

Jackie and Tam (Working title).

by

Sean Hardie

First draft March 30th 2018

Sean Hardie
Milltown
Skeoghvosteen
County Kilkenny
R95 C9T3
+353 (87) 921 5179
seanhardie@icloud.com

A prison cell/meeting room. A plain table with a metal chair on either side, maybe a single light hanging above the table. One exit.

The time is the present.

CAST

TAM

Any age from forty upwards. He wears prison uniform.

JACKIE

Any age from forty upwards. Rather primly dressed.

LIGHTS DOWN ON THE MAIN SET. JACKIE STANDS FRONT OF STAGE ADDRESSING THE AUDIENCE, EYES CLOSED. SHE HUMS A TUNE (ALL THINGS BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL?), STOPS, STARTS HUMMING AGAIN, STOPS AGAIN, HUMS AGAIN, STOPS.

JACKIE: Yes, yes, I hear you...yes, yes, you're very faint...yes..De De Da...I'm getting a D - Donald? Dorothy? Danny?

SHE OPENS HER EYES SEARCH THE AUDIENCE

Daphne? Deidre? D D D..David? No?

Hold on, I can't hear you. Dougie? Dougie? Is there a Dougie here?

HER EYES FOCUS ON A POINT IN THE DARKNESS AT THE BACK OF THE AUDIENCE. SHE SEEMS TO HAVE FOUND SOMEONE.

Dougie? You're Dougie? Halo. Hi. It's OK, yes he's here, there's something you need to tell him... Dougie you don't need to do anything, I'm not surprised you're a bit shy , it's OK, it's OK. You don't have to say anything, just nod or shake your head and we can stop any time you want to, OK? And please everyone don't stare, this can be very difficult .

SHE CLOSES HER EYES AGAIN, HUMS 'ALL THINGS BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL' AS ABOVE

Mmmmmm yamaha.. mmmm.Yes, I understand... - yes...Dougie someone is trying to get in touch with you. Someone who knew you well. A friend, a woman, wants to say something to you. About a death. Something you always wanted to tell her and never did. Because something happened, something ...I don't think I should talk about this here but you know what --it's OK, Dougie, it's OK to cry, don't be ashamed , she's sorry too, she knows you didn't want it

to happen that way, it's `ok, it's OK, yes,
I'm listening, she's crying too..

SHE CONCENTRATES

..go on, Dougie's here,...tell him..tell tell
him.. Yes, I'll tell him...you forgive him.
He's nodding his head Dougie, Dougie says he
understands...Dougie perhaps if you come back
and see me after the show we can see if we can
move this on..OK? OK.....

BLACK OUT. PRISON CELL DOOR IS
UNLOCKED, FOOTSTEPS DOWN A
CORRIDOR , ANOTHER DOOR OPENS AND
CLOSES

LIGHTS COME UP ON THE PRISON
VISITING ROOM, TAM IS SEATED ON ONE
SIDE OFF THE TABLE. JACKIE ENTERS,
TAM STANDS, OFFERS HIS HAND. HER
MANNER IS FAULTLESS BEARSDEN
GENTILE.

TAM: Hi.

JACKIE: Hi. I'm Jackie

TAM: Tam.

JACKIE: The Wheelbrace killer.

TAM:: Alleged. We've appealed.

JACKIE: Doing twenty years without the option

TAM: Dougie's having a wee word with our friends
about that . The judge is very attached to his
grandchildren. You know, road accidents and
that. Have a seat.

SHE SITS.

So what's the story, Jackie? You're a gypsy.

JACKIE: No.

TAM: I bet you are. A plain clothes gypso.

SHE HANDS HIM A FLIER; HE TURNS IT
OVER, PUTS ON HIS GLASSES, READS

Dr Jackie McTaggart. Vice President, the
National Association of Post-bereavement
Communications Enablers. What the fuck is a
Post-bereavement Communications Enabler?

JACKIE: We try to put people in touch with loved ones
who have passed over.

TAM: Are you any good?

JACKIE: I do my best. I can't promise you anything.
Sometimes it works, often it doesn't.

TAM: Are you a medical doctor ?

JACKIE: No.

TAM: What kind then?

JACKIE: It's a PhD

TAM: In what?

JACKIE: Mandarin Chinese. From the Sorbonne.

TAM: Whatever that may be. (READS ON) Scottish
Hedge Fund Manager of the Year 2011,2012,
Winner of eight women's Marathons, Freelance
Member of the 2014 British Transamazon
kayaking expedition...publications.. -
'Spiritual Transmigration, from Crowley and
Yeats to Doris Stokes ' Faber and Faber 2012,
'Embracing Mindlessness,'is this for
real?

JACKIE: Yes.

TAM:: So what the fuck are doing here?

JACKIE: I was given the gift. Or the curse, depending
how you look at it. It's in the family: it
gets passed on down the generations. My father
had it, and his mother, and her father , and
so on. When dad died I inherited. You don't
have a choice, if you have it you have to use
it. And unlike hedge funds it makes me feel
useful. The other stuff was just ego.

TAM: So what's the deal?

JACKIE: I normally charge £350. Dougie offered £200 . We settled on £250. He said he'd break one of my legs if I didn't take it.

TAM: Don't mind Dougie. His anaconda's no been well.

JACKIE: And the other leg if this goes pear shaped.

TAM: He's a big softie once you get to know him. Did he tell you why you're here?

JACKIE: Your mother passed over.

TAM: Aye. In August.

HE CROSSES HIMSELF.

Much too young. She was only 87. You'll have seen about the funeral. It was all over the fucking papers.

JACKIE: I don't read the paper, I'm afraid.

HE TAKES A FOLDER AND TAKES OUT CUTTINGS, READS THE HEADLINES

TAM: 'Good Riddance!' "Mafia style send-off for psycho's evil ma'. 'Wops A-Daisy..' She wasn't a wop, she was a McKenzie. Toliatelli was her married name. Toliateli's Ices, the family had a chipper in Largs.

HE READS ANOTHER

'East End thugs see off Three Dugs Mary' - Three Dugs Mary? .. For fuck's sake, she was never called that in her life. She was Morag. Morag. Unbelievable. The Daily sodding Record had a cartoon of a horse's head on the coffin . That's why no-one famous turned up, folk were scared of the papers. Calum Campbell was there, mind you. I appreciated that. You remember Cal? Used to play for Partick Thistle in the early nineties. And Kenny Savage. The actor. First series of City Lights? We were at school together. Still does a bit of panto. That was it, none of the the other famous fuckers showed up.

A LONG PAUSE. TAM WIPES AWAY A
TEAR, JACKIE SITS PATIENTLY, GETS
OUT HER KNITTING . HE PASSES HER A
PHOTO

She was a fine woman, Jackie. A fine woman.
The best.

