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SF PERUSALS

HAUNTING JULIA

by Alan Ayckbourn

SAMUEL FRENCH

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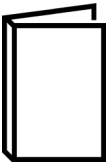
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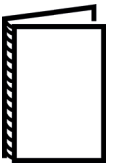
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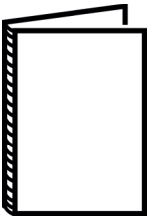
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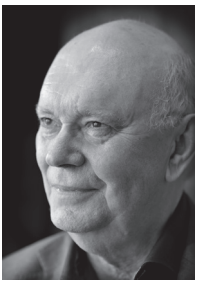
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ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Alan Ayckbourn has worked in theatre as a playwright and director for over fifty years, rarely if ever tempted by television or film, which perhaps explains why he continues to be so prolific. To date he has written more than eighty plays, many one act plays and a large amount of work for the younger audience. His work has been translated into over thirty-five languages, is performed on stage and television throughout the world and has won countless awards.

Major successes include: *Relatively Speaking, How the Other Half Loves, Absurd Person Singular, Bedroom Farce, A Chorus of Disapproval,* and *The Norman Conquests.* In recent years, there have been revivals of *Season's Greetings* and *A Small Family Business* at the National Theatre; in the West End *Absent Friends*, *A Chorus of Disapproval*, *Relatively Speaking* and *How the Other Half Loves*; and at Chichester Festival Theatre, major revivals of *Way Upstream* in 2015, and *The Norman Conquests* in 2017.

Artistic Director of the Stephen Joseph theatre from 1972–2009, where almost all his plays have been first staged, he continues to direct his latest new work there. He has been inducted into American Theater's Hall of Fame, received the 2010 Critics' Circle Award for Services to the Arts and became the first British playwright to receive both Olivier and Tony Special Lifetime Achievement Awards. He was knighted in 1997 for services to the theatre.

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FIRST PERFORMANCE INFO

HAUNTING JULIA

The World premiere took place on 20 April 1994 at the Stephen Joseph Theatre, Scarborough

With the following cast:

JOE . . . . . Ian Hogg
ANDY . . . . . Damien Goodwin
KEN . . . . . Adrian McLoughlin
VOICE OF JULIA . . . . . Cathy Sara

Director: Alan Ayckbourn
Design: Jan Bee Brown
Lighting: Jackie Staines
Music: John Pattison

Stage Manager: Jane Eliot-Webb
Deputy Stage Manager: Jo Alexander
Assistant Stage Manager: Emma Gordon

CHARACTERS

JOE – a man in his sixties
ANDY – a man in his thirties
KEN – a man in his forties
JULIA – her voice

SETTING

A room in the Julia Lukin Music Centre

TIME

ACT I: One Sunday afternoon in November
ACT II: A moment earlier

AUTHOR'S NOTE

It is the author's preference that this play be presented in one act. However, appreciating that intervals are often deemed necessary for various reasons, if the play is to be presented in two acts, the interval should come at the point marked in the script.

ACT I

Sunday afternoon. 3.00 pm. November.

A room in the Julia Lukin Centre. The centre is one of those walk round 'living' experiences, created to commemorate historical people or past events either factual or fictional. In this case as a homage to a factual person. The room in question is a student's attic bedroom. Typical in many ways apart from an unnatural tidiness. From what we can see, we glean the following:

The occupant in question was a **WOMAN**, *though there are few obvious signs to indicate this. A neatly made bed with a clean white counterpane. An easy chair. Bookshelves. A chest of drawers, cupboard, etc. A small writing table upon which is some manuscript paper and pencils rather artistically laid out. A half finished mug of 'cocoa'. Bare boards with the occasional rug. Rather depressing wallpaper. One window looking out on to a back alley. Bleakly lit. A work room rather than a home, indicating someone with few or no personal items of sentimental value apart from one rather battered teddy bear on the bed.*

The door to the room itself is ajar, neither fully closed nor fully opened, it is all arranged to look as though the occupant has slipped out for a few moments but will return at any second. But for all this the overall impression is of a carefully arranged stage set dressed with an orderly clutter. In fact on the other side of the door is a solid brick wall. The original entrance to the room has been blocked off.

