BLASTED

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

**Ian**    Pip Donaghy  
**Cate**    Kate Ashfield  
**Soldier** Dermot Kerrigan

*Directed by James Macdonald  
*Designed by Franziska Wilcken  
*Lighting by Jon Linstrum  
*Sound by Paul Arditti

**Characters**

**Ian**  
**Cate**  
**Soldier**
Scene One

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

There is a large double bed.
A mini-bar and champagne on ice.
A telephone.
A large bouquet of flowers.
Two doors — one is the entrance from the corridor, the other leads off to the bathroom.

Two people enter — Ian and Cate.

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

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

They enter.

Cate stops at the door amazed at the classiness of the room.
Ian comes in, throws a small pile of newspapers on the bed, goes straight to the mini-bar and pours himself a large gin.
He looks briefly out of the window at the street, then turns back to the room.

Ian I've shat in better places than this.

He gulps down the gin.

I stink.
You want a bath?

Cate (shakes her head)

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

Ian Tip that wog when he brings up the sandwiches.

He leaves fifty pence and goes into the bathroom.
Cate comes into the room. She puts her bag down and bounces on the
bed. She goes around the room, looking in every drawer, touching everything. She smells the flowers and smiles.

Cate  Lovely.

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

Cate  You all right?

Ian  It's nothing.

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

Ian  I'm glad you've come. Didn't think you would. He offers her champagne.

Cate  (shakes her head) I was worried.

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

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

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

Cate  What we celebrating?

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

Cate  You shouldn't call them that.

Ian  Why not?

Cate  It's not very nice.

Ian  You a nigger-lover?

Cate  Ian, don't.

Ian  You like our coloured brethren?
Scene One

Cate  Don’t mind them.
Ian   Grow up.
Cate  There’s Indians at the day centre where my brother
goes. They’re really polite.
Ian   So they should be.
Cate  He’s friends with some of them.
Ian   Retard, isn’t he?
Cate  No, he’s got learning difficulties.
Ian   Aye. Spaz.
Cate  No he’s not.
Ian   Glad my son’s not a Joey.
Cate  Don’t c- call him that.
Ian   Your mother I feel sorry for. Two of you like it.
Cate  Like wh- what?
Ian  looks at her, deciding whether or not to continue. He decides against it.
Ian   You know I love you.
Cate  (smiles a big smile, friendly and non-sexual)
Ian   Don’t want you ever to leave.
Cate  I’m here for the night.
Ian  drinks. She’s made her point.
Ian   Sweating again. Stink.
     You ever thought of getting married?
Cate  Who’d marry me?
Ian   I would.
Cate  I couldn’t.
Ian   You don’t love me. I don’t blame you, I wouldn’t.
Blasted

Cate I couldn’t leave mum.

Ian Have to one day.

Cate Why?

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

There is a knock at the door.

Ian starts, and Cate goes to answer it.

Ian Don’t.

Cate Why not?

Ian I said.

He takes his gun from the holster and goes to the door. He listens. Nothing.

Cate (giggles)

Ian Shh.

He listens. Still nothing.

Ian Probably the wog with the sarnies. Open it.

Cate opens the door.

There’s no one there, just a tray of sandwiches on the floor. She brings them in and examines them.

Cate Ham. Don’t believe it.

Ian (takes a sandwich and eats it) Champagne?

Cate (shakes her head)

Ian Got something against ham?

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

Ian No one would know.

Cate No, I can’t, I actually can’t, I’d puke all over the place.
Scene One

Ian  It's only a pig.
Cate I'm hungry.
Ian  Have one of these.
Cate  I CAN'T.
Ian  I'll take you out for an Indian.
      Jesus, what's this? Cheese.

Cate beams.
She separates the cheese sandwiches from the ham ones, and eats.
Ian watches her.

Ian  Don't like your clothes.
Cate  (looks down at her clothes)
Ian  You look like a lesbos.
Cate  What's that?
Ian  Don't look very sexy, that's all.
Cate  Oh. (She continues to eat.) Don't like your clothes either.

Ian  (looks down at his clothes.
    Then gets up, takes them all off, and stands in front of her, naked)
    Put your mouth on me.

Cate  (stares. Then bursts out laughing)
Ian  No? Fine.
      Because I stink?

Cate  (laughs even more)

Ian attempts to dress, but fumbles with embarrassment.
He gathers his clothes and goes into the bathroom where he dresses.
Cate eats, and giggles over the sandwiches.
Ian returns, fully dressed.
He picks up his gun, unloads and reloads it.

Ian  You got a job yet?
Cate  No.
Blasted

Ian  Still screwing the taxpayer.
Cate  Mum gives me money.
Ian  When are you going to stand on your own feet?
Cate  I've applied for a job at an advertising agency.
Ian  \textit{(laughs genuinely)} No chance.
Cate  Why not?
Ian  \textit{(stops laughing and looks at her)}
   Cate. You're stupid. You're never going to get a job.
Cate  I am. I am not.
Ian  See.
Cate  St- stop it. You're doing it d- deliberately.
Ian  Doing what?
Cate  C- confusing me.
Ian  No, I'm talking, you're just too thick to understand.
Cate  I am not, I am not.

\textit{Cate begins to tremble. Ian is laughing.}
\textit{Cate faints.}
\textit{Ian stops laughing and stares at her motionless body.}

Ian  Cate?

