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Sun Is Shining

by Matthew Wilkinson

A SAMUEL FRENCH ACTING EDITION



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In addition the following credit *must* be given in all programs and publicity information distributed in association with this piece:

First produced at the King's Head Theatre Islington, London

SUN IS SHINING was first performed at The Kings Head Theatre in London on the 21st of February 2002. The parts were played by Pauline Lynch (*LORNA*) and Daniel York (*DAVE*). The play was directed by Matthew Wilkinson for Mu-Lan Theatre Company. Set and costume design by Soutra Gilmour, lighting design by Simon Opie, sound design by Mike Walker.

SUN IS SHINING was subsequently revived at BAC, London in April 2003 as part of the Time Out Critics' Choice Season, with Pauline Turner taking the role of Lorna. The play was produced by Mu-Lan in association with 107GROUP.

In April 2004 the same production transferred to the 59E59 Theaters, NYC, USA where it opened Space B in the inaugural 'Brits Off Broadway' Festival.

CHARACTERS

LORNA: late twenties, Glasgow, wears simple elegant clothes.

DAVE: early thirties, mixed-race Chinese, London, wears very smart suit, shirt, loafers.

AUTHOR'S NOTES

The sections of dialogue marked 'v.posh' represent for the characters a complete transformation into Oscar Wilde territory and should be played as such.

The stage setting should be very simple, with time and place delineated, in the main, through light and sound. The one object of note might be a section of lounge-bar bench seat.

The play should be performed straight through, without intermission.

(Chinese song gives way to pumping drum & bass. Two figures become apparent either side of stage. LORNA moves front, stage left. DAVE moves front, stage right. He checks out the audience, moves left along stage, then back again. They turn and look at each other. After a moment LORNA turns, looks out front. Light & sound snaps off. Beat.)

LORNA. Shittin' myself. That's right. Bloody shittin' myself. It's so weird what you do, isn't it? You know...weird. 'There's no way I'm ready, no bloody way,' that's what I said, you know, *(Holds imaginary phone to ear.)* 'there's no way you're getting me out and I'm definitely going nowhere near a club, so get used to it now, get that into your skull, have you got that? I'm, I'm, you don't understand, however much you say you do, you don't and that's that and this is all I want right now, OK? OK?...OK?...Hello?...Oh God....CHRIST, I THOUGHT YOU'D FUCKING HUNG UP, DON'T DO THAT TO ME!... NO I DON'T, I MEAN, YES OK I DO, BUT NOT WHEN I'M, I'M, I'M, IN THE MIDDLE OF TALKING, WHAT'S THE POINT OF THAT? I WANT TO BE ALONE BUT NOT WHEN I'M ON THE FUCKING PHONE. JESUS!!!' *(Relinquishes phone.)* That kinda got it going, the girls all bloody pissing themselves...like I cared. Which I did. Which I didn't. Whatever. Standing there by my easel, fag in one hand, paintbrush in the other, shaking like a leaf. Because deep down, I knew...sooner or later it had to come. That moment. When I braved it. Because with drink, it's not easy stopping after fifteen years, you still feel like you're twelve years old.

(Lights down on her, up on DAVE.)

DAVE. So the place is packed, rammed, it's fucking chocka, fucking heaving, waiting, the whole gaff just fucking *waiting*...I'm up the front, butter carnation, like 'she's always like this vicar, takes her time, try going out with it,' supercool, I'm super relaxed, what a day, a great day, got to be the happiest day of my life.....only.....*fu-cking bollocks shit*,

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‘Cheerio Daddy, apologies to pumpkin.’ ‘What’s he doing!!’ I’m gliding down the aisle you cunts, what’s it look like I’m doing, d’you like it, that’s a Paul Smith you’re looking at...Church doors, cold air, coupla bods, sky. ‘OIH. YOU. Straight through the green trees please, I don’t want nothing extra on the meter, have you got that? Winchester to London quick, you betta put your foot down.’ Hello. Ring. Christ. Well pop that down the old gullet, now, where’s my fags...close my eyes...*by the skin of my teeth*...chill...and I can hear it from here...techno, techno, techno...are we here already... ‘Yup, here will do me fine, fifties, take the fucking lot’...now, sucked in by the dark and the noise,whoosh! It’s proper. Swing the axe, Amex platinum, *bosh*...barman’s already pouring me a special, this’ll sort me out, this should do me in...Ooh my dancing, ooh my dancing, ooh my dancing feet.

(Lights down on him, up on LORNA.)