At the other end of the room from the door is a carpeted section cordoned off by some ornamental rope, forming a narrow corridor. This has been created by knocking down the adjoining wall through to the next door house. It is from here that the visitor to the centre is able to view the room, entering via a newly created archway.

In this section there is a free-standing pedestal fixed to the floor. Mounted on this is a large red button which, when pressed, operates the pre-recorded spoken commentary about the room.

At the start, **ANDY**, *a man in his early thirties is standing behind the ropes, staring at the room. He is in his street clothes which suggest that it's a cold day outside and a not much warmer one inside. Smart but not expensive clothes. He's made a bit of an effort.*

He stands for a long time without moving.

ANDY *(at length)* My God. *(He shakes his head)*

He presses the red button. Through the overhead speakers, a young **WOMAN***'s voice is heard. He looks up, startled for a second, then listens.*

WOMAN Finally, this is the place where I spent most of my time while I was at college here. The house was then a student residence and this was my room when I was at the university, as a result of winning my music scholarship. It was a considerable change after my home in Otley, West Yorkshire, I can tell you. Quite modest, isn't it? I wonder what Mozart would have made of it! Amazing to think that it was at that small table which you can see there that I wrote over thirty of my hundred plus compositions including my three string quartets, an unfinished symphony for orchestra and solo wind instruments, and two of the three movements from my very popular Ridings Suite. All in pencil with not a piano in sight, mark you. Just me and Emily – that's my favourite teddy bear sitting on the bed there...

JOE, *a man in his sixties, comes in through the archway. He stops as he hears the commentary and stands listening reverently.* **ANDY** *becomes aware of him and makes to speak but* **JOE** *holds up his hand and they continue to listen in silence.*

I always preferred to work straight on to the manuscript, often working till three or four o'clock in the morning while the ideas were still fresh and buzzing around in my brain – and besides, if you'd ever heard my piano playing you'd know why. I lived here for nearly eighteen months, seeing the occasional visitor or rushing off for lectures or a tutorial but, in between, mostly just doing what I loved best of all, sitting here with my head full of music, writing away for dear life – I suppose that's what I lived for, really. My music.

A brief silence on the recording. Then: –.

MAN It was in this same room that on Tuesday, February 16th 1982, at the age of 19, Julia Lukin was found dead. The victim of an overdose of alcohol and drugs – the tragic end to a brief but brilliant life. We can only be thankful that her music lives on after her…

A moment's silence.

JOE I wrote that.

ANDY Very good.

JOE With a bit of help. Done it well, haven't they?

ANDY It's really good. Quite moving. Very like her voice.

JOE Yes, well, get it right. Might as well get it right. They got hold of this actress. I played her some home recordings. She picked it up like that. Clever. She could do anyone. Bette Davis, Meryl Streep, Mrs Thatcher… The firm that did this – they use her all the time. They recommended her… She's just done Boadicea for them… Big exhibition near Colchester. She never stops apparently…

ANDY Who were the firm?

JOE *(vaguely)* Oh these – these people from – er... I forget their name now. They're experts. They do masses of it. They're doing it everywhere. Living experiences, interactive exhibition centres, they're the thing these days, you know.

ANDY Oh, I know, yes. We –

JOE In my day, you know, we'd go to a museum, as kids, we'd be expected just to stand there looking at the cases. If you were lucky they sometimes gave you a handle you could wind, make it move a bit but that was your lot. Nothing more. Just shut up, keep moving and take your sticky fingers off the glass. Blokes in blue peak caps, you know, clip you round the ear soon as look at you just to pass the time. Not nowadays. In some of these places these days, you know, they practically jump out and talk to you personally. Well, they do. In the States, you know, when Dolly and I went last year – last holiday we had before she died – where was it we went? – Montana, Alabama, I forget now – this Red Indian Chief comes up – not a real one – turns round to Dolly and starts talking to her. Hallo, paleface squaw and so on. Gave Dolly a turn. He'd been standing that still till then, you know, she thought he was stuffed. You know, like a waxwork. Jumped out of her skin. *(He laughs)* So you think it's alright? What I've done here?