HE CROSSES HIMSELF AGAIN.

She had a tough life. Nine wains, lost six,
but she loved us all, she was always there for
us. Always. No matter what.

HE SNIFFLES A BIT, WHIPES HIS NOSE
ON HIS SLEEVE

We called her Princess. Because that's what
she was. A princess.

HE'S OVERCOME FOR A MOMENT, PULLS
HIMSELF TOGETHER

She used to bake scones, no matter how hard
things were, every Tuesday she'd bake current
scones, even when there was nae money and nae
light or electric or gas we'd gan down to the
park and break off a few planks from the
benches and carry them home and she'd light a
wee fire in the range and bake six wee scones.
One for each of us. Right up to the end. She
never baked one for herself. We put a Dundee
cake in the coffin .

HE WIPES AWAY ANOTHER TEAR. JACKIE
HANDS HIM A KLEENEX

She was beautiful. A stunner. Not in an
obvious way , not like a film star, not like
Elaine C Smith, she was more like a
beautiful ... I don't know..a
beautiful...beautiful - if she was a dog
she'd have been maybe I dunno a cross between
- I dunno - a dachshund and a short haired
terrier. Do you have a dog?

JACKIE: No.

MORE SNUFFLES.

TAM: They're fucking brilliant. Great fucking

company. I learned most of what I know about human psychology from dogs. It's all about who does the feeding. I had twelve dogs at one time, the twelve apostles. There's only Judas and Bartholomew and Simon the Zealot left now. Everyone dies on you in the end. You know who said that? Alex Ferguson. I miss her, Jackie. I miss her. I miss her so, so so very much

HE SOBS. JACKIE SAYS NOTHING.
EVENTUALLY HE STOPS, SHE HANDS HIM
ANOTHER TISSUE, HE WIPES AWAY THE
SNOT AND TEARS, STARTS AGAIN,
FINALLY STOPS AGAIN, WIPES HIS FACE
A LONG SILENCE.

I'm waiting.

JACKIE: Sorry?

TAM: is she there yet?

HE MAKES A GESTURE

JACKIE: I can't just, you know, ring people up.

HE TAPS HIS LEG MEANINGFULLY.

I'll try. But it might not work. I can't guarantee..

TAM: (INTERRUPTS) Get on with it.

JACKIE: .. the messages can be vague..

TAM: Just do it.

HE TAPS HIS LEG AGAIN

JACKIE: OK (SOFTLY) Shh. Close you eyes.

THEY BOTH CLOSED THEIR EYES. A
LONGISH PAUSE.

JACKIE BEGINS TO HUM 'SOMEWHERE OVER
THE RAINBOW'

You too.

TAM HESITATES, OPENS HIS EYES, LOOKS UP AT THE CCTV CAMERA, HESITATES AGAIN, THEN CLOSES HIS EYES AND TENTATIVELY JOINS IN. (THE LIGHTS GO DOWN?)

TAM: Mmmmmmmmm

THIS GOES ON FOR SOMETIME.

JACKIE: (HUSHED WHISPER) Now I want you to picture the last time you saw your mother.

TAM: (HUSHED WHISPER) In the coffin??

JACKIE: No. Alive.

THEY BOTH RESUME HUMMING

TAM: She was in slippers and a nighty. She'd just taken her teeth out.

JACKIE: Good. Now go back there.

TAM: Where?

JACKIE: Wherever she was.

TAM: She was on the toilet. She was having trouble getting up.

JACKIE: That's OK. Now I want you to look into her eyes.

TAM: She's got her specs on.

JACKIE: Take them off.

TAM: You mean..

JACKIE: yes.

HE REACHES OUT AND TAKES OFF AN IMAGINARY PAIR OF GLASSES

Can you see her eyes now?

TAM: Aye.

HE HESITATES, LOOKS UP AT THE CEILING

There's folk watching us.

JACKIE: It doesn't matter. Relax. Keep humming

HE HUMS. JACKIE BEGINS TO MUMBLE.

Yungyungmmmmynuaagghmmmmmm

TAM: Is that her?

JACKIE: Shhh.Keep humming.

TAM: Mmmmmmm

JACKIE: Mamamrrrrrtictic

TAM: What's she saying?

JACKIE: Shhh.

SHE GESTURES TAM TO KEEP HUMMING

(MUMBLES) Barabababa...bara...ba...

PAUSE

TAM: is she still there?

JACKIE: She's very faint.

TAM: Mmmmmmmmmmmmm

JACKIE: Morag? Halo? Morag?

TAM: What she saying?

JACKIE: I'm not sure. Something to do with - John? Jack? Jo? Jilly? Jessie? - some kind of accident? Does that mean anything?

TAM: Did you say Jessie?

JACKIE: I think that's what she said.

TAM: You don't meany Jimmy.

JACKIE: It could be. Morag? Was it Jimmy?

PAUSE

Yes, Jimmy

TAM: Jimmy was my brother. Wee jimmy, Wee Jimmy

Useless . Drowned himself. By Mistake. Got in the motor, drove off the quay. Pissed out of his head.

(DURING ALL THESE EXCHANGES JACKIE PAUSES TO LISTEN TO MORAG BEFORE ANSWERING)

JACKIE: She says that's not what she heard.

TAM: For fuck's sake.

JACKIE HOLDS HER HAND UP TO STOP HIM, LISTENS

JACKIE: Yes, Morag, yes. I'm here.....

LISTENS; THEN TO TAM -

She says someone slugged him, dumped him in the driving seat , strapped on the seat belt, poured a bottle of vodka over him and pushed the car into the river.

TAM: Like who?

JACKIE: That's what she'd very much like to know.

TAM: There's no shortage of folk wanted rid of that wee runt.

JACKIE: She says he was always very good to her.

TAM: *Good to her? Good to her? Jimmy? Like a fucking leach is good to anyone. Talk about the prodigal fucking son. I tell you something, I never got the prodigal son. Pisses off farts around, "me me me me me", spend spend spend, glug glug glug, comes home and his tea's on the table, 'give us your washing sweetheart, what have those horrible people done to you this time, here, I'll get some Dettol...have a wee lie down, I put the electric blanket on, Tam can sleep on the sofa.'*

JACKIE:: She wants you to calm down

TAM: Who's the one who called in every day, and got your gutters fixed and shut up the neighbours and got rid of the dog that shat in your entry

eh? Who got the council to put in a new shower? I'll tell you who: not Wee Jimmy Fucking Useless is who.

JACKIE: She's sorry if she upset you,

TAM: You always liked him better . Always. As long as I can remember. If there was one scoop of ice-cream left he got it. Christmas, he got the train set, I got the jumper.