LORNA. He was built like a block of flats, kinda *Chinese* look about him and handsome as you like. I just looked up, said ‘Hiya.’ He kinda twitched in his jacket you know, this carnation thing going on, so I said ‘...Hiya?’ and he sorta looked down at me, his eyeballs looked like black glass marbles, rolling around in his head there, it looked to me like he was gargling or something, all this...gargling was going on, and I go ‘What’s your name?’ to which he goes ‘gargle garble...fuckin’...*marble*...’ Then he bends down, hands sticking out his sides, pukes all over my shoes. Great. That’s great, you know. Haven’t been out the house in a month. That’s great. Suck on my straw, very embarrassed. Diet coke. The girls are away up dancing...oh God...oh God...And he...he sorta looks at it...stares into his mess, looking...Then he pokes out a finger, starts stirring...picking at it...Christ, he’s a bloody chef now! Then he takes hold of something, it’s tiny, between his fingers, holds it up to the light and studies it...it’s twinkling. And he turns to me and says calm, like real cool:

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(Lights up on DAVE, holding imaginary ring between thumb and forefinger.)

DAVE. I'll tell you something. I knew it wouldn't go down.

LORNA. And everything shone just then...and I looked back at him, heart fit to burst, blood loud in my ears and I thought...fuckin' twat. It's hard to get to know people though, isn't it? Well, I think it is.

DAVE. *(V.posh.)* Uhm...excuse me...

LORNA. We all play our games, don't we?

DAVE. *(V.posh.)* I say, hello there...

LORNA. Put a face on to cover things up. I mean...how crazy is that?

DAVE. *(V.posh.)* I say, can you hear me? I'm so sorry to intrude, but could I possibly have a moment?

LORNA. Now this...is mental.

(She turns.)

LORNA. *(V.posh.)* Are you...addressing me?

DAVE. *(V.posh.)* Indeed I am. I couldn't help wondering — *(As himself.)* what a fucking scream — *(V.posh again.)* Do you come here often?

LORNA. *(V.posh.)* On occasion.

DAVE. *(V.posh.)* Really?

LORNA. *(V.posh.)* Really and truly.

DAVE. *(V.posh.)* I say! Only I ask because...well I'm not sure I've seen you here before.

LORNA. *(V.posh.)* Indeed.

DAVE. *(V.posh.)* No, you see, you don't understand. I don't recall ever having set eyes upon you. I mean never.

LORNA. *(V.posh.)* How terribly grave.

DAVE. *(V.posh.)* How terribly grave indeed! Might one ask with whom you are in attendance?

LORNA. *(V.posh.)* Oh for fuck's sake. *(V.posh again.)* No-one.

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DAVE. (*V.posh.*) Oh! Then, if one might be so bold...who is it you are intending to see?

LORNA. (*V.posh.*) No-one.

DAVE. (*V.posh.*) No-one?!

LORNA. (*V.posh.*) That's right.

DAVE. (*V.posh.*) But who opened the door to you?

LORNA. (*V.posh.*) No idea. I came for fun.

DAVE. (*V.posh.*) But that's impossible!

LORNA. (*As herself.*) He's having a laugh isn't he?

DAVE. (*V.posh.*) I mean the thing of it is, you see, and I don't wish to appear rude, the thing is, is that I own this place. In effect, I am this place. (*As himself.*) Got her!

LORNA. (*V.posh.*) Congratulations!

DAVE. Shit! (*V.posh again.*) You see, I hold the keys. The actual keys.

LORNA. (*V.posh.*) I'm sure you do. And such pretty keys they must be. A small fortune, I shouldn't wonder!

DAVE. (*V.posh.*) Yes well, solid gold I'm afraid.

LORNA. (*V.posh.*) They must be fearfully heavy.

DAVE. (*As himself.*) Who is this bird? (*V.posh again.*) I'm awfully sorry, but I don't know your name.

LORNA. (*V.posh.*) No. And I don't know yours.

DAVE. (*V.posh.*) Oh I say, simple matter, soon put that straight, I'm

LORNA. (*V.posh.*) Such a wonderful starry night!

DAVE. (*V.posh.*) Isn't it! But look here —

LORNA. (*V.posh.*) The stars up there...(They both gaze up.)...all over the world...

DAVE. (*V.posh.*) Charming. But could you tell me -

LORNA. (*V.posh.*) Love and Honesty.

DAVE. (*V.posh.*) I'm sorry?

LORNA. (*V.posh.*) These will be our names.