ANDY I think it's great.

JOE I mean you don't think I've gone over? Sentimental, you know?

ANDY No, not really.

JOE Only I know when we were planning it, you know, Dolly said to me for God's sake, I know you, don't get sentimental. You'll have them all crying before they're halfway round, asking for their money back...

ANDY It's fine.

JOE I mean, I think it should be moving, I think it should move you...

ANDY It does.

JOE So long as it's not sentimental.

ANDY It's not. Not at all.

JOE You reckon Dolly would have approved, then?

ANDY I'm sure she would.

JOE I only wish she'd lived to see it. This is Julia's very room, you know.

ANDY I know. I remember.

JOE The actual one. I bought this house and the two on either side. And then we knocked through there, you see. Just where we came in.

ANDY Yes, I see.

JOE To make a little – like – a viewing area.

ANDY Very effective.

JOE I mean we could have made the main entrance through her actual door as it used to be – that door there – but then I didn't think that would be so dramatic. Also we had a bit of bother with the safety officer at this level, up at attic level, it was apparently alright ten years ago for students to burn to death, but not your general public. But anyway, mostly, I wanted it to be dramatic.

ANDY Quite.

JOE They have to be dramatic, these things. Not, you know excessive, but dramatic. But this way, you see, I think – well, she could be coming through that door any time. Julia. Couldn't she?

ANDY Yes.

JOE Don't you think?

ANDY Oh, yes.

JOE You know the way it is, half open, half shut, in your mind's eye, you can practically see her, can't you...?

ANDY *(rather uneasily)* Yes.

JOE I can...

ANDY *(gently)* She's been dead twelve years, Joe.

JOE I don't need reminding.

ANDY She isn't going to come through that door, is she?

JOE No. She's not, I know. Anyway, it's solid brick the other side of that. We had to put a new wall in. Need a bulldozer to get in that way. Still, in your mind's eye...you know. You can't help imagining, can you?

ANDY Well.

Pause.

JOE Anyway. What do you make of the place? What you've seen?

ANDY *(tactfully)* I think you've done an amazing job. It's most impressive.

JOE Two rehearsal rooms, six practise rooms. A lecture theatre. Offices, canteen. Everything you want. The Julia Lukin Centre. Dream come true, this.

ANDY Yes.

JOE All done properly. Everything's acoustic, you know.

ANDY I could see that.

JOE I appreciate you coming over to see me today, I really do. You and Kay and the kids.

ANDY That's OK.

JOE Giving up your Sunday.

ANDY No problem. Delicious lunch...

JOE Sorry they couldn't all come along with us to have a look. But I wanted you to see it on your own. That didn't cause embarrassment, did it? Only I sensed a bit of awkwardness. I didn't mean to make it awkward between you and Kay.

ANDY *(awkwardly)* No, that was fine. As you saw, the kids are a bit snuffly, anyway – well, Simeon is. I think Naomi's over it now, at last. And I don't think Kay would really have wanted to come here, anyway.

JOE It wouldn't have upset her, would it? Coming over here?

ANDY Er...well, it might have. Just a little bit.

JOE Whatever for? You mean because of Julia?

ANDY Well...

JOE When you were with Julia, you didn't even know Kay, did you?

ANDY Barely, no.

JOE What do you mean, barely? Not at all you didn't.

ANDY No.

JOE Well then. How are you both, anyway? In yourselves? Alright?

ANDY Oh, yes.

JOE The youngsters are growing. Especially Naomi. Young woman now. Very nearly.