JACKIE: She didn't mean to.

TAM: Why? What did I do wrong? I tried, God knows I tried.

JACKIE: She knows you did. But Jimmy needed her, you didn't. You could look after yourself

HE'S EMOTIONAL, GENUINELY UPSET

TAM: But I couldn't. I just pretended.

JACKIE: And you were always so angry....

TAM: I loved you, mam. I couldn't understand why... you never hugged me. You were always hugging Jimmy bloody useless . I remember one time I came home from school, we'd been doing crafts and I'd made you a tea cosy, in raffia, it took me hours, and two days later I found it in the bin. You kept that crappy yoghurt pot vase Jimmy made on top of the fridge for bloody years . It was a piece of shite. Oh God, oh God

HE STARTS TO BLUBBER

Why did you do that? Oh God, oh God .I miss you, Mam. I really miss you.

JACKIE: (PAUSE)Mmmm. OK.I'll give him a moment

TAM: What's she saying?

JACKIE: (HESITANT) She says..she says...

TAM: What?

JACKIE: 'You'll get over it.'

TAM: That's not what she really said, is it.

PAUSE

JACKIE: She was unhappy with her funeral.

TAM: What about it?

A PAUSE. JACKIE LISTENS, NODS

JACKIE: The music.

TAM: The André Rieu or the Celine Dion?

ANOTHER PAUSE. JACKIE NODS.

JACKIE: Celine Dion.

TAM: She likes Celine Dion.

PAUSE, SHAKES HER HEAD

JACKIE: Apparently not.

A KNOCK ON THE METAL DOOR

GUARD(OFF): Two minutes!

TAM: Hold on hold on. 'My Heart Will Go On'? 'I'm your Angel'? 'I want you to need me'? You played that CD all the bloody time.

JACKIE LISTENS, RESPONDS

JACKIE: You gave it to her, she didn't want to seem ungrateful.

SHE LISTENS SOME MORE

She hates Celine Dion, she makes her want to...sorry, I missed that...

LISTENS AGAIN

..puke. Celine Dion makes her want to puke.

PAUSE

TAM: How the hell was I meant to know? Who did she want, Sidney Divine ? Liberace? The Smurfs?

A PAUSE. JACKIE NODS AGAIN

JACKIE: Sidney would have been nice.

TAM: Give me strength.

A KNOCK ON THE METAL DOOR

GUARD(OFF): Time.

JACKIE: She says it doesn't matter. It's time to move.
She loves you too.

TAM: Do you? Really?

JACKIE LISTENS, NODS

JACKIE: Yes

TAM: You're not just saying it?

LIGHTS UP AGAIN

JACKIE: She's gone.

TAM: Mam? Mam?

A RATTLE OF LOCKS BEING OPENED.
JACKIE GETS UP, PUTS ON HER COAT

GUARD(OFF): Time up!

TAM: Mam? Mam?

BLACK OUT

.

LIGHTS UP ON THE SAME. JACKIE IS SEATED, KNITTING. TAM ENTERS, DOOR SLAMS BEHIND HIM. .

JACKIE: Hi

TAM: Hi.

HE SITS DOWN

JACKIE: Close your eyes.

HE DOES SO. JACKIE BEGINS TO HUM 'ON THE STREET WHERE YOU LIVE'. TAM JOINS IN. THIS GOES ON FOR SOME TIME. ONCE IN A WHILE TAM OPENS HIS EYES, LOOKS AT JACKIE, THE CCTV, JACKIE AGAIN, CLOSES THEM.

JACKIE: (IN AN ODD VOICE) Morag?

TAM: Is she there?

JACKIE: Shhh. You've frightened her.

TAM: Sorry. Mmmmmm

HE CONTINUES HUMMING

JACKIE: (IN AN ODD VOICE) Morag? Halo? Halo? Bagagagagaga-hoop-baggaga hoop hoop бага - yes? Morag? Yes...

SHE GESTURES TO TAM TO HUM LOUDER

TAM : HMMMMMMMM

SHE GESTURES TO TAM TO QUIETEN DOWN,
(LIGHTS GO DOWN?)

JACKIE: Yes, he is yes, he's here.

PAUSE. SHE LOOKS AT TAM

No, no, I don't think so...yes, I'm sure he does. They're very strict about hygiene...hold on...(TO TAM) she wants to know if they're feeding you properly?

TAM SHRUGS

Yes, he says they are.

TAM MAKES A TALK GESTURE WITH HIS
HAND

I think he'd like to talk to you.

TAM NODS

TAM: Hi ma. How are you?

JACKIE: She says she's fine. It's taking a while to settle in, but so far so good.

TAM: I'm sorry about last week, ma.

JACKIE: So's she.

TAM: Can we start again?

JACKIE: She'd like that.

TAM: What's it like up there?

PAUSE, SHE LISTENS

JACKIE: A bit like Butlins . Only you don't have a body so you don't have to queue up for anything.

TAM: There was a Butlins in Ayr, wasn't there. We were meant to go but Dad went off with the money. It must have been hard for you.

JACKIE: She says it was hard for all of you. Not having a dad after that.

TAM: Aye, it was. Tough as hell. I couldn't say 'I'll tell my da on you' because I didn't have a da. 'Your da's a poofta! Stinky Poo!' Yea, it was fine for you, you had plenty of nookie . There wss - what was his name ? - Kenny? And Duncan? And the one after that, the one with the bad skin. Brian something. He used to give us a shilling if we'd go off somewhere for a couple of hours. You never asked where we went, ever. We used to go to that old shed by the canal and play dentist and patient. I'd be the dentist, Jimmy'd be the patient. That's what I wanted to be when I grew up. A dentist. People would sit in the chair and not be able to move and I could do

what I wanted to them. And the money's good, apparently. You never meet a poor dentist. They like golf, dentists. Tee a ball up on a bit of plastic and then hit the shite out of it.

JACKIE: You were very hard on them

TAM: Who?

JACKIE: The others. Kenny and co. You were horrible. You wouldn't even talk to them.

TAM: It wasn't my idea to piss in Duncan's shoe, it was Jimmy . I was the one got thumped.

THERE'S A LONG PAUSE. TAM DRUMS HIS FINGERS ON THE TABLE

How do I know you're not making this up...

JACKIE: You have to trust me.

TAM: I don't.

A LONG PAUSE

(AGGRESSIVELY) What was his name?

JACKIE: Who?

TAM: My dad. What was his name.

JACKIE SHIFTS UNCOMFORTABLY

JACKIE: What was his father's name, Morag.

LONG PAUSE

She's not sure.

TAM: What do you mean, 'not sure'.

JACKIE: She had a lot of admirers.

TAM: How many are we talking about?

JACKIE: She thinks five, maybe six.

