

THE GRAVEDIGGERS.

a play by Paul Tyree.

LIST OF CHARACTERS.

SANDY: Mid 50's. Ageing sex-pot. Harpy. Southern American accent. Once a beauty pageant winner, always a beauty pageant winner. Would like life to be a box of chocolates.

MARTY: Mid 50's. Tall, handsome, white hair. War veteran (which one immaterial) Hears things. Shell shocked.

ROBERT: (Never seen) Sandy and Marty's son. Committed suicide.

PITTS: (Only heard) Marty's war buddy. One ear blown off in battle. Also hears things.

ROSE: Mid 50's. British. From Surrey. Politely unhinged. Drinks.

PETER: Mid 50's. British. Ex-trainee priest. Repressed and guilty all the time. Knows verbatim passages of the good book.

HANNAH: Rose and Peter's 25yr old daughter. Strange. Has developed her own language after some childhood incident. Wants more love from her father or surrogate father.

ANDREW: (Never seen) Rose and Peter's son. Also committed suicide.

The Gravediggers. by Paul Tyree

act one scene one.

the stage is dark. atmosphere settled. A VOICEOVER, (MALE - British).

VOICE: "Our Father, who art in heaven,
Hallowed be thy name,
Thy Kingdom come, thy will be done,
on earth as it is in heaven,
Give us this day our daily bread
And forgive us our trespasses
As we forgive those who trespass against us,
And lead us not into temptation,
but deliver us from evil,
For thine is the kingdom
the power and the glory,
Forever and ever,
Amen.

act one scene two

Lights. An American hotel room. Cheap looking. T.V bolted to the wall. The mess of living all around, towels, dirty ashtrays, clothes etc.

MARTY is seated in an armchair, in vest and slacks, reading a newspaper.

Sandy enters, eventually.

SANDY: Jesus fucking Christ Marty. Look at this place.

No response.

SANDY: I said look at this place!

MARTY: Why?

SANDY: Whad'dya mean why. Look at this place.

MARTY: O.k.

SANDY: Are you looking?

MARTY: (Reading newspaper) Uhuh.

SANDY: Put the paper down Marty.

MARTY: What?

SANDY: I said put the paper down Marty.....Put the goddamn paper down Marty.

MARTY: (Sighs - Closes newspaper) What? Darlin'.

SANDY: Look at this place.

Marty looks around.

MARTY: Yep.

SANDY: Yep what?

MARTY: Yep. I see what you mean.

Reads paper again.

She seethes.

SANDY: Tick, tock!

No response.

SANDY: Tick, tock. Tick fuckin' tock, Marty!!

MARTY: (Angry) What?? What is it. Sandy, darlin'. Light of my goddamn pissed away existence.

What the hell do you want me to say?

SANDY: Tick....tock...What time is it?

MARTY:: What time is it?

SANDY: Yeah, what in hell's name time is it?

MARTY: Are you serious?

SANDY: What do you mean, am I serious? Of course I'm fucking serious. What the hell point do I

have for asking if I aint goddamn serious....Now tell me what the frigging time is!

MARTY: What time it is?

SANDY: What frigging.....Goddamn it Marty. Why is everything so tough. Why does everything

have to be a little too much for your shell-shocked brain to fucking consider. Why can't

you just be a good boy and tell me what time it is.

MARTY: I don't know what time it is.

SANDY: Precisely! And why don't you know what time it is?

MARTY: Because the clock has stopped.

SANDY: Because the goddamn clock has stopped!! And you don't know what time it is, do you.

You don't know the goddamn time.

MARTY: Well it aint the end of the world, Sandy.

SANDY: It is if you wanna tell frigging time Marty!

MARTY: Use your internal clock.

SANDY: My what?

MARTY: Internal clock. Sometimes all we had in the war.

SANDY: This is Penn state Marty. This aint no war zone.

MARTY: Got issued some cheap issue pile of crap. Never told you the right time.

SANDY: Never told the right time, huh. Well it must have told the right time twice a day at least.

MARTY: Nah. I wuz never that lucky.

SANDY: You can say that again. Look daddy. They're gonna be here soon. At least I think they

are, so the least you can do is fix yourself up a little.

MARTY: You fix yourself up. You're good at it.

SANDY: That's right. All I got good at in thirty years wuz fixin' myself up. Fixin' this and that.

Fixin' your little tick tock.

MARTY: LEAVE TIME OUTTA THIS!!

SANDY: An' try not to bore them stiff with the goddamn war hero crap. They're British.

MARTY: You make me sick, ya know that?

SANDY: Sick Marty? I make you sick. That's right Marty. I make you sick. I. Me. I make you sick.

MARTY: Yeah Sandy, you make me sick. Like maple syrup or candy bars.

SANDY: You callin' me sweet, sugar?

MARTY: I'm sayin' you make me sick.

SANDY: Tick, tock, tick tock.

MARTY: And what the hell does that mean, they're British?

SANDY: What?

MARTY: What? They're British. What the hell does that mean?

SANDY: It means they like culture and queens, right?

MARTY: They like queens?

SANDY: That's right. So no war hero crap. We wanna make a good impression.

MARTY: What the hell fer? I met her at the cemetery, you met him in the goddamn lift in the hotel.

What the hell do we have to make a good impression fer?

SANDY: You ever wanna meet the queen of England?

MARTY: No.

SANDY: What do you mean, no?

MARTY: No. I mean no. What the hell dya think no means, fer Christ's sake. Have I ever wanted to meet a queen? No!!

SANDY: NO?

MARTY: No.

SANDY: The queen of England. Queen of an entire goddamn country an' you say no. You wouldn't be interested, maybe. You wouldn't maybe wanna ask a question or two on what it's like to be a fuckin' queen maybe. To live in a palace, to have your ass kissed and wiped all fuckin' day long. That wouldn't interest you?

MARTY: NO!!

SANDY: Well it might interest me, Marty. Ya ever consider that, huh? It might goddamn interest me, ya know. Ya know Marty. Somethin' outside of a hotel room. Somethin' outside of a hotel window that Sandy might actually be goddamn interested in.

MARTY: How d'ya know that they know the queen of England.

SANDY: What?

MARTY: If you're so all fired interested in wipin' some queens ass, how do you know that they know the ass of the queen you're tryin' to wipe.

SANDY: THEY'RE FUCKIN' BRITISH AINT THEY. THEY MIGHT BE RELATED OR SOMETHIN'.

MARTY: They're related to the Queen of England?

SANDY: I DON'T KNOW! All i'm sayin' is they might be. We're all related, right. We're their
American cousins or somethin'.

MARTY: They are not our cousins.

SANDY: I mean, under the skin. Under the fuckin' skin, ya know. Sometime back when we threw
their precious tea into the harbour, an' told them we were sick of fuckin' tea, o.k! O.k
Marty?

MARTY: O.k Jeesus, calm down.

SANDY: Which reminds me, do we have tea?

MARTY: I don't think so. We got beer.

SANDY: Tea, Marty. They're gonna want tea.

MARTY: Whaddya want me to do, grow some.

SANDY: 'Sides, they might be related to the queen. Look at Rose Johnson.

MARTY: Rose Johnson is a goddamn liar an' you know it.

SANDY: Rose Johnson is Jack Kennedy's illegitimate daughter an' she can prove it.

MARTY: She cannot prove it. Just because Rose's mother has a picture of Jack Kennedy shakin'
her hand at some rally, is no proof that he took her to the oval office and gave her what fer.

SANDY: Rose Johnson looks like Jack Kennedy.

MARTY: Rose is a cake baking anorexic spinster from Kentucky, an' just cos she fell outta some
ugly tree, does not make her Jack Kennedy's daughter.

SANDY: She always cries at Camelot and knows all the songs.

MARTY: (Beat) Sometimes Sandy I swear you aint right in the head.

SANDY: I ain't right in the head? I? I ain't right in the head. Tick, tock Marty. Tick tock.

MARTY: You tryin' to tell time again?

SANDY: Tick, tock....

Marty tries to read his newspaper.

SANDY: That's right Marty. Pretend ya don't hear me. tick tock, tick tock.....I'm gonna get
fixed up. Ya hear me. I'm gonna fix myself up!!

Sandy exits stage left.

MARTY: Fix yourself up. You needs fixin' up....Rose Johnson..She aint no queen neither.

A knock on the door.

Marty sighs.

MARTY: SONOFABITCH.

SANDY: (Off-stage) Marty!

MARTY: WHAT??

SANDY: ANSWER THE GODDAMN DOOR.

MARTY: Christ.....

Marty rises.

SANDY: MARTY!!

**MARTY: I'M GOIN' TO THE GODDAMN DOOR. I AINT SEVENTEENN DAMN IT. TAKES
TIME TO GET THERE.....I'm goin' to the goddamn door. Aint no fuckin' sin to take
time getting' to a door.**

Marty opens the door.

Peter stands there smiling.

MARTY: (To Sandy)....IT'S HIM!

PETER: Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.

MARTY: What?

PETER: You take all the time you need getting to the door. After all, it's your door.

MARTY: Right...Thanks.....SANDY!!!!

Sandy enters in her slip.

SANDY: WHAT IS IT FER CHRIST'S SAKE?? Oh hi there Petee. Nice to see ya again.

PETER: Hello Sandy....Nice to see you again.

MARTY: Sandy, fer Christ's sake.

SANDY: What? I'm changing.

PETER: On my account? Surely not.

SANDY: Sure, fer your account. Yer hear that Marty, fer his account.

MARTY: I hear yer.

SANDY: You brits sure do talk nice.

PETER: Well thank you Sandy, we try our best.

MARTY: You come alone?

PETER: No. No, actually I'm early.

SANDY: What time is it?

PETER: Time? Well I'm not really sure. But I know I'm early.

MARTY: He's early.

SANDY: I can goddamn hear him can't I? He's stood at the door fer Christ's sake.

MARTY: She can hear you.