DAVE. (*V.posh.*) Love...and Honesty?

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LORNA. (*V.posh.*) To begin with, yes.

DAVE. Which game are we playing?

LORNA. These will be our names.

DAVE. (*V.posh.*) So you keep saying. Rather obvious isn't it?

LORNA. (*V.posh.*) Oh I should say. Until, of course, one makes a promise to submit...entirely...to the rules.

DAVE. (*V.posh.*) Submit...?

LORNA. (*V.posh.*) Do you choose to play...or not?

(They stare at each other. They slowly move towards one another. DAVE formally offers his hand. LORNA formally offers hers. He yanks her up into his arms. Music. They kiss passionately. They spring apart, music cuts out.)

DAVE. Well, that's cracked the ice. *(He starts to pace along edge of stage.)* East Eight. The new Clerkenwell. Price five five six, lifted it for five seventy, hung about for two units, so what, you gotta be bullish. Don't talk to me about a recession, I work for one of the Americans, hundred percent mortgage. Deluxe conversion, but lovely old features. All the old rads, it used to be a bank. Yeah, a Barclays. Art deco window frames and a big long counter. Ripped that out straight away. Boxter. Off-street. It's not a family car. Got it a year old, I don't like queues. Six am it's dark, six-twenty pick up Chopper, six-forty I'm on the case, Dave Li, The Li-boy. Hurdle's set at seventy K a month, after that it's all mine. Three phones. Five screens. A holier-than-holy shrine. Three and a half hours left in Asia, the markets come to us...and eight o'clock? Eight o'clock the whistle goes, the UK joins the fun...worship the Lord...

(Lights up on LORNA.)

LORNA. A teddy bear, honest! A big great soft mental teddy bear!

(Light fades on her.)

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DAVE. Four pints, four shorts, let all those numbers melt away. Ice-cold jet, Paco Rabanne, clap your hands. Restaurants? Couldn't give a toss, just cane your broker. Japanese? Tatsuso's. But chop sticks? I shit 'em. 'Fetch me spoon and fork, garcon.' That always fucks them up, a chink giving it large, see their faces... Smack some shells, bang on the Moet, I do believe we're sitting in reserved...and what about the birds. Don't come cheap, who cares, there is a history there, oh yeah...except now, now it's *happened* — what has? Fuck, don't panic...what, you've heard it all before? Have you? A man can make a change can't he? Make his own mind up. I have free will, I am self-made, evolution of the species - I WAS NOT PISSED! She looked... right in...(shakes his head). Silver service fit for kings. And all my mates are laughing.

(He sits down. Lights up on LORNA.)

LORNA. A teddy bear! That's right! And you're just being like that because you don't know him, I said, you've never even met him properly! The girls were going bananas now, totally over-the-top: 'He's just a city boy, City Boy Playboy, City Boy Playboy, why should he care about you? Because you might sing a bit or paint a bit, but don't for God sake give her any bit to drink.' What? 'You've think you've got you're very own champagne charlie there, Lorna. Your very own. *Till he moves on to the next one.* A champagne charlie *Chan* at that!' Is it worse he's rich or he's Chinese, tell me now. 'We're just your *friends* Lorn. You don't have to run out the house straight into a relationship, you know.' Run out the...! Jesus Christ, I've *got* something. At last. And I'm not gonna waste time. I can't. So go on. All of you. You can just FUCK OFF!

(She turns and sits with DAVE. This is his manor and he is charm itself. For her, it's like a first date.)

DAVE. All right?

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LORNA. Yeah.

DAVE. Like this gaff?

LORNA. Yeah. It's very posh, isn't it?

DAVE. Yeah, but do you like it?

LORNA. Yeah I do. Course I do.

DAVE. You know what they call this place?

LORNA. No.

DAVE. The Airport Lounge.

LORNA. Oh. Right. *(Beat.)* The ice-rink's good isn't it?

DAVE. You can have a go if you want.

LORNA. Oh no, you're OK, really, thanks.

DAVE. July August they get rid of all that. They have concerts. The classics. I recommend it.

LORNA. Really? *(Beat.)* How long have you been coming here?

DAVE. Oh. Years. Longer.

LORNA. How long have you been working in the city?

DAVE. Since 1901. How's your drink?

LORNA. It's great.

DAVE. It's all right?

LORNA. It's very nice. How's yours?

DAVE. It's all right. You don't mind me having a drink, do you?

LORNA. What?

DAVE. You know, in front of you...

LORNA. No, why should I?

