a great deal of pleasure in shoving it down his – her – big fat throat.

SAFFIE:                 His, Jonathan Burke.

TOMAS:                    Appropriately named. I really hope this Mr Burke will be here tomorrow night. But I know I'll be torn, one part of me would like to shove his head in a muddy ditch while another part would love him to have the evening of his life. I guess both isn't an option... or is it?

*TOMAS's mobile beeps.*

*(Reading text.)* Good, he's on his way again now.

*CONNIE enters SR.*

CONNIE:                 Marcus, Ian wants a word.

MARCUS:                 He knows where to find me.

CONNIE:                 He wants to see you in the field.

TOMAS:                 Something I can take care of, Con?

CONNIE:                 He wants Marcus.

MARCUS:                 Can the man not make one single decision unaided?

CONNIE:                 Come on, Marcus, you know he doesn't want to risk your displeasure by getting something wrong.

TOMAS:                 I think we can all understand that.

CONNIE:                 Remember he's doing all this for the love of it – the love of *you*, Marcus.

*MARCUS exits SR.*

He's not shown up yet?

TOMAS: Train complications. Won't be long now.

CONNIE: Okay, I'm here to take lunch orders.

SAFFIE: Yay!

CONNIE: Sandwiches okay?

SAFFIE: Good with me.

CONNIE: Any dislikes?

TOMAS: You know me, Con, I'll eat anything.

SAFFIE: Me too.

CONNIE: Good, that makes it simple.

SAFFIE: I've been listening to you. I love your songs.

CONNIE: Thanks.

SAFFIE: He says you're not doing it anymore.

CONNIE: No. Tea, coffee?

TOMAS: Tea please, Con.

SAFFIE: Thanks.

CONNIE: Let's hope your man shows up soon.

TOMAS: Shouldn't be long now.

*CONNIE exits SR.*

See, all good things come to those who wait.

SAFFIE: Eventually. I can't understand why she's with him, if I were her I would've strangled him by now.

TOMAS: You must remember Marcus is under a great deal of pressure right now. If you'd met him three weeks ago – maybe four – you'd be seeing a completely different side to him, someone who was amusing, friendly... charming even.

SAFFIE: Are you sure we're talking about the same bloke?

TOMAS: We are.

SAFFIE: And are you sure he's not gonna pull a gun on us?

TOMAS: Marcus was in a very different place back then, there were enormous tensions between him and the band. And as no doubt you read it wasn't a real gun.

SAFFIE: They must've thought it was though. No wonder they kicked him out of the band.

TOMAS: The gun was symptomatic, the war had been raging for many months prior... if not years. And needless to say there were drugs involved. Marcus has been completely clean since.

SAFFIE: Shame, he could do with something to cheer him up now.

TOMAS: He doesn't need to be reminded of what was, so if you have any more magazines tucked away with articles of Marcus in them I'd be grateful if you'd keep them to yourself.

SAFFIE: So you reckon this big shot is gonna show up then?

TOMAS: Yes I do.

SAFFIE: To a field in the middle of nowhere.

TOMAS: Yes. And just remember Glastonbury was a field in the middle of nowhere once.

SAFFIE: Because *you* asked him?

TOMAS: I have more clout than you think I do. I'm the kraut with clout. Also I've primed the pump, so to speak. I've told Tony to look out, Marcus is back and he's firing on all cylinders. If he doesn't pick him up, someone else will... soon. He'll be here, if I know Tony Lovcott.

SAFFIE: He hasn't done a great deal for your career, has he, your mate Tony.

TOMAS: What can he do with me, I'm a drummer? No, I'm clinging on to Marcus's coat tails. If Tony takes on Marcus that's potentially good news for me. And perhaps for you too, if you play your cards right.

SAFFIE: How do you propose I do that?

TOMAS: Well, you've got a lovely pair of lips so I suggest you use them to kiss arse with them a little bit.

SAFFIE: Whose, *his*?

TOMAS: And mine too, if you like.

SAFFIE: (*Giving finger.*) Kiss this.

TOMAS: When you sign up with me there will have to be a little arse kissing to be done, it's the way to get along in this business.

SAFFIE: *If I sign up with you. And if I do I'll be choosing whose arses, if any, I'm going to be kissing. And if I do – sign up with you – all that's got to stop.*

TOMAS: All what?

SAFFIE: You know what. It's unprofessional.

TOMAS: It will.

SAFFIE: Good.

TOMAS: And that's why I propose – before we officially sign any papers – is for us to get all that other stuff out of the way. Tonight we can just go crazy in my tent, two nights of madness. Monday morning we shake hands, sign the paperwork and my eyes will nevermore stray beneath the level of your chin, I promise.

SAFFIE: Dream on, mister.

TOMAS: Okay, but just to let you know the zipper of my tent will be open tonight should you have a change of heart.

SAFFIE: Better watch out the mossies don't have you then, that's all that'll be coming in.

NICK: (*Off. Calling.*) Hello, Tom?

TOMAS: (*Calling.*) Nick?

NICK: (*Off. Calling.*) Yes.

TOMAS: (*Calling.*) See the gap in the fence? Come through that. See it?

*NICK enters SL. He carries his bass guitar in a case and an overnight rucksack.*

Nick.

NICK: Tom. Sorry I'm late.

TOMAS: You're here now, that's the important thing.

NICK: Hi.

SAFFIE: Hi.

TOMAS: This is Saffie, a singer songwriter in her own right, very talented. Give it a year or two and you won't be able to open a glossy mag without seeing her charming face smiling back at you.