PETER: Right...Well actually I just came to have a little word before we all meet up. It's about my
daughter.

SANDY: You got a daughter.

PETER: Yes.

MARTY: She dead too?

SANDY: MARTY!!

MARTY: What? I'm askin' is all.

PETER: No..no not dead. Well...The thing is , Hannah is, well..

MARTY: Related to the queen?

PETER: What?

SANDY: Ignore him daddy. Wise ass thought you might be royalty or somethin'. Related to
somebody, you know. You related to anybody?

PETER: Not to royalty, I'm afraid.

SANDY: Oh.

MARTY: (To Sandy) Well what d'ya know. We aint got royalty comin' over. Still want me to fix
myself up?

SANDY: I'll fix you, wise ass. (To Peter) Go on honey, what were ya sayin'?

PETER: Well, Hannah, that's my daughter.

MARTY: You said.

PETER: Well, it's just she's...how would you say it over here? She's a little....strange.

SANDY: Strange?

PETER: Well, she's not quite normal. In normal terms.

SANDY: Strange.

MARTY: He's tryin' to say she's a retard.

SANDY: Just cos' she's British don't make her a retard, Marty.

PETER: Well...well, perhaps retard is a little much. But..

SANDY: You ignore him, baby. I'm sure she's a lovely girl.

PETER: Oh, she is, she is a lovely girl. And quite bright. Always helps her Mother around the house.

SANDY: Well she can help out 'round here, if she likes. Bums like us never clean up.

MARTY: That's 'cos I got sick a cleanin' up.

PETER: The thing is she has her own language, you see and...

SANDY: Own language?

PETER: Yes. No-one really understands it but her. She was perfectly normal until she was about
ten, and then, well...

MARTY: How old's she now?

PETER: Twenty-five.

SANDY: Well, you bring her along too daddy. Everyone's welcome.

PETER: Well, that's very kind.

MARTY: No problem. Aint like we expecting royalty anymore.

Sandy glares at him.

PETER: Well...well alright then....didn't want to just leave her in the hotel room all alone, you
know.

SANDY: Sure honey. You bring her along. She can help Marty fix drinks.

PETER: I'm sure she'd like that Sandy. Well, I'll go and fetch them. Give you time to get dressed.

SANDY: You got it baby. Give ol' Sandy a little time, I clean up pretty good.

MARTY: We buy disinfectant wholesale.

Marty goes and sits down.

Sandy draws closer to the door.

SANDY: You ignore Mr Grumpy-boots honey. He always gets a little grouchy when he has to talk to anyone, you know.

PETER: Well...well I can always take a raincoat.

SANDY: Raincoat?

PETER: We're here for the rest of the week, there's plenty of time.

SANDY: You mean a rain check honey.

PETER: Do I? Oh yes, of course. Well, we can take a rain check if you like. If it's going to be more convenient.

SANDY: Now don't you be runnin' out on old Sandy now. Been a long time since ol' Sandy got to talk to a fine refined gentleman like you is.

PETER: Well...well this is all very kind of you. It is nice I must say.

SANDY: What is? (She looks around)

PETER: Very nice of you, I mean. We've hardly talked to anyone since we've been here. Rose can be a little, well...and Hannah I mean.

SANDY: I understand, honey. Leave it to old Sandy. She'll brighten up your life just fine.

MARTY: Sandy just loves entertainin'.

SANDY: You know it, honey.

MARTY: All you wuz ever good at anyhow.

SANDY: Cut the crap....Go on now honey. You bring your family down the hall and then we can start the fun. O.k?

Sandy touches Peters lapel, brushing it down.

MARTY: We wouldn't dream of having fun without ya.

PETER: Five minutes then?

SANDY: And tell the little woman not to dress up too much, you hear.

PETER: Of course. The hostess must always be the one to shine. It's only polite. Until we meet again, Sandy.

Peter kisses Sandy's hand and exits.

SANDY: (Fanning herself) Whoo. Polite. An' here's me thinkin' I'd freeze my ass off wearing this.

MARTY: Keeps the flies outta the room at least.

SANDY: Polite Marty. Ya hear that, polite.

MARTY: English is a foreign language to me, ya know that.

SANDY: Well I like it. It's nice that people can be refined once in a fuckin' while. Ya get that? I like the way they talk.

MARTY: That ain't all you like.

SANDY: Why honey-bun what do you mean?...Actually I am freezin' my ass off in this. Fix us some drinks, will yer?

Sandy exits to get changed.

Marty sits there awhile, staring.

Slowly we hear the sounds of a

battle, rise. Lights flash. Bombs

burst. A voice. Male.

VOICE: What we gonna do? Jus' sittin here don't make no sense. We need back-up, ya hear me.

Marty. Can't jus' sit here lookin' at the damn thing. An' yer shouldda helped me find my ear fer Christ's sake.....Can you hear somethin' tickin'?

Sound of an explosion.

Marty jolts in his chair. The sounds

and lights disappear.

MARTY: Pitts...(He looks around the room)....

He stands and goes to the
drinks cabinet.

MARTY: (Shouting) WHAT D'YA THINK THEY'LL LIKE?

SANDY: (Off-stage) HOW THE HELL SHOULD I KNOW..WAIT TILL THEY GET THROUGH
THE DAMN DOOR AN' YOU CAN ASK THEM.

MARTY: I THOUGHT YOU SAID GET THEM DRINKS.

SANDY: (Off-stage) I SAID....

Sandy enters in a tight black evening
dress, pearls, white gloves ala
Audrey Hepburn in `Breakfast at
Tiffiny's'. She has a long cigarette
holder but a noticeable paunch.

SANDY: Get us drinks. Us. We. Get us drinks lover....What do you think?

MARTY: What do I think?

SANDY: Yeah, what do you think?

MARTY: I think you're unique, baby, I really do.

SANDY: So sweet Martin.

MARTY: No really. You're all that an' a bag of potatoes.

SANDY: Chips..All that an' a bag of chips.

MARTY: I stand by everythin' I say.

SANDY: Pour!

MARTY: (Turning away) Even `I do'.

SANDY: What you say?

MARTY: Nothin'.

SANDY: YOU GOT SOMETHIN' TO SAY, LET'S HEAR IT!

MARTY: (Pause) I aint got nuthin' to say.

SANDY: Goddamn right you got nothin' to say. Had nothin' to say for twenty-five friggin' years.

MARTY: Twenty-six.

SANDY: What?

MARTY: Twenty-six years,....honey-bun.

SANDY: (Thinking - counting on fingers)....Oh yeah.

MARTY: Yeah.

**SANDY: So it's been twenty-six years. So you're a mathematician all of a sudden. Ya still aint said it
since we walked back down that aisle.**

MARTY: So I said 'I do' and lost my train of thought.

SANDY: Fer twenty-six years? No wonder Ma was cryin' that day.

MARTY: Tears of happiness, baby.

SANDY: You think?

**MARTY: That she didn't have to hear your mouth flappin' in the wind EVERY SECOND OF THE
GODDAMN DAY....NOW WHAT THE HELL DO YOU WANT TO DRINK?**

**SANDY: Well. Maybe there's a fly buzzin' around the place after all. You hear it Marty? You hear
somethin' buzzin'?**

**MARTY: Funny....Ya know I can hear ya all the time, but sometimes I just don't see ya. I'm lookin'
right at ya but I just don't see ya.**

SANDY: This much I know....Just pour the goddamn drinks.

Sandy takes a seat.

**Marty pours two bourbons and hands
one over.**

SANDY: You're a doll, you know that?

MARTY: You too baby...We're a regular Ken and Barbie.

SANDY: Yeah. Ya know I always thought I should have my own doll.

MARTY: If they could find a mould big enough.

**Sandy throws the drink in Martin's
face.**

SANDY: Shit. Spilled my drink...Now you're gonna have to fetch me another...

Marty thinks for a moment.

There's a knock on the door.

SANDY: And there's somebody at the door.

MARTY:.....Well, I guess I better go see who it is.

Marty goes and opens the door.

**Peter, Rose and Hannah are standing
in the doorway. Peter and Rose
smiling broadly. Hannah her head down.
Marty turns away, leaving them there.**

MARTY: IT'S THE BRITISH!

Sandy rises, composing herself.

SANDY: Well don't just leave them there. Come in everybody. Come and say hi to Sandy.

Peter enters first.

PETER: Hello again. Here we are.

SANDY: There you are. You gentleman you.

Peter and Sandy embrace. A moment.

PETER: We brought you this.

Peter proffers a bottle of cheap

sparkling wine.

SANDY: Well aint that.....oh. Well what else would I expect from a gentleman.

Sandy gives the wine to Marty who
frowns on it.

PETER: This is my wife, Rose. And daughter Hannah.

MARTY: Hello Rose.

Rose giggles.

SANDY: Right.....Hello Rose. Pleased, I'm sure.

They embrace.

SANDY: And this is....

PETER: Hannah.

SANDY: Hannah. Hello Hannah.

Sandy goes to embrace Hannah, who
pulls away violently.

HANNAH: AAaargh..Bad sniff. Oldee yuk yuk. Aarf, aarf, gggrrr aarf aarf!!

SANDY: Jesus wept.

ROSE: Bad girl Hannah. Be a good girl now. Hmm? Be a good girl for mummy.

HANNAH: Ggrrrr.

ROSE: I'm terribly sorry. She's usually so quiet. Bad girl Hannah.

MARTY: Bad girl nothin'. I think I just found an ally. Here ya go Hannah. Somethin' to get a kick
out of.

Marty hands her a drink.

ROSE: Hannah doesn't drink.

Hannah takes the glass and sinks it
in one.

MARTY: Really. That's interestin'. How about one yourself Rose?

ROSE: Oh well, I suppose...As I'm not the only one.

Rose takes the drink.

MARTY: Peter?

PETER: Yes?

MARTY: Drink?

PETER: Yes please.

Marty pauses waiting for which kind
of drink but gets no opinion.