\textit{He turns her over and lifts up her eyelids.}
\textit{He doesn't know what to do.}
\textit{He gets a glass of gin and dabs some on her face.}
\textit{Cate sits bolt upright, eyes open but still unconscious.}

Ian  Fucking Jesus.

\textit{Cate bursts out laughing, unnaturally, hysterically, uncontrollably.}

Ian  Stop fucking about.

\textit{Cate collapses again and lies still.}
\textit{Ian stands by helplessly.}
\textit{After a few moments, Cate comes round as if waking up in the morning.}
Scene One

Ian What the Christ was that?
Cate Have to tell her.
Ian Cate?
Cate She's in danger.

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

Ian What now?
Cate Did I faint?
Ian That was real?
Cate Happens all the time.
Ian What, fits?
Cate Since dad came back.
Ian Does it hurt?
Cate I'll grow out of it the doctor says.
Ian How do you feel?
Cate (smiles)
Ian Thought you were dead.
Cate Suppose that's what it's like.
Ian Don't do it again, fucking scared me.
Cate Don't know much about it, I just go. Can be away for minutes or months sometimes, then I come back just where I was.
Ian It's terrible.
Cate I didn't go far.
Ian What if you didn't come round?
Cate Wouldn't know. I'd stay there.
Ian Can't stand it.
Cate  What?
Ian  Death. Not being.

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

Cate  You fall asleep and then you wake up.
Ian  How do you know?

Cate  Why don't you give up smoking?
Ian  (_laughs_)
Cate  You should. They'll make you ill.
Ian  Too late for that.
Cate  Whenever I think of you it's with a cigarette and a gin.
Ian  Good.
Cate  They make your clothes smell.
Ian  Don't forget my breath.
Cate  Imagine what your lungs must look like.
Ian  Don't need to imagine. I've seen.
Cate  When?
Ian  Last year. When I came round, surgeon brought in this lump of roting pork, stank. My lung.
Cate  He took it out?
Ian  Other one's the same now.
Cate  But you'll die.
Ian  Aye.
Cate  Please stop smoking.
Ian  Won't make any difference.
Cate  Can't they do something?
Ian   No. It's not like your brother, look after him he'll be all right.

Cate  They die young.

Ian   I'm fucked.

Cate  Can't you get a transplant?

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

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

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

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

Ian   Enjoy myself while I'm here.

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

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

Cate  (shakes)

Ian   Wonder if the conker understands English.

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

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

Ian   Sorry.

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

Ian   Hello?

Cate  Who is it?

Ian   (covers the mouthpiece) Shh.

       (Into the mouthpiece.) Got it here.

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

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

(He listens. Then he laughs.)

Exactly.

(He listens.)

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

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

Ian  Tosser.

Cate  How do they know you’re here?

Ian  Told them.

Cate  Why?

Ian  In case they needed me.

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

Ian  Thought you’d like this. Nice hotel. (Into the mouthpiece.)

Bring a bottle of gin up, son.
Scene One

He puts the phone down.

Cate   We always used to go to yours.

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

Cate   (smiles)

Ian    I’m not well any more.

Cate   (stops smiling)

Ian    kisses her.
She responds.
He puts his hand inside her shirt and moves it towards her breast.
With the other hand he undoes his trousers and starts masturbating.
He begins to undo her shirt.
She pushes him away.

Cate   Ian, d- don’t.

Ian    What?

Cate   I don’t w- want to do this.

Ian    Yes you do.

Cate   I don’t.

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

He starts to kiss her again.

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

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

Cate   panics.
She starts to tremble and make inarticulate crying sounds.
Ian    stops, frightened of bringing another ‘fit’ on.

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

He strokes her face until she has calmed down.
She sucks her thumb. Then.
Blasted

Ian That wasn’t very fair.

Cate What?

Ian Leaving me hanging, making a prick of myself.

Cate I f-f felt—

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

Cate I-I-Ian.

Ian What’s the m-m matter?

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

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

Cate I’m sorry.

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

Cate I didn’t mean it.

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

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

Ian, apparently still in pain, takes her hand and grasps it around his penis, keeping his own hand over the top. 
*Like this,* he masturbates until he comes with some genuine pain. 
He releases Cate’s hand and she withdraws it.

Cate Is it better?

Ian (nods)

Cate I’m sorry.

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

Cate No.
Scene One

Ian Why not?
Cate I’m not your girlfriend any more.
Ian Will you be my girlfriend again?
Cate I can’t.
Ian Why not?
Cate I told Shaun I’d be his.
Ian Have you slept with him?
Cate No.
Ian Slept with me before. You’re more mine than his.
Cate I’m not.
Ian What was that about then, wanking me off?
Cate I d- d- d- d-
Ian Sorry. Pressure, pressure. I love you, that’s all.
Cate You were horrible to me.
Ian I wasn’t.
Cate Stopped phoning me, never said why.
Ian It was difficult, Cate.
Cate Because I haven’t got a job?
Ian No, pet, not that.
Cate Because of my brother?
Ian No, no, Cate. Leave it now.
Cate That’s not fair.
Ian I said leave it.