NICK: Oh, better stick close to you then.

SAFFIE: Better had.

NICK: Very leafy around here.

TOMAS: How's Karl?

NICK: He's fine... apart from his arm of course. Looked nasty.

SAFFIE: Brought your tent?

NICK: Tent?

TOMAS: No, Nick's got the luxury of a barn. Don't worry, Nick, it's converted, the animals have long since moved out.

NICK: Make way for this animal to move in, eh? Grrrr! So is this where we're playing?

TOMAS: No, this is where we're rehearsing. The concert's down in the field over there. Listen, Nick, just before Marcus returns, he's on a bit of a short fuse at the moment.

SAFFIE: Non-existent, he means.

TOMAS: He's got a lot riding on this. It's his potential return to the big time. Losing Karl hasn't helped things. But we've got you and if your demo is anything to go by we're in safe hands. So just to warn you he's liable to launch into the occasional angry outburst and he may say things which may come across as being rude and hurtful even... if you let them. Oh and it's probably best not to make any reference to the Dark Rainbows. With their latest success that hasn't exactly helped to make the fuse any longer.

SAFFIE: Other than that it should be a delightful weekend.

TOMAS: It should. Did I tell you Tony Lovcott will be here?

NICK: You did.

TOMAS: Have you met him?

NICK: I don't move in such grand circles, I'm afraid.

TOMAS: You will be tomorrow night.

NICK: Better look sharp then.

TOMAS: We all need to.

NICK: I read somewhere he'd hung up his guitar and was now building fish ponds – Marcus I mean.

TOMAS: A needed spell of r and r for a while. It's music again now, no more fish ponds. Only goes to show, you can run for a while but you can't hide from what's really inside of here. *(Heart.)*

NICK: No.

SAFFIE: *(Stomach.)* I know what I wish I had inside of here.

TOMAS: Who?

SAFFIE: Some food.

TOMAS: Have you eaten, Nick?

NICK: I grabbed something on the train.

TOMAS: You'll be still hungry then. Connie's making sandwiches. Do you know Connie, Connie Swift?

NICK: Of her.

SAFFIE: *(Seeing MARCUS off.)* Fun over.

TOMAS: Nick's arrived, Marcus.

*MARCUS enters SR.*

MARCUS: So I see. No-one died I hope. The emergency on the train?

NICK: Oh, no... don't think so. Didn't see any bodies.

MARCUS: Welcome to the asylum. Have we met? Your face seems familiar. Nick...?

NICK: Croft.

MARCUS: No. He says you're quick at picking things up.

NICK: They don't call me Quick Nick for nothing.

MARCUS: Well, Quick Nick, I've got fifteen new songs to get into some kind of a place where people aren't going to be chucking beer cans at us tomorrow night... or worse.

NICK: I'm ready to rock 'n roll, just point me to an amp.

MARCUS: That's what I like to hear.

SAFFIE: What about lunch?

TOMAS: When it comes we'll break, right, Marcus?

*MARCUS enters the cabin.*

Saff.

*TOMAS enters the cabin.*

SAFFIE: *(To NICK.)* Welcome to hell.

*SAFFIE enters the cabin. There is the sound of tuning up of instruments etc. NICK takes out his bass guitar from its case and a folder with the songs in. He looks across in the direction of the house. MARCUS sticks his head out from the cabin.*

MARCUS: Still with us?

NICK: Ready when you are.

MARCUS: We'll play through each song in order. We'll play it once and then we'll play it again. You join in when it starts to make sense, okay?

NICK: Roger.

MARCUS: Call me Marcus. Are you sure we haven't met? I recognise you from somewhere.

NICK: Just one of those faces probably.

*MARCUS enters the cabin. TOMAS appears at the entrance. He holds out the end of a jack lead for NICK.*

*NICK takes it.*

TOMAS: The first song's 'Take A Look'. You got it there?

NICK: *(Checks folder.)* Yep.

TOMAS: Good.

*TOMAS withdraws into the cabin. NICK plugs in his bass and does a quick sound check.*

*(From within the cabin.)* Okay, Nick?

NICK: Go for it.

TOMAS: One, two, three, four...

*They launch into the song: 'TAKE A LOOK'. MARCUS sings. CONNIE enters SR with a tray of tea and sandwiches. She looks up and sees NICK watching her. CONNIE mouths 'Nick' and shakes her head in disbelief as they hold a look. She puts down the tray and exits. NICK stares in her direction for a couple of moments before turning towards the cabin and joining in with the song.*

*Blackout.*

*Studio version of the continuation of the song, plays over the scene change.*

Scene 2

*Friday 10.30 p.m.*

*The area is lit by a garden light.*

*CONNIE furtively smokes a cigarette. She stubs out the cigarette and buries it in the bushes and hides the cigarette packet and lighter in a place in the garden. She goes to close the cabin door which has been left ajar. She picks up an acoustic guitar by the door and runs her fingers over the strings thoughtfully. NICK enters SL.*

NICK: Sounds good.

CONNIE: Where are the others?

NICK: Still in the pub.

CONNIE: Where do they think you are?

NICK: I told them I was taking a walk.

CONNIE: Does he know – Marcus – who you are... were?

NICK: No.

CONNIE: Any of them?

NICK: No.

CONNIE: What the hell are you doing here, Nick?

NICK: I'm playing a gig in a field just over there.

CONNIE: Yes, and you shouldn't be.

NICK: Karl dropping out was the perfect opportunity.

CONNIE: For what?

NICK: For me to see you.