TAM: Come on. Names.

JACKIE: All of them? (VERY NERVOUS BY NOW) Peter...?

WITH EACH NAME TAM SHAKES HIS HEAD

Alan ...Pat...Jock...the other Pat... Kevin...
that fat hairy git from Falkirk, she never
knew his name...

TAM: For fuck's sake

JACKIE: ..but she's pretty sure it wasn't him , it was
Mick.

TAM: Mick.

JACKIE: Mick the Dick. The one on the birth cert. Is
that right?

TAM: Yeah. Yeah, that's Mick.

HE'S GETTING WORKED UP.

But she's not sure he really was my da.

JACKIE: Maybe you shouldn't have asked.

TAM: Jesus Christ.

JACKIE: You were testing me, weren't you. To see if I
was just making this up.

TAM: Its what bloody robins do. Robin redbreasts.
The hen gets herself fucked by as many cocks
as she can so they'll all think her chicks are
theirs and bring her food. That's women for
you.

JACKIE: You thought I was conning you.

TAM: Six. Six. Mirror on the fucking wall, who's
the father of them all. Mick the Dick. I'd
rather have the hairy pig from Falkirk.

JACKIE: She says it might have been. She thinks his
name was Gavin something.

TAM: Is she still there?

SHE GESTURES HIM TO CALM DOWN, CLOSE
HIS EYES. HE LOOKS UP AT THE CCTV,
SHRUGS AT IT, RAISES HIS EYEBROWS.
THEY BOTH HUMM

JACKIE: Morag? Morag?

TAM: I need to ask her something

JACKIE: Morag? You're very faint.

TAM: SHOUTS) What about Jimmy? Who's Jimmy's da,
eh ?

JACKIE: She says there's no point talking to you when
you're like this.

TAM: (TO CEILING) Fuck you too.

JACKIE: She's gone

TAM THUMPS THE TABLE. JACKIE STARTS
GATHERING UP HER THINGS.

TAM: Wait!

SHE KEEPS GOING

Wait! Sit down.

CHECKS HIS WATCH

We've still got five minutes.

SHE SITS

Tell me about yours- your parents. They're
dead?

JACKIE: Yes.

TAM: Do you talk to them?

JACKIE: I used to.

TAM: Not any more.

JACKIE: After a while we didn't have much to say to
each other. And they could be very hurtful,
they said terrible things. The dead don't care
what they say. Whether its true not not

TAM: The dead lie?

JACKIE: All the time. To each other, mostly.

TAM: What about?

JACKIE: Oh, the usual. They all had successful careers
and good marriages and their children are

hugely talented and they never slept around though they could have because they had plenty of offers. And everything that went wrong was someone else fault. ' If they'd done what I said it would never have happened', 'You were the one who wanted a family', 'you ruined her life',

TAM: You really get off on this stuff, don't you.

JACKIE: It's boring.

TAM: So why do you do it?

JACKIE: Why do you nail people's feet to the floor?

TAM: Because I'm good at it. I'm pretty bloody useless at every thing else.

JACKIE: I don't have much choice. I hear voices. They stalk me, they follow me round. They come at me - foooish - out of nowhere. Whether I want them to or not . I spend my life trapped in a room full of strangers all talking to me at once. I don't know who they are are what they're talking about. I'm in the shower or driving or standing in the fish counter in Tesco and someone says (IN AN ODD VOICE) 'Tell Agnes I'm sorry, it was my fault'. Who the hell's Agnes? Halo? Halo? But he's gone..(IN AN ODD SINISTER VOICE) 'Warn Antonio! Warn Antonio ! Please ! Please! Hurry! No time to wastel'Halo? Halo? (IN AN ODD VOICE, SOBBING)...'If only I 'd known, if only I'd known, if only I'd known...'

TAM: Have you tried medication?

JACKIE: Yes. By the bucket. I've also tried therapists and exorcists and psychiatrists and Indian Head Massage, you name it. I'll be honest with you, Tam, it's a nightmare, an absolute nightmare. But I'm not making it up, I'm not imagining it. I'm not mad. Cursed, but not mad. That's why I do it.

TAM: Does the two fifty cover Mick the Dick as well?

JACKIE: Strictly speaking no.

TAM: Tell Dougie to put in another fifty.

JACKIE: Two hundred.

TAM: A hundred.

SHE GATHERS HER POSSESSIONS AGOAIN,
GETS UP TO LEAVE

One twenty.

SHE REACHES THE DOOR

One fifty. One eighty.

SHE TURNS AND SMILES AT HIM

One ninety. One ninety nine.

SHE SHAKES HER HEAD

BLACKOUT

LIGHTS UP ON THE SAME. JACKIE IS
SEATED, TAM PACING UP AND DOWN

JACKIE: He knows he wasn't always a good father. He wishes he'd been around more while you were growing up. But he knew the police were watching the tenement, he came a couple of times but there was an unmarked car parked opposite and he lost his nerve. He used to wait near the school gate sometimes and watch for a glimpse of you but you didn't turn up, you must have been skidging . What's skidging?

TAM: Mitching..

JACKIE: Then he did something stupid, he wanted to get you something special for Christmas and he didn't have any money so he broke into an off license, he knows what you must be thinking but he swears to God he wasn't after the drink, he just wanted the till money to buy you a bike and he kept the balaclava on until he got to the bus stop but he didn't realise they had cctv across the road at the bookies. He got three years. they let him out after two. He had issues with some of the Thomson gang while he was in Barlinnie so after he got out Glasgow wasn't safe for him anymore, so he went to Liverpool for a few years. And when he came back your mother had shacked up with some fat chancer from Paisley -

TAM: (INTERRUPTS) - Falkirk , she sad it was Falkirk-

JACKIE: ..and he started drinking again..

TAM: That's enough.

JACKIE: ..he was ashamed, he didn't want you to see him like this..

TAM: I said - enough.

JACKIE: ..he wrote you a letter, he wants to know if you ever got it

TAM: Yes I fucking got it

JACKIE: He says he did get it, Dick.

PAUSE, JACKIE CLOSES HER EYES
LISTENING

He wants to know why you never wrote back

TAM: He was asking for money.

JACKIE: It would have meant a lot to him .

TAM: (MOCKINGLY) 'The loan of a few bob to tide me over a bad patch'. A few bob?

JACKIE: To know you were OK.

TAM: A few bob?? Fifty fucking quid.

JACKIE: It wasn't a lot to ask. He'd have done the same for you

TAM: Do you know how old I was? Nine. Nine. I got sixpence a week pocket money.

JACKIE: He says twenty would have done.

TAM: When she remembered.

JACKIE: You could have nicked nicked her savings.

