Acting Edition

A History of Falling Things

by James Graham

SAMUEL FRENCH

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CHARACTERS

The minimum total cast requirement is six.

ROBIN

JACQUI

LESLEY – Robin's mum

REECE – Jacqui's dad

JIMMY – A courier

BOY

JOHN – Robin's psychologist (voice only)

AUTHOR'S NOTES

/ indicates that the next line of dialogue begins, overlapping

(speech in parentheses) indicates that the line is spoken internally/sotto voce

> Speech that is indented to the right of the page indicates that a character is addressing the audience directly.

(A **BOY** *stands, waiting. He wears kneepads, a cycling helmet, and a rucksack.)*

(A shoe falls from the sky and hits the **BOY** *on his head. The* **BOY** *looks around and sees the shoe on the floor. He picks it up. He looks up at the sky, then back at the shoe. He looks up at the sky, then back at the shoe. He looks up at the sky... He puts the shoe in his bag and leaves...)*

(A kitchen table. The **BOY** *goes and sits under it, replacing his cycling helmet with a saucepan. From his rucksack, he retrieves some books.)*

(The **BOY** *looks out from under the table, up towards the sky. He takes out a Walkman and puts on a pair of headphones, pressing play.)*

(Music.[*]*)*

(The **BOY** *opens a book and begins to read, all the time taking intervals to look out from the table, up toward the sky.)*

(Fade to black, as the music grows...)

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*(Lights up on the kitchen table – **ROBIN** is sat underneath it, scribbling in a notebook. A laptop nearby. As the music fades, he looks up to the sky, then carries on writing. He looks over what he's done.)*

ROBIN. *(Reading.)* "Will you play –..."

(Scribbles something out. Re-writes.)

"Can I play with you?" Pluto said.

As Mars and Venus shook their head.

"But why not," Pluto did say – no that's crap. (Say, may, way...play?) Play?

(Writing.) Pluto was... Pluto was sad.

"Why can't I play?

You let me join in yesterday." (Yes.)

"You aren't one of us," hissed Saturn

As the rest began their circling pattern

And no matter how much Pluto tried,

He just had to watch. Alone. Outsi–...

*(A beep from the computer. **ROBIN** leans over and checks it.)*

Oh. Hello. Where did you come from?

(Blackout.)

*(The voices of **ROBIN** and **JOHN**, talking over the phone.)*

JOHN. *(Offstage.)* Where are you now?

ROBIN. *(Offstage.)* What do you mean?

JOHN. *(Offstage.)* You know what I mean, Robin. Where are you speaking to me from? Are you under the table again?

ROBIN. *(Offstage.)* I… *(Sighs.)* …I'm moving around. I'm –

JOHN. *(Offstage.)* All right. All right. So, what's new? How are you doing?

ROBIN. *(Offstage.)* Nothing's… I've – there's – I'm never any different. John. Nothing changes.

Since yesterday, since the day before, since… well, since then, really.

JOHN. *(Offstage.)* But now you're a man.

ROBIN. *(Offstage.)* But hardly anything has changed. / That's my –

JOHN. *(Offstage.)* And whose fault is that?

ROBIN. *(Offstage.)* What?

JOHN. *(Offstage.)* And whose fault is that, Robin?

ROBIN. *(Offstage.)* I'm not finding this particularly helpful today, John.

JOHN. *(Offstage.)* Because you aren't trying. And you're not paying for it, she is.

ROBIN. *(Offstage.)* Pay… *(Sighs.)* Paying for me to get worse. / (Waste of money).

JOHN. *(Offstage.)* You aren't getting worse. What was that?

ROBIN. *(Offstage.)* I'm… I'm staying – it – that, that's what I'm – it, it, it –

JOHN. *(Offstage.)* Calm down, take a breath.

ROBIN. *(Offstage.)* It – I wasn't –

JOHN. *(Offstage.)* Calm down.

ROBIN. *(Offstage.)* I wasn't stuttering, I was, I was emphasising. Just –

JOHN. *(Offstage.)* Just calm down.

ROBIN. *(Offstage.)* I'm staying the same, is what I'm saying. So this, this can't be helping –

JOHN. *(Offstage.)* You're not getting worse, though, are you? Maybe if we didn't speak, if we didn't have these little chats, you *would* be getting worse. Ipso facto, you're getting better.

ROBIN. *(Offstage.)* (Ipso Facto).