He reaches for his gun.
There is a knock at the door.
Ian starts, then goes to answer it.
Blasted

Ian  I'm not going to hurt you, just leave it. And keep quiet. It'll only be Sooty after something.
Cate  Andrew.
Ian  What do you want to know a conker's name for?
Cate  I thought he was nice.
Ian  After a bit of black meat, eh? Won't do it with me but you'll go with a whodat.
Cate  You're horrible.
Ian  Cate, love. I'm trying to look after you. Stop you getting hurt.
Cate  You hurt me.
Ian  No, I love you.
Cate  Stopped loving me.
Ian  I've told you to leave that. Now.

_He kisses her passionately, then goes to the door._
_When his back is turned, Cate wipes her mouth._
Ian _opens the door. There is a bottle of gin outside on a tray._
Ian _brings it in and stands, unable to decide between gin and champagne._

Cate  Have champagne, better for you.
Ian  Don't want it better for me.
Cate  You'll die quicker.
Ian  Thanks. Don't it scare you?
Cate  What?
Ian  Death.
Cate  Whose?
Ian  Yours.
Cate  Only for mum. She’d be unhappy if I died. And my brother.

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

Cate  Will you have to go to hospital?

Ian   Nothing they can do.

Cate  Does Stella know?

Ian   What would I want to tell her for?

Cate  You were married.

Ian   So?

Cate  She’d want to know.

Ian   So she can throw a party at the coven.

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

Ian   What about Matthew?

Cate  Have you told him?

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

Cate  He’ll be upset.

Ian   He hates me.

Cate  He doesn’t.

Ian   He fucking does.

Cate  Are you upset?

Ian   Yes. His mother’s a lesbians. Am I not preferable to that?

Cate  Perhaps she’s a nice person.

Ian   She don’t carry a gun.

Cate  I expect that’s it.

Ian   I loved Stella till she became a witch and fucked off with a dyke, and I love you, though you’ve got the potential.
Cate  For what?
Ian  Sucking gash.
Cate  (utters an inarticulate sound)
Ian  You ever had a fuck with a woman?
Cate  No.
Ian  Do you want to?
Cate  Don’t think so. Have you? With a man.
Ian  You think I’m a cocksucker? You’ve seen me. *(He vaguely indicates his groin.*) How can you think that?
Cate  I don’t. I asked. You asked me.
Ian  You dress like a lesbos. I don’t dress like a cocksucker.
Cate  What do they dress like?
Ian  Hitler was wrong about the Jews who have they hurt the queers he should have gone for scum them and the wogs and fucking football fans send a bomber over Elland Road finish them off.
*He pours champagne and toasts the idea.*
Cate  I like football.
Ian  Why?
Cate  It’s good.
Ian  And when was the last time you went to a football match?
Cate  Saturday. United beat Liverpool 2–0.
Ian  Didn’t you get stabbed?
Cate  Why should I?
Ian  That’s what football’s about. It’s not fancy footwork and scoring goals. It’s tribalism.
Scene One

Cate I like it.

Ian You would. About your level.

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

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

Cate Would you though?

Ian Don’t be thick.

Cate But would you?

Ian Haven’t got a bomber.

Cate Shoot me, then. Could you do that?

Ian Cate.

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

Ian Easy as shitting blood.

Cate Could you shoot me?

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

Cate I don’t think so.

Ian If I hurt you.

Cate Don’t think you would.

Ian But if.

Cate No, you’re soft.

Ian With people I love.

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

Ian What’s this job, then?

Cate Personal Assistant.

Ian Who to?

Cate Don’t know.
Blasted

Ian  Who did you write the letter to?
Cate  Sir or madam.
Ian  You have to know who you’re writing to.
Cate  It didn’t say.
Ian  How much?
Cate  What?
Ian  Money. How much do you get paid.
Cate  Mum said it was a lot. I don’t mind about that as long as I can go out sometimes.
Ian  Don’t despise money. You got it easy.
Cate  I haven’t got any money.
Ian  No and you haven’t got kids to bring up neither.
Cate  Not yet.
Ian  Don’t even think about it. Who would have children.
     You have kids, they grow up, they hate you and you die.
Cate  I don’t hate mum.
Ian  You still need her.
Cate  You think I’m stupid. I’m not stupid.
Ian  I worry, that’s all.
Cate  Can look after myself.
Ian  Like me.
Cate  No.
Ian  You hate me, don’t you.
Cate  You shouldn’t have that gun.
Ian  May need it.
Cate  What for?
Ian  *(drinks)*
Scene One

Cate Can't imagine it.
Ian What?
Cate You. Shooting someone. You wouldn't kill anything.
Ian (drinks)
Cate Have you ever shot anyone?
Ian Your mind.
Cate Have you though?
Ian Leave it now, Cate.

*She takes the warning.*
*Ian kisses her and lights a cigarette.*

Ian When I'm with you I can't think about anything else. You take me to another place.
Cate It's like that when I have a fit.
Ian Just you.

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

Ian Make love to me.
Cate Blocks out everything else.
Once —

Ian [I'll] Make love to you.
Cate It's like that when I touch myself.

Ian is embarrassed.

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

Ian Like the first cigarette of the day.
Cate That's bad for you though.
Ian Stop talking now, you don't know anything about it.
Cate Don't need to.
Ian Don't know nothing. That's why I love you, want to make love to you.
Cate But you can't.
Ian Why not?
Cate I don't want to.
Ian Why did you come here?
Cate You sounded unhappy.
Ian Make me happy.
Cate I can't.
Ian Please.
Cate No.
Ian Why not?
Cate Can't.
Ian Can.
Cate How.
Ian You know.
Cate Don't.
Ian Please.
Cate No.
Ian I love you.
Cate I don't love you.