HE STARTS TO LAUGH

TAM: I did. Three hundred quid odd. That was later, I must have been fifteen or so. she kept them inside the Virgin Mary on the shelf in the kitchen. I bought a share in a greyhound. Did you ever nick anything?

JACKIE: Me?

TAM: Yes, you.

JACKIE: Ummm..

TAM: Don't be shy.

JACKIE: I stole a Kit Kat.

TAM: A whole Kit Kat.

JACKIE: Yes.

TAM: Who from ?

JACKIE: Spar. In Stirling. I went to Stirling on the bus so I wouldn't be recognised.

TAM: Where are you from ?

JACKIE: Troon.

TAM: Troon, eh? So go on. So why did you nick it?

JACKIE: I wanted to know what it felt like to steal something. If it made you feel guilty, or excited, or what.

TAM: And...?

JACKIE: Not a thing.

TAM: So what did you do?
JACKIE: I put it back.
TAM: You can take the girl out of Troon but you can never take Troon out of the girl.
JACKIE: I suppose not . Hold on...

SHE LISTENS

Yes Mick ? (TO TAM) He's proud of you. He wants to know what happened to the greyhound.

TAM: Don't ask.
JACKIE: He says he should have warned you about greyhounds.
TAM: I want to know about Jimmy. Who fathered the fucker, was it him or someone else.
JACKIE:: He wants to know what year was Jimmy born.
TAM: He's six years younger than I am. So that would be 1972. Celtic 6 Hibs 1. Dixie Deans got a hat trick.

SHE LISTENS, TRANSLATES..

JACKIE: He watched it on TV in Strangeways. He got sent down in '71 for four years for personation . He says you'd better ask your mother.
TAM: Why doesn't *he* ask her.
JACKIE: He says they're not talking. He wants to know if there's anything else.
TAM: No. He can fuck off.
JACKIE: Have a nice day.
TAM: Mick the Dick. Dickhead Mick. Jesus.

LONG PAUSE.

JACKIE: I heard about the appeal. I'm sorry. Dougie told me.
TAM: Yea, a bummer. You know what? The judge

doesn't give a flying fuck about his grandchildren. Needy greedy brats. He blames his daughter in law.

JACKIE: He seemed very upset.

TAM: Dougie?

JACKIE: Yes. Fifteen years is a long time to wait.

TAM: It is. I know. Fifteen fucking years. Not a lot of relationships go the distance.

HE'S SUDDENLY FLUSTERED

JACKIE: (CAUTIOUSLY They can if you love each other.

TAM: What are you suggesting?

JACKIE: Nothing, nothing

TAM: I hope you're not. For your sake I hope you're not.

JACKIE: ..it's just..when you said...

TAM: When I said what?

JACKIE: Not a lot of relationships go the distance

TAM: A business relationship, OK?

JACKIE: Right, OK.

TAM: We have a business relationship. That's all.

JACKIE: I'm sorry, I didn't meant to -

TAM: He works for me, OK? OK? I tell him what to do, he does it. That kind of relationship. Got it?

JACKIE: Got it.

TAM: He was a poxy wee warty-arsed Maryhill toilet brush when I met him. Living off butt ends and white cider. And that's what he'll be again if he's not careful.

HE GRINDS DOUGIE UNDER HIS FOT

Squashed like a slug. 'Not if you love each

other'.

HE SITS DOWN, SETTLES HIMSELF

Jesus you live dangerously.

JACKIE: Maybe I should go.

TAM: No, no. You're still on the payroll. Stay where you are. If you know what's good for you. Did anyone ever love you?

JACKIE: Pass.

TAM: Something tells me that's a 'no'. So you end up talking to dead people instead.

JACKIE: Pass.

TAM: Forty eight and never been fucked.

JACKIE: I don't have to listen to this.

TAM: So no grandchildren, but you have a cat.

JACKIE: What about him?

TAM: what's his name?

JACKIE: (SHYLY) Solomon.

TAM: So at least Solomon loves you. And you love him.

JACKIE: Yes, I do.

TAM: And no matter what where you've been or what you've done or how you're feeling, you unlock the door and there he is pleased to see you.

JACKIE: Of course.

TAM: And meanwhile you leave him in the flat to come and go as he likes. He goes out, and then maybe one day he doesn't come back. Or only part of him comes back

SHE GETS UP TO GO

And when you arrive home and unlock the front door there on the mat..

JACKIE: I don't have to listen to this

TAM: Yes you do. Dougie, as you know, is more of a dog man.

(MENACINGLY) Sit down.

JACKIE: Are you threatening me?

TAM: Yes. Scream if you want. It's the one advantage of a long sentence, it doesn't matter what you do because you're stuck here anyway.

SHE SITS

JACKIE: Why are you doing this?

TAM: Because you need me. You don't know it, but you do. I'm joking, by the way. Relax. I like cats too.

JACKIE: How did you know I had one?

HE TAPS HIS HEAD

TAM: I see things.

JACKIE: Are you serious?

TAM: I didn't mean to scare you. I'm sorry. The appeal - you know - I knew it wouldn't work but I didn't know. You don't like to face up to things until you have to. Fifteen years. I'll be a pensioner by the time I get out. Folk'll point at me in the street - didn't that used to be Tam McKinnon?

HE LOOKS PENSIVE, DRUMS HIS FINGERS ON THE TABLE

Get me Jimmy

SHE DOESN'T MOVE, SMILES WEARILY

JACKIE: What , now?

TAM: Now.

JACKIE: But -

TAM: To tell him my da's not his da. He's a

bastard.

JACKIE: Are you sure?

TAM: Quick call. Won't take long

THEY CLOSE THEIR EYES; JACKIE STARTS
TO HUM LARA'S THEME; TAM JOINS IN;
JACKIE , EYES STILL; CLOSED. STOPS

JACKIE: How *did* you know about the cat.

TAM: I know everything.

THEY HUM ON.

BLACKOUT

LIGHTS UP ON THE SAME. TAM IS
STANDING. JACKIE ENTERS, LOOKS AT
TAM, THEN AT THE EMPTY SEAT. TAM
GESTURES AT HER TO TAKE IT. SHE'S
CARRYING AN ENVELOPE, WHICH SHE
HANDS TO HIM

TAM: What's that?

JACKIE: It's from Dougie.

HE GLANCES AT IT, PUTS IT TO ONE

SIDE

TAM: Have a seat.

SHE'S PUZZLED.

Relax

SHE SITS.

Now I want you to close your eyes.

JACKIE: But -

TAM: (AS AN ORDER) Close them.

SHE CLOSSES THEM. HE STARTS TO HUM-
'ONLY THE LONELY'

JACKIE: Very funny

TAM: Ssshhh..