JOHN. *(Offstage.)* One minute, Robin, and then I have to go.

ROBIN. *(Offstage.)* I need to tell you something.

JOHN. *(Offstage.)* What?

ROBIN. *(Offstage.)* Before you hang up. Um. (Urgh). OK.

JOHN. *(Offstage.)* Go on.

ROBIN. *(Offstage.)* I'd like *her* to hear about it, but not – I don't want her to hear about it in a way that makes it sound like I've said it to you so that you'll say it to her, because even though I *am*, that will make it sound bigger than it is, when it –

JOHN. *(Offstage.)* Robin, please.

ROBIN. *(Offstage.)* I've met someone.

JOHN. *(Offstage.)* You've met someone?

ROBIN. *(Offstage.)* I've. Met someone.

JOHN. *(Offstage.)* You. You've Met Someone, I don't under– how? Are we talking about a girl?

How?

ROBIN. *(Offstage.)* Just…feeling around. In the dark. Trying to find something. My world, it's so… and in the middle of the darkness. After lots – after scrabbling around. I found her.

JOHN. *(Offstage.)* Sorry, wait she's… how did you find her?

ROBIN. *(Offstage.)* I just, *(Laughing.)* I just typed it in.

JOHN. *(Offstage.)* Typed it in?

ROBIN. *(Offstage.)* Into one of the things, the search engines, just typed it in.

(On a screen, a flashing cursor types out the word as he spells it.)

(Offstage.) K – E – R – A – U – N – O – T – H – N – E – T – O – P – H – O – B – I – A.

Keraunothnetophobia.

'A fear of falling satellites'.

(The screen disappears. Darkness again.)

(Offstage.) Just like that. And there's this chat – this chatroom type thing and everyone – from all over the world, everyone just… some nutters at first. But then. This *girl*. Right here, who lives right… and so I just… I just typed –

*(***ROBIN** *can be heard onstage, which is still in darkness. Typing.)*

Hello.

(Offstage, back on the phone.) And so she typed –

*(***JACQUI** *can be heard onstage, still in darkness. Typing.)*

JACQUI. Hello.

ROBIN. Hello. *(Laughing.)* Hi.

JACQUI. Hi. How are you?

ROBIN. I'm OK. Thank you. How are you?

JACQUI. I'm OK. Would you like to see me?

ROBIN. What do you… how do / you mean?

JACQUI. See each other, I mean, sorry. Do you have a webcam?

ROBIN. *(Offstage, on the phone.)* And so, bing. Light.

*(***JACQUI** *appears in a spot, stage left.* **ROBIN** *can still only be heard.)*

JACQUI. Hello?

ROBIN. Hello. Wow (sorry). I (shit) I –

JACQUI. Can you see me? You're not on.

ROBIN. What?

JACQUI. I can't see you.

ROBIN. Oh. I can see you.

JACQUI. Something's wrong. Is it installed?

ROBIN. Let me… (piece of) …sorry. One second.

JACQUI. *(Waiting.)* Feels weird, being looked at when… when I can't see –

ROBIN. There.

*(***ROBIN** *appears in a light, stage right. They look at each other.)*

How's that?

JACQUI. Oh. Yes. There you are. *(Beat. Smiles.)* Hello.

ROBIN. Hello. *(Laughing.)* Sorry. I've…I've never done this before.

JACQUI. Oh God, no. No, me neither. Not really.

ROBIN. So, is your name really CityKitten84 or…?

JACQUI. Huh. Um. It's Jacqui.

ROBIN. Robin. Hello.

JACQUI. Hi. *(Pause.)* You're how I imagined actually.

ROBIN. Really?

JACQUI. From what you've – the things you've written to…in the chatroom. Thing. Yeah. A bit. *(Giggles.)* I'm embarrassed, sorry.

ROBIN. You look…

JACQUI. What?

ROBIN. *(Pause.)* Really…

JACQUI. *(Beat. Giggles.)* What?

ROBIN. *(Beat. Shrugs.)* Perfect.

JACQUI. *(Speaking out.)* He didn't say that.

ROBIN. Yes I did.

JACQUI. No.

ROBIN. In my *head* that's what I said.

JACQUI. But out of your mouth came…?

ROBIN. It had been a while. I was out of practice.

JACQUI. He said I looked "good". "In the face".

ROBIN. That *is* what I said. But you found it funny.

