

Scene 1

*We're with Arthur watching TV. Lynne arrives home, takes shopping into kitchen.*

ARTHUR

You're late.

LYNNE

*(off)*  
Bus was late. The lift's not working again.

ARTHUR

Did you get everything?

LYNNE

*(off)*  
Yes.

ARTHUR

Give us the list. Where's the change?

LYNNE

*(enters)*  
Here you are.

ARTHUR

*(counts change)*  
Is it raining?

LYNNE

It's been pouring all day.

ARTHUR

You didn't get the chicken.

LYNNE

They hadn't got that chicken thing. I got Shepherd's Pie.

ARTHUR

You know I hate Shepherd's Pie.

LYNNE

It's all right.

ARTHUR

It's horrible. You don't know what they put in it.

LYNNE

You ate it before.

ARTHUR

*(Pause)* Maggie rang today.

LYNNE

Oh yeah?

ARTHUR                    They're off on holiday on Saturday. Isle of Wight for a week. I said "Why don't you stop by on your way?" she reckons they haven't got time. I haven't seen those kids for two years now. Wouldn't recognise them probably. That's something, eh? Not recognise my own grandchildren!

LYNNE                    I'll do the tea. *(goes off)*

ARTHUR *(TV for a bit)*                Did you meet Eddie today?  
*(Pause)*  
I said, did you meet Eddie?

LYNNE                    *(off)*  
Yes.

ARTHUR                    *(almost to self)*  
I don't know what you see in him - thick as three short planks, bone idle and selfish.

*(more TV)*

LYNNE                    *(enters)*  
I'm heating up the stew and doing potatoes.

ARTHUR                    The rent's due tomorrow. I've done the cheque out for you, and one for the electric as well. You can pay them both tomorrow, all right? They're by the phone.

LYNNE                    All right.

ARTHUR                    Don't go off with Eddie and forget them.

LYNNE                    Course I won't.

*(Rattling and banging noises at front door)*

ARTHUR                    What's going on?

LYNNE *(goes to look)*  
Someone at the door?  
*(more banging and giggling - Lynne opens door)*  
*(off)* What do you want?  
*(comes back)*  
Bloody kids from downstairs messing around. They ran off.

ARTHUR  
What's the matter with them? I blame the parents letting them run wild like that. I said to Doreen this morning, you didn't bring kids up like that in my day: letting them do whatever they like; no discipline. I mean, what'd happen if they broke in here, eh? They'd feel the back of my hand all right.

LYNNE  
You wouldn't be able to!

ARTHUR  
I've got my stick, haven't I?

LYNNE *(goes off)*  
Potatoes are boiling.

*(More TV)*

ARTHUR  
Doreen put my washing out there for you.

LYNNE *(off)*  
I'll do it after tea.

*(Fade down TV)*

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Scene 2

*We're with Arthur sitting on his bed waiting for Doreen, home carer/aid. Doreen lets herself into flat.*

DOREEN

*(off)*

Morning, Mr Durrant, how are we today?

ARTHUR

*(to self)*

Same as bloody always.

DOREEN

*(enters)*

Well, a bit nicer than yesterday, isn't it?

ARTHUR

Is it?

DOREEN

Ready for your bath this morning?

ARTHUR

There should be a clean towel in the airing cupboard. Lynne did the washing last night.

DOREEN

*(bustling)*

That lift's out of order again. It takes all the puff out of me coming up those stairs. I haven't seen your Lynne for months - how is she?

ARTHUR

She's all right. Still seeing that Eddie chap. Don't know what she sees in him.

DOREEN

Well, it's nice for her to have friends, isn't it?

ARTHUR

I don't know what they get up to. My Lil wouldn't have approved, you know.

DOREEN

You were fond of your Lil, weren't you? How long were you married?

ARTHUR

Thirty-two years. She was a good woman - a good mother.

DOREEN

She must have had a lot to deal with, specially when Lynne was little. Lynne and the other one...

ARTHUR Maggie.

DOREEN Yes, quite a handful, I bet. Maggie doesn't live round here any more, does she?

ARTHUR Yorkshire.

DOREEN Oh, a long way off. Nice for you to have Lynne at home, though, specially since Lil passed on.

ARTHUR Well, Lynne couldn't move away, could she? She couldn't live on her own. She can't look after herself - never will.

DOREEN I suppose not, really. I'll go and run the bath.

*(Taps go on in background)*

DOREEN *(returns)*  
How are those legs today? Let's have a look.

ARTHUR The nurse is coming in later to do them, and my injection.

DOREEN Oh I think they're looking better. I'll be very careful in the bath with them, don't worry. now, I'll take those pyjamas and put them in the kitchen for Lynne. She'll be doing another wash this week will she?