CONNIE: What in God's name makes you think I want to see you, Nick? Well...? Oh!

NICK: You're looking good, Con.

CONNIE: You disappear without trace three years ago and now you

appear without warning.

NICK: Did you get my letter? I sent you a letter to... explain –

CONNIE: I got *a* letter. I presumed it was from you, it looked like your writing.

NICK: What, you didn't read it?

CONNIE: It came two months after you left. I thought about donating it to a museum.

NICK: So... you don't know?

CONNIE: Know?

NICK: Why I...?

CONNIE: That was clear, Nick – eventually. Candy Rose whistled and you went running back to her like her long lost puppy.

NICK: It... it wasn't like that.

CONNIE: It looked that way to me.

NICK: She was...

CONNIE: Yes, Nick?

NICK: Going to... have my child... I thought.

CONNIE: Okay, how was that possible? Not the process, I know a little about that, I mean the timing?

NICK: It was when we had our... our break.

CONNIE: I see. In order to get some perspective on things, on us... I thought.

NICK: Yes.

CONNIE: So your idea of getting some perspective was to hot-foot it back to London and jump back in the sack with Candy Rose. But I guess you just couldn't resist her blue hair and those long curly come-to-bed eyelashes.

NICK: I... I was –

CONNIE: Unable to control yourself?

NICK: No, I was... I...

CONNIE: I hope you managed to put things a bit more articulately in your letter, Nick.

NICK: Stupid, I was completely stupid. And then *we* got back together again and everything was... perfect, until she told me... *that*.

CONNIE: And you didn't think to tell *me* that?

NICK: I did... in my letter.

CONNIE: I mean at the time. I would've probably kicked you hard in a very sensitive place, that's true, but it would've been nice to know.

NICK: I didn't want to...

CONNIE: Keep me in the picture?

NICK: Hurt you.

CONNIE: Oh, that was thoughtful of you, Nick. So you just decided to leave me in a pool of my own tears instead, wondering just what the hell I did wrong.

NICK: I'm... I'm sorry. I... Con –

CONNIE: It wasn't yours then... the baby?

NICK: There were a couple of contenders.

CONNIE: Candy Rose, you don't say. And...?

NICK: She... got rid of it.

CONNIE: And then she got rid of you?

TOMAS: *(Off. Calling)* Nick?

CONNIE: Oh!

*CONNIE gives the guitar to NICK.*

You came back here to rehearse, okay.

*CONNIE exits SR. NICK enters the cabin with the guitar and hides. TOMAS enters SL followed by SAFFIE.*

TOMAS: Let's hope he's not got himself lost wandering off down lonely country lanes. *(Calling.)* Nick?

*TOMAS takes out his mobile and dials.*

Or the legendary beast of these parts hasn't picked him off.

SAFFIE: Beast?

TOMAS: The one that roams after dark attacking night wanderers... and campers.

SAFFIE: If this is your latest rouse to get me into your tent tonight it's not gonna work, sunshine.

TOMAS: Okay, that was a desperate ploy. But seriously I have some very, very nice smoke you may want to join me for. Voicemail again. *(To mobile.)* Nick, it's Tom. Just calling to see if you're lost. Let me know if you are and I'll try to direct you back to civilisation again.

*TOMAS hangs up. MARCUS enters SL. He is zipping up his flies.*

MARCUS: Is he here?

TOMAS: No.

SAFFIE: Okay, I'm off.

TOMAS: Yeah, me too. Okay, Marcus, get a good night's sleep, it's a big day tomorrow.

MARCUS: I want a word.

TOMAS: What?

SAFFIE: Night.

TOMAS: Wait, Saffie.

*SAFFIE exits SR.*

Marcus, can we not talk tomorrow?

MARCUS: No, I want to talk now.

TOMAS: Well can we make it brief, I'm sleepy.

MARCUS: Don't worry, I'm sure she'll still be open for business when

you get back.

TOMAS: Okay, you have my full attention. What is it? Marcus?

MARCUS: Him.

TOMAS: What?

MARCUS: Nick.

TOMAS: What about him?

MARCUS: I think he's her ex.

TOMAS: Whose, Saffie's?

MARCUS: Not hers, Connie's.

TOMAS: What?

MARCUS: She's got a photo of him. I'm sure it's him. I found it in the back of an old diary of hers.

TOMAS: No, Nick would've said. Connie would've said. It must be someone else.

MARCUS: I need to get another look.

TOMAS: I say it isn't him.

MARCUS: I say it is. I knew I recognised him from somewhere.

TOMAS: Okay, okay, let's say it is, when they met again earlier it must have been extremely awkward for them. What can they say? I remember the same thing happened to me when an ex of mine showed up at the same dinner party when –

MARCUS: He knows who *I* am.

TOMAS: So?

MARCUS: So he would've known *she* was with me.

TOMAS: Not necessarily.

MARCUS: We have such a thing as the internet nowadays in case you hadn't noticed, it's great for finding out about things.

TOMAS: It doesn't mean he's looked you up, Marcus. It doesn't. And I didn't tell him Connie was with you. Anyway, I asked him

when he arrived this afternoon if he knew her, he categorically said no, so...

MARCUS: So he could've been lying. People do that sometimes when they don't want to tell you the truth.

TOMAS: You know there's a simple way to find out: ask Connie.

MARCUS: How can I? She'll know I've been rooting through her things.

TOMAS: Which you shouldn't have been doing, Marcus.

MARCUS: You ask him.

TOMAS: Okay, I will. But I don't see what good it's going to do, in fact it might even be to our detriment – your detriment. And you can't afford to lose Nick now otherwise it's bye bye concert.