JACQUI. I found it charming. In a bumbling kind of way.

(Laughing.) "You look good in the face".

ROBIN. Thank you.

JACQUI. No. Thank you.

JACQUI. So that's your place. Let me see.

(As **ROBIN** *turns and looks around, light spreads across his living room, stage right. What we see is half a room, cut off in the middle. At the cut off point, the furniture there too is cut in half. Half a bookcase, half a sofa, a door at the rear, a desk at the back, etc. It's evening...)*

ROBIN. Just your average living room in your average house / in your –

JACQUI. Detached, semi-detached, flat?

ROBIN. House. Terraced.

JACQUI. Ha! Mine too. Is it yours?

ROBIN. Yes. What do you mean?

JACQUI. Do you own it?

ROBIN. Oh no. No, God, no way. I rent it.

JACQUI. Right. 'Course.

ROBIN. But I rent it On My Own. That's what I thought you –

JACQUI. Yeah, no. It's very nice.

ROBIN. Even round here, now, prices have... even now, it –

JACQUI. Lots of books.

ROBIN. Yeah, lots of books. I – that's what I – I'm a writer.

JACQUI. A writer? Really?

ROBIN. That's how I...you know, survive.

JACQUI. What do you write?

ROBIN. You know. Books. Things. Children's books.

JACQUI. Ha! That's really cool.

ROBIN. Well. And yours? You, yours?

JACQUI. Oh. Just…

> *(***JACQUI** *turns and looks around, as light spreads around her bedroom, also cut in half, so that, apart from the difference in appearance, they could perhaps be two halves of the same room, with a 'no man's land' of darkness centre stage, between them.)*
>
> *(Jacqui's bedroom looks like that of a young girl – single bed. Bright colours…)*

ROBIN. Wow. God, so that's your –

JACQUI. I know what you're thinking.

ROBIN. I'm not / thinking anything.

JACQUI. It's my old room. I've had it since I was, like, six. So…

ROBIN. Was it weird. Coming back?

JACQUI. It was depressing. And yet a little bit… I don't know. A little bit not.

ROBIN. Different from London.

JACQUI. Uh, yeah. Ahuh. Yeah, different from London.

ROBIN. But 'home' though.

JACQUI. Yeah. Nice to have my dad close again. In some ways.

ROBIN. How close?

JACQUI. His bedroom is next door.

ROBIN. That must be weird.

JACQUI. Yeah, a little. Everyone is trying hard to understand. It's not easy for them.

Particularly Dad.

ROBIN. It's not easy for anyone.

JACQUI. He says I've lost my accent.

ROBIN. Yeah, my folks said that. When I came back from Uni. You get it back, though.

JACQUI. You went to Uni?

ROBIN. Yeah. Well, kinda. For a bit.

JACQUI. It just sounded like…from the things you posted on the…on the thing. It just sounded like you'd been like this. For a while.

ROBIN. I didn't finish. It got too…um. 'Much'. But I've done – I did one of those, uh, Open University thingies instead. From here. From home.

JACQUI. Oh right. OK. Well done.

ROBIN. I'm glad you moved back. It's nice to feel like someone is close.

JACQUI. Yeah. Well. For what it's worth.

ROBIN. Right. What?

JACQUI. Well, you may as well be in Dubai or, or, you know –

ROBIN. Sure.

JACQUI. But no, you're right, it's nice. For what it's worth.

(Beat. Referencing her clothes.) I wish I'd put something nicer on. This –

ROBIN. Don't be – you look so. Nice.

JACQUI. Well. Thank you. I…

(She looks down at herself.)

(Speaking out.) I knew what he was thinking.

ROBIN. I wasn't.

JACQUI. You were. You thought I'd planned it, got done up to look good for you.

ROBIN. Well I, it had crossed my mind. / But I liked that.

JACQUI. Well I didn't. When I'm working, even now it's from home, if I am working, it helps, it helps me to feel smart. Like I'm out there. It wasn't for you.

ROBIN. Okay, okay.

*(***ROBIN** *disappears.* **JACQUI** *faces out and mouths "It was" to us.* **ROBIN** *reappears.)*

JACQUI. So I'll see you again? Maybe tomorrow?

ROBIN. Yeah. Tomorrow's good.

(Blackout.)

*(***ROBIN** *and* **JOHN** *over the phone again.)*

JOHN. *(Offstage.)* Have the dreams changed since you met? What fell in your dream last night?