MARTY: Right.

He pours bourbon and hands it to him.

SANDY: Well....isn't this...

PETER: Yes...Yes it is.

MARTY: What?

PETER: Pardon?

MARTY: No, what? It's what?

SANDY: It's nice Marty.

ROSE: Yes. It's very nice.

HANNAH: Googly, more hooch. Dipsy barf barf.

MARTY: I couldn't agree more, Hannah, but ya know eventually ya get used to it.

Hannah giggles as Marty pours another
in her glass.

PETER: I'm afraid Hannah isn't used to alcohol.

ROSE: Not in our household.

SANDY: You don't drink?

ROSE: No...No we don't drink.

Hannah giggles again.

HANNAH: Mummy poo poo. Poo poo mummy.

SANDY: Regular little chatterbox aint she?

PETER: Hannah!

Hannah looks fearfully at her Father.

PETER: Be a good girl now, Hannah.

Hannah drops her head and walks to sit
on the couch. Marty eyes Peter
carefully.

SANDY: Well....sit down. Hotels. Never keep the damn places clean, so just...

PETER: Wherever we find a space.

ROSE: Peter.

SANDY: He's got it. Wherever there aint a mess you can put your ass, right. Right Marty?

MARTY: (To Peter) Everythin' settles around here. Ya just gotta scoop away the scum,
eventually,..when it gets too much for ya, ya know.

ROSE: Leave things as you find them, that's my motto.

MARTY: Precisely Rose. You British sure are perceptive.

Marty goes and sits next to Hannah.

SANDY: What the soul provider meant to say was that you should see our home.

PETER: I'd like that.

SANDY: Sure you would, honey.

ROSE: Is it nice?

SANDY: IS IT NICE? IS IT NICE? YOU HEAR THAT MARTY??

MARTY: It's a palace, trust me.

SANDY: It's a.....it's not a palace.

MARTY: Sure it is. Like they have in England.

SANDY: IT IS NOT A PALACE.....But it's nice, ya know. Two bathrooms.

MARTY: (To Hannah) One outside.

SANDY: Five bedrooms.

MARTY: (To Hannah) All of them used by her.

SANDY: And the rose garden..

MARTY: (To Hannah) ..fell over an' died.

SANDY: CAN IT YOU!!

MARTY: No really it's a palace..You should visit.

ROSE: Thank you Martin.

MARTY: You're welcome Rose.

**SANDY: Are you gonna get me a goddamn drink? Always me he leaves out. Never anyone else, just his
goddamn wife.**

ROSE: Well,...oh well.

Rose sits down quickly in the chair.

SANDY: Oh well.....WELL??

MARTY: (To Rose) You know Sandy takes a stress management class.

ROSE: Really. That's nice.

SANDY: I do not. Never been stressed in my entire damn life.

MARTY: She always been too horizontal to be vertical.

PETER: Here. Allow me.

Peter pours Sandy a drink.

SANDY: Now that's a gentleman, Marty. A proper gentlemen.

MARTY: Don't worry baby. I'm sure he'll be improper later on...(To Rose) American sense of humour.

ROSE: Oh.....oh, yes, yes I see what you mean.

SANDY: Ha ha. Though it would be nice to have a man for once, proper or improper.

MARTY: Sandy makes no distinction.

SANDY: A proper man, ya know, all gentleman and such forth.

MARTY: (To Sandy) You know you need a bib when you talk.

SANDY: You got a nerve. Ya never made it past third grade.

MARTY: True baby, but I did get to be the tallest one in the class.

SANDY: Shame ya wuzn't the biggest too.

ROSE: Oh.

SANDY: Oh, what?

ROSE: I seem to have finished my drink, do you think I could have another.

PETER: Rose!

MARTY: Sure she can have another.

Marty stands and goes to the drinks cabinet.

c:

ROSE: It's just with all the excitement. Meeting new people. Makes you a little nervous, don't you find?

SANDY: Sure it does. You have another honey. Take the edge off the nerves.

PETER: Rose? Are you sure?

MARTY: Sure she's sure. Just gettin' warmed up, right?

ROSE: Well, just a small one.

SANDY: Small one, huh. Marty, that's your department.

MARTY: Already there, baby.

Marty pours the drink and hands it to Rose.

MARTY: Actually ya really ought to talk to Sandy about meetin' folk. She meets new people all the

time and never gets nerves.

SANDY: Wise ass.

ROSE: Oh well, I'm sure I'll be fine, really....Amazing, isn't it?

MARTY: The bourbon?

ROSE: No, oh (Laughs like a hyena) Heheheheehcheehee...No, I mean that we should all meet. That I should meet Marty visiting his boy when I was visiting mine, and you two should meet in the elevator.

PETER: Yes. (Looks to Sandy. Nervous). Yes. Amazing.

MARTY: An' that they should get stuck like that.

PETER: Yes.

SANDY: Yeah. Gave us quite a fright, didn' it Petee.

PETER: Yes. Yes, quite a fright.

Peter drinks his bourbon in one.

MARTY: Over two hours.

ROSE: Yes. I'm surprised Peter survived.

MARTY: Yeah. (He looks at Sandy). So am I.

PETER: Well, Sandy managed to keep me calm.

SANDY: Cat wuz jumpin' outta his skin, weren't ya honey.

PETER: Yes. Never could stand enclosed places, could I Rose?

ROSE: No. No he never could.

MARTY: But Sandy calmed you down.

PETER: Yes, she really was very good to me.

ROSE: I'm sure you were his salvation. I know how he gets.

MARTY: Over two hours.

SANDY: Salvation? Was I honey. Was I your salvation?

PETER: You certainly were Sandy.

MARTY: An' the engineer couldn't find a damn thing wrong with it.

SANDY: You know lifts Marty. Damn things always breakin' down.

ROSE: Yes. You can never rely on them can you.

MARTY: Not in the hotels Sandy stays in.

PETER: Well I'm sure I wouldn't have survived without her. She really did look after me.

Hannah giggles. They all turn and look
as she rocks back and forth.

HANNAH: Lookee after bang bang. Big purple up down aarf aarf up down.

PETER: HANNAH!

Hannah stops rocking.

PETER: My apologies Sandy. Perhaps this wasn't such a good idea after all.

SANDY: Nonsense daddy. She's fine. Aren't you honey?

Sandy draws close to Hannah resting
her hand on her shoulder.

SANDY: You're...

Hannah jumps up.

HANNAH: Ahaaaa. Ahaaaa.

ROSE: Hannah dear.

HANNAH: Ahaaa. Ahaaa....

SANDY: Christ!!

Hannah flings her arms wide as though
nailed to the cross.

HANNAH: Criss cross. Ouch. Ouch. Ahaaaa.

PETER: HANNAH!! STOP THAT AT ONCE.

Hannah's arms drop to her side, her
head flops and she falls silent.

ROSE: Hannah? Hannah dear? Do you want something? She only does this sort of thing if she wants
something.

SANDY: Well find out what she wants fer Chri.....what d'ya think she wants?

ROSE: Hannah? Hannah? Do you want a book to read? (Pause) Do you want the toilet?

Hannah slowly nods her head.

ROSE: There we are. I know when my baby needs something.

SANDY: Ya gotta go through all this just so she can use the can?

ROSE: Oh no. No she knows where the toilet is in our house. Upstairs and down. So she's free to come
and go when she has to....when she needs the....

SANDY: Can. When she needs the can.

MARTY: I'll show her where. O.k Hannah? O.k?

Hannah nods.

MARTY: O.k. We'll jus' leave ol' Sandy to entertain your ol' Ma and Pa right.

Hannah nods.

ROSE: That's right Hannah. You go with Marty. He'll show you where to go. o.k?

SANDY: Why don't ya just tell her?

MARTY: An' run the risk of the poor girl stumblin' into your room. Trust me Hannah, stuff in there
aint fer polite folk like you.

Hannah giggles and follows Marty.

They exit.

SANDY: Christ.

PETER: Well...well, well.

ROSE: Aren't you lucky?

SANDY: What?

ROSE: I said you're lucky.

SANDY: (To Peter) What's she talkin' about?

ROSE: I'm saying that you're lucky. To have such a funny husband.

SANDY: Marty?

ROSE: Yes. Very quick.

SANDY: Quick? Yeah, he's quick...An' a regular laugh a minute.

ROSE: Had me in stitches all this morning. Which you don't expect in a graveyard. And you wouldn't think it to look at him. Tall and handsome, and funny... and they're not usually are they, I mean usually it's the short ugly type who are funny...Peter sometimes tells jokes, don't you Peter.

Peter just stares at her.

PETER: Sandy. Would you like another drink?

Lights down.

act two scene one

Lights up to the right of the stage. We see Hannah sitting on a toilet in a small lighted space. There is a door. Outside stands Marty, waiting. Hannah stares upwards. Now she speaks normally.

HANNAH: Andrew.....Andrew....Are you there? Andrew?

A bright light shines from above onto

Hannah's face.

HANNAH: ...There you are.....I've missed you.....We all do,.. well,...I've missed you. Mother came today, did you see?... Suppose you did, sitting by all those stones looking at you like that.

And not alone this time. With Marty. Nice boy Marty. All day giggle. All day...(She is silent for a time)....Long way home. You know. Long way home.....Your headstones covered in weeds, did you know that? I saw, later on I saw. Covered in weeds, all over it. Not right. Weeds. Not right. Couldn't hardly see you at all. Just weeds....Must grow fast around here. I knew you were there, but I could hardly see you at all...Marty's son was the same, not far from you. Covered in weeds..... Started growing them the same day as you. Was even the same age and everything.....Marty cried.....Howled like little Ruthie, for his son. Just like little Ruthie, you remember, howling at the door to our room. (Howls) Aarooooohhh!!! Aarooooohhh!!!...She always knew. Always...Funny what dogs know and people don't. Little Ruthie...Covered in weeds.

The light stops shining down.