MARCUS: If that prick's wangled his way down here by getting Karl to pull out –

TOMAS: Oh God, Marcus, your imagination is working overtime. Look, let's just sleep on this tonight, we've had a couple of drinks – well I have – and then perhaps in the morning –

MARCUS: And where is he now?

TOMAS: He's probably gone back to his barn.

MARCUS: (*Looking off.*) His light's not on.

TOMAS: He's probably gone to bed, like you should do, Marcus – we all should do.

MARCUS: Maybe she's even fixed this up with him.

TOMAS: What are you talking about, Marcus?

MARCUS: I'm talking about Connie fixing it up with him to come here, that's what I'm talking about.

TOMAS: Marcus, why the hell would she want to do that?

MARCUS: Because she's never been happy about me doing this, that's why... especially since she knows now that Lovcott might be coming.

TOMAS: So you're saying Connie's sabotaging things for you by arranging for a shit-hot guitarist – who just happens to be an ex, if he *is* her ex – to take over from a mildly average one. I'm

sorry, how does that work, Marcus?

MARCUS: That when the shit-hot guitarist becomes irreplaceable, i.e. as of tonight, he sods off back home, that's how.

TOMAS: Marcus, I'm doing my best not to cry right now. Connie wants this concert to be a big success for you. She does, Marcus. I know.

MARCUS: Do you?

TOMAS: Yes, I do.

MARCUS: She wants me to be teaching kids in a youth club, for Christ's sake.

TOMAS: So... she wants you to be passing on your considerable talents to the younger generation, what's wrong with that?

MARCUS: She wants me in a box.

TOMAS: Why Marcus?

MARCUS: She's scared, that's why?

TOMAS: Of what?

MARCUS: Of my success.

*MARCUS enters the cabin. He doesn't turn on the light or see NICK hiding. He goes into a secret draw in the cabin.*

TOMAS: She's a little bit jealous perhaps that you're doing this and she's not. That's understandable, it used to be her life too. There's bound to be a little pain involved, but to think she's trying to sabotage things for you, Marcus, that's completely absurd.

*MARCUS exits from the cabin with a thermos flask.*

MARCUS: If that prick's gone home I'll tear him limb from limb.

TOMAS: So will I, but I say he's tucked up in his barn.

*TOMAS dials his mobile. MARCUS unscrews the top of his thermos and has a couple of swigs.*

What's that, Marcus?

MARCUS: A drink.

*TOMAS gets through to NICK's voicemail and hangs up.*

TOMAS: Fuck! I want to hear that's coffee. Marcus, you don't drink anymore.

MARCUS: I need this.

TOMAS: No you don't.

MARCUS: Don't tell me what I don't need.

TOMAS: Okay, one swig, now put it away. Even better, give it to me. Come on, Marcus, you were doing so well in the pub. Where's that positivity you were firing us all up with?

MARCUS: That's before I knew who that fucker was.

TOMAS: The fucker you still don't know it is. Marcus, come on.

MARCUS: I thought you were itching to get into her knickers. If you hurry now I'm sure you'll manage to get one in before closing time.

TOMAS: I think the last bell went some time ago. You've worked crazily hard for this, Marcus. This may be a 'one shot' with Tony, if we screw him around tomorrow, we may not get him back. I want Tony to see the new you, the Marcus Pike who's back and firing on all cylinders again. I'm sure this is all just a... an unfortunate coincidence... if he *is* the Nick. *(Drink.)* You can share that at least.

*MARCUS doesn't. TOMAS takes out a pouch.*

Look, have some of this instead, it's much healthier for you than that.

*TOMAS begins rolling a couple of joints. There is the sound of an owl hooting.*

Was that an owl? Sounded like an owl. Look at those stars. Those bastards make us feel so insignificant, don't they? The forecast says it will be good for tomorrow: clear sunny day, twenty-five degrees and a warm night... so that probably means it'll be pouring with rain.

MARCUS: It's always the same.

TOMAS: What is?

MARCUS: There's never a mention from any of them about my contribution. Don't expect it from Eric of course, he'd probably rather cut off his gonads with a pair of rusty garden shears than say that, but Jeb, Chris... Danny even. Just for one of them to say: sure, he did get up to all that crazy stuff, publish that by all means if it makes a good story, but don't forget to add that he was the creative spark on which we've all been dining out on ever since... or something to that effect. That's what hurts... the silence.

TOMAS: They're jealous as hell, Marcus, that's why.

MARCUS: You know what they did to me after that concert in Athens?

TOMAS: No, Marcus.

MARCUS: They took me from the corner of the stage where I was lying after I'd collapsed, put me in the back of the van and dumped me, barely conscious, in some public park. Just left me there for pigeons to shit on. I could've died. I'm sure they were probably half-hoping I would... Eric anyway. Put an end to the embarrassment that was me. He knew what condition I was in – emotionally, mentally. Sonya had recently walked out, the love of my life... back then. I was like an open wound, an exposed nerve. I could barely function without her, he knew that. Yeah, sure, I know it was stupid of me to get up on stage and wave a gun about, but it wasn't a real one, it was just a glorified party popper. Unfortunately I was crawling around on my hands and knees puking and just about to go under before I could explain it to anyone. I nearly did, after that, end it all. I was this close – on a number of occasions – literally inches from it.

TOMAS: Well I, for one, am glad you didn't, otherwise we wouldn't be blessed with your wonderful songs now. (*Joint.*) Come on Marcus, swap me that for this.