ROBIN. *(Offstage.)* Rain, at first. Like always. And then frogs.

JOHN. *(Offstage.)* Oh the frogs are back, are they? I thought we'd got rid of the frogs.

ROBIN. *(Offstage.)* No. They're back. And then it was pennies.

JOHN. *(Offstage.)* Pennies from heaven, ey? And then the usual.

ROBIN. *(Offstage.)* There was something else. Before the usual.

JOHN. *(Offstage.)* Before the satellite? What?

ROBIN. *(Offstage.)* ...Blood.

JOHN. *(Offstage.)* Blood?

ROBIN. *(Offstage.)* Yes.

JOHN. *(Offstage.)* That's a new one.

ROBIN. *(Offstage.)* What do you think it means?

JOHN. *(Pause, offstage.)* Probably nothing.

*(***ROBIN** *and* **JACQUI** *on their respective sides.)*

JACQUI. What started you writing for children?

ROBIN. I just. *(Shrugs.)* Wanted to tell stories. Loved them growing up. Even though they generally scared the shit out of me. Think children's stories can be the scariest of all. *Watership Down*, do you remember that? Rabbits being eaten by dogs or shot or run over by cars; that was nice.

JACQUI. I was big into Disney. Used to dress up, had a little crown and everything. My mum bought me this music box. Spinning princess in it. Still have it. (Loser). She used to sing this song to me and then she found this box, in a shop somewhere, that was playing the same thing. And she couldn't believe it. So she bought it for me to have when she wasn't here.

Which was more and more, as it goes.

ROBIN. *(Beat.) Chicken Little*, course. The chicken who believed the sky was falling down.

JACQUI. Yeah, course. Even though it wasn't.

ROBIN. Even though it wasn't. Robin Hood.

JACQUI. Your namesake.

ROBIN. Exactly. Used to pretend. Save Maid Marian. From the castle.

JACQUI. There aren't any Jacquis in fairytales. Sucks. No one cool was ever called Jacqui.

ROBIN. Jackie Kennedy.

JACQUI. Oh yeah. S'pose.

ROBIN. *The Snowman*. See, that was scary.

JACQUI. That wasn't scary.

ROBIN. Uh, the snowman melts to death at the end.

JACQUI. Oh yeah.

ROBIN. I'm telling you. Kid's stories.

JACQUI. Well, I guess it's about helping them learn.

ROBIN. Learn what?

JACQUI. That life is full of danger. And sadness. And disappointment.

ROBIN. Well they certainly gave me nightmares.

JACQUI. I get nightmares. My whole…my thing started with…you know…

ROBIN. Did it?

JACQUI. It's getting late again. I should probably –

ROBIN. Yeah. 'Course.

JACQUI. *(Beat.)* Sweet dreams.

*(***JACQUI** *disappears. The middle area between the two rooms opens out, as* **ROBIN** *enters the space, holding an umbrella. It's raining. Music.*[*]*)*

ROBIN. Cats and dogs. From what I can tell it has never ever rained cats and dogs anywhere. What has been recorded though is frogs…

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(It starts to rain frogs.)

ROBIN. Lots and lots of frogs. Above Minneapolis in 1901, a green cloud appeared overhead, and a deluge began. While driving through Scotland in 1955, falling frogs pelted Nellie Straw's car. They fell again as recent as 1981 in Nephalion, Greece, where frogs, at the time, were not even indigenous. They are now. The only hypothesis the scientists can cling to is the waterspout phenomenon, where animals are sucked up into the sky and carried through clouds before being dropped over land. Then there's the fish.

(It starts to rain fish.)

Some perch fish showered a parking lot in Northern Australia, some four hundred miles from the sea. Catfish, bream and bass rained down over Alabama in 1956. Local legend records that they were very, very tasty.

(It starts to rain notes, and then coins.)

Lucky were a French community in 1957 when 1,000 franc notes floated down over their village from a clear blue sky. Less lucky, depending on how you look at it, was the party of school children being walked home in Manchester, 1982, when they began to be pelted with pennies. The more resourceful ones not injured gathered as much as they could and ran straight to the nearest sweet shop. Stranger still, the coins that fell over Gorky in Russia were from the 16th century and could not be accounted for.

(Various objects now begin to rain down.)

