MAGGIE/BILLY #2

SCENE NINE

Day.

The garden. MAGGIE stands watching BILLY string up the hammock in the garden.

START

MAGGIE: See. It's nearly rotted through.

BILLY ignores her, MAGGIE turns to head back in.

BILLY: You were up again last night?

MAGGIE nods –

MAGGIE: It's always if I mix the blue with the yellow and black. If I take blue on their own, I'm fine but with the yellow and black then that's it...I'm up til five.

BILLY: Then don't mix them. Take more blue.

MAGGIE: Take more blue and I never wake up.

Silence –

BILLY nods, resumes stringing up the hammock.

MAGGIE: You want some help?

BILLY shakes his head.

BILLY: I dreamt last night I was talking to you and you looked –

MAGGIE hesitates, smiles, in expectation –

MAGGIE: I looked – ?

BILLY shakes his head, dismissive.

BILLY: Rope's gone on this. I might go into town and get some more.

MAGGIE nods.

MAGGIE: Can you pick up the meat?

BILLY: Sure.

Silence –

I'll get some wine.

MAGGIE smiles, nods.

MAGGIE: Do you think they'd prefer red or white?

BILLY: Red maybe.

MAGGIE: You think red.

BILLY: Red? White? How would I know, Maggie? I haven't seen the kid in –

Silence.

BILLY: Was he surprised? When you called?

MAGGIE: No… Perhaps a little. I said 'Adam, do you remember me. Bill said he bumped into you?' He said 'Of course Mrs Alton. I remember the house and the tree. And the paddling pool.' And I said 'No we never had a paddling pool. Your mother had one. You were in it all the time.' Then I said 'How's your mother?' 'Josie died six months ago.'

Silence.

Then I said 'So Bill says you're back in town and you're looking for a house to live in… And so we thought...we thought…'

Silence.

And this house... This house has got too big for us... And we're hoping to travel again.'

Silence.

BILLY and MAGGIE look at one another.

BILLY resumes unwinding the rope from the tree –

MAGGIE holds out a peach picked up from the ground to him.

BILLY shakes his head.

BILLY: I'll get all sticky.

MAGGIE shrugs, scoops up a second and a third.

MAGGIE: I'll make pie. The rest I'll put in the freezer.

BILLY: I know.

BILLY winds up a reel of old rope, unwinding it from the tree.

MAGGIE: I'm just reminding you. So you'll know they're there.

BILLY: You don't have to keep telling me this.

MAGGIE: OK, but I've left a list in the kitchen drawer and another in the –

BILLY: Study. I know...I know.

MAGGIE: It's important, Bill, it's important that you know where everything is,

BILLY: I'm not a fucking baby.

Silence –

MAGGIE: Well they're there if you need them. Or we could always give them to Annie when we drop Biscuit off.

BILLY: I can look after the fucking cat.

MAGGIE: Do you have to – ?

BILLY: This is not a fucking holiday.

MAGGIE: Do you have to fucking swear?

BILLY: This is not some fucking...fucking...fucking...fucking –

BILLY slams down the rope.

...holiday where you come back.

Silence –

MAGGIE: I just worry. How you'll look after yourself?

BILLY: I won't –

MAGGIE: Bill.

BILLY: I won't. I'll grow my hair long and never get it trimmed the third Saturday of every other month as you've booked it all my life. I'll leave out the milk, let it go warm on the front step, let it pile up with the newspapers. I'll let the grass grow. I'll never pull hair out of the plughole when it clogs up. I won't wipe up after I've washed the dishes. I won't wash up dishes. I won't eat. I won't. If I do I'll eat straight from the freezer, with a spoon, fingers if I feel like it. Frozen pie mush. And the endless cans of salmon. For the fucking vanished cat. Which I'll open with a penknife. Why not? I'll stop opening mail. I'll stop opening anything. I won't answer the phone. If people ring I won't pick up. I won't open the front door much at all. I won't shovel snow like a good neighbour should do. I won't pick up my clothes. I won't wash my underwear. I'll wear the same socks. I'll stay in the house and if I do venture out I won't say hello to that kid with his fucking skateboard banging back and forth up and down the fucking kerb like a fucking moron. I will live as someone who used to have a life, who used to have a life with someone but that someone isn't here anymore. I will live my life as I fucking want. Without you.

Silence.

Without you.

Silence.

MAGGIE: Might you brush your teeth?

Silence.

You'll brush your teeth.

Silence –

BILLY: Always. – end