Ian turns away.
He sees the bouquet of flowers and picks them up.
Ian  These are for you.

Blackout.

The sound of spring rain.

Scene Two

The same.

Very early the following morning.
Bright and sunny – it's going to be a very hot day.
The bouquet of flowers is now ripped apart and scattered around the room.

Cate is still asleep.
Ian is awake, glancing through the newspapers.

Ian goes to the mini-bar. It is empty.
He finds the bottle of gin under the bed and pours half of what is left into a glass.
He stands looking out of the window at the street.
He takes the first sip and is overcome with pain.
He waits for it to pass, but it doesn't. It gets worse.
Ian clutches his side – it becomes extreme.
He begins to cough, and experiences intense pain in his chest, each cough tearing at his lung.

Cate wakes and watches Ian.

Ian drops to his knees, puts the glass down carefully, and gives in to the pain.
It looks very much as if he is dying.
His heart, lung, liver and kidneys are all under attack, and he is making involuntary crying sounds.

Just at the moment when it seems he cannot survive this, it begins to ease.
Very slowly, the pain decreases until it has all gone.

Ian is a crumpled heap on the floor.

He looks up and sees Cate watching him.
Blasted

Cate  Cunt.

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

Ian  I'm having a shower.

Cate  It's only six o'clock.

Ian  Want one?

Cate  Not with you.

Ian  Suit yourself. Cigarette?

Cate  makes a noise of disgust.
     They are silent.

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

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

     (He tosses the gun onto the bed.)

     Have a pop.

Cate  doesn't move.

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

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

Cate  puts the gun down and he comes in.
     He dresses. He looks at the gun.

Ian  No?
(He chuckles, unloads and reloads the gun and tucks it in his holster.)

We're one, yes?

**Cate** (sneers)

**Ian** We're one.

Coming down for breakfast? It's paid for.

**Cate** Choke on it.

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

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

*He stares at the damage, then looks at Cate.*

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

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

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

*He backs off rapidly.*

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

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

**Ian** Catie, come on.

**Cate** d-d-d-d-d-d-d-d-d-d-

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

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

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

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

*He lies her on the bed, on her back.*

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

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

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

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

*She laughs and laughs and laughs until she isn't laughing any more,*

*she's crying her heart out.*

*She collapses again and lies still.*
Blasted

Ian Cate? Catie?

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

Ian You back?

Cate Liar.

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

Ian Cate?

Cate Want to go home now.

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

Cate I’ll wait at the station.

Ian It’s raining.

Cate It’s not.

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

Cate No.

Ian Cate. After breakfast.

Cate No.

Ian locks the door and pockets the key.

Ian I love you.

Cate I don’t want to stay.

Ian Please.

Cate Don’t want to.

Ian You make me feel safe.

Cate Nothing to be scared of.

Ian I’ll order breakfast.

Cate Not hungry.
Ian (lights a cigarette)
Cate How can you smoke on an empty stomach?
Ian It's not empty. There's gin in it.
Cate Why can't I go home?
Ian (thinks)
   It's too dangerous.
Outside, a car backfires — there is an enormous bang.
Ian throws himself flat on the floor.
Cate (laughs) It's only a car.
Ian You. You're fucking thick.
Cate I'm not. You're scared of things when there's nothing to be scared of. What's thick about not being scared of cars?
Ian I'm not scared of cars. I'm scared of dying.
Cate A car won't kill you. Not from out there. Not unless you ran out in front of it.
   (She kisses him.)
   What's scaring you?
Ian Thought it was a gun.
Cate (kissing his neck) Who'd have a gun?
Ian Me.
Cate (undoing his shirt) You're in here.
Ian Someone like me.
Cate (kissing his chest) Why would they shoot at you?
Ian Revenge.
Cate (runs her hands down his back)
Ian For things I've done.
Cate (massaging his neck) Tell me.
Ian Tapped my phone.
Blasted

Cate  *(kisses the back of his neck)*

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

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

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

Cate  *(kissing his back)* Tell me.

Ian  In before you know it.

Cate  *(licks his back)*

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

Cate  *(claws and scratches his back)*

Ian  Don't want to get you into trouble.

Cate  *(bites his back)*

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

Cate  *(pushes him onto his back)*

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

Cate  *(sucks his nipples)*

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

Cate  *(undoes his trousers)*

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

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

Ian  Said you were dangerous.
   So I stopped.
   Didn't want you in any danger.
   But
Had to call you again
Missed
This
Now
I do
The real job
I
Am
A
Killer

On the word ‘killer’ he comes.
As soon as Cate hears the word she bites his penis as hard as she can.
Ian’s cry of pleasure turns into a scream of pain.
He tries to pull away but Cate holds on with her teeth.
He hits her and she lets go.
Ian lies in pain, unable to speak.
Cate spits frantically, trying to get every trace of him out of her mouth.
She goes to the bathroom and we hear her cleaning her teeth.
Ian examines himself. He is still in one piece.
Cate returns.