ARTHUR Friday.

DOREEN Fine.  
*(Goes off)*  
Do you want to use the toilet before your bath?

ARTHUR *silent*

DOREEN *(returns)*  
I said, do you want...

ARTHUR

*(interrupts)*  
I heard you. No.

DOREEN

Righty-ho then, let's get you into the bathroom, shall we?

*(Sounds of Doreen helping Arthur out of room towards taps. Fade down.)*

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Scene 3                    *Same time: Lynne at work in canteen having coffee break with colleagues. Rita arrives.*

RITA                        Hallo, June, how are you?

JUNE (DOREEN)        I'm OK, how are you?

RITA                        I'm fine. Just popped in to see Lynne.

LYNNE                    *(laughing, chatting)*  
...and Eddie made me eat TWO Big Macs!  
Oh hallo Rita.

RITA                        Hallo Lynne, can I join you?

LYNNE                    Sit down.  
*(Pulls up chair)*

RITA                        Thanks. How are you?

LYNNE                    I'm all right. We're having a laugh 'cos Eddie took me out and bought me TWO Bid Macs...

RITA                        Two?

LYNNE                    .....and chips and a coke - a big one. I was nearly sick on the bus!

RITA                        Oh dear. I saw Eddie going into the library last night.

LYNNE                    Yeah, that's where I meet him. They're nice in there, Mrs Borden and Mr Trimble - he's the caretaker.

RITA                        How's Eddie?

LYNNE                    He's all right. We're going to the disco on Sunday. He's got tickets.

RITA                        That's nice. Where's the disco?

LYNNE                    At the club. They've got a special one 'cos it's Dave's birthday. Everybody's going. It'll be good. They've got him one of those....you know, surprise women that come, only it's a policewoman...

RITA                     *(slightly shocked)*  
A kissogram?

LYNNE                    Something like that. It'll be a laugh.

RITA                     Yes. Well, don't stay out too late or your dad'll get worried.

LYNNE                    He can bloody well do what he likes, can't he?

RITA                     Well, he can't really, can he? I mean, he does need you round the house, Lynne.

LYNNE                    Washing, cooking, shopping, I'm fed up with it. And he's always moaning.

RITA                     It can't be easy for him being at home all day in the wheelchair. It's no wonder he gets a bit down in the dumps. He and your mum looked after you when you were little and couldn't do things for yourself, so it's only fair for you to do things for him now he's getting on.

LYNNE                    He's always bossing me about.

RITA                     It's 'cos he can't do things for himself anymore.

LYNNE                    It's not my fault.

RITA                     *(Pause)*  
How are things here at work? I saw Mr Morris on my way in and he said you were doing really well. "Very conscientious", he said.

LYNNE                    Did he? What's that mean?



RITA                    That you do your work well and take it seriously.

LYNNE                  There's five off sick this week.

RITA                    So you're extra busy?

LYNNE                  I worked through dinnertime twice last week.

RITA                    So you missed your meals?

LYNNE                  That's when Eddie took me to MacDonalds.

RITA                    Aren't you eating in the evenings with your dad?

LYNNE                  Sometimes.

RITA                    You must be sure to keep eating properly, Lynne.

LYNNE                  Yeah.  
*(bell rings)*  
I've got to go back now.

RITA                    OK. I'll drop in again in a week or so. Have a good  
time at the disco.....

LYNNE                  Cheerio.  
*(leaves)*

RITA                    .....and don't get home too late.

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Scene 4

*In the kitchen: Lynne peeling potatoes. Arthur wheels himself in. TV sports results in background.*

ARTHUR

Nothing but football results on the telly. What are you doing?

LYNNE

Peeling potatoes, what does it look like?

ARTHUR

All right, all right.

*(Starts reading newspaper at kitchen table.)*

Blimey, that's the third time they've smashed the shop window in one month! What is this place coming to?

LYNNE

I saw it - all boarded up again. Looks like it's shut.

*(Pause)*

Dad...

ARTHUR

What?

LYNNE

I want some of my money for tomorrow.

ARTHUR

You what?

LYNNE

I want some money.

ARTHUR

What for? You've had the shopping money this week, and your bus money. What do you want more for?

LYNNE

I'm going out tomorrow and I want some of my money.

ARTHUR

Going out? Where?

LYNNE

It's none of your business.

ARTHUR

What do you mean, "none of my business"?

LYNNE I can do what I want. I don't have to tell you where I'm going.

ARTHUR Oh yes you do. I can't have you going out all over the place just as you please. You're out enough as it is - Wednesday nights, Thursday nights, Sunday mornings. You're hardly ever in this house!