MARCUS: I have a nightmare –

TOMAS: Oh!

MARCUS: A recurring one –

TOMAS: Marcus –

MARCUS: I'm telling you about my recurring nightmare. I'm up on stage... playing away... and I'm sounding great... and the band too. Don't know who they are, no-one I recognise, but they're making my songs sound amazing.

TOMAS: Wouldn't be me then.

MARCUS: Listen. It's a great big stadium, the biggest I've ever played in. The huge crowd are alive to the music, singing their hearts out to the choruses. Things couldn't be going better. I'm on top of the world. And then I see him, Eric, in the crowd, staring at me with that twisted, asymmetric snarl of a smile Eric's so good at and a look in his eyes which is... which was just like his –

TOMAS: Whose?

MARCUS: Cold, dismissive –

TOMAS: Whose eyes?

MARCUS: Dad's.

TOMAS: Your dad's?

MARCUS: No, your dad's. Of course my dad. And that's it, my mouth becomes like somebody just poured cement into it. My hand starts to feel like a rock scraping across a tennis racket. There's no music. I look around for the band, but they've disappeared. It's just me on the stage. The crowd's groaning, jeering. Someone at the front shouts out obscenities, others join in. Then they start chanting: 'Off, off, off, off, off!'. If only I could, but I can't move. I look over to where Eric is... but he's gone.

TOMAS: And then you wake up, Marcus, and you realise it was just a crazy dream.

MARCUS: What if they're just coming to... tomorrow night...

TOMAS: Coming to what?

MARCUS: To make fun of me.

TOMAS: Marcus –

MARCUS: Just to wave plastic guns and squirt water pistols at me – who knows, perhaps even Lovcott too.

TOMAS: No, Marcus, they're coming to support you not to ridicule you. Marcus? Marcus?

MARCUS: He was the golden boy, Eric, to Dad. I was made of other... stuff – certainly wasn't gold. I busted my balls trying to get a nod of approval out of him for anything worthwhile I did. I was always the clown... to him, never was going to amount to

anything... in his eyes. And he let me know it on more than one occasion. He could wither you with just a word... a look, Dad could, literally wither you. Eric picked that one up quite well. Eric looked like him... still does. I looked more like Mum. Think I reminded him of her and what she did to him... when she was around. When I got too wild, which was me just trying to let him know I existed, he used to grab me by the scruff of the neck and drag me kicking and screaming down to the garden shed. Locked me in it for hours on end for me to 'cool off', while he and Eric went off to do something together. I used to punch the side of that shed until my knuckles were raw, blood running down my arms. These days I could have had him banged up for abuse, just one quick call to Childline and in you go mate. Luckily I had one of Eric's discarded guitars in there to entertain myself with. Only had five strings on it and the A string was un-tuneable but it was something. Pissed Dad off big time when Eric decided to go into music full time. All his hopes for him following in the family business shattered into a million pieces. The last thing I ever expected was for Dad to ask me, I thought he'd rather pick up some spotty kid from some technical college than turn to me. But when he did it was perhaps one of my greatest moments to tell him to take the family business and shove it up his arse... or words to that effect. I was walking on air after I told him that. I treated myself to a bottle of Jack Daniels, a fine Havana cigar and a hooker... may not have been in that order. Never really got rid of him though. Doesn't matter that he's... gone, there's still something in here, crying out to him... recognise me... recognise me.

CONNIE: *(Off. Calling.)* Marcus?

*MARCUS hurriedly exits SL.*

TOMAS: Marcus?

*CONNIE enters SR.*

CONNIE: I assume that was him running off.

TOMAS: Yes, I think he... just wants to be alone, with his thoughts.

CONNIE: Has he... had anything?

TOMAS: In the pub you mean? Absolutely not. I kept a watchful eye on him. Orange juice only, nothing added.

CONNIE: *(Cabin.)* You finished in here?

TOMAS: Yes.

*CONNIE locks the cabin door and puts the key in a secret place.*

Let's hope Nick found his way back to the barn. We couldn't find him earlier. He left the pub to go for a walk, we haven't seen him since.

CONNIE: You've called him, of course.

TOMAS: Yes, just his voicemail. His light's not on.

CONNIE: Maybe he's asleep.

TOMAS: That's what I said – to Marcus. Marcus is worried he might be on the train home.

CONNIE: Why?

TOMAS: He's imagining that he may have cold feet about the concert.

CONNIE: For what reason?

TOMAS: Maybe – he thinks – something about doing it is worrying him perhaps. It's not the songs, he's picked them up brilliantly. And Marcus hasn't said anything hurtful to him, beyond the occasional growl at a fluffed note. You haven't seen him at all?

CONNIE: No, I would've said.

TOMAS: Of course. Perhaps I'll peep through his window on my way back. Well...

CONNIE: You're doing a good job, Tom... keeping Marcus motivated for tomorrow night, it's no easy task, I know.

TOMAS: Not too hard when you believe in someone... and their music.

CONNIE: No. We should however be cautious.

TOMAS: Cautious?

CONNIE: Yes. Lovecott may come tomorrow night, he may not.

TOMAS: Well –

CONNIE: He may come and Marcus might not hear anything more from him afterwards. I'm just saying, if expectations – Marcus's expectations – are soaring too high... Well, just remember, I'm the one with the shovel who'll have to dig him out, if – when,

he and his expectations hit the ground again... not you, Tom. So if we could keep Marcus's – everyone's feet – on terra firma no-one's liable to get hurt. Let tomorrow night just be an opportunity for him to play his new songs and for everyone to have an enjoyable time. Perhaps a bit late now to be saying this, but better late than never.