HANNAH: Andrew?...Andrew?...ANDREW??.....(Resigned) You weren't the only one,.....They were all covered in weeds.

Hannah shivers.

Lights down.

act two scene two.

Peter and Sandy are sitting on the sofa. Rose finishes her drink at the drinks cabinet and pours herself another.

SANDY: So ya actually thought of bein' a priest, trained even.

PETER: Only for two years.

SANDY: So what stopped yer?

PETER: Oh you know, this and that.

SANDY: Sex?

PETER: This and that.

SANDY: But ya can't have sex, right?

PETER: Well, no. You're not supposed to. It is against the rules.

SANDY: Imagine that. Against the rules. Bet it aint against the rules now, right, am I right sugar.

ROSE: No it isn't. It isn't against the rules, is it Peter. It isn't against the rules.

PETER: No Rose. It isn't.

ROSE: I mean, the rules Peter. It isn't against them now, is it?

PETER: (Stern) No Rose.

SANDY: Sure it aint. Way I hear it you brits do it more than we do.

ROSE: Only up north.

SANDY: There's a north in Britain?

ROSE: Of course. Barnsley and.....Scotland.

SANDY: Do you come from the north?

ROSE: Certainly not....Unfortunately.

Rose downs her drink again and pours
another.

SANDY: I bet it was the sex right, tell me. God aint here, ya know you can tell ol' Sandy.

PETER: It was just one of those rash moments of youth. Politicians have them and become
homosexuals, I became a priest, that's all.

SANDY: Hah. An' here's me thinkin' I was rash with that dwarf from Nebraska.

PETER: Pardon?

SANDY: Never mind honey.

ROSE: That's not really why you left, is it Peter? Why don't you tell her.

PETER: It doesn't matter.

SANDY: Come on sexy.

PETER: No really, it was the sex. Of course it was. That's why so many people leave the priesthood.

SANDY: I didn't think they left now.

PETER: Well. Some still do, times have changed.

SANDY: Unless they get that special distinction from the pope guy.

PETER: Priests don't get a distinction if they have sex. You mean a special dispensation. And that's only if divorced people want to get married.

SANDY: The pope's givin' directions to divorced priests who wanna get married. What kinda screwy ass priests you got in Britain.

PETER: Not priests. Just people.

SANDY: Oh.....So why did you quit? Ya get caught with a nun?

ROSE: He wasn't worthy, were you Peter?

SANDY: Are nuns that picky?

ROSE: Were you Peter?

PETER: O.K. ROSE. I THINK YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH TO DRINK, DON'T YOU.

Marty and Hannah re-enter.

MARTY: We're back.

(Pause)

ROSE: I'm not drunk.

MARTY: Course ya aint. We're just gettin' started.

ROSE: Hannah? Are you alright.

Hannah nods.

MARTY: Course she is. We're like old buddies now, right?

HANNAH: Sky blue Marty. Aw shucks. Peachy poo poo mummy.

MARTY: (Laughing) That's right, just peachy.

HANNAH: Aw shucks.

Hannah smiles and punches Marty on the shoulder.

PETER: Well. If you don't mind, now I'd like to use the little boys room.

SANDY: Marty, he wants to use your room.

MARTY: Really. An' here's me thinkin' he'd like to use yours. (To Peter) Second on the right.

PETER: Thankyou Marty. After all I wouldn't want to incur the wrath of God, now would I?

MARTY: How much you drank since I left?

PETER: `Behold I will bring evil upon thee and will take away the posterity of him that pisseth against
the wall.'

MARTY: That's me sunk then.

PETER: Kings 21 verse 21.

SANDY: They pissed in the bible. I didn't know that.

PETER: Trust me they did everything in the bible. Second right?

MARTY: Yep. An' try an hit the bowl.

Peter exits.

MARTY: Gotta say this Rose. You brits sure are out there.

SANDY: He trained to be a priest.

MARTY: A what?

SANDY: A priest. Ya know what a priest is, right Marty?

MARTY: Sure. There wuz one in that `Thorn Birds' crap you made me watch.

SANDY: HA HA!

ROSE: Oh I love Richard Chamberlain.

MARTY: (To Rose) Sandy confesses all her sins, don't you baby? At least she used to. Father Mike
retired due to overwork.

SANDY: (Braying) That's a goddamn lie.....They said it wuz the stress.

MARTY: So Petee's a priest, huh?

ROSE: Oh no. Not any more.

Lights down.

act two scene three

Lights up. Peter is in the toilet washing his hands at the washbasin. Staring at himself in the mirror.

PETER: Stupid fucking Americans. Special distinction. What kind of rotting sewer of humanity have you arrived at now Peter? With their t.v. guides and Mickey Mouse fucking morality..

Peter washes his hands over and over.

PETER: There is no light...no sign of intelligence. And the way they talk. (Immitating Sandy) `God aint here honey, you can tell me.' Tell you. I'll tell you. `Then my anger shall be kindled in them that day and I will forsake them, and I will hide my face from them, and they shall be devoured, and many evils and troubles shall befall them: so that they will say in that day, are not these evils come,...because our God is not among us.'....Stupid fucking Americans.

Lights down.

act two scene four

Rose is standing at the drinks trolley again, drinking. Sandy is looking at the clock, shaking it. Marty sits on the couch next to Hannah, watching her as she leafs through the hotel bible.

ROSE: So it was all to do with the fact that he never knew his father.

SANDY: Like any of us do honey. You been messin' with this thing again? Marty?

MARTY: (To Hannah) Do ya like that book, Hannah?

SANDY: Marty?

MARTY: What?

SANDY: I said you been screwin' with this thing again? Ya gotta watch?

ROSE: No. Sorry.

SANDY: Never tell what friggin' time is. Ya did, didn' ya. You got up in the middle of the night an'

screwed with it.

MARTY: I don't know what ya talkin' about.

SANDY: Don't gimme that. Tick tock Marty. Tick tock. Ya goddamn did it again. Never know what friggin' time is. He does it on purpose.

ROSE: Does what?

SANDY: Screws with 'em. Am I talkin' to myself or somethin'. Why ya always doin' that. Wherever we goddamn go. How's a girl s'posed to know what time it is, when you screw with 'em all the time.

MARTY: I didn' screw with nothin'.

SANDY: Then why can I never tell what the friggin' time is.

MARTY: Clocks always stop when you look at 'em.

SANDY: They do not.

MARTY: Sure they do. It's cos you expect too much from them.

SANDY: What did you do to this goddamn clock, Marty.

MARTY: Sandy darlin' I didn' do nothin' to your precious clock.

SANDY: (To Rose) It's cos he hears this tickin'.

MARTY: Sandy!

SANDY: Complained about it fer years an years.

MARTY: Sandy!

SANDY: Tickin' he'd say. All the time. All I can hear is this tickin'.

MARTY: Leave it Sandy!!

SANDY: All the time, this tickin'.

MARTY: SANDY!!

SANDY: So he screws with 'em.

MARTY: DAMMIT SANDY. SHE DON'T NEED TO HEAR THAT!!

SANDY: WHAT? FER CHRIST'S SAKE. YA STILL HEAR THE TICKIN' DON'T YER MARTY.

YA STILL HEAR THE GODDAMN TICKIN'.

MARTY: I don't hear nothin' tickin'.

SANDY: THAT'S COS YER STOPPED THE FRIGGIN' CLOCK DIDN' YER.

MARTY: Damn it Sandy.

SANDY: DAMN YERSELF MARTY. Yer came back screwy.

As Sandy keeps fiddling with the clock, the alarm suddenly goes off, causing Marty to fling himself to the floor, covering his head.

MARTY: AAAaaarrghhh!!!! INCOMING!!!!

No explosion. Marty still on the floor. Seconds pass.

SANDY: Like I said. Screwy.

ROSE: Martin?

HANNAH: Sky blue Marty. Bing bang.

ROSE: Hannah. Hush now.

MARTY: What...?...What?

HANNAH: Sky blue Marty...

Hannah drops to the floor and holds Martin, stroking his hair.

HANNAH: Sky blue...Sky blue...

MARTY: Sorry...I'm sorry.

Martin holds onto Hannah as Peter re-enters.

PETER: Hannah? What's going on?

SANDY: We had an incident.

MARTY: Sorry...I'm sorry....

Martin stands.

MARTY: Don't know, dammit...Sorry..Got a little carried away there.

ROSE: We understand Martin...It's o.k. really.

SANDY: Wait till it happens again.

MARTY: SANDY!!

SANDY: What? So yer screwy, we're all screwy. Aint no sense to be sorry fer the fact that yer screwy.

ROSE: Well no. We all have our little problems, don't we.

SANDY: You got problems?

ROSE: Well no. But we all have our little....things, you know.

SANDY: Sure, specially Marty.

PETER: Perhaps we should leave.

SANDY: Leave? What fer? Marty'll be fine, wont yer Marty.

**MARTY: Yes, yes I'm fine now, really. You don't need to go. No sense in ruinin' peoples evenin'. Not on
my account anyhow.**

ROSE: Are you sure?

SANDY: Sure he's sure. We're just startin' the fun, right sugar?

Sandy touches Peter's lapel again.

PETER: Well...well if you're sure.

SANDY: Sure. Let me freshen' that glass for yer.

**Sandy takes Peter's glass to the
drinks cabinet.**

PETER: Very kind.

**MARTY: Well....I think i'll just go an' freshen up. I guess it's my turn, right...And thankyou Hannah.
Thankyou.**

HANNAH: Sky blue Marty, sky blue.

Martin goes to leave.

SANDY: Oh, by the way honeybun.

MARTY: What?

SANDY: Try an' find out what the time is while yer out there.

Martin glares and exits.

SANDY: He he...Silly son of a gun, takes everythin' so serious.

ROSE: That wasn't very nice of you Sandy.

PETER: ROSE!!

SANDY: Nah, I guess she's right. Aint no point bein' nice to him though, he don't feels he deserves it.