ANDY She's only eight.

JOE Ah well, these days. Don't mind me saying but Kay's looking a bit tired. I thought.

ANDY Yes?

JOE Bit drawn, you know. Sharp in her manner. Sharp with the kids. Don't let her get like that with them... No way to treat kids, shouting at them, you know...

ANDY No, well, she's not usually... I think they sometimes get a bit on her nerves – it's understandable – she's working very hard at the moment.

JOE I'm sorry, that's never an excuse. In my book, you have kids you make time for them. Whatever it costs. You make the

time. Because you know what they say, you'll never make it up later.

ANDY I'm home quite a bit, you know... In the school holidays. I'm with them quite a lot...

JOE They need a mother, as well. Take my tip, you tell her to take some time off work. Alright?

ANDY She's an air traffic controller, Joe. She can't take time off just like that.

JOE When we were expecting Julia. Long before we knew she'd – turn out like she did, I said to Dolly, right that's it. Home for you. Next fifteen years. Home. No argument either.

ANDY No, I can imagine.

JOE Never did argue, Dolly and me. Never in thirty-two years. Not many can say that. Mind you, I tried on one or two occasions. You know, to start a row with her. Just for devilment. But she never would, Dolly. Amazing temperament, like that. Just sat quietly, let it flow over her. Or, you know, if things got really bad, just walked quietly out of the room. *(Reflecting)* I can't have been the easiest person to live with sometimes, I suppose.

ANDY She put up with you, anyway.

JOE Yes, well, I think I saw her right. You know it occurred to me earlier, watching those youngsters of yours tearing round the house...

ANDY I'm sorry, were they –?

JOE No, no, no. What I'm saying is – if things had been different – if Julia hadn't – you know, gone when she did. You two might have carried on. You and her. Those kids could have been hers. Who knows?

ANDY Yes. I suppose that's possible.

JOE Now Dolly's gone, it sort of brings it home to you. I mean, she and I, we'll have left nothing behind us at all, will we? Not a solitary thing.

ANDY Julia did, though. She left us her music. And she was part of you both. Think of it that way.

JOE You know, sometimes, just between these walls, I think that's the only thing that keeps me sane, Andy, you know.

ANDY Shouldn't we be getting back? I expect this bloke downstairs wants to shut up and go home, doesn't he?

JOE No, I sent him off. I said I'd lock up. Listen. Before you go. There's something else, I wanted to... I wanted you to hear.

ANDY What is it?

JOE It's just a tape, it's...something I've not played to anyone. I – anyway, listen for yourself...

ANDY Couldn't we hear it in the car, Joe, only –

JOE It won't take a second, I need your opinion, Andy. I'd value your opinion. Wait there.

ANDY It's just that I promised Kay and the kids that I'd be back in time for...

ANDY *tails away vainly.*

JOE *has gone off through the archway.*

JOE *(offstage)* Don't fret, they'll be alright. Mrs Henderson's making them tea, don't worry.

ANDY *(calling)* If it's anything like that lunch...

JOE *(offstage)* No, she doesn't believe in half portions, Mrs Henderson – She's from the right end of the country. Like me. Just a second.

ANDY *stands aimlessly for a second, sighs to himself and then steps over the rope and into the room itself for the first time.*

ANDY *(to himself)* God. It's freezing in here. It never used to be as cold as this.

He stops at the desk and looks at the manuscript on the desk. He laughs.

JOE *returns.*

JOE Right. Ready to go.

ANDY I didn't know she wrote *Greensleeves*.

JOE Eh?

ANDY *(indicating the manuscript)* This. It's the music for *Greensleeves*. I didn't know Julia wrote that.

JOE Oh, well. We're not putting the genuine item out. Not any more. Little buggers nick everything. Music, pens, pencils, india rubbers. Soon as your back's turned they're under that rope. I tell you, they'd have made off with that bloody bed if we hadn't screwed it down. I mean, I don't know what's happening these days, do you? Whole place has gone stark bonkers. You know in that village of ours, someone made off with a belisha beacon the other day. Ten foot tall with a damn orange ball. Chopped it down like a tree in the middle of the night.