SHE HESITATES, JOINS IN; HESITATES
AGAIN, THEN DOES THE 'DUM DUM DUM
DUMMY DOO-WAH' BITS. EYES STILL
SHUT

I'm getting an S, I think it's an S...Sam? (HE
RATTLES THEM OFF) Salman? Simon? Simeon?
Shitface? Shitface? Does 'Shitface' mean
anything to you? No?

SHE'S THROWN, THEN DECIDES
TENTATIVELY TO JOIN IN

JACKIE: Shitface...yes, yes

MORE HUMMING

TAM: ..and...and...I'm getting a journey? You're
travelling to meet someone, you're travelling
to meet Shitface...a bicycle? No? Rickshaw?
No? bus? No? Taxi? taxi? ..

JACKIE: Yes, yes, a taxi..

MORE HUMMING

TAM: You arrive at a building, a tall grey building
with a wall around it, steel doors, the doors
open,

MORE HUMMING

You're in a corridor, echoing footsteps, a key in the lock...you can smell something...I can see something, a red wrapper, inside the wrapper there's silver foil..

HE TAKES A KITKAT OUT OF HIS POCKET,
PASSES IT TO HER

JACKIE: Where did you get it?

TAM: I nicked it. You're an accessory after the fact.

JACKIE: What am I meant to do with it?

TAM: Destroy the evidence.

SHE HESITATES, SNAPS IT IN HALF,
PASSES THE OTHER HALF TO TAM. THEY
CHEW.

It's a peace offering

JACKIE: Thank you.

TAM: I was out of order.

JACKIE: Yes.

TAM: I had a dream last night. I wanted people to like me. I wanted to be friends with everyone. Nobody liked me. Nobody. None of the other kids would play with me. Everyone just turned their backs on me. And then I found myself alone on a long grey beach, and the sky was grey and the sea was grey and when I looked at my skin it was grey and all my clothes were grey and there was no-one else alive anywhere in the whole world. Everywhere I looked there were skeletons and piles of rotting flesh and grey whales with their grey guts hanging out and grey sheep with their heads cut off and grey worms slithering out of their necks. I woke up crying.

JACKIE: That's a very common dream.

TAM: But I hadn't woken up, I was still in the dream, I was in a bar, I think it was

McFarlane's on Gairbraid Avenue only the wallpaper was different it was sort of -

JACKIE: Grey?

TAM: No, black, and the floor and the ceiling were bright blood red, the place was packed out and everyone was weeping and I wanted to comfort them but they just told me to go away. I kept saying sorry and they all said one a time - it's too late for fucking sorry now...it's too late for fucking sorry now....it's too late for fucking sorry now.

HE SNUFFLES

Is it?

JACKIE: I don't know. You could try.

TAM: Please.

JACKIE: OK. Who do you want first?

TAM: Mammy.

THEY GO INTO SEANCE MODE, HUMMING
'MAMMY"

JACKIE: Morag? (PAUSE) Halo Morag? (LONG PAUSE) Morag? It's Jackie. (PAUSE) Yes. Yes, he knows, he understands. (TO TAM) She's very upset.

TAM: Mam I'm sorry. I didn't mean all those things I said.

JACKIE: She says - oh yes you did.

TAM: OK, she's right, I did. But I've been thinking about it, but I had this dream...

JACKIE: She says it's too fucking late for sorry now.

TAM: I understand how you feel.

JACKIE: No you don't. You understand how you would feel if you were her but you're not her. It's not the same at all.

HE EATS THE REST OF HIS KITKAT

TAM: Please, Ma. It won't happen again. I promise.

Cross my heart and all that. Give me another chance.

JACKIE: She says you have to give her a little time.

A LONG SILENCE. TAM CHECKS HIS WATCH. MORE SILENCE. HE CHECKS HIS WATCH AGAIN, DRUMS HIS FINGERS

TAM: Is she still there?

PAUSE

JACKIE: She's sorry about the tea cosy.

TAM: That's OK. It wasn't mine anyway, I didn't make it. I swapped it off Kenny Taggart for a conker.

JACKIE: And she never thanked you for the Dundee cake.

TAM: And I'm sorry about Celine Dion, it was stupid of me.

JACKIE: She says these things happen.

SILENCE

She says she's not sure where to go from here. She'd like to give you a hug but she can't. She wants you to be happy. She'd like you to find a nice girl and settle down and start a family. Sandra McCardle, for example. Or that niece of the Wilson's whatever her name is, the one who went to Australia but changed her mind and came back.

TAM KEEPS HIS TEMPER, JUST

TAM: I'll bear it mind mind when I get out.

JACKIE: She says it would mean a lot to her. And to your father. She says she misses you terribly.

TAM: Do you really, mam?

JACKIE: Yes, she does.

TAM: Cross your heart and hope to die?

JACKIE: She already did. But yes, she really does. She'd like you to pray together

TAM: you mean...?

JACKIE: yes

HE GETS DOWN ON HIS KNEES. JACKIE
SATYS SEATED

'Holy Mary Mother of God

TAM: 'Holy Mary Mother of God

JACKIE: We are humbly sorry

TAM: We are humbly sorry

JACKIE: Not to have done better

TAM: Not to have done better

JACKIE: but there are times

TAM: but there are times

JACKIE: when things get on top of you

TAM: when things get on top of you

JACKIE: And it all gets too much

TAM: And it all gets too much

JACKIE: I'll try

TAM: I'll try

JACKIE: And do better

TAM: And do better

JACKIE: Next time

TAM: Next time

JACKIE: Amen

TAM: Amen.

HE WIPES AWAY A TEAR

Goodbye Ma. Talk to you soon.

JACKIE: She says she doesn't think that'll be
necessary.

TAM: What?

JACKIE: She thinks you've both said all the things that need to be said, and it's probably a good idea to leave it at that.

TAM: Hold on..

JACKIE: She's gone.

TAM: But...

SNUFFLES, SHAKES HIS HEAD ETC

JACKIE: Will I get Jimmy?

TAM: Give me a couple of minutes.

HE GETS UP. THEY HUM ETC

JACKIE: Halo, Jimmy? I've got Tam with me.

TAM: Halo Jimmy

JACKIE: He wants to know what this is about.

TAM: Jimmy I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

JACKIE: For what.

TAM: Everything. Every hurtful or unkind or thoughtless thing I ever did or said. Ever. And I don't mind about the money, water under the bridge. I don't care what happened to it. I'd have done the same myself . The car was an accident. I promise. I just told Dougie to scare you.

JACKIE: You'd drown your own brother...???

TAM: An accident. Dougie wasn't meant to - you were just supposed to give him the money, that was all. If you'd handed it over -

JACKIE: He says he'd already had. In the Halt bar. He gave to Dougie . In a blue canvas grip.

TAM: He gave it to Dougie? Are you serious?