ROSE: I don't believe that. Everyone deserves nice.

SANDY: Ya think? Look honey, only thing keeps him outta the nuthatch is me wraggin' on him all the time. Oi' Sandy gotta keep flappin' her mouth so he don't hear that tickin'.

PETER: He hears ticking?

SANDY: Sure he does...Listen up enough an' we can all hear tickin'

HANNAH: Tick tock tick tock tick tock.

SANDY: See what I mean.

PETER: And he hears it, because?

SANDY: I don't know. Guy came back from the middle of a war zone, what yer expect. Only thing I can't stand is when he fiddles with the damn clocks. Yer sure yer don't know what the time is?

PETER: No sorry.

SANDY: Shit....So the priest thing was screwed cos of your dad, huh?

PETER: ROSE!

Rose giggles, drunkenly.

LIGHTS DOWN.

act two scene five

Marty enters the toilet, closes the door, sinks to his knees and cries.

**Lights up on stage, Sandy, Peter etc
as Marty cries.**

PETER: ROSE!

ROSE: (Topsy) Yes Peter, yes my darling.

SANDY: An' this is the one that don't drink.

PETER: ROSE!

ROSE: What? All I said was that it was something to do with not knowing your father.

SANDY: There weren't details or nothin'.

ROSE: Precisely. I left it wide open for you to fill in.....Then again I've done that before...

**Rose sits down. Marty lies on the
toilet floor, still sobbing.**

SANDY: Come on daddy, cat's out of the bag now right?

PETER:Very well. Hannah, pass me the book will you?

**Hannah dutifully stands, moves round
the couch, hands over the book and
sits back down again.**

PETER: (Hands the book to Sandy) Deuteronomy. Chapter 23 verse 2.

**SANDY: O.k. daddy. (Flicks through) Deut roonomy.....deut roonamy.. Here we go...nineteen,
twenty,..twenty three.**

PETER: Bottom of the page. Verse two.

SANDY: Why the hells the writing so small?

ROSE: Any bigger and they'd never fit it all in dear.

SANDY: Right.

ROSE: Something I've never had the pleasure of saying.

SANDY: A bastard....

PETER: That's it.

Peter pours himself another drink.

SANDY: A bastard shall not enter into the congregation of the Lord; even.....

PETER: Even to his tenth generation shall he not enter into the congregation of the Lord.

Hannah stands. Arms back on the cross.

HANNAH: AHAAAA!! AHAAAA!!

PETER: HANNAH. I WONT TELL YOU AGAIN.

Hannah sits back down, head dropped.

SANDY: That's it?

PETER: That's it.

SANDY: That's the reason yer gave up the chance to listen to all that gossip.

PETER: Confession of sin.

SANDY: Right, gossip. Just cos yer pappy up an' left yer. Hell, honey!!

PETER: Precsely Sandy. So I left. Father didn't want me...God didn't want me.

ROSE: So he got married.

PETER: So L...Rose!!

ROSE: (Hyena) Hehehehehehehehe.

MARTY: SHUT-UP! GODDAMN IT SHUT-UP!!

Lights down on the party. Lights on

Marty as he holds his head.

MARTY: Goddamn it, shut-up.....All the time in my head. Tickin' just tickin'....Can't get

away....Sandy...It's happenin' again.....Sandy...all I can hear. I can't get up, I can't get up and over.....over the tickin'....

A light shines on Marty. Sound of a clock ticking.

Marty bursts into tears again.

MARTY: No...no..no..Goddamn it Pitts...

Marty starts hitting himself in the head.

MARTY: No..no..no..no..no..no..no.....no!!

Lights down.

act two scene six.

Rose is stumbling back from the drinks cabinet into her chair.

ROSE: Oh hehehehehehehehe.

Hannah is sitting with her head on the table in the corner of the room sucking her thumb, while Sandy and Peter sit close on the sofa.

SANDY: So he jus' up an left yer huh?

PETER: Before I was born, so I hear...Mother never really talked about it.

SANDY: So, yer never got to be a priest..Well I never got to be a nun neither.

PETER: You were going to be a nun?

SANDY: No.....Way I figure it, I had way too much pizzazz to be a nun. 'Sides, how the hell they take shavin' their heads all the time.

PETER: They're closer to God.

SANDY: You think. Just cos they married the big guy, don't mean their hair stops growin'. That'd be some sleepover wouldn't it. Bunch of gals, shavin' their heads..

PETER: Well....Do you think Martin will be o.k.?

SANDY: Him? Sure. He'll come down. Always does. Just needs to be screwy fer a while is all. (To Rose)

How you doin' Rose.

ROSE: Oh I'm fine. Friggin' fine.

PETER: ROSE!!

ROSE: What? When in Rome...

SANDY: She think she in Rome?

ROSE: Do as the fucking romans.

PETER: ROSE! STOP IT NOW!..

ROSE: That's my Peter.

Rose stands and totters to the drinks.

ROSE: That's him all over.

SANDY: What is honey?

ROSE: Doesn't mind you talking like the town bike, but wont let his wife do it.

PETER: ROSE, THAT'S ENOUGH.

SANDY: HEY!!

PETER: I'm sorry.

SANDY: I resent the..... well o.k. fair enough. That still don't give yer the right, yer know.

ROSE: (To Hannah) You o.k. baby? Hmmm? You o.k. there?

HANNAH: Flip flop sway sway mummy?

ROSE: You've got it, baby. But I love you, you know that? Love you more than anything in the entire world. I am your mother, your loving Mother.

PETER: Rose?

ROSE: I'M TALKING TO HANNAH!! Aren't I? Give your mummy a kiss now Hannah, give your

Mummy a kiss.

**Rose goes to kiss Hannah, but she
pulls away.**

HANNAH: Aarf, aarf.

ROSE: What is it?

HANNAH: Aarf, aarf.

ROSE: STOP IT!! Come on now, give your mother a kiss.

**Rose tries again, but Hannah pulls
away even more.**

HANNAH: AAARF, AAARF!!

PETER: STOP IT ROSE.

ROSE: I'M TRYING TO KISS MY DAUGHTER O.K.?

PETER: SHE DOESN'T WANT TO.

**ROSE: WHAT WOULD YOU KNOW ABOUT IT? COME ON HANNAH, BE A GOOD GIRL
AND KISS MUMMY.**

HANNAH: Aarf, aarf.....

**ROSE: STOP IT. YOU AREN'T A DOG. YOU'RE NOT RUTH. YOU'RE MY DAUGHTER.
NOW KISS ME.**

**Peter stands and goes to restrain
Rose.**

PETER: O.k., that's enough. You're drunk!

ROSE: So what if I'm drunk. Why wont she kiss me?

PETER: She doesn't want to.

Peter is now holding Rose.

ROSE: She does want to, don't you Hannah? You love mummy, don't you?

PETER: Come and sit down.

ROSE: I DON'T WANT TO SIT DOWN!! See you drooling over some fat Audrey Hepburn wannabe.

(To Sandy) **WE'VE ALL SEEN THE MOVIE AND SHE WAS THIN.**

PETER: STOP IT!!

ROSE: Come on Hannah, kiss mummy. Kiss mummy, like Andrew used to. Like Andrew, please

Hannah. Please baby, please kiss mummy.

PETER: Rose, we're going!!

ROSE: I'M NOT GOING UNTIL MY DAUGHTER DAMN WELL KISSES ME.

PETER: LOOK AT YOURSELF.

ROSE: LOOK AT MYSELF? YOU GODFORSAKEN BASTARD. YOU DON'T EVEN....EVEN...

.....ANYMORE. WHAT DO YOU MEAN LOOK AT MYSELF. NOW HANNAH

COME HERE AND GIVE YOUR MOTHER A FUCKING KISS.

Peter turns Rose around and slaps

her. Rose stands there shocked.

PETER: Don't you dare embaress me in public.

SANDY: Hit her again.

Rose looks at Sandy and then

starts to wretch.

SANDY: Here it comes!!

Rose exits running for the toilet.

Lights up in the toilet. It's empty.

Rose dashes in and vomits down the bowl, extremely loudly.

Peter and Sandy grimace.

SANDY: Sounds like a lady don't she.

LIGHTS DOWN

THE HALF.

act three scene one.

lights up in the toilet. Rose is still vomiting loudly. Eventually the wretching slowly disappears and she sits on the floor wiping her mouth.

ROSE: God....I feel like.....I feel like dawn breaking over a sewage works....God....Andrew, Andrew...my baby...my sweet, sweet baby..

A light shines again from above.

ROSE: There you are...kiss mummy...Give mummy a kiss.

Rose purses her lips.

ROSE: Thankyou...Oh thankyou....you always loved mummy didn't you. You always loved me the best...Why wouldn't Hannah kiss me? Do you know, Andrew? Hmmm?.....It's because of what happened isn't it. Because she was hurt...and now she's not right in the head is she? But I still love her Andrew..You were always my favourite, but I still love her.....I remember,I never told you this, so you mustn't breathe a word to anyone, not even Hannah but I remember when my daddy used to love me you know. He loved me so very much, so very very much,...and

sometimes, that summer spent in the country on a little farm, sometimes the farmyard dog would bark too, bark for me, in the same way our little Ruthie would bark for you...and I am sorry.....but you still love me, don't you,..you still love me and you forgive me?

The light goes out.

ROSE: Andrew? ANDREW?.....You didn't kiss mummy goodbye...

Marty arrives at the bathroom door
and knocks. Rose fearful.

ROSE: What? Who is it?

MARTY: Its yer ol' pal Marty, Rose. Yer alright in there?

ROSE: Er, yes, yes fine Martin. I feel just fine now.

Rose stands and tries to fix her appearance.

MARTY: I brought you some water...I was in my room, an' I brought yer some water.

ROSE: Oh Martin,...how sweet.

MARTY: Can I come in?

ROSE: Er....yes. Yes of course.