Cate  You should resign.
Ian  Don’t work like that.
Cate  Will they come here?
Ian  I don’t know.
Cate  (begins to panic)
Ian  Don’t start that again.
Cate  I c- c- c - c -
Ian  Cate, I’ll shoot you myself you don’t stop.
     I told you because I love you, not to scare you.
Blasted

Cate  You don’t.
Ian  Don’t argue I do. And you love me.
Cate  No more.
Ian  Loved me last night.
Cate  I didn’t want to do it.
Ian  Thought you liked that.
Cate  No.
Ian  Made enough noise.
Cate  It was hurting.
Ian  Went down on Stella all the time, didn’t hurt her.
Cate  You bit me. It’s still bleeding.
Ian  Is that what this is all about?
Cate  You’re cruel.
Ian  Don’t be stupid.
Cate  Stop calling me that.
Ian  You sleep with someone holding hands and kissing you wank me off then say we can’t fuck get into bed but don’t want me to touch you what’s wrong with you Joey.
Cate  I’m not. You’re cruel. I wouldn’t shoot someone.
Ian  Pointed it at me.
Cate  Wouldn’t shoot.
Ian  It’s my job. I love this country. I won’t see it destroyed by slag.
Cate  It’s wrong to kill.
Ian  Planting bombs and killing little kiddies, that’s wrong. That’s what they do. Kids like your brother.
Cate  It’s wrong.
Ian  Yes, it is.
Cate  No. You. Doing that.
Ian  When are you going to grow up?
Cate  I don’t believe in killing.
Ian  You’ll learn.
Cate  No I won’t.
Ian  Can’t always be taking it backing down letting them think they’ve got a right turn the other cheek SHIT some things are worth more than that have to be protected from shite.
Cate  I used to love you.
Ian  What’s changed?
Cate  You.
Ian  No. Now you see me. That’s all.
Cate  You’re a nightmare.

She shakes.
Ian watches a while, then hugs her.
She is still shaking so he hugs tightly to stop her.

Cate  That hurts.
Ian  Sorry.

He hugs her less tightly.
He has a coughing fit.
He spits into his handkerchief and waits for the pain to subside.
Then he lights a cigarette.

Ian  How you feeling?
Cate  I ache.
Ian  (nods)
Cate  Everywhere.
     I stink of you.
Ian  You want a bath?
Cate begins to cough and retch.
She puts her fingers down her throat and produces a hair.
She holds it up and looks at Ian in disgust. She spits.
Ian goes into the bathroom and turns on one of the bath taps.
Cate stares out of the window.
Ian returns.

Cate  Looks like there's a war on.
Ian  Turning into wogland.
     You coming to Leeds again?
Cate  Twenty-sixth.
Ian  Will you come and see me?
Cate  I'm going to the football.
     She goes to the bathroom.
Ian picks up the phone.

Ian  Two English breakfasts, son.
He finishes the remainder of the gin.
Cate returns.

Cate  I can't piss. It's just blood.
Ian  Drink lots of water.
Cate  Or shit. It hurts.
Ian  It'll heal.

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

Cate  DON'T ANSWER IT DON'T ANSWER IT DON'T ANSWER IT
     She dives on the bed and puts her head under the pillow.
Ian  Cate, shut up.

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

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

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

Ian  (gets off her)

Cate  (laughs)

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

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

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

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

Ian  *locks the door.*

Cate  *stares at the food.*

Cate  *Sausages. Bacon.*

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

Cate  *begins to retch*  The smell.

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

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

Ian  *Will you stay another day?*

Cate  *I’m having a bath and going home.*

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

We hear the other bath tap being turned on.

There are two loud knocks at the outer door.

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

The door is tried from outside. It is locked.

There are two more loud knocks.

Ian  *Who’s there?*

Silence.

Then two more loud knocks.

Ian  *Who’s there?*

Silence.

Then two more knocks.
Ian looks at the door.
Then he knocks twice.
Silence.
Then two more knocks from outside.

Ian thinks.
Then he knocks three times.

Silence.
Three knocks from outside.

Ian knocks once.
One knock from outside.

Ian knocks twice.
Two knocks.

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

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

He opens the door.
Outside is a Soldier with a sniper's rifle.
Ian tries to push the door shut and draw his revolver.
The Soldier pushes the door open and takes Ian's gun easily.
The two stand, both surprised, staring at each other.
Eventually.

Soldier What's that?

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

Ian Pig.

The Soldier holds out his hand.
Ian gives him the bacon and he eats it quickly, rind and all.
The Soldier wipes his mouth.

Soldier Got any more?

Ian No.

Soldier Got any more?
Ian  I –
    No.

Soldier  Got any more?

Ian  (points to the tray under the bed)

_The Soldier bends down carefully, never taking his eyes or rifle off_ Ian, _and takes the tray from under the bed._
_He straightens up and glances down at the food._

Soldier  Two.

Ian  I was hungry.

Soldier  I bet.

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

Soldier  She in there?

Ian  Who?

Soldier  I can smell the sex.

    (He begins to search the room.)

You a journalist?

Ian  I –

Soldier  Passport.

Ian  What for?

Soldier  (looks at him)

Ian  In the jacket.

_The Soldier is searching a chest of drawers._
_He finds a pair of Cate’s knickers and holds them up with a smile._

Soldier  Hers?

Ian  (doesn’t answer)

Soldier  Or yours.
Blasted

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

What's she like?

Ian (doesn't answer)

Soldier Is she soft?
    Is she –?

Ian (doesn't answer)

The Soldier puts Cate's knickers in his pocket and goes to the bathroom.
He knocks on the door. No answer.
He tries the door. It is locked. He forces it and goes in.
Ian waits, in a panic.
We hear the bath taps being turned off.
Ian looks out of the window.