ANDY Yes, it's a problem. I don't know how one tackles it.

JOE One shoots them, that's what one does.

ANDY Yes, well... That's a solution.

JOE That's my solution.

ANDY The trouble is we always end up shooting the wrong people, Joe. We're almost certain to miss the beacon stealer and hit the old lady who's looking for somewhere to cross the road.

JOE *(unable to follow this)* Well. Be that as it may. Listen to this. Are you ready? Now you recall the original commentary? The one you were listening to just now?

ANDY Yes.

JOE Well, that was a copy. A third copy from the original master. I replaced that two days ago. Now, before that have been two earlier versions. Both supposedly identical – both again taken from the master – but listen to this… Now, no one's heard this except you and me – Well, except Jack who let us in and he won't say anything to anyone, he's a miserable old sod. Anyway. Listen to this. You have to listen carefully, though, on this first one…

He presses the red button. The commentary starts up again.

WOMAN Finally, this is the place where I spent most of my time while I was at college here. The house was then a student residence and this was my room when I was at the university, as a result of winning my music scholarship.

ANDY *(after a second, over the commentary)* What are we listening for?

JOE Just a minute, just a minute.

They listen.

She is like her, isn't she? Very like Julia. Could be Julia. Not quite but close…

ANDY The only thing wrong is – I can't remember Julia ever talking as slowly as this.

JOE *(smiling)* No, you're right. Sixteen to the dozen, wasn't she? Dolly used to say that sometimes, if you'd had a conversation with Julia you needed a lie down for half an hour…

WOMAN *(continuing)* It was a considerable change after my home in Otley, West Yorkshire, I can tell you. Quite modest, isn't it? I wonder what Mozart would have made of it! Amazing to think that it was at that small table which you can see there that I wrote over thirty of my hundred plus compositions including my three string quartets, an unfinished symphony for orchestra and solo wind instruments, and two of the three movements from my very popular Ridings Suite. All

in pencil with not a piano in sight, mark you. Just me and Emily – that's my favourite teddy bear sitting on the bed there...

JOE *(at this point, over the continuing narration)* That's the third bloody teddy bear we've been through and all... The next person who tries it is in for a shock, I can tell you.

ANDY What have you done? Filled it with explosives?

JOE The next best thing. Hang on. It's coming up in a minute. Listen. You have to listen carefully...

They listen intently.

WOMAN *(continuing, meanwhile)* I always preferred to work straight on to the manuscript, often working till three or four o'clock in the morning while the ideas were still fresh and buzzing around in my brain – and besides if you'd ever heard my piano playing you'd know why.

Under the next, on the recording, faintly but quite distinctly, is the sound of a **WOMAN***'s laughter. It is not a happy laugh.*

I lived here for nearly eighteen months, seeing the occasional visitor or rushing off for lectures or a tutorial but, in between, mostly just doing what I loved best of all, sitting here with my head full of music, writing away for dear life – I suppose that's what I lived for, really. My music.

The tape stops.

JOE Could you hear it?

ANDY Laughter.

JOE Right.

ANDY Someone laughing.

JOE Not anyone laughing. Her laughing... Julia laughing...

ANDY Oh, come on...

JOE Julia laughing. It was Julia.

ANDY Be sensible...

JOE Who else was it, for God's sake?

ANDY Well... I don't know. Anyone. What about the woman who made the recording?

JOE What? You mean she came back later and had a laugh at it...?

ANDY No, but – maybe she had more than one go at it. Maybe she did an earlier take and she went wrong and she laughed and they did it again – only the original is still there.

JOE I checked. They said it was a professional digital recording. There's no way that could have happened. It was checked.

ANDY Well, they'd say that...

JOE Then why isn't it on the original? Tell me that. Why just on this particular copy?