DAVE. Well, I just thought...

LORNA. I don't mind at all.

(Beat.)

DAVE. Have I just made a prat of myself?

LORNA. No, no way. *(Beat.)* No...

(Beat.)

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LORNA. I didn't mean to pry, you know. About, whatever. I'm not like that.

DAVE. That's fine.

LORNA. What's yours is yours, Dave. I understand that.

DAVE. I know.

LORNA. I mean it. I'm the exact same. I want to tell you this...I came to London because I had to, you know?

DAVE. Did you?

LORNA. It was that or go totally right off the wall. My house was mental, pure mental. Full of shite and everything horrible.

DAVE. (*Grins.*) Well I can't top that. (*Shrugs.*) My old man came here first generation, lab technician at the local hospital. He's fifty eight years old now, he's a lab technician at the local hospital. My mum's my mum, my little brother's...small. I left, I haven't been back.

LORNA. Where do they live, far away?

DAVE. Dartford.

LORNA. Where's that?

DAVE. Far enough.

LORNA. Don't you miss them at all ever?

DAVE. Eh?

LORNA. I mean...what was it like there?

DAVE. Awesome. Words do not do the gaff justice.

LORNA. Really?

DAVE. Unforgettable. 'Course my dad was, you know, 'made in Hong Kong.' Dented my chances a bit. I smacked the history teacher in the gob when I was sixteen put an end to them all together.

LORNA. Oh no...

DAVE. No it's all right, he was fine. He was a black belt.

LORNA. Are you winding me up?

DAVE. No.

LORNA. What about your mum?

DAVE. My mum? Oh my mum's a mute.

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(Beat.)

LORNA. You *are* winding me up.

DAVE. *(Laughing.)* You're good.

LORNA. You're not telling me anything!

DAVE. I'm telling you everything. You look lovely.

LORNA. Don't say that.

DAVE. Yes. Lovely. *(They stare at each other.)* Do you want another?

LORNA. It's OK. I haven't finished this one yet.

DAVE. You sure you're all right?

LORNA. Yeah, no, you go ahead though.

DAVE. No, no. I'll just...

(Silence.)

LORNA. Can I ask you another question?

DAVE. Christ, I thought you said you didn't pry.

LORNA. I know. I'm terrible.

DAVE. Hit me.

LORNA. Aren't you a wee bit scared, you know, like you and me, considering everything?

DAVE. Like what?

LORNA. Well, I don't know. There's a lot to think about, isn't there?

DAVE. Is there?

LORNA. I mean the past and that.

DAVE. The what?

LORNA. No just, what's gone on before.

Dave. What has gone on before?

LORNA. I just want to get it out the way.

DAVE. Are you after a CV of some sort?

LORNA. That's not it at all!

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DAVE. Oh, OK. So why did I nearly get married?

LORNA. NO!

DAVE. Well it's the same as you and your mates.

LORNA. What are you talking about?

DAVE. Didn't we both have our eyes shut?

LORNA. I told them where to go.

DAVE. I walked straight out of a church.

LORNA. Were your mum and dad and brother there?

(They stare at each other.)

DAVE. So in answer to the question, scared, no. Your turn.

LORNA. What...?

DAVE. Are you scared?

LORNA. Oh God yeah!

DAVE. How scared?

LORNA. I don't know. I think I must need a check-up, Doctor.

DAVE. Now you're talking. *(They smile at each other.)* How's your drink now?

LORNA. All gone.

DAVE. Great. Right. *(Clicks his fingers.)* I've got something to ask you.

LORNA. Oh yeah? *(Clicks her fingers back.)* What?

DAVE. Yeah and I don't know how to put it.

LORNA. Well, what is it?

DAVE. This isn't easy.

LORNA. OK...

DAVE. You don't have to answer straight off the bat.

LORNA. No, OK, that's OK...

DAVE. I don't...I don't think I can...

LORNA. No, go on...

DAVE. Erm...

LORNA. Yeah...

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(Beat.)

DAVE. Have you ever... been down the dogs?

(Sound of dogs barking. Lights change.)