- TOMAS: Agreed.
- CONNIE: Good.
- TOMAS: Just so long as we're all right behind him.
- CONNIE: Which we are. Why, has he said anything to you to suggest otherwise? Tom?
- TOMAS: You know Marcus, he'll put two and two together and make sixteen sometimes.
- CONNIE: Why, what's he said?
- TOMAS: He thinks... Ah, it's none of my business.
- CONNIE: Go on.
- TOMAS: He thinks there may be... a little bit of jealousy – coming from you – that he's doing this and you're not. And therefore you may not be completely behind his... tomorrow night.
- CONNIE: I see.
- TOMAS: It's completely irrational, I know. I've assured him you are, one hundred percent. He'll be fine, I'm sure, once he's... once he's got a good night's sleep.
- CONNIE: Sounds like we need to have a little talk. Anything else I should know?
- TOMAS: No. Anything else *I* should know? I mean, all's good, isn't it, between *us*?
- CONNIE: Of course. If he comes back tell him... Never mind, I'll see him sooner or later. Night, Tom.
- TOMAS: Night, Con.

*CONNIE exits SR.*

*(Calling softly SL.)* Marcus? Marcus? Oh!

*TOMAS dials his mobile. There is a knocking on the inside of the cabin door. TOMAS hangs up.*

Hello?

NICK: *(From within cabin.)* Hey?

TOMAS: Who's that?

NICK: *(From within cabin.)* It's Nick.

*TOMAS unlocks the cabin door and opens it.*

TOMAS: What... what the hell are you doing in there?

NICK: I... I don't know. I came in earlier and I must've... fallen asleep.

TOMAS: *(Disbelievingly.)* Really. So, I'm guessing you heard everything. So... are you 'the Nick', or not 'the Nick'? Oh Jesus, you are 'the Nick'!

NICK: Sorry.

TOMAS: And was it, a complete surprise to you that Connie was here with Marcus?

NICK: Yes.

TOMAS: Really?

NICK: Absolutely. The moment I saw her I thought 'should I go?' I was waiting for her to say something. She hasn't.

TOMAS: *(More to himself.)* Shizer! Shizer! Shizer! *(Cabin.)* So what were you doing in there?

NICK: I... wanted to talk to her. Just to say hello and be clear about how we're playing this.

TOMAS: Okay. Which is?

NICK: I don't know, I didn't see her.

TOMAS: Marcus will find out who you are, knowing him.

NICK: What do you suggest I do?

TOMAS: I suggest you go to bed. Tomorrow be absolutely professional, do the gig and stay away from Connie – as much as possible.

NICK: And if he confronts me?

TOMAS: You tell him what you told me: that you knew nothing about her being here. Which is the truth, right?

NICK: Right.

TOMAS: You didn't want the awkwardness of the situation to interfere with everything being the true professional that you are. Right?

NICK: Right.

*TOMAS locks the cabin door and secretes the key.*

TOMAS: Okay, let's put this day firmly to bed. Perhaps tomorrow morning I'll wake up and realise all this has been a dream: Marcus isn't drinking again, you're not 'the Nick', and I'm being roused in my tent by the best blowjob in Christendom. You can find your way back?

NICK: Sure. I'm sorry about...

TOMAS: It's not your fault. Watch out for Marcus on your way, the whisky – or whatever he's drinking – will probably be starting to kick in by now.

NICK: I'll be cat-like and furtive.

TOMAS: Night, Nick.

NICK: Night, Tom.

TOMAS: Oh... well played today.

NICK: Thanks.

*TOMAS exits SR. NICK looks off SL for signs of MARCUS. He then crosses SR and checks to see that TOMAS has gone. He looks over towards the house. He waves as he tries to catch CONNIE's attention in one of the windows. He takes out his mobile. He turns on the torch function and shines it towards the house. He waves again. He switches off the torch function. After a few moments CONNIE enters SR.*

CONNIE: Is Tomas here?

NICK: No, he went back to his...

CONNIE: He still doesn't know, right – Marcus – any of them?

NICK: No, I haven't said anything. Con...

CONNIE: It's Connie.

NICK: What?

CONNIE: You don't know me, remember. I haven't given you permission to call me that. Oh, Jesus Nick, why couldn't you have tried to get in touch through Facebook or something, instead of this?

NICK: I wanted to *see* you.

CONNIE: If Marcus finds out...

NICK: He won't... not from me.

CONNIE: Did you arrange this with Karl? You did, didn't you?

NICK: I wanted to see you.

CONNIE: Marcus will kill you.

NICK: I'm not going to tell him.

CONNIE: No, I suggest you don't.

NICK: I'm doing okay, he likes how I'm playing. I came down, a couple of times, recently, to see you. One time I didn't get off the train. The next time I was more courageous, I walked around the station a few times before getting back on the train again.

CONNIE: This time you outdid yourself, spectacularly. Why, Nick?

NICK: Because I –

CONNIE: I mean why now? You been in a coma or something until just recently?

NICK: You were with Marcus.

CONNIE: Still am, Nick, remember. Concussion then?

NICK: No. I was...

CONNIE: What, Nick? You were with someone. It's okay, Nick, you can say it. We know it wasn't Candy, she'd kicked you into touch. Anyone I know – knew.

NICK: No. All I could think about being with her was being with you.

CONNIE: I hope you didn't tell her that.

NICK: No. But being with her just reminded me of what we have, Con.

CONNIE: Connie. *Had* Nick. We don't have it anymore, you saw to that.