Ian Jesus Lord.

The Soldier returns.

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

Ian looks in the bathroom. Cate isn't there.
The Soldier looks in Ian's jacket pockets and takes his keys, money and passport.

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

Ian Oi.

Soldier Oi.

They stare at each other.

Ian If you've come to shoot me –

The Soldier reaches out to touch Ian's face.

Ian You taking the piss?

Soldier Me?

(He smiles.)
Our town now.

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

**Ian** is disgusted.

There is a blinding light, then a huge explosion.

Blackout.

The sound of summer rain.

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**Scene Three**

The hotel has been blasted by a mortar bomb.

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

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

**Ian** lies very still, eyes open.

**Ian** Mum?

Silence.

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

**Soldier** The drink.

**Ian** looks around.

There is a bottle of gin lying next to him with the lid off.

He holds it up to the light.

**Ian** Empty.

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

**Ian** (chuckles) Worse than me.

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

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

**Soldier**  Give us a cig.

**Ian**  Why?

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

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

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

**Ian**  (looks back, considering)

**Soldier**  (waits)

**Ian**  (holds out his cigarette)

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

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

**Ian**  Of sorts.

**Soldier**  Which side, if you can remember.

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

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

Think I might be drunk.

**Soldier**  No. It's real.

   *(Picks up the revolver and examines it.)*

Come to fight for us?

**Ian**  No, I –

**Soldier**  No, course not. English.

**Ian**  I'm Welsh.
Soldier  Sound English, fucking accent.
Ian   I live there.
Soldier  Foreigner?
Ian   English and Welsh is the same. British. I'm not an import.
Soldier  What's fucking Welsh, never heard of it.
Ian   Come over from God knows where have their kids and call them English they're not English born in England don't make you English.
Soldier  Welsh as in Wales?
Ian   It's attitude.
   (He turns away.)
   Look at the state of my fucking jacket. The bitch.
Soldier  Your girlfriend did that, angry was she?
Ian   She's not my girlfriend.
Soldier  What, then?
Ian   Mind your fucking own.
Soldier  Haven't been here long have you.
Ian   So?
Soldier  Learn some manners, Ian.
Ian   Don't call me that.
Soldier  What shall I call you?
Ian   Nothing.

Silence.
   The Soldier looks at Ian for a very long time, saying nothing.
Ian is uncomfortable.
   Eventually.
Ian   What?
Blasted

Soldier  Nothing.

Silence.
Ian is uneasy again.
Ian  My name's Ian.
Soldier  I
       Am
       Dying to make love, Ian.
Ian  (looks at him)
Soldier  You got a girlfriend?
Ian  (doesn't answer)
Soldier  I have. Col. Fucking beautiful.
Ian  Cate—
Soldier  Close my eyes and think about her.
       She's—
       She's—
       She's—
       She's—
       She's—
       When was the last time you—?
Ian  (looks at him)
Soldier  When? I know it was recent, smell it, remember.
Ian  Last night. I think.
Soldier  Good?
Ian  Don't know. I was pissed. Probably not.
Soldier  Three of us.
Ian  Don't tell me.
Soldier  Went to a house just outside town. All gone. Apart from a small boy hiding in the corner. One of the others took
him outside. Lay him on the ground and shot him through the legs. Heard crying in the basement. Went down. Three men and four women. Called the others. They held the men while I fucked the women. Youngest was twelve. Didn’t cry, just lay there. Turned her over and –
Then she cried. Made her lick me clean. Closed my eyes and thought of –
Shot her father in the mouth. Brothers shouted. Hung them from the ceiling by their testicles.

**Ian**  Charming.

**Soldier**  Never done that?

**Ian**  No.

**Soldier**  Sure?

**Ian**  I wouldn’t forget.

**Soldier**  You would.

**Ian**  Couldn’t sleep with myself.

**Soldier**  What about your wife?

**Ian**  I’m divorced.

**Soldier**  Didn’t you ever –

**Ian**  No.

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

**Ian**  *(doesn’t answer)*

**Soldier**  Ah.

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

**Soldier**  You killed her?

**Ian**  *(makes a move for his gun)*

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

**Ian**  Course I haven’t.
Blasted

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

Ian  I do.
     She’s . . . a woman.

Soldier  So.

Ian  I’ve never—
     It’s not—

Soldier  What?

Ian  (doesn’t answer)

Soldier  Thought you were a soldier.

Ian  Not like that.

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

Ian  My job—

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

He stops.
Silence.

Ian  I’m sorry.

Soldier  Why?

Ian  It’s terrible.

Soldier  What is?

Ian  Losing someone, a woman, like that.

Soldier  You know, do you?

Ian  I—

Soldier  Like what?

Ian  Like—
     You said—
     A soldier—
Soldier  You’re a soldier.
Ian    I haven’t –
Soldier What if you were ordered to?
Ian    Can’t imagine it.
Soldier Imagine it.
Ian    (imagines it)
Soldier In the line of duty. For your country. Wales.
Ian    (imagines harder)
Soldier Foreign slag.
Ian    (imagines harder. Looks sick)
Soldier Would you?
Ian    (nods)
Soldier How.
Ian    Quickly. Back of the head. Bam.
Soldier That’s all.
Ian    It’s enough.
Soldier You think?
Ian    Yes.
Soldier You never killed anyone.
Ian    Fucking have.
Soldier No.
Ian    Don’t you fucking –
Soldier Couldn’t talk like this. You’d know.
Ian    Know what?
Soldier Exactly. You don’t know.
Ian    Know fucking what?
Blasted

Soldier Stay in the dark.
Ian What? Fucking what? What don’t I know?
Soldier You think –

*(He stops and smiles)*

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

Ian *(looks sick)*

Soldier You couldn’t do that.
Ian No.
Soldier You never killed.
Ian Not like that.
Soldier Not
Like
That

Ian I’m not a torturer.