Rose checks her appearance in the mirror as Marty
enters holding a glass of water.

MARTY: Here ya go.

ROSE: Thankyou Marty,....oh!

Rose sways a little.

MARTY: Hey now.

Marty catches her. A moment.

MARTY: Like a newborn steer, right Rose. Still findin' yer feet.

ROSE: Yes, yes sorry Martin.

He sits her on the toilet and gives her the water.

MARTY: It's o.k. Not like I aint been there a few times myself, yer know.

ROSE: Yes....Silly me eh?...I don't even make a very good drunk, do I?

MARTY: Sure yer do. Yer jus' need more practice is all.

ROSE: Well that's very kind....You certainly have a way with the ladies Marty.

MARTY: Aw shucks Rose....Then again everyone else looks good when yer've jus' hurled, ya know.

ROSE: True....I suppose I look terrible, do I?

MARTY: Nah. Sides, pale skins s'posed to suit you English Roses, right?

ROSE: English Rose?

MARTY: Heard it before?

ROSE: A few times...Still, you'd be a tremendous hit down at the local dance hall. Do you dance Marty?

MARTY: All the time.

ROSE: With Sandy?

**MARTY: You know it. Me an' Sandy dance all the time...Wouldn't take that too much to heart though
if I were you.**

ROSE: I think she's an awful woman....Sorry.

**MARTY: No need...She aint an awful woman, she's a great woman, a great big, take the prisoners out
an' shoot 'em in the back of the head, woman,.....she's just an awful person, is all.**

Rose and Marty laugh.

ROSE: But you love her?

**MARTY: Sure I love her....Though it aint like she gives me much choice in the matter, yer know.....But,
don't look like Peter's no daisy spoutin' them bible folk all the time.**

**ROSE: No...needless to say Genesis through to the Revelation every day can be a little wearing... I
sometimes wish he's read something else.**

MARTY: Gotta have a little variety to keep things all Fred an' Ginger.

ROSE: Yes. Though we really never danced much..I'm sorry.

MARTY: Ferget it.

ROSE: Always such an awful smell. Takes weeks to get it out of a carpet.

MARTY: Don't matter none in a hotel room,..sides there were worse stinks in the war.

ROSE: The war?

MARTY: Yeah, an sorry fer myself, yer know. Gettin' carried away like that. Wouldn't go down well at
your local dance now would it?

ROSE: Well no,..but it would probably liven them up enough to be bearable....So why.....?

MARTY: Why what?

ROSE: Why the.....why the problem?

MARTY: The tickin'?

ROSE: Yes, the ticking.

MARTY: Well I don't know Rose. Jus' one of them things I guess.

ROSE: Well, none of my business. We can leave it.

MARTY: It was the darndest thing. I had this buddy called Pitts, Marty Pitts.

ROSE: Another Marty?

MARTY: Everyone called him Pitts. Truth be told he wuz always sweatin' his ass off, so it kinda fit.

Don't recall what I was doin' that day but then BOOM!! Big ass explosion, real close.

Next thing I know Pitts is walkin' around lookin' fer his ear. We're surrounded by jungle,

bullets rippin' by him an' he's walkin' round like he's fergot there's a war goin' on. Jus'

wants to find his ear right?

ROSE: Well you would, I suppose.

MARTY: Well jus' then waddn't the time. He's lookin' under bushes, he's lookin' in the trees, an' I'm
shoutin' yer know. Pitts, Pitts, get yer fuckin' head down!! Sorry Rose.

ROSE: It's alright Martin. You say fuck, all you like.

MARTY: (smiling) That's real nice of yer.

ROSE: Well sometimes it nice to hear it, even if you're not doing it.

MARTY: O.K. So anyway, he shouts back `Help me find my fuckin' ear!' Well, needless to say I wuz

more worried about his head bein' blown off than his ear right, so I grabs him.

ROSE: You grab him, with one ear.

MARTY: Sure. I grabs him, an' pulls him down in this hole. It's empty, it's o.k.

ROSE: Holes usually are.

MARTY: Right.

ROSE: Especially where I live.

MARTY: Right, what?

ROSE: Never mind, carry on.

MARTY: O.K. So there we are in a hole,...literally, when we hear it, sound of a shell headed right for
us.

ROSE: My God.

MARTY: Yeah, we thought we were gonna be havin' words with that guy. So anyway I jumps on Pitts
right.

ROSE: Very brave.

MARTY: Nah, not really, you just kinda do that stuff. Sides I wuz always the one they came to, to clean
up any mess they'd landed themselves in, so I felt responsible, yer know. Always cleanin' up
those guys shit...Always cleanin' up. (Drifts)

ROSE: Martin?

MARTY: What? Oh sure, so anyway the bomb drops an' we think this is it, the big one. Pitts was
gonna lose more than just his ear an' his lunch right, an' so was I, an' then,...an' then'

ROSE: (Eager puppy) What? What?

MARTY: Nuthin'.

ROSE: What?

MARTY: Nuthin'. Shell fell, shell fell down, an' nuthin'. Didn't explode, didn' do nuthin'. Just sat there
four an' a half feet from me an' Pitts, ass stuck in the ground an' did nuthin'.

ROSE: Well, to use an American phrase, you lucky son of a bitch.

MARTY: Thankyou Rose. I thankyou, my family thanks you, but most of all, my mother thanks you.

Anyway, now what do we do?

ROSE: Run away very quickly.

MARTY: Whoaaa there speedy. We weren't goin' nowhere. One slight movement and that shell might go sky high, 'sides we're surrounded by people shootin' bullets at each other, you know. So we wait.

ROSE: You wait?

MARTY: Sure, we wait. We had ourselves a comfort zone, an' yer never leave a comfort zone.

ROSE: But what about the unexploded bomb?

MARTY: Well that wasn't very comfortin'. But we sit there an' we wait. Five hours. Five hours 'till we were pulled outta there.

ROSE: Five hours. That must have been hell Martin.

MARTY: Nah, weren't nuthin.

ROSE: Martin.

MARTY: Really, walk in the park.

ROSE: Martin!

MARTY: O.k. Rose, o.k.....Weren't nuthin'. Least ways it wasn't 'till Pitts said he could hear it tickin'. You hear it tickin'? That's all he'd say, 'part from whinin' 'bout his ear, right. You sure you don't hear it tickin'. I think I hear it tickin'. Like I says, shells don't tick, retard, but all the time that's all he'd say, I'm sure I hear it tickin'.

ROSE: Did you hear it tickin'?

MARTY: It was a shell, trust me, they don't tick...Then, come to think of it Pitts always was a little, yer know.

ROSE: Little what?

MARTY: That boy wuz more screwed than a slinky. Anyhow, we sit there an' we wait an' we wait. Eventually he gets round to tellin' me bout this time he up and pops his own mother fer puttin' this big ass clock on his wall, when he's a kid right. Claims this thing ticks so loud it keeps him awake all night. 'Why'd yer do that ma? A boy needs his sleep don't he.' Claims to have nightmares about this tickin'. All he can hear all night, even when he's havin' some wet dream, there's still this tickin'. So 'ventually he's goin' so nuts with it, he breaks the damn clock over his mother's head, runs out an' joins up. Finally he says, finally I found me a place

where there's too much shit goin' down fer me to hear this tickin', an' now we're in a hole,
with a shell stuck in the ground an' all I hear is it goddamn tickin'....So, I hit him.

ROSE: You hit Pittsy.

MARTY: Knocked him cold.

ROSE: Why?

MARTY: So he didn' hear no tickin'.

They both laugh, loud.

ROSE: Aaah, Martin. You saint you.

MARTY: Yep. Saint Marty. Patron saint of every broken clock in America. That's me Rose, that's me...

ROSE: So what happened to him?

MARTY: Who?

ROSE: Pitts, of course.

MARTY: Oh, well, he never got his ear back.

ROSE: (Smiling)...Do you keep in touch?

MARTY: Pitts?...No....No, he.....he...they, found him. Found him one morning in his basement.

ROSE: Dead?

MARTY: Let's jus' say the kid shouldda kept his feet on the ground....He had over a thousand clocks in
that basement an' not one of 'em wuz ever gonna tell time again, he'd seen to that real
good..An' I cleaned that boy up. Wrapped his head up till he looked like Van
Gogh.....Mornin' after I heard bout him, thought it was rain at first on the window, 'till I saw
those blue skies shinin' on me, then realised what it was. Somethin' wuz tickin'.

LIGHTS DOWN

act three scene two.

Sandy and Peter are still on the sofa. Hannah at the table, watching. Sandy is trying to tickle Peter.

SANDY: Come on daddy, you know you like it.

PETER: No please, wait. Sandy, please. It's not right.

SANDY: Sure it's right. Everythin's right if it feels right.

PETER: No please Sandy, please don't.

SANDY: I know that. When they say no, yer mean yes, right.

PETER: No please, please, it's..look very funny, but, **SANDY! STOP IT!!**

Pause.

SANDY: Whooooo. You was a lot more fun in that lift, sugar.

PETER: Sandy. Hannah's right there. Besides I was under a lot of stress.

SANDY: Stress my ass. Never seen stress 'cause no flag to fly as quick as yours flew up that pole.

Sandy tries to touch Peter's crotch.

PETER: I'm serious. This is not the place, the time...we shouldn't be doing this at all.

SANDY: ROT!! What yer worryin' about? Hannah, don't mind none, do yer honey.

HANNAH: Grrrrr!

SANDY: 'Sides. What's she gonna say, huh.

Sandy stands and walks over to Hannah.

SANDY: You aint gonna say nuthin' right? You aint gonna tell on ol' Sandy and Petee, now are yer.....See, she aint got shit to say.

HANNAH: Grrrr.

SANDY: An how's Lassie here gonna say it anyhow?

PETER: Hannah and I both love her Mother. Whether she says anything or not.

SANDY: That screwball?

PETER: She happens to be my wife.