DAVE. *(Turning and standing out front.)* Oh yes, you bow-wows. Oh yes. Wink wink, nudge nudge, I think we know the form, I think we've studied the book...Bin it. The luck of the lady shall prevail. My man arrives, he takes his place...and Here They Come: Ladies and Gentlemen. This is the fifth race. It's a grade A3 and it's a five-five-five metres flat... My man is waiting, the clock is ticking...Trap One, She's A Princess, owned by Mr.D.Kerridge and trained by Ken Tester. Trap Two, Tricky Dicky, owned by the RBG Boys Syndicate, the trainer there, Alf Ellis. Trap Three, Love A Duck. Owner — Yes, I can see it's having a shit, Derek...My man is waiting...Yes, it's certainly carrying less weight, Dezza. Eight to one, I'm sure you'll make a packet... Two minutes...my man looks up...get to him, get to him, got to him. Super quiet: 'A grand. Top dog.' Look round, up there...there she is...she's in the window...that's my baby that is...her tip, yeah...for a split second I can't hear the ring, I don't hear a thing, it's just her looking at me, me looking back at her...one minute to race...

LORNA. *(Standing up on bench.)* What a laugh! Staring at a load of ever-changing numbers, getting a vibe off of them and then storming the bookies with Dave and his mates down the front! After the first few, coming up and getting our table, all white table cloths and brilliant service, but that won't stop them...up and down every twenty minutes, Midget grabbing the peanuts for luck, food arriving all the while and me sucking on my straw making predictions and holding the fort...And even then they're going 'Here sweetheart, have a go on the tote, go on, have a go on a trio all ways, just for fun, while I go and see a man about a dog'...I suck on my straw and the weeks fly by...sometimes there's other

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girls, they're OK and I'm getting better and better...what a brilliant view from that restaurant, I can see Dave's head in the crowd...

DAVE. Lights down, hare is running...and they're off! GO ON YOU CUNT, GO ON! And with a jump it's two three and six, level neck, level neck as they break into the first, wide runner number four, well back, beginning to straighten up now, two and three take up the lead far corner, it's two and three level neck in the back straight, clear water far side, it's two and three as one moves up and in with three drops back, they're in behind, it's one now, picking up lively, coming round the near side as they straighten up push for home, it's now one and three going past two, it's one and three, one and three, it's one from three! At the finish, one from three at three to one, YOUR BIRD'S A CRYSTAL BALL! *(They both yell with delight.)* Now then, where's my man, my man, my - oh there's my man, skulking round the back of the Jack Humphreys stand like he doesn't even count. Mullered! Three grand plus the stake. The Lady Wins Again. The lady...All this my darling, all this, this little corner of the world, I present it to you...Yours!

LORNA. Mine! Mine. Oh God...

DAVE. *(Pacing round her.)* They're good that lot aren't they?

LORNA. They're great.

DAVE. You were unbelievable tonight. Never seen such luck.

LORNA. I know!

DAVE. Derek's had to chuck himself in a tent, switch on the oxygen.

LORNA. Shut up!

DAVE. You've near enough killed him!

LORNA. Oh no...

DAVE. Did you say goodnight to Midget?

LORNA. Aye I did.

DAVE. Man's mortified.

LORNA. He's not!

DAVE. Utterly fucking mortified. And what's that bird he's with?

LORNA. She's nice.

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DAVE. She's seven foot tall.

LORNA. She's not!

DAVE. Seven foot tall, pissed out her nut.

LORNA. She was OK.

DAVE. OK? OK? That is a Walking Talking Tree trunk!

LORNA. You are terrible!

(He goes up to her.)

DAVE. You ain't half gorgeous.

LORNA. Thank you kind sir.

DAVE. What a head for the odds.

LORNA. Luck of the lady, wasn't it?

DAVE. Tough as nails...*(He picks up from bench, they kiss)*...What is that?

LORNA. 'Allure'.

DAVE. That scent?

LORNA. 'Allure.'

DAVE. 'Allure'?

LORNA. Can't you tell?

DAVE. Unbelievable. Four races on the trot, two forecasts and you come back and did a trio on the tote. You should work for us, Lorn.

LORNA. Dave!

DAVE. I'm telling you, talent like that...

LORNA. No fucking way!

DAVE. Not bad for a jock on the wagon.

LORNA. You're not bad yourself, for a chink in a suit.

DAVE. Ooh yeah?

(They stare at each other. LORAN quickly kisses him.)

DAVE. That is new though isn't it?

LORNA. What's that?

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DAVE. That *allure*. I haven't encountered it before have I?

LORNA. Have you not?

DAVE. I put my hands up.

LORNA. Big hands...

DAVE. Seriously, tell me.

LORNA. Dave...

DAVE. Tell me.

LORNA. (*Laughing.*) Yeah OK it's new. *Ish*. Why do you want some?

DAVE. Who's asking?

LORNA. Don't you like it?