ANDY Well, maybe it...maybe it happened afterwards. It's possible. We had trouble at school with our sound system. When we did Ruddigore. We kept picking up Classic FM.

JOE Listen to it, man. Does that in a month of Sundays sound like bloody Classic FM?

ANDY No, I'm not saying... All I'm saying is – there's an explanation... There must be.

JOE Alright. Wait there. Listen to this next one. Now, this only happened ten days ago. Wait there.

JOE *has gone out.* **ANDY** *shrugs and shakes his head. He wanders around the room. He reaches the bedside table.*

(offstage) Sit down if you want to. Just don't try to pick anything up.

ANDY, *who was about to do so, hastily moves his hand away. Suddenly he shivers, despite his overcoat. He looks*

towards the door of the room as if to detect the source of a draught. **JOE** *returns again.*

Now listen to this. This was the second replacement copy we put in. The second copy from the same master tape. I've started it later in. Listen to this.

JOE *presses the red button. The recording starts up in mid-sentence.*

WOMAN ...mostly just doing what I loved best of all, sitting here with my head full of music, writing away for dear life – I suppose that's what I lived for, really. My music.

A brief silence on the recording. Then quite distinctly, a **WOMAN***'s voice similar but not the same: –.*

(in a whisper, increasingly desperate) No...no...

MAN It was in this same room that on Tuesday, February 16th 1982, at the age of 19, Julia Lukin was found dead...

WOMAN *(in a whisper)* No...

MAN The victim of an overdose of alcohol and drugs – the tragic end to a brilliant life.

WOMAN *(in a whisper)* No...

MAN We can only be thankful that her music lives on after her...

WOMAN *(in a long, drawn out whisper)* Noooooo...

A pause.

ANDY *(a bit shaken)* Bloody hell.

JOE What's that then, Radio 1?

ANDY There must be an explanation. I mean, a real explanation. Not the sort of explanation you're thinking of. A technical one.

Pause.

There has to be.

Pause.

I mean. There does.

JOE Little Miss Mozart. That's what they used to call her, you know. The popular press. Little Miss Mozart…

ANDY I don't think it was a label she cared for very much.

JOE I never knew why she didn't. He was the best, wasn't he? Mozart? Top man. The gaffer. She should have been proud…

ANDY I think she felt the comparison was more on account of her age than her music. She might just as easily have been Little Miss Mendelssohn except none of those idiots would have been able to spell it.

JOE Little Miss Mendelssohn. No, it doesn't sound as good, does it? Anyway, I told her. She should have been proud. I mean, it would have been like me being called… I don't know… I don't think there's an equivalent in contract industrial fencing suppliers, but you know what I mean.

A silence.

ANDY *(quietly)* You have to give this up, Joe.

JOE Listen. We were neither of us that special, let's face it, Dolly and me. OK, so I've done pretty well in business and I've built it up from nothing and for a working class lad with a tenth of an education that's not bad going, but all the same. Ordinary. Essentially, ordinary people. If you'd crept into our house during the night and swapped us both for someone else, chances are no one would ever have noticed the difference…

ANDY Now, come on…

JOE Well, a little bit exaggerated but not a lot. But I'll tell you. Then something came along right out of the blue that did make us different. We produced Julia. God knows how. God knows where from. I'm three parts tone deaf and Dolly only liked flamenco. But suddenly there she was,

Little Miss Mozart. And suddenly we're different for the first time in our lives. Between us we've – made – Julia. Two or three years old, there she is, banging out tunes on toy xylophones and kiddies' keyboards – screaming every time we switched the radio on or tried to play the hi-fi. She couldn't listen to music as a baby, you know, she couldn't bear it.

ANDY Yes. You can understand that.