NICK: Con – Connie –

CONNIE: I'm with Marcus now, Nick.

NICK: I know.

CONNIE: Do you?

NICK: Do you love him?

CONNIE: You have no right to be standing there, Nick, asking if I –

NICK: I'm sorry, sorry. Scrap that. I'm sorry. You stopped playing?

CONNIE: Yes, Nick, I stopped playing.

NICK: Was that because of... because of him?

CONNIE: No, it was actually more because of you, but I won't give you all the credit.

NICK: Why?

CONNIE: Because... we fell out of love with each other, that's why.

*NICK sinks to his knees.*

What are you doing?

NICK: Can you forgive me for what I did?

CONNIE: Nick, Marcus could come back at any moment and he'll be wondering just what the hell you're doing on your knees in front of me on our lawn.

NICK: I'll tell him... I'm looking for my plectrum.

CONNIE: Nick –

NICK: Can you? Can you forgive me, Con –

CONNIE: Connie.

NICK: Can't I just call you that when we're not alone? Can you? Forgive me for being such a...

CONNIE: Dumbfuck.

NICK: Yes. Good word.

CONNIE: I thought so.

NICK: Con –

CONNIE: Yes, I forgive you, now get up and go to bed, before Marcus –

*Loud muffled music thumps out from the direction of the house. It is sufficiently distant so as not to be intrusive.*

NICK: Is that him? Doesn't sound like he's going to appearing any time soon. Come back with me. Just to talk.

CONNIE: We have nothing to talk about, Nick.

NICK: That's not true, we have so much... there's so much I want to talk to you about. Just for a while, a little while.

CONNIE: No.

NICK: Half an hour. Twenty minutes.

CONNIE: No, Nick.

NICK: Ten then.

CONNIE: Read my lips: N.O. – no.

NICK: You can't sleep with that racket going on.

CONNIE: I've got a great set of earplugs. Look, Nick, I've forgiven you, it's what you came for. Please, just go.

NICK: Home?

CONNIE: No. You're here now. You're gonna stay and do this damn concert... for Marcus. And when it's over you're gonna get on the next train home.

NICK: Not even a celebratory drink?

CONNIE: Especially not a celebratory drink. Jesus, if you only knew how close I've been recently to hitting that damn stuff again.

NICK: Yes, sorry. This is the only chance we may have, alone together.

CONNIE: Nick –

NICK: After tonight, I promise, I'll just nod at you politely from a distance. Speak when I'm spoken to. Call you Connie. Please...

CONNIE: You shouldn't be here, Nick... you should not be here.

*They hold a look. SAFFIE enters SR.*

SAFFIE: Oh, sorry I...

CONNIE: It's okay, we're just... talking. Everything okay?

SAFFIE: I'm escaping from Mr Horny-pants. (*Mobile.*) I've told him I've gone for a swim in the river.

CONNIE: There isn't a river here.

*SAFFIE's mobile beeps. She reads text.*

SAFFIE: Well, he's off looking for one.

CONNIE: You can find your way back, Nick?

SAFFIE: Sorry, I've...

CONNIE: It's fine, we were just about to say goodnight.

NICK: Yes.

CONNIE: Night, Nick.

NICK: Night, Connie. (*To SAFFIE.*) Night.

SAFFIE: Night.

*NICK exits SL.*

*(Music.)* Someone's having fun. Is that a regular fixture or just tonight?

CONNIE: Only when he's... in a mood.

SAFFIE: Poor you.

CONNIE: It helps him to go off.

SAFFIE: You're kidding me, right?

CONNIE: I'll find him curled up on the couch in the mornings, music still blaring away.

SAFFIE: (*NICK.*) Are you sure I didn't...?

CONNIE: No.

SAFFIE: I think he fancies you.

CONNIE: What makes you think that?

SAFFIE: I was catching him today taking sneaky glances at you whenever you were around.

CONNIE: I didn't notice.

SAFFIE: I did. He caught me catching him a couple of times. He just smiled guiltily. Would've guessed he was otherwise inclined, the way he was with me in the pub. I don't mean to blow my own trumpet, but I'm usually used to men being a certain way with me.

*SAFFIE's mobile beeps again.*

*(Reads text.)* Oh dear, think he's got himself a bit lost.

CONNIE: *(Jokingly.)* You're cruel.

SAFFIE: *(As she texts.)* Serves him right. He wanted to have a little fumble in the dark tonight. He's got his wish.

CONNIE: I'd offer you the couch to sleep on but...

SAFFIE: Might be a little crowded, eh?

CONNIE: Yes.

*CONNIE retrieves her cigarettes from the bushes. She offers to SAFFIE. SAFFIE declines.*

Haven't quite conquered this one yet.

*CONNIE takes one out and lights it.*

SAFFIE: Doesn't bother me. Wow! Don't see stars like this in Camden Town. You lived here long?

CONNIE: Couple of years.

SAFFIE: (*MARCUS.*) With...?

CONNIE: Yes.

SAFFIE: If you don't mind me saying, you two strike me as being pretty different – to each other. Don't quite see you together. But then I don't know you – or him, do I? It's funny, I *feel* I know you though – from your songs. They go right in here. You're lyrics hit the spot too.

CONNIE: Thanks. I'll have to hear *your* stuff sometime, Saffie.

SAFFIE: Saff. Maybe we can do something together. Tempt you back into it again. You're too young to quit. Really, why did you? Sorry, I shouldn't pry. I'm nosey.