DAVE. I dunno...

LORNA. Choose your words carefully, Mr. Li, I'm warning you.

DAVE. Errr...

LORNA. And?

DAVE. Don't rush me, I'm choosing my words.

LORNA. Dave...

Dave. My darling. That. Is mingin'.

(*Beat.*)

LORNA. Well, why go round the houses, eh? Your face...

DAVE. What?

LORNA. Did that, did that get under your skin or something?

DAVE. Under my skin...

LORNA. It did, didn't it?

DAVE. I'm sure I don't know what you're on about.

LORNA. You know what I'm on about.

DAVE. What?

LORNA. *Dave*.

DAVE. Well sorry, but a moment ago someone here was quoting out the ice age.

LORNA. What's got into you?

DAVE. What? Is this, wait a minute...am I your *first*...?

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LORNA. You did not just say that.

DAVE. No, You Do Not Have The Right...

LORNA. Listen Dave...

DAVE. Understand?

LORNA. No sure but -

DAVE. Besides which, have a decent butchers, just tell me where my mum's from.

LORNA. Dave...

DAVE. Because it's not Peking. She won't even drink the tea.

LORNA. Listen...

DAVE. Not to mention and only to fucking top it all, this... is not simply a suit. OK? It has not just waltzed off the fucking peg. *This...* is a Paul Smith. The rare and rather extremely-fucking-limited Special Collection.

(Pause.)

LORNA. I didn't know. I'm sorry.

DAVE. Just slipped out?

LORNA. No really. I didn't.

DAVE. Well...sure.

LORNA. I mean it.

DAVE. All right.

LORNA. God, Dave, I had no idea...

DAVE. All right, Lorn, OK. It's just, you know, twenty-first-century-boy and all that, fair enough but...*(He sighs.)*

LORNA. No, Dave. Listen. I'll never say that again.

DAVE. *(Sighs.)* OK.

LORNA. It's just...I thought, you know...I just thought it was...well...any old crap suit.

(They stare at each other.)

SUN IS SHINING

DAVE. Respect.

LORNA. You could say, a *chink* in your armour, big man.

DAVE. (*Slowly grinning.*) You...hardnut.

LORNA. I'm from Scotland. I know you've noticed. 'Jock'. Cuts both fucking ways.

DAVE. Lorna...

LORNA. Think I never got any shit for it? Think again, pal.

DAVE. I never said you didn't.

LORNA. Plenty of times. Walk in a pub, in a queue...Christ, the English. So up tight. And now I've given up the drink. My own way. Well, that's *me*, what *I* do. So don't you go taking the piss!

DAVE. OK.

LORNA. Have you got it?

DAVE. Loud and clear.

LORNA. Have you?

(*They stare at each other.*)

DAVE. There is a difference, Lorn. Between us... (*Gently taps his cheek.*) Makes all the difference to some people. That's all.

(*LORNA plonks herself down end of bench, looks away.*)

DAVE. Lorn. (*Beat.*) Here. You'll like this one. (*He sits.*) When I first went off to school, they took me down the shop. It was a toss-up. Black loafers or black Clarkes Attackers. I chose...the loafers. My mum goes, That looks nice. My dad goes, I am proud. I had on my new uniform, the brand new loafers on my feet. When I arrived on the first day, I looked round. Nice. A vast great sea of Clarke's Attackers. Not one single pair of loafers at all. Because obviously, of course, you had to be fucking thick not to know, Clarkes Attackers...*were proper clobber*. I heard the laughing, the people. I looked at the floor. Managed to look at it all the way over to my games locker. Was trembling the key in the lock

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just to hide my shoes. And then...it dawned on me. They weren't laughing because I hadn't got on Clarke's Attackers. Though I freely admit that was never a *good* thing. No. They were laughing because...I mean the irony is, chinks *are* laughable. Aren't they? Let's all have a fucking great laugh is my motto.

LORNA. What?

(Silence.)

DAVE. I blew my top.

LORNA. So you did, yeah.

(Silence.)

DAVE. I was just saying...when I was young. *(Silence.)* You know where I go every day now though. Don't you. To this room. Talk about a view. Where the colour of Daddy's skin...

(He goes to touch her.)

LORNA. I'd love to meet him, you know.

DAVE. Who?

LORNA. Daddy. I'd like to see him.

DAVE. You bloody wouldn't.

LORNA. This is why you can't stand him...

DAVE. I've said nothing to suggest...

LORNA. All this stuff -

DAVE. Oih.

(Silence.)