JACKIE: He's serious.

TAM: But Dougie told me..

JACKIE: He would, wouldn't he

TAM: Oh Jimmy, this is terrible, terrible. Its my fault, I should have come myself but I thought....Oh God, oh God, oh Jimmy, I'm so so so sorry..

TAM IS IN TEARS, SOBS, SNIFFLES ETC.

JACKIE: He understands. It wasn't something you planned. He's glad he's dead, he was sick of trying, (PAUSE) everything he did went pear shaped . He'd tried to top himself a couple of times already but he couldn't even get that right. You were doing him a favour.

TAM: Thanks Jimmy.

JACKIE: And he doesn't want this to come between you and Dougie. He knows how much you love each other.

TAM: Hold on...

JACKIE: He's gone.

TAM IS IN A STATE, PHYSICALLY AND EMOTIONALLY. HE SLUMPS WITH HIS HEAD IN HIS HANDS, LETS OUT A LONG LONG WAIL, SOBS, GETS IT TOGETHER. LOSES IT AGAIN. HE REMEMBERS THE LETTER.

TAM: This is from Dougie?

SHE NODS

When did he give you this?

OPENS IT.

JACKIE: I found it on the mat this morning.

TAM: It's the ones still alive that matter, isn't it. That's what you need to remember. Love and be loved. In sickness and in health. Someone to watch over you. Someone who cares.

HE READS, FREEZES.

No. No no no no.

VERY AGITATED

Oh Dougie. Oh Dougie. Dougie Dougie Dougie.

JACKIE GETS A PACK OF TISSUES OUT OF
HER BAG, HANDS HIM ONE

He promised he'd wait for me, he'd be there
when I get out. He swore.

MORE SOBS, SHE PASSES HIM ANOTHER
TISSUE.

Thanks.

SHE HANDS HIM ANOTHER. HE TAKES A
WHILE TO CLEAN HIMSELF UP, CALMS
DOWN, THEN SUDDENLY SLAMS HIS FIST
DOWN ON THE TABLE

He's fucking planned this. The fucker fucking
planned this. First he takes the money, then
he fucking frames me. Jesus.

A LOT OF CONFLICTING EMOTIONS GOING
ON HERE

You're dead, pal, you're dead. Or you'll wish
you were. Remember what happened to wee Patsy
in the recycling grinder? And what that fat
cunt McCongle' sounded like when you stuck the
air compressor up his arse? Eh? Eh? Remember?
That's bairn's play compared to what you've
got coming to you, pal.

SILENCE.

It's my own fault. I should never have married
him. You know, plenty of folk will tell you -
if a couple who've lived together for years
suddenly decide to get married it's a bad
sign, it means the relationship is dead and
buried they just don't want to admit it. You
ever been married?

JACKIE: You and Dougie -

TAM NODS

I'm sorry, I didn't realise, I thought he
was...

TAM: Last year. In Vegas. In the Elvis chapel. We

were drunk. At least I was. He wasn't. No-one here knew. Or no-one said anything, they wouldn't dare. We'd been together eight years. Eight years.

HE STARTS TO SNUFFLE AGAIN JACKIE
HANDS HIM ANOTHER KLEENEX

Eight years. We met when we were on remand. We shared a cell. I knew he was the one the moment I saw him. Those eyes. I shouldn't be telling you this. It's not public, there'd be blue fucking be murder if people knew. Oh Dougie, Dougie - why? How could you do this to me? Oh Dougie, Dougie..

HE WAILS. JACKIE WATCHES.

JACKIE: Do you still want to speak to your da?

TAM: What?

JACKIE: Mick the Dick, the dream -

HE WAVES HER AWAY.

TAM: Not now.

SHE PICKS UP HER THINGS AND EXITS,
HE CONTINUES TO SOB, THEN SMASHES
HIS FIST DOWN ON THE TABLE AGAIN.

BLACKOUT

FOOTSTEPS, LOCKS AND BOLTS. DOUGIE
GETS UP AND GOES OVER TO THE
DOOR, JACKIE ENTERS

TAM: (TO UNSEEN JAILER OUTSIDE DOOR) Thanks Sandy.

HE BLOWS HIM A KISS

Love you too.

DOOR CLOSES, LOCKS ETC. THEY SIT

Isn't he gorgeous?

JACKIE: Who?

SHE GESTURES QUESTIONINGLY AT THE DOOR. TAM SNIFFS WISTFULLY

TAM: Sandy. Armani For Men. Handy Sandy, Sex on a stick. Very strict.

HE IMITATES THE LOOK DOWN, UP, DOWN AGAIN, LICKS HIS LIPS

We're hoping he can transfer to the night shift. Have a seat.

SHE SITS

The moment I saw him I knew - I'd just finished slopping out, I was washing my hands, I glanced in the mirror and he was standing against the wall opposite fiddling with his keys and looking at me .I winked at him and he looked around to see if anyone was watching, then he slapped me around the face, grabbed me by the chin and stuck his tongue in my mouth...

HE CLOSES HIS EYS, SIGHS, REMEMBERING THE MOMENT

Have you ever been in love?

JACKIE: None of your -

TAM: - business? Just curious. What was his name?

PAUSE

JACKIE: Simon.

TAM: Simon. Is that his real name?

JACKIE: No.

TAM: What was he like?

JACKIE: Short fat and funny.

TAM: And you loved him.

JACKIE: Yes.

TAM: And he loved you.

JACKIE: I think so.

TAM:: But it didn't work out.

SHE'S AVOIDING EYE CONTACT

JACKIE: He had a wife. He was going to leave her. He didn't.

TAM: That's very sad. What happened to him?

SHE POINTS AT THE CEILING

JACKIE: He passed over.

TAM: Served him fucking right. Are you still in touch with him?

JACKIE: No. I keep in touch with the wife. (CHANGING SUBJECT) Do you still want to talk to your da?

TAM: No.

JACKIE: You don't?...

TAM: No need. I saw him on Tuesday.

SHE LOOKS AT HIM, BLINKS, SAYS NOTHING. A LONG SILENCE

JACKIE: What did you say?

TAM: I saw him on Tuesday.

JACKIE: I thought that's what you said.

TAM: He comes by most weeks

JACKIE: He's dead.

TAM: Dad? Not at all, he stays in Cumbernauld.

VERY LONG PAUSE

His name's Gerry.

JACKIE: But you said -

TAM: No, you said.

JACKIE: Yes you did, you told me -

TAM: No, you told me. It's all crap, isn't it.

PAUSE

JACKIE: Yes.

TAM: Crap. The whole fucking lot

JACKIE: Most of it.

TAM: Solid gold makee-up horse manure.