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

Ian Shoot them.

Soldier You haven’t got a clue.
Ian What, then?

Soldier You never fucked a man before you killed him?
Ian No.
Soldier Or after?
Ian Course not.
Soldier Why not?
Ian What for, I’m not queer.
**Soldier**  Col, they buggered her. Cut her throat. Hacked her ears and nose off, nailed them to the front door.

**Ian**  Enough.

**Soldier**  Ever seen anything like that?

**Ian**  Stop.

**Soldier**  Not in photos?

**Ian**  Never.

**Soldier**  Some journalist, that's your job.

**Ian**  What?

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

**Ian**  No one's interested.

**Soldier**  You can do something, for me –

**Ian**  No.

**Soldier**  Course you can.

**Ian**  I can't do anything.

**Soldier**  Try.

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

**Soldier**  Why not?

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

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

(*He tosses the paper away*)

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

**Ian**  It's not my job.

**Soldier**  Whose is it?

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

**Soldier**  Foreign affairs, what you doing here?

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

**Soldier**  You don't know fuck all about me.

I went to school.

I made love with Col.

Bastards killed her, now I'm here.

Now I'm here.

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

**Ian**  Why?

**Soldier**  Going to fuck you.

**Ian**  No.

**Soldier**  Kill you, then.

**Ian**  Fine.

**Soldier**  See. Rather be shot than fucked and shot.

**Ian**  Yes.

**Soldier**  And now you agree with anything I say.
(He kisses Ian very tenderly on the lips. 
They stare at each other)

You smell like her. Same cigarettes.

He gets up and turns Ian over with one hand. 
He holds the revolver to Ian’s head with the other. 
He pulls down Ian’s trousers, undoes his own and rapes him – eyes 
closed and smelling Ian’s hair. 
The Soldier is crying his heart out.

Ian’s face registers pain but he is silent.

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

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

Ian    (tries to answer. He can’t)

Soldier    (withdraws the gun and sits next to Ian)

You never fucked by a man before?

Ian    (doesn’t answer)

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

Ian    Are you going to kill me?

Soldier  Always looking after your own arse.

The Soldier grips Ian’s head in his hands.
Blasted

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

He does the same to the other eye.

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

Blackout.

The sound of autumn rain.

Scene Four

The same.

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

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

Then she sees **Ian**.

**Cate**  You're a nightmare.

**Ian**  Cate?

**Cate**  It won't stop.

**Ian**  Catie? You here?

**Cate**  Everyone in town is crying.

**Ian**  Touch me.

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

**Ian**  They've won?

**Cate**  Most people gave up.

**Ian**  You seen Matthew?

**Cate**  No.
Ian  Will you tell him for me?
Cate  He isn’t here.

Ian  Tell him –
    Tell him –

Cate  No.
Ian  Tell him –

Cate  No.

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

Cate  A woman gave me her baby.

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

Cate  Don’t know what to do with it.
Ian  I’m cold.
Cate  Keeps crying.
Ian  Tell him –
Cate  I can’t.

Ian  Will you stay with me, Cate?
Cate  No.

Ian  Why not?
Cate  I have to go back soon.

Ian  Shaun know what we did?
Cate  Nothing.

Ian  Better tell him.
Cate  No.
Ian  He'll know. Even if you don't.
Cate  How?
Ian  Smell it. Soiled goods. Don't want it, not when you can have someone clean.
Cate  What's happened to your eyes?
Ian  I need you to stay, Cate. Won't be for long.
Cate  Do you know about babies?
Ian  No.
Cate  What about Matthew?
Ian  He's twenty-four.
Cate  When he was born.
Ian  They shit and cry. Hopeless.
Cate  Bleeding.
Ian  Will you touch me?
Cate  No.
Ian  So I know you're here.
Cate  You can hear me.
Ian  Won't hurt you, I promise.

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

Ian  Help me.

Cate  (strokes his hair)

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

Cate  (withdraws her hand)

Ian  Catie?
Cate  Got to get something for baby to eat.
Ian  Won’t find anything.
Cate  May as well look.
Ian  Fucking bastards ate it all.
Cate  It’ll die.
Ian  Needs its mother’s milk.
Cate  Ian.

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

Cate  (considers.
    Then sits down with the baby some distance from Ian)
Ian  (relaxes when he hears her sit)
Cate  (rocks the baby)
Ian  Not as bad as all that, am I?
Cate  (looks at him)
Ian  Will you help me, Catie?
Cate  Don’t know how.
Ian  Find my gun?
Cate  (thinks. Then gets up and searches around, baby in arms. She sees the revolver in the Soldier’s hand and stares at it for some time)
Ian  Found it?
Cate  No.