LORNA. *(Gently.)* I bet he's real proud of you. I know mine would be.

SUN IS SHINING

DAVE. I expect he's jumping for joy. His boy is rich.

LORNA. And he is.

DAVE. Yeah, well, the Chinese love all that. (So fucking Jewish.)

LORNA. The Scots are the same, I can assure you.

DAVE. Nah nah nah, Chinese kids owe their parents. Regardless.

LORNA. That's the same everywhere.

DAVE. Not if your dad's my dad. I mean he's not gonna let it slip in public. God forbid you're out with the bloke, he'd sooner keel over than let you look at the bill. But underneath...send it home on a regular basis. Or else.

LORNA. Oh...

DAVE. And he can whistle for the lot. Because of course, *I* say, in my opinion, The Service Provided Has Not Really Been Up To Par. And I say, Who Do You Think You're Dealing With. And I say...*I* say....I want to speak to the *manager*....

(He bows his head. Beat. He looks back up.)

DAVE. Your dad's a bit special though isn't he?

LORNA. Smashing.

DAVE. Is he?

LORNA. Oh aye. One of the best.

DAVE. You're a lucky girl, Lorn.

LORNA. Oh aye, yeah.

DAVE. Do you see him much, when you go back?

LORNA. When I go back? *(Shrugs.)* I visit his grave. Give him some flowers.

DAVE. Oh.

LORNA. They seem to go down OK. We still have our wee chats and so far I've not had any real complaints.

DAVE. Oh darling...

LORNA. Dave, really it doesn't...

DAVE. I'm such an asshole.

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LORNA. No. It was years ago now.

(She hugs him.)

DAVE. Bollocks. I love allure.

LORNA. Oh, you romantic fool.

DAVE. I think I fancy you, you know.

LORNA. I fancy a hot bath.

DAVE. What a head for the odds...

LORNA. Does that mean something, that?

DAVE. No. It means...I know I fancy you.

LORNA. Yeah, well, I know I really fancy a hot —

DAVE. Lorna. *(Beat.)* I've never felt these feelings in me before...it's

...

LORNA. I know.

(They look at each other.)

DAVE. I've *got* to see your painting.

LORNA. Not till it's done and ready.

DAVE. When will that be?

LORNA. When the time's right.

DAVE. But when will that *be*?

LORNA. I'm here Dave. With *you*. Now.

(Beat.)

DAVE. Right. *(Beat.)* So when would you like to move in?

LORNA. Sorry?

DAVE. I mean...when would be convenient?

(They stare at each other. She gets up abruptly, walks out front.)

SUN IS SHINING

DAVE. You all right Lorna?

(Beat.)

LORNA. Look.

DAVE. Eh?

LORNA. Look you daft twat. Just look.

(They look out.)

LORNA. And?

DAVE. Yeah.

LORNA. Yeah what?

DAVE. *(Getting up.)* Yeah I go for that. Shall we do this in the car?

LORNA. Look where you are. London Town. Spread out before you. Twinkling. Can you feel it?

(Beat.)

DAVE. Is this a test?

(Beat.)

LORNA. When I first came down from Scotland, this guy took me up here to see it all.

DAVE. Oh yeah?

LORNA. Not like that.

DAVE. Oh no?

LORNA. No. God! He was an American.

DAVE. An American?

LORNA. Yeah.

DAVE. From America?

LORNA. Yeah.

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DAVE. I don't believe it.

LORNA. Nice bloke. Said he came from Nantucket. I was wasted that night. Just shows. I still felt it.

DAVE. Shows something all right.

LORNA. A&R guy. In the music biz. Heavily into A&R, he was. He was all into whether-it-was-happening-or-not. Whatever 'it' was. Said I could do very well, if I wanted to.

DAVE. Christ I didn't know that.

LORNA. Said he could talk to some people. It was up to me.

DAVE. What d'you do?

LORNA. I thought about it. And I thought about it. Then I ran away down this path there and honked my guts out at the bottom of it. *(Beat.)* I suppose I realised I wasn't quite ready to, you know... 'happen'. *(She looks at him, smiles quickly, then looks out again.)* That's Canary Wharf, can you see it? There, with it's landing light...look it's flashing away...and that crane, under that, that's where St. Paul's is...and there...look...look, Dave!

DAVE. Oh yeah. The London Eye.

LORNA. The London Eye. The *Wheel*. That's thirty-two pods of glass, all going round. It's amazing. And I don't mean the Government and their bloody rubbish crap about the New Millenium. Crap! Who do they think we are? We're humans. We're all of us a hundred percent living breathing human beings! *(Beat.)* Are you cold?