The house in Evans, Colorado, that for the past one hundred and twenty-odd years has suffered the occasional shower of corn rain, battering its roof. Then there is the as-yet-unproven myth of the Japanese fishing boat sunk of the coast of Siberia –

the traumatised crew insisting wholeheartedly that the hole in the middle of the deck was caused by nothing other than…a cow. Falling from above.

(It begins to rain blood.)

And in Li Yan, France, and in Calabria Italy, and in California, and in India, where recorded, falling from the sky, were tiny little droplets of scarlet red blood…

(Electronic beeps. **ROBIN** *looks up as a shadow is cast over him. The sound of a heavy object plummeting to the ground.* **ROBIN** *ducks. The noise is cut off instantly by:)*

*(***JACQUI** *and* **ROBIN** *on their respective sides. Drinking tea.)*

You've never seen it.

JACQUI. Is it that one with the aliens?

ROBIN. No that's *Close Encounter*. *Brief Encounter* is the black and white one. With the train station? We could watch it together. Well, not together, but…you know. At the same time.

JACQUI. Yeah, okay. Like a date.

ROBIN. Uh. Yeah. I, …Do, do British people, do they go on dates. I always thought that was American.

JACQUI. I went on dates. In London. Kind of.

ROBIN. Did you?

JACQUI. I like the way that women used to be kissed in the old films. The way they'd get flung around. By Clark Gable or someone, and they'd…

(She tries to demonstrate.)

Sort of, they'd get the girls, this hair, kind of get flicked round and lean on his hands…

ROBIN. I used to love how men held guns. Be like this. *(Demonstrates.)* Elbows pointing straight out from the hip. Like that. Keeping it close. Now in films it's up and out.

(He stands and holds his arm out, parallel with his shoulder, finger pointed.)

Like, and legs spread apart. More showy, I suppose.

JACQUI. My dad says in classic love films, the colour ones are more likely to see them get together in the end and the black and white ones, they're more likely to end up apart.

ROBIN. Dunno, maybe. They end up apart in *Casablanca*. And *Brief Encounter*.

JACQUI. Well, that's why life should be in full colour then.

ROBIN. Speaking of, of, um…stories, I've got you – I've got a surprise for you. A present.

Well it's just a book. Well it, my, it's just my book. Actually.

JACQUI. Yours? Oh my god.

ROBIN. I mean, don't… you know, I mean I get copies free so don't… it's no biggie. / But.

JACQUI. Oh don't ruin it. That's really kind. Thank you. But I can just order one online.

ROBIN. No, I've got a courier. Coming. To, to pick it up, and bring it round.

JACQUI. Robin.

ROBIN. Don't think anything of it.

(Knock at Robin's door. **ROBIN** *opens it.* **JIMMY**, *the courier, stands there.)*

JIMMY. Pick up from Robin?

ROBIN. Hi. Yes, here. Uh, address is, is on the front.

JIMMY. Cheers.

(A space opens out between the rooms: the doorway to Jacqui's house. **REECE** *opens the door to* **JIMMY**.*)*

REECE. Oh. Hello.

JIMMY. Delivery.

REECE. I didn't order a pizza.

JIMMY. It's not a pizza, it's a package.

REECE. A package, who for?

JIMMY. For Jacqui, says here.

REECE. Oh. Right. She's – that's my daughter, she's upstairs.

JIMMY. Sign here, please.

REECE. She's always getting packages from London, you know. Bit late for work, though.

JIMMY. I don't think it was work. It comes from a boy.

REECE. A boy?

JIMMY. Well, a young man I suppose. Charlton Street, five minutes or so.

REECE. From a boy on Charlton Street? She doesn't know any boys round here, Jacqui; she doesn't know anyone anymore.

JIMMY. Right.

REECE. Locks herself away in her room, you see.

JIMMY. Right. Have a good night then, sir.

REECE. Oh yes. Right-oh. Good night.

(Jacqui's room. **REECE** *enters.)*

JACQUI. Dad.

REECE. Package here.

JACQUI. Thank you.

REECE. From a boy, he said, the fella.

JACQUI. Uh, yeah. A friend. I've met. Sort of.

REECE. A friend you've met sort of?

JACQUI. Yes.

REECE. *(At the computer.)* What, on that thing?

JACQUI. Yes.

REECE. Oh. Oh right.

JACQUI. Is he still here? The courier?