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

Ian  That it?
Cate  Yes.
Ian  Can I have it?
Blasted

Cate I don’t think so.
Ian Catie.
Cate What?
Ian Come on.
Cate Don’t tell me what to do.
Ian I’m not, love. Can you keep that baby quiet.
Cate It’s not doing anything. It’s hungry.
Ian We’re all bloody hungry, don’t shoot myself I’ll starve to death.
Cate It’s wrong to kill yourself.
Ian No it’s not.
Cate God wouldn’t like it.
Ian There isn’t one.
Cate How do you know?
Ian No God. No Father Christmas. No fairies. No Narnia.
No fucking nothing.
Cate Got to be something.
Ian Why?
Cate Doesn’t make sense otherwise.
Ian Don’t be fucking stupid, doesn’t make sense anyway.
No reason for there to be a God just because it would be better if there was.
Cate Thought you didn’t want to die.
Ian I can’t see.
Cate My brother’s got blind friends. You can’t give up.
Ian Why not?
Cate It’s weak.
Ian I know you want to punish me, trying to make me live.
Cate  I don’t.
Ian  Course you fucking do, I would. There’s people I’d love to suffer but they don’t, they die and that’s it.
Cate  What if you’re wrong?
Ian  I’m not.
Cate  But if.
Ian  I’ve seen dead people. They’re dead. They’re not somewhere else, they’re dead.
Cate  What about people who’ve seen ghosts?
Ian  What about them? Imagining it. Or making it up or wishing the person was still alive.
Cate  People who’ve died and come back say they’ve seen tunnels and lights –
Ian  Can’t die and come back. That’s not dying, it’s fainting. When you die it’s the end.
Cate  I believe in God.
Ian  Everything’s got a scientific explanation.
Cate  No.
Ian  Give me my gun.
Cate  What are you going to do?
Ian  I won’t hurt you.
Cate  I know.
Ian  End it. Got to, Cate, I’m ill. Just speeding it up a bit.
Cate  (thinks hard)
Ian  Please.
Cate  (gives him the gun)
Ian  (takes the gun and puts it in his mouth. He takes it out again)
Blasted

Don't stand behind me.

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

Fuck.

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

Ian The cunt.

He throws the gun away in despair.

Cate (Rocks the baby and looks down at it)

Oh no.

Ian What.

Cate It's dead.

Ian Lucky bastard.

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

Blackout.

The sound of heavy winter rain.

Scene Five

The same.

Cate is burying the baby under the floorboards.

She looks around and finds two pieces of wood. She rips the lining out of Ian's jacket and binds the wood together in a cross which she jams between the boards. She collects a few of the scattered flowers and places them under the cross.

Cate I don't know her name.

Ian Don't matter. No one's going to visit.
Cate  I was supposed to look after her.
Ian   Can bury me next to her soon. Dance on my grave.
Cate  Don’t feel no pain or know nothing you shouldn’t know –
Ian   Cate?
Cate  Shh.
Ian   What you doing?
Cate  Praying. Just in case.
Ian   Will you pray for me?
Cate  No.
Ian   When I’m dead, not now.
Cate  No point when you’re dead.
Ian   You’re praying for her.
Cate  She’s baby.
Ian   So?
Cate  Innocent.
Ian   Can’t you forgive me?
Cate  Don’t see bad things or go bad places –
Ian   She’s dead, Cate.
Cate  Or meet anyone who’ll do bad things.
Ian   She won’t, Cate, she’s dead.
Cate  Amen.

She starts to leave.

Ian   Where you going?
Cate  I’m hungry.
Ian   Cate, it’s dangerous. There’s no food.
Cate  Can get some off a soldier.
Blasted

Ian  How?
Cate  (doesn't answer)
Ian  Don't do that.
Cate  Why not?
Ian  That's not you.
Cate  I'm hungry.
Ian  I know so am I. But.
   I'd rather —
   It's not —
   Please, Cate.
   I'm blind.
Cate  I'm hungry.
She goes.

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

Darkness.
Light.

Ian  masturbating.

Ian  cunt cunt cunt cunt cunt cunt cunt cunt cunt cunt cunt cunt cunt cunt

Darkness.
Light.

Ian  strangling himself.

Darkness.
Light.

Ian  shitting.
   And then trying to clean it up with newspaper.

Darkness.
Light.

Ian  laughing hysterically.
Scene Five

Darkness.
Light.

Ian having a nightmare.
Darkness.
Light.

Ian crying, huge bloody tears.
He is hugging the Soldier's body for comfort.

Darkness.
Light.

Ian lying very still, weak with hunger.

Darkness.
Light.

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

He eats the baby.

He puts the sheet the baby was wrapped in back in the hole.
A beat, then he climbs in after it and lies down, head poking out of the floor.

He dies with relief.

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

Eventually.

Ian  Shit.

Cate enters carrying some bread, a large sausage and a bottle of gin.
There is blood seeping from between her legs.

Cate  You're sitting under a hole.

Ian  I know.

Cate  Get wet.

Ian  Aye.

Cate  Stupid bastard.
Blasted

She pulls a sheet off the bed and wraps it around her.
She sits next to Ian's head.
She eats her fill of the sausage and bread, then washes it down with gin.
Ian listens.
She feeds Ian with the remaining food.
She pours gin in Ian's mouth.
She finishes feeding Ian and sits apart from him, huddled for warmth.
She drinks the gin.
She sucks her thumb.
Silence.
It rains.
Ian  Thank you.
Blackout.