LYNNE I'd rather be out than stuck in with you.

ARTHUR It's that Eddie, isn't it? What's he up to? Where's he taking you? God knows what you get up to with him. Good for nothing.....

LYNNE *(Getting distressed)*  
Shut up about Eddie.

ARTHUR It's him that wants your money, isn't it?

LYNNE No it's not. It's me. It's my money. I go to work and I earn that money. It's not yours - you're keeping it from me. It's not fair.

ARTHUR Don't be stupid, Lynne. You can't look after the money - I have to do that. I give you what you need, don't I?

LYNNE It's my money.

ARTHUR How do you think we'd manage if I didn't look after the money? You wouldn't remember to pay the bills. You couldn't write a cheque out, could you? Blimey, we'd get thrown out of here if I didn't remember when to pay the rent!

LYNNE *(Angry)*  
I wouldn't care. I hate it here.

ARTHUR Oh, here we go again!

LYNNE I do. I want to get out of here and get my own flat.

ARTHUR

Don't talk rubbish. How could you live on your own? You wouldn't manage five minutes. Now stop all this nonsense and finish those potatoes.

LYNNE

*(brandishes knife)*  
I want my money!

ARTHUR

*(panic)*  
Blimey, Lynne, put that knife down. Get away, will you?  
*(backs off)*  
Put it down! Lynne!

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Scene 5

*Next morning: Social Worker visits. Arthur and Social Worker in sitting room*

ARTHUR                   .....so I told the home care this morning. I think it's her boyfriend, egging her on, you know. I mean, it's not natural for a daughter to threaten her own father like that, is it? And me in a wheelchair and all - bloody scary, I can tell you.

SOCIAL WORKER       Of course, it must have been very upsetting. You're all right now?

ARTHUR                   Yes, I'm OK. But when's she going to do it again, eh? The look she had in her eyes.....I wouldn't put it past her to really have a go next time.

SOCIAL WORKER       Where is she?

ARTHUR                   Locked herself in her room, hasn't she? Wouldn't come out to talk to Doreen this morning. Won't say a word.

SOCIAL WORKER       Has she locked herself in before?

ARTHUR                   No. Well, she spends a lot of time in her room - most evenings, when she's not out somewhere with Eddie. But not locked in. Normally she's down the Salvation Army on a Sunday morning.

SOCIAL WORKER       Well, I can understand why you're worried Mr Durrant. Shall I see if I can persuade her to talk?

ARTHUR                   You can try. It's the door by the kitchen.

*(Go with Social Worker into corridor)*

SOCIAL WORKER *(knocks)*  
*(pauses throughout)* Hallo, Lynne, are you in there?  
It's Dev, Dev Sharma. Remember me?  
There's no need to be frightened. You can come out now. I'd like you to come out and talk to me. Are you there, Lynne? I really think it would be a good idea if you came out. We need to talk. I hear you had a little upset, and we could try and sort it out. There's nothing to worry about.

ARTHUR *(off)*  
I told you she wouldn't.

SOCIAL WORKER Lynne, we really must talk this over together. I don't want to have to make any hasty decisions. You know what happened last night could have been very serious. Your father is not a well man. It was a nasty shock for him. I'm sure you want to say you're sorry. So please come out now so we can talk it over nice and calmly. I'm going to wait for you in the next room.

SOCIAL WORKER *(goes back to Arthur)*  
She might come out. Let me get this straight, Mr Durrant, has she ever threatened physical violence before?

ARTHUR No, nothing like last night.

SOCIAL WORKER Do you usually get on well together?

ARTHUR Well, yes, so-so. She goes out more often than I like really. I mean, she works full-time during the day, so when she's out in the evenings as well, I hardly seem to see her.

SOCIAL WORKER And she pulls her weight around the house?

ARTHUR

The washing and the cooking - not that she's much of a cook - and the shopping, but I have to write out the list and give her the money, of course. She's not really all there, you see, so she can't do normal things, not properly. I mean, she should've been put away years ago, but Lil wouldn't have it. You couldn't get her put somewhere, could you?

*(Sound of Lynne's door unlocking and opening - off)*

SOCIAL WORKER

Well, it's potentially a serious situation, Mr Durrant. I mean, if you're physically threatened - or even actually hurt - we might need to look at the alternatives. There are various places.....

ARTHUR

Oh look, here she is. Mr Sharma here says you might have to be put away.

SOCIAL WORKER

.....oh, hallo Lynne. Come and sit down. We're just talking about.....Lynne!

*(Sound of Lynne storming out of flat)*  
Come back!

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