SANDY: Well don't blame me....Ya know we could always send little Hannah here to the store, fetch

some more hooch. Would you like that, honey? Goin' to the store fer ol' Sandy.

HANNAH: (Smiling) Yankee wing wang.

SANDY: Guess not, huh.

PETER: Please Sandy,....Marty could be back at any second.

SANDY: Him? He's got more sense than to interrupt ol' Sandy when she's got business to attend to...Sides, how you know what he's doin' to Rosie all this time. We wouldn't want to miss out on all the fun now would we.

She goes and strokes Peter's hair.

PETER: Rose was in no condition.

SANDY: HAH! Women always in the condition. Don't matter if we thrown our lunch clear cross the room, or if'n we got typhoid, we catch that scent, an' we can still take all the conditionin' you willin' to dish out.

She strokes Peter's chest.

PETER: Sandy?

SANDY: Now I know you want to condition ol' Sandy. Give ol' Sandy what fer...

PETER: Oh God. Oh God.

SANDY: He aint gonna help yer none....Though that'd be some ride. Maybe I shouldda been a nun..You jus' let Sandy do her stuff, now you hear.

Sandy kisses Peter for a long time. He remains rooted to the chair in shock or fear.

PETER: Oh Lord....

SANDY: That's it sugar, you get all the help you need.

Sandy moves around the couch and sits on Peter's lap.

SANDY: I know what a boy like you needs, you need your mind cleanin'. Get all that deut roonamy

crap outta there.

PETER: No, please.

SANDY: Please,...I hear that.

Sandy begins to grind up and down on Peter's
crotch.

SANDY: Only one thing clears a boys mind better than a bullet through the head, an' that's what ol'
Sandy does best...What I always done best.

Sandy kisses him roughly again.

PETER: No, no, no.

SANDY: Yes, yes, yes...I know you've got somethin' you wanna give me...That aint no bible in your
pocket.

PETER: Oh Lord.

Sandy grabs Peter's crotch.

PETER: NO!

SANDY: Oh my...we got ourselves a full house, sugar.

PETER: NO..no,no, no..(Beginning to gabble)...Oh, whence should I have flesh for all these people.

SANDY: Jus' me honey, jus' ol' Sandy.

Sandy is moving her hand up and down
his crotch.

PETER: And the man, the man that committeth adultery.

Peter begins moving his hips.

PETER: The man that commits adultery with another man's wife, even he that committeth adultery

with his neighbours wife, the adulterer...oh sandy,..oh god

SANDY: I love it when you talk bible to me, honey.

PETER: The adulterer and adulteress shall surely be put to death...

Sandy climbs off him, pulls him
off the couch.

SANDY: Then this better be good...

Sandy lies on the couch and pulls him
down on top of her...

PETER: Oh my Lord,..my God....

They begin to gyrate...Hannah stands
to get a better view of them.

PETER: I stood upon the sand of the sea,...and I saw a beast rise up out of the sea, having seven heads
and ten horns..

SANDY: YAHOOOO!

PETER: And upon his horns ten crowns and upon his heads the name of...

Peter goes into a state of apoplexy.

PETER: Uhh....the name of...uhhhh.....oh God.

Peter collapses.

SANDY:SHIT!

PETER: Oh God,....oh God forgive me.

SANDY: GOD FORGIVE YOU??

PETER: Oh Lord.

Peter sits up, covering his crotch.

Sandy gets off the couch, looking at him. Peter puts his hands together to pray, but keeps them over his embaressment.

PETER: O God, thou hast cast us off, thou hast scattered us, thou hast been displeased: O turn thyself to us again.

SANDY: O fer Christ's sake.

Hannah shrugs and sits back down.

PETER: Thou hast made the earth to tremble; thou hast broken it.

SANDY: AAH SHUT THE HELL UP WILL YER...HE DIDN' BREAK IT, I BROKE IT, I, SANDY, ME,....NOW GO AN' CHANGE YER GODDAMN PANTS.

PETER: O LORD.

SANDY: O LORD NUTHIN'.....Lord aint got no place bein' in a place like this. Fuckin' British....I had more fun in Nebraska.

Pause.

PETER: Sorry.

SANDY: What you say?

PETER: I'm so sorry.

Peter, crotch still in hand, jumps up and dashes out of the room.

SANDY: Sorry, my ass. Looks to me like you an' God had a fine old time...Shit...

Sandy gets up and pours herself a drink.

SANDY: You want one, honey?

HANNAH: Grrrr.

SANDY: CUT THAT SHIT OUT...You wanna drink?

Hannah nods her head.

SANDY: That's better.

**Sandy pours Hannah a drink and
gives it to her.**

**SANDY: Bet you seen some stuff in your time, huh? (No answer) Sure. Bet you seen all kinds
ammoral,...immoral...never figure which one it is, probably both, right? Probably seen both
types of behaviour.....Even when you is there, the room's still empty...No-one gonna take
notice of no junk yard dog, long as it don't smell up the joint, right? Sure....**

**Hannah finishes her drink and
holds out the glass for another.**

SANDY: Hold your booze good too..

Sandy pours.

**SANDY: Better than your ma at least....Well, all you jus' saw was whats to come, 'specially if you ever
get right in the head, 'specially then....Never once found no man got enough of the right stuff
fer Sandy...Not once.**

HANNAH: Sky blue Marty. Marty sky blue.

**SANDY: Yer think...Let me tell you 'bout ol' Marty. I said he wus screwy, not.....well.....he's good to
have around the place, is all. Like some junk-yard dog, jus' like you...He keeps the place safe
fer ol' Sandy..keeps out the ornary Joes looking to raid what's inside, if yer see what I
mean,...an' he don't smell so bad.**

HANNAH: Hair white.

SANDY: What?

HANNAH: Like wool hair white.

SANDY: What yer expect at his age.

HANNAH: Eyes a fire. Fire eyes.

SANDY: Fire eyes huh. News to me...Probably the hooch.

HANNAH: Sky blue Marty. Bing bang. Up down bing bang...

SANDY: Up down?...Marty's more down than up baby, trust me..Well since....since lately anyway. Not like there was much up down bing bang to begin with, but it wuz better than nothin'. You ever?...You know. With a guy.

Silence.

SANDY: Guess not, huh....Well sometimes, you know ,yer jus' have to grab 'em, honey. Lot of men waste time tryin' to talk to yer, which'll really be a waste of time with you...Your age, yer can't afford to waste time waitin' on some gentleman caller, 'sides, gentlemen'll spend all year thinkin' 'bout kissin yer, while you'll be wonderin' how big his thing is, least ways that wuz what I was always wonderin'....You see a guy you like, grab him,...then ask if he's got a older brother fer me...

HANNAH: Grab, grab.

SANDY: You got it, grab grab...an' hold on fer dear life if yer like him, men'll shake yer off if they can. They always up an' leave yer when yer need 'em most....Wasn't right, aint right that they up an' leave yer like that.

Marty enters.

MARTY: I aint left yer....yet.

SANDY: Not you asshole.

MARTY: Not me...Oh, (To Hannah) this must mean one of her other assholes up and left.

SANDY: He wasn't an asshole.

MARTY: Who wasn't?

SANDY: Never mind.

MARTY: (To Hannah) Your mother's jus' fixin' herself up...Tryin' to get some colour back in her cheeks.

SANDY: Couldn't make her flush up yerself, huh?

MARTY: Sandy darlin'. You know some ladies like a conversation.

SANDY: Lady my ass...'Sides, what makes yer think I don't like conversatin' with people...long as it's headed somewhere.

MARTY: (To Hannah) All roads lead to Sandy's room.

SANDY: Don't I wish.....Roads aint long enough or hard enough these days, anyhow.

MARTY: An' they never manage to take yer where you want to go, right? Yer expect too much from roads, too.

SANDY: I EXPECT THEM TO DO THEIR GODDAMN JOB, IS ALL. YER KNOW MARTY,
YER KNOW?

MARTY: A real road, huh Sandy? All you want is a real road.

SANDY: What the hell would you know 'bout it?

Sandy finishes her drink.

MARTY: So who left?

SANDY: What?

MARTY: Who left?

SANDY: Never mind.

MARTY: Never mind? Whats a matter, honey.

SANDY: I said never mind, dammit.

MARTY: (To Hannah) What's bettin' this real road didn't like some ol' heavy bus wheezin' up an' down on it.

SANDY: Marty?

MARTY: Yes Sandy, darlin'?

SANDY: (Thinks better of what she was about to say).....I'm gonna pee.

MARTY: You're gonna what?

**SANDY: I'M GONNA PEE! YER GOTTA PROBLEM WITH THAT? OL' SANDY'S
GONNA PEE, RIGHT? YOU WANNA COME WATCH OR SOMETHIN'?**

MARTY: (To Hannah) You wanna go watch?

Hannah shakes her head quickly.

MARTY: We'll take a raincoat.

SANDY: Very goddamn funny.....You know, Marty, you know what?

MARTY: What?

SANDY: One day Marty, one day I'm gonna find that real road, you know.

MARTY: Sandy, one day you just might.

A moment of sadness.

MARTY: Who left Sandy..who left?

SANDY: Screw you!

Sandy exits.

**Marty pours himself and Hannah a
drink.**

LIGHTS DOWN

act four scene one

Lights up. Sandy rushes into the toilet, emotional. Tears. Breakdown. Raw emotion. Sobbing. Screaming. Pain. Sandy pulls an old battered photograph out of her brassiere, looking at it. She pulls off some toilet tissue and blows her nose with it.

SANDY: Why yer do it, huh? Why yer leave?

More tears.

SANDY: You wuz a real man, weren't you sugar. Grew up real good, too good....Yer felt things didn' yer, always felt things..An ol' Sandy...Ol' Sandy didn' mind none that yer ruined her figure,.. wouldda got ruined anyways, huh...Didn' mind none...You wuz a fine figure of a man, yer know. Real man. That's what you wuz.....I didn' know you were there that day. How could I know you wuz there that day...I swear I didn't...So hooched up couldn't see straight...They weren't real men, neither of 'em. Not like you....Not like you....What wuz yer doin' there anyhow, ol' junk yard, that time of night...That wadn't no place fer my baby..what wuz God doin' lettin' yer see that..Nobody's baby should see that...Nobody's baby....'Specially not one that feels things like you did.