JACKIE GETS UP, COLLECTS HER STUFF,
HEADS FOR THE DOOR, KNOCKS

(SHOUTS) Don't mind her, Sandy, I'll let you
know when I've finished .

JACKIE: Of course it's horse manure. You knew all
along . It didn't matter. Horse manure was
what you wanted, horse manure was what you
got.

TAM: Sit down.

JACKIE: Horse manure was what Dougie asked for-

TAM: Sit!

JACKIE LOSES IT

JACKIE: It was for your benefit! Because you needed
help, right?

TAM: Fuck off

JACKIE: You were cracking up.

TAM: Bullshit.

JACKIE: He thought you might be about to chop
yourself.

TAM: Crap.

JACKIE: I told him - I'm not a bloody psychiatrist. I don't do that kind of thing, it's dangerous. He said that depends, doesn't it. I said on what. He said , on what you make up.

TAM: Yayayayaya

JACKIE: He said you need to be in a different story from the one you're in at the moment because the one you're in at the moment is a miserable humiliating disaster. A bit like mine, I said. Precisely, he says, that's why I think you're the one for the job.

TAM: (SINGS) Fly me to the moon/and let me walk among the stars etc.

JACKIE: It seems you're not Al Capone, or Ronnie Kray or even Tam the Wheelbrace Killer, for that matter. You're Lend-Us-A-Fiver Tam McKinnon frae Maryhill who's a bit too fond of the gargle and the horses and ended up cheating a crippled pensioner out of her savings by telling her her roof needed fixing...

TAM: (SINGS) And now the end is near/And so I face the final curtain etc.

JACKIE: .. the polis finally found you curled up in a ball behind the sofa whimpering and sucking your thumb.

HE APPLAUDS

TAM: Bravo, Lilly. That was great. Give her an Oscar.

SILENCE

JACKIE: What did you call me?

TAM: Lilly.

JACKIE: Who?

TAM: Lilly Simpson. That's your real name, isn't it? Lilly The Liar. Even as a kid you couldn't help it. Your da was a secret agent. Your sister's a famous novelist but she uses a pseudonym you're not allowed to tell but the initials are JKR. Ewan McGregor and Colin

Firth both asked you to marry them but you said no. Kate Middleton rings you up late night after William's gone to sleep.

PAUSE

JACKIE: You've fucked it. You've really gone and fucked it now.

TAM: Fucked what?

JACKIE: Everything. The whole ...all of it. You, me, everything. This only works if you pretend to believe me, and I pretend to believe you. And then you go and burst the bubble. You have to stay inside . Inside the bubble everything was possible, we could be whoever we wanted. Do and have done whatever we wanted . Outside it's just horse manure.

SHE SITS DOWN WEARILY

Wy did you have to do it? We're a right pair, aren't we. Pathetic.

TAM: Tell me about your horse manure.

JACKIE: Me? Same as you, really. No-one very much. It's a very, very dull story. Average. I was always average at everything. Not good enough to stand out, not bad enough to be interesting. Bored, mostly. Bored toddler, bored adolescent, bored adult. Quite good at lying.

LONG PAUSE

Do you know something? The Bible is crammed with things your not meant to do. Thousands of them. But it never once tells you not to lie. Not once. Thou shalt not this, thou shalt not that, thou shalt not the other, but lying apparently is OK.

PAUSE

TAM: Will we try again?

JACKIE: No.

TAM: Why not?

JACKIE: I told you, you fucked it

TAM: Sorry.

JACKIE: For no reason at all

TAM: Sorry.

JACKIE: Too late for fucking sorry now.

SHE GETS UP, PACES THS STAGE.

You just can't cope with it when things go right, can you. You need chaos, you need drama, you need to wreck it for everyone else.

TAM: Shh.

JACKIE: I bet you were like that as a kid.

TAM: Shh.

JACKIE: Everyone enjoying themselves? (POINTS IMAGINARY MACHINE GUN) Ratatatat! Want to join in, Tam? Ratatatat! Can I be your friend? Ratatatat! Wee Tammy All-Talk.

TAM: Shhhh.

JACKIE: All Talk and Nae Nickers

A LONG SILENCE. EVENTUALLY SHE SITS DOWN, MORE SILENCE.

TAM: Close you eyes.

JACKIE: For God's sake.

TAM: Ah go on.

JACKIE: No.

TAM: I will if you will.

SHE HESITATES, THEY LOOK AT EACH OTHER, SHE SHRUGS, SHE CLOSES HER EYES; HE STARTS TO HUM 'MY WAY', VERY QUIETLY AT FIRST, THEN SHE JOINS IN

TAM: This may not work. You have to give me some

help. What's her name.

JACKIE: I've no idea.

TAM: It's someone young. Deborah? Diedre? Diana?

JACKIE: Diana. Oh my God.

TAM: You know her?

JACKIE: Yes. Yes, I know her.

SHE STARTS TO CRY, WIPES AWAY A TEAR

Halo Diana

TAM: Halo mum. Mum?

JACKIE: Yes sweetheart...

TAM: Mum? Did you say mum? You never told me you had a- .

JACKIE: (TO TAM) You never asked. (TO DAUGHTER) How are you, love?

TAM: How am I ? Since when did you care.

JACKIE: Of course I care. How's Tony?

TAM: None of your business. But since you ask he's gone.

JACKIE: Oh. I'm so sorry

TAM: No you're not. You never liked him.

JACKIE: He never much liked me, either.

TAM: (SARCASTICALLY) She say she can't imagine why not. But then you didn't approve of Ron either. Or Danny. Or Matthew. Or Luigi. Or Sammy. Or Hans.

JACKIE: Peter was OK.

TAM: He was gay. So there was no danger he'd have sex with your precious daughter. (TO JACKIE) Hold on, hold on. Is she alive?

JACKIE: Umm..maybe.

TAM: She has to be dead. Otherwise this is

pointless. You don't need a psychic to talk to people when they're alive. You can ring them up any time you want.

JACKIE: Oh, OK. Try again.

THEY START TO HUM 'MY WAY' AGAIN.

I'm getting an A. Adolph? Adelle? Attila ?
Assisi? Ataturk? Archie?

TAM: Attila?

JACKIE: Could be, he's very faint.

TAM: As in the Hun?

PAUSE, SHE LISTENS

JACKIE: No, he says his name is Bobby. Bobby Atilla.
Frae Falkirk. He says he ken'd your mother.

TAM: Never heard of him.

JACKIE: (VERY SLOWLY) The hairy git from Falkirk. He
says he's your da.

TAM: Is he sure?

JACKIE: Sure.

TAM: Fuck. (WEARILY) Hi dad.

JACKIE: He says hi.

TAM: OK. Where do you want to start?

GUARD(OFF): Time !

BLACKOUT