REECE. He's just getting on his bike. *(Laughs.)* "On yer bike", ey. Haha. Do you want me to bring your tea up or are you coming down?

JACQUI. Dad, can you do me a favour? *(With a card.)* Can you ask him to deliver this?

REECE. What's that now?

JACQUI. Please, here's some money.

REECE. Well he's going, he's probably got another job –

JACQUI. No look, he's still outside on his radio.

REECE. Oh lord all – *(Sighs, takes the card.)* Wait here.

(Downstairs. **REECE** *with* **JIMMY** *at the doorway.)*

I am sorry.

JIMMY. It's just I only had one more and then was clocking off, you see?

REECE. I've got some money.

JIMMY. It's not the money, I'm meant to be going out.

REECE. Oh, anywhere nice?

JIMMY. Just a curry. With the missus. Well, I say missus, we haven't really had that chat yet, but –

REECE. I would really appreciate it. It seems to mean a lot to her, for some reason.

JIMMY. *(Counting the money.)* I'm not sure this is enough, to be honest with you.

REECE. *(Taking out his wallet and more cash.)* Oh, I see. Uh, there you go then.

JIMMY. Oh. Thank you. Well, I'll see what I can do.

REECE. You know, I reckon that's the problem with young people in cities, don't you? Because they can get anything they want instantly they have no sense of prudence. Or of waiting for anything. She could have just as well stuck a stamp on that and I'd have posted it and it could've been there the day after next, but oh no. Must have now.

JIMMY. I know what you mean, sir, I know exactly what you mean.

REECE. *(Speaking out.)* We laugh about this little exchange in months to come.

JIMMY. We do, he's right.

Good evening then, sir.

REECE. Ay, go well young man, go well.

(Knock on Robin's door. **ROBIN** *answers.)*

ROBIN. Oh. Hello again. Was there a problem?

JIMMY. Pick up and return. *(Handing him the card.)* Here. For you.

ROBIN. From her?

JIMMY. Yes from her. Via him, from her.

ROBIN. Via him?

JIMMY. Her dad. Nice chap. I'll see you later.

ROBIN. Wait. Could you –?

JIMMY. Oh no, no, that's it, I'm off home –

ROBIN. No, just a question, I... it's just... I, I wanted to know. What she was. Like.

JIMMY. Who? The girl?

ROBIN. Yeah.

JIMMY. You've never met?

ROBIN. No.

JIMMY. I didn't see her. She was upstairs. It was her dad who I dealt with, I'm afraid.

ROBIN. Oh. Okay.

JIMMY. She seemed nice from downstairs, though.

ROBIN. Really, you can tell?

JIMMY. Sometimes you just get a vibe, don't you?

ROBIN. Yeah. I suppose you do.

*(***JIMMY** *leaves.* **ROBIN** *closes the door. Begins opening the card. Turns to* **JACQUI**.*)*

What's this?

JACQUI. I just wanted... I don't know. I just wanted you to have something *there* that... I don't know, that used to be *here*. Some... *(Sighs.)* contact, or (I don't know).

ROBIN. *(Reads the front.)* "Congratulations on passing your driving test." Awh.

JACQUI. Sorry. Only one I had. For my nephew.

ROBIN. Oh, I'm sorry, you shouldn't have –

JACQUI. No that's okay, he won't pass. Least I bloody hope not.

ROBIN. "Thanks for the book. Love Jacqui." *(Pause.)* Thank you.

JACQUI. No. *(With her book.)* No, thank you.

ROBIN. (Lovely handwriting).

JACQUI. Jesus, you must be so proud. The illustrations are beautiful. Did you do them?

ROBIN. No.

JACQUI. Well. I can't wait to read it. "Ages five and above." Good, I'm covered.

ROBIN. *(Sniffing the card.)* Your hand cream.

JACQUI. You didn't do that.

ROBIN. No, I know. I waited till later. When I was on my own. Thought you might have found it pervy.

JACQUI. And I would have done. But also sweet.

ROBIN. 'U – I'.

JACQUI. Uh?

ROBIN. Jacqui; 'U – I' at the end. Always forget. In my head it's 'I – E'. (Strange).

JACQUI. Nope, just 'U' and 'I'. Quite boring, actually. Hate it.

ROBIN. Oh I don't know, I…I quite like it. That it's just. 'U' and 'I'.

(They stand smiling at each other for a while. Blackout on **JACQUI** *and her house.)*

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