JOE We thought at first it was just our sort of music, you know, that upset her. Pop music, you know. But no, it was everything. Beethoven – Bach – even Mozart… Good music as well…

ANDY She told me once that when she was a kid, it was like… well, the equivalent of being blinded with light or colour. Like staring into the sun. Like giving a baby rich food. It actually made her feel sick…

JOE Well, later on we saw that, yes. But Dolly and I, at first, I don't mind saying we were a bit frightened. We reckoned she was, like, retarded. She often wouldn't speak. She was backward in reading and writing. The school said we don't know what we're going to do with her. She tried to bite the other kids and, as a result, she got bullied – then she wouldn't go to school at all. We were beside ourselves with worry. And then came all this music. From this tiny little girl. Music and more music. Like she was bursting with it. Scribbling it down – like it was something she badly needed to tell someone – in her own way, you know, to start with until she taught herself to write it properly – and we thought, well, this is all fine and good – but it's not going to get her very far in life, is it? – just sitting at home writing music all day – I mean, it was not even as if it were pop music – I mean, you can make a bit of money at that if you're lucky – but this was all, you know, cello sonatas and wind ensembles… And then this woman came to see us from the education people and she was a bit different, you could tell she was a cut above the others, and she says, you've certainly got a

problem here, Mr Lukin, and I said, you're telling us that? Tell us what we do about it. And she says, I'm sorry there's nothing you can do about a genius, I'm afraid, you just have to try and live with them. And suddenly it all made sense, you see. And she said to us, my advice to you, Mr and Mrs Lukin, is to try and enjoy Julia while you can. Because they come this way but once.

Pause.

And that's what we always tried to do. Enjoy her. There we were, living with a celebrity. They all came running. Newspapers, radio, film crews, TV commercials, Sunday supplements... Little Miss Mozart. *(Smiling)* Don't know who made that one up. It sort of stuck. There was one time we did this TV chat show. Live, you know. Early evening. Julia was, well, about six years old at the time. And they announced her and we brought her on, Dolly and me. I mean, we were just there for show, they didn't want to talk to us really. And the idea was, Julia was going to talk to the bloke first and then she was going away for the rest of the programme and sit in a dressing room on her own and write a piece of piano music there and then. Just a short bit. And at the end, they had this concert pianist on – famous bloke, forgotten his name – Giorgio, George? Something like that – and anyway, he was going to take what she'd written and play it for them, sight read it – as a sort of, you know, grand finale to the programme. Only I think this pianist, he was expecting something a bit simple seeing as she was only six years old. And he's not a very pleasant man, not at all, you know, superior, and I could tell Julia hadn't taken to him. And when she comes out again at the end, she's written, you know, about ten sides of manuscript – and I can see this bloke going, you know, bloody hellfire. And he starts to try to play it and there's sweat running down his dinner jacket and he's battling away there with all these – what do you call them? – sharps and flats and key changes – and he's – wooh – he's in a proper tangle. He

said after the programme was over, he said, bloody hell, he said, give me Stockhouse any day of the week.

They laugh.

Was it Stockhouse?

ANDY Stockhausen, I think.

JOE Stockhausen. That's the one.

ANDY But you enjoyed her. That's the point.

JOE Yes, I think we did.

ANDY Then don't you think it's time you let her go?

JOE No. Because if you want the truth, I don't think it's over. There are still questions about her – particularly about her death – the reason she died that haven't been answered.

ANDY The reason she died –

JOE Yes, I know – accidental overdose – we know all that. Girl genius who can't even follow the instructions on a bottle of pills... And it's a load of eyewash. Always has been, you know it. Cover up from start to finish...

ANDY The only thing they were covering up was suicide, Joe. The way they usually try to do. That's the probable alternative...

JOE That's even more ridiculous. The girl had everything to live for. She had her future like a – six lane motorway – stretching out in front of her. The reason you kill yourself is when you're facing a damn great brick wall. That's when you decide to kill yourself. When there's nowhere for you to go.

ANDY Who builds the wall, though? That's the point.

JOE Meaning she did?

ANDY Possibly.

JOE Bollocks.

ANDY *shrugs.*

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