CONNIE: It's okay. I... lost my nerve. Started to doubt that I could do it like I used to. One thought led to another... one drink to another. One night in some town somewhere – can't even remember where – I... I just... couldn't go on. I was walled up in my dressing room and wasn't coming out. They eventually had to cancel the show, break the lock and prise me out. It was the night I quit – playing that is, not... the other stuff. Marcus was in the audience that night. He came backstage and wanted to see me.

SAFFIE: That where you met?

CONNIE: No. Like I say, I wasn't coming out... for anyone. We met at a party – friend of a friend – a couple of months later. It's true, didn't think he was my type. But we got talking. Wasn't that long since he'd come out of a similar place himself. He knew what to say and more importantly how to listen. Didn't judge me. It's what we both knew: playing, touring... we both had holes where our lives used to be. He made me laugh too. A lot.

SAFFIE: Think I must be seeing a different side of him.

CONNIE: So am I at the moment.

SAFFIE: What was it that made you lose your nerve? It all sounded quite sudden. Sorry, prying again.

CONNIE: I'd just split up with someone. It ended badly and sent me into a spiral. My confidence plummeted to an all time low.

SAFFIE: You'd been together long?

CONNIE: A year – thereabouts. He had another life he was keeping quiet about. Someone else. Eventually it – she – won him over. Well, that was then, this is now.

SAFFIE: So, if he can do it – your fella – why can't you?

CONNIE: I'm not with you.

SAFFIE: Perform your songs again. I read about what happened... to him, his –

CONNIE: Yes.

SAFFIE: So if he can. I'm serious. You'd think you'd still be...?

CONNIE: *(Shakes head.)* There's nothing I particularly... want to sing about.

SAFFIE: No?

CONNIE: So what about you? You got big plans for you then? Gonna be a huge star, stadium tours, private jets, the face on every magazine?

SAFFIE: Not just the face, darling? Wouldn't turn my nose up at it if it came my way.

CONNIE: You'll be set upon by the media, have every morsel of your private life served up to the drooling public and their insatiable appetite. As you get older, every line and wrinkle captured by the paparazzi lens and blown up large for the world to comment on. Maybe the odd stalker or two thrown in for good measure.

SAFFIE: You do make it sound appealing.

CONNIE: It's not for the faint of heart.

SAFFIE: Nothing faint in here. So long as I stay authentic with me, that's what matters. The rest can go to hell. Let people write what they like.

CONNIE: Oh, they will.

SAFFIE: You are.

CONNIE: What?

SAFFIE: Authentic. I thought you were from your songs, but now I know... talking to you.

CONNIE: Thanks.

SAFFIE: Good test: do kids like you? It's a question, do kids like you?

CONNIE: Yes, I think so.

SAFFIE: You can't kid a kid where authenticity is concerned. Sure, they'll play along, mostly because they have to, but deep down they know the genuines from the fakes. You don't have any... of your own?

CONNIE: No.

SAFFIE: Want to?

CONNIE: Yes, no, don't know, is the simple answer.

SAFFIE: *(MARCUS.)* Does he?

CONNIE: Ask me another.

*The music has stopped for a moment.*

SAFFIE: All quiet on the Western Front.

CONNIE: Won't be for long.

*SAFFIE sings from song: 'YOU'.*

SAFFIE: *(Sings.) If you came this way, I'd love to see you  
Need a place to stay, I'd warm and feed you  
I would take your hand and talk about you  
And all that you've been through*

Who's that about?

CONNIE: Can't remember.

SAFFIE: No?

CONNIE: No-one in particular probably.

SAFFIE: If you say so. Lovely song.

CONNIE: Thanks.

SAFFIE: Maybe it's about you.

CONNIE: Me?

SAFFIE: Yeah, you singing to you.

CONNIE: That sounds narcissistic.

SAFFIE: Not to me. You telling you that you're gonna look after *you*... for a change. You know what I think? I think we spend our lives waiting for others to give us what we ought to be giving to ourselves. Take that from one who's had her heart kicked around like an old football – on more than a couple of occasions – waiting for someone to pick it up and care for it.

CONNIE: I can't imagine anyone would do that to you.

SAFFIE: Imagine again.

CONNIE: You with anyone at the moment?

SAFFIE: Free and single. I was on an off with Charlie for a time, but we're definitely off now. It was getting unhealthy.

CONNIE: Won't ask how.

SAFFIE: Best not.

CONNIE: Was he one of the ones who played football with your heart?

SAFFIE: No, but she had another agenda. I know, you thought I was... I am that too. Doubles your chances on a Saturday night, a comedian once said. Unfortunately Mr Horny Pants knows that too. *(Checks mobile.)* Four missed calls, oh dear. *(NICK.)* Could always go and pay *him* a visit instead I suppose. Think I could swing him round. I'm joking.

CONNIE: It doesn't bother me.

SAFFIE: I'll take my chances down in the field. Should be safe for a little bit.

*SAFFIE sings from song: 'TRUST MYSELF'.*

*(Sings.) I fall in to the sky  
Tumble through the air  
I've never been so high  
And I'm a little scared  
But all I need to do is trust myself  
Let my wings unfold  
All I need to do is trust myself*

*Oh oh*

*SAFFIE takes CONNIE's hand and kisses it.*

Mind the bugs don't bite.

CONNIE:

You too.

*SAFFIE exits SR. CONNIE thinks for a moment. She stubs out her cigarette. The music starts up again. She looks towards the house and then in the direction of the barn, back to the house again and then the barn.*

*(Angry with herself.) Oh!*

*CONNIE exits SL. The music from the house rises in volume as the lights fade.*