DAVE. No.

LORNA. Are you OK?

DAVE. Perfect, sweetheart. Perfect.

LORNA. It's a bit squelchy, isn't it?

DAVE. It's all right...

(She takes his hand.)

LORNA. Can you feel it then?

DAVE. Definitely getting something.

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LORNA. So what is it?

DAVE. Come on. We've got a car waiting.

LORNA. So?

DAVE. I knew you were trouble from the first minute..

LORNA. You were pissed from the first minute. *(She runs to side of stage.)* OIH, YOU, LIMO-MAN!

DAVE. Lorna!

LORNA. LIMO-MAN! OIH, MR. LIMO-MAN! CAN YOU HEAR ME? Do you think he can hear me?

DAVE. Jesus Christ.

LORNA. OIH THERE! MR. LIMO-MAN! JUST KEEP HER RUNNIN' OK! *(Beat, afterthought.)* PLEASE!!

DAVE. Bloody Nora.

LORNA. Do you think he heard?

DAVE. Fair chance.

LORNA. Oh good.

(They look out. Pause.)

LORNA. HELLO WHEEL!

DAVE. Christ...

LORNA. BEAUTIFUL, ROUND, LOVELY... WHEEL! HELLO!!

(Beat.)

DAVE. Do you think it heard?

LORNA. Definitely. *(She kisses him on the cheek.)* There. That's for you.

DAVE. Oh cheers.

LORNA. Because it's now.

DAVE. Come again?

LORNA. The answer to your question. 'Now'.

DAVE. Hold on... 'Now?'

SUN IS SHINING

LORNA. Yes. Now.

(Beat.)

Dave. *(Turning out front.)* Hello Wheel...ALL RIGHT SON!!

(Lights down on him.)

LORNA. So we got all my bits round and my painting with sheets over in case he saw and I put everything in the spare room which was empty anyway except for his Fifa 2005 still waiting never-to- be-rigged-up, I had all my materials there so I could work and that was that. The place was right flash on the outside, but pretty bloody empty on the in, really. You'd have thought that told it's own story, eh? No family pictures. Nothing of his mum and dad or brother or anything. Of course, nothing a bit Chinese. Nothing there but one of them huge plasma screen TVs and a digital box and two beautiful leather chairs. And an endless, empty, pear-wood floor. I mean Dave, he'd never ever lived with anyone since he left home, not even that posh society girl can you believe it he was supposed to marry, whatever she was called...

(Lights up on DAVE.)

DAVE. Don't ask me. I can't even remember her face.

(Lights fade on him.)

LORNA. ...and normally it *would* be soon wouldn't it? This living together business. I even said to him, 'Are you on the run, pal?' And he looked at me very odd, like I'd said something, the most painful thing I could think of. But the thing of it was, it was true.

(Lights down on her, up on DAVE.)

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DAVE. Well they're all there giving me grief, Terry's giving it he's got the timer on, Derek's giggling like a cunt and Midget's the worst since he bought a three-piece Armani specially for that church - my condolences - says I still owe him plus interest and 'Maybe this bird seems all right but the end of the day they're only after one thing, Your Gold Bars, mate' - the one thing she doesn't give a toss about. Mugs! 'My bird's an artist.' 'Yeah. Piss-artist', goes Midget. 'Ex-piss artist, cowboy, which is more than I can say for Big Bird.' 'How dare you!' goes Midget. 'Anyway. You're never gonna change Li-boy. However much you go on. I dunno what you're trying to prove.' 'Oh? Is that right? Well I'll tell you what I am gonna do. I'll tell you. I'm gonna spoil her rotten.'

(Lights down on him, up on LORNA, back turned, in a cone of light. DAVE steps into the light beside her.)

LORNA. I can't.

DAVE. Why not?

LORNA. Because I can't.

DAVE. But it's great.

LORNA. I can't do it.

DAVE. You look great.

LORNA. Yeah and you've said that.

DAVE. Think I'm lying? I love it.

LORNA. You *are* lying.

DAVE. I'm not. I love it. I'm in love with it.

LORNA. Christ, I've got to get out of here.

DAVE. Lorn, you look absolutely fantastic.

LORNA. Please fuck off with that bollocks.

DAVE. All ready for a nice... sexy... slinky little dip.

LORNA. Now I *know* I've got to get out of here.

DAVE. Will you please look at how nice you look!

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