Tears. Lights down.

act four scene two.

Marty and Hannah are giggling.

MARTY: So he wouldn't hear no tickin'. (Laughter) POW!! Shouldda heard what he said when he woke up too.

HANNAH: (Making a fist) Bish bash.

MARTY: Yeah, bish bash..He didn' like that let me tell yer. Never had to run so fast in my entire goddamn life when he woke up. Even wanted to go back an' look fer his damn ear. Screwy kid.

Pause.

MARTY: You o.k. there.

Hannah nods and holds out her glass.

MARTY: More. You sure?

Hannah nods.

MARTY: O.K. Guess you're old enough to know what yer doin'.

He pours. She looks up to him. A moment.

HANNAH: Well good smile Marty?

MARTY: Me? Sure.

HANNAH: (Pointing off to where Sandy exited) Up down bing bang.

**MARTY: Oh, that...Well, what the eyes don't see...I wuz never much one fer sharin' stuff....An' Sandy
needs a lot of sharin'.**

HANNAH: (Pointing to Marty's head) On top screwy ouch. Ouch?

MARTY: Yeah, I guess.

HANNAH: Snow white Marty.

MARTY: Nah, not me...Snow white Sandy. She's the one likes dwarfs.

HANNAH: White like wool. Wool white.

MARTY: Oh, this. (Feels his hair) War wound, yer know.

HANNAH: Eyes a fire. Fire eyes Marty.

MARTY: O.k. Now yer lost me on that one.

Hannah stands close to Marty.

HANNAH: Bing bang?

MARTY: What?

HANNAH: Grab grab...(Points off again) Good man grab grab...

MARTY: What yer tryin' to say Hannah.

Hannah takes Marty's hand in her own.

HANNAH: Stop tick tock...Bad tick tock.

MARTY: Well I've tried...

HANNAH: Sky blue Marty...grab grab.

Hannah places Marty's hand on her breast.

MARTY: Jeez Hannah!

**Marty pulls away, put Hannah keeps
hold of his hand.**

HANNAH: GRAB, GRAB.

MARTY: No Hannah.

HANNAH: Marty love.

MARTY: No Hannah.

HANNAH: Must, must Marty.

MARTY: No really now. This aint right.

HANNAH: (Getting tearful) Sky blue Marty, bing bang..Must grab, grab.

**Hannah tries to put his hand on her
breast again. He resists.**

MARTY: I can't.....I can't.

Marty holds his head. Tick tock.

HANNAH: Tick tock, tick tock. (Tears) White like wool. Like daddy.

MARTY: You gotta stop this Hannah, please.

HANNAH: Like daddy..Marty love Hannah.

MARTY: NO..God, why does it never stop. Can yer hear it?

Hannah puts his hand back on her breast, hard.

HANNAH: Eyes a flame of fire...Flame of fire.

MARTY: PITTSY!! PITTSY!!

HANNAH: What fer. Give what fer..

MARTY: Hannah, no.

HANNAH: Bible conditionin'

Hannah grabs Marty's crotch.

HANNAH: Give me bible, bible Marty.

MARTY: (Hitting his head) Stop this, stop this.

HANNAH: Love stop tick tock, stop tick tock.

We begin to hear a loud ticking.

MARTY: Why wont it stop. Please stop.

Hannah grabs onto Marty and holds him.

HANNAH: In hole. Hold in hole.

MARTY: I can't stand this anymore.

Tears. Hannah pulls him to a kneeling position. They face each other. Hannah rocking back and forth.

HANNAH: Full house Marty. Condition Hannah. condition hannah.

MARTY: All I hear is the tickin'. The damn thing's tickin'.

HANNAH: Full house Marty. Up down up down.

MARTY: I can hear it, Pittsy. I can hear the tickin'...Oh Jeesus.

HANNAH: Condition daddy, condition daddy.

MARTY: Someone take it away,..someone stop it.

HANNAH: Bible Marty, sky blue Marty.

The ticking sound rises in intensity.

MARTY: I can't stop it, why can't I stop it?

HANNAH: (Normal speech) His head and his hairs were white like wool, as white as snow.

MARTY: What? Hannah, can you hear the tickin'?

HANNAH: His eyes were as a flame of fire.

Hannah strokes his head.

MARTY: In my head all the time, all the goddamn time, thats all I hear..

HANNAH: And when I saw him, I fell at his feet as dead.

MARTY: Help me, oh God help me.

Marty breaks down, crying, lying on
lying on Hannah's lap.

HANNAH: And he laid his right hand upon me.

Hannah takes Marty's hand and puts
it back on her breast.

MARTY: No Hannah, no....Why can't I stop this, why can't I clean up.

HANNAH: He laid his right hand upon me, saying unto me, Fear not;

MARTY: Can't clean this up...Can't stop it. It's tickin'...It's tickin'.....an..an it aint mine..aint mine..

HANNAH: Saying unto me, Fear not, I am the first and the last...

MARTY: Oh God...God help me..

HANNAH: Grab, grab, Daddy, grab grab daddy..

MARTY: I'm not,...I'm not..

HANNAH: First and last Daddy, first and last...grab, grab

Hannah holds Marty close to her chest.

He cries in her arms.

HANNAH: And now,....and now my daughter fear not, I will do to thee all that thou requirest...

Slowly the ticking sound begins to

ebb away.

MARTY: I'm sorry, I'm sorry..

HANNAH: Sshhhh....Go away tick tock, go away, ssshhh....

MARTY: We can't....I can't..

HANNAH: I will do to thee all that thou requirest; for all the city of my people doth know that thou art
a virtuous woman...Go away tick tock, go away.....go away..

Marty and Hannah stare at each other.

**Slowly they close the space between
them and kiss.**

Sandy enters with Rose.

SANDY: Here we.....are.

ROSE: HANNAH!!

**Rose dashes over and pulls Hannah
off the floor.**

ROSE: Come here young lady!

MARTY: I'm sorry Rose I....

ROSE: I don't want to hear it. You don't kiss my daughter, you don't. Come here now Hannah. Come
away.

**She pulls Hannah by the wrist and
turns on her.**

ROSE: What the hell do you think you were doing?

HANNAH: Grab, grab. (Pointing to Sandy) Up down bible basher. Grab, grab.

ROSE: What are you saying? I don't understand. (To Marty) And you..

MARTY: Rose, I'm sorry...don't blame her, please, don't blame Hannah. She was just...

ROSE: I can see what she was just. I don't need a diagram, thankyou! (To Hannah) Now you listen

here, young lady, you don't kiss men, you hear me, you don't.

SANDY: Jeez, ya sound like my mother.

Sandy goes and gets herself a drink.

ROSE: I am not old enough to be your mother.

SANDY: I didn' say you wuz my mother, I said yer sound like her. Screwy bitch.

ROSE: What did you just say to me.

SANDY: Screwy ass English cow. Yer should let her screw ya know. She's thirty-five fer christ's sake.

ROSE: SHE IS MY DAUGHTER!!

SANDY: What the hell that got to do with it. Don't you think I'm someone's daughter?

ROSE: I'm sure you are dear, and I pity whoever that someone is.

MARTY: O.k. let's calm down.

ROSE/SANDY: SHUT-UP!!

Peter enters looking sheepish.

PETER: Hello.

SANDY: Great. God's back. Everybody check their wallet.

ROSE: Leave Peter alone.

PETER: ROSE!

SANDY: Trust me honey, I wish I had.

ROSE: What?

SANDY: Never mind.

PETER: What's happening?

ROSE: What's happening? I'll tell you what's happening.

SANDY: Don't worry, I called the pope, the dispensations in the bag.

PETER: I don't know what you mean.

SANDY: Priests never confess, right.

ROSE: Why would Peter need a dispensation.

SANDY: He needs drugs dispensin', never mind the pope crap.

PETER: Look, what is going on here.

Hannah rushes to her father and hugs him.

HANNAH: Daddy bing bang. Aarf, aarf.

PETER: (Not paying attention) Yes, alright Hannah. Hush now.

SANDY: I'll tell yer what was goin' on, nuthin. If Marty wuz involved I guarantee ya it wuz a big bag o' nuthin'.

PETER: Martin? Involved in what?

ROSE: In seducing your daughter.

MARTY: I didn' do that.

PETER: You bastard!

SANDY: Whooa, careful honey, Marty knows his pa.

MARTY: Thanks sugar.

SANDY: Screw you!

MARTY: SCREW ME?

SANDY: YEAH, SCREW YOU.

PETER: Hannah? What did he do to you?

MARTY: I didn' do nuthin'...I just had an incident.

SANDY: HAH! Marty, had an incident, ya hear that? An incident. An' what incidentally were yer plannin' on doin'?

MARTY: I wasn't plannin' anything. 'Sides, why you gettin all steamed about it.

PETER: Thou shalt not uncover the nakedness of a woman and her daughter,..it is wickedness.

ROSE: He hasn't uncovered my nakedness, thankyou very much.

SANDY: Can't fault yer taste, Marty.

MARTY: I haven't uncovered anyone's nakedness. Hannah, tell them.

SANDY: That's right, check the retard. See 'n if she's been messed with.

ROSE: You leave Hannah out of this. You awful bitch.

SANDY: I aint the one barks like a dog, honey.

ROSE: You americans, with your sordid ways.

SANDY: Hah, get a load of the fuckin' royalty. We aint the only ones with ways, aint that right sugar.

Sandy touches Peters lapel.

ROSE: Peter, what does she mean?

PETER: She means nothing Rose, don't be silly. Don't allow yourself to be brought down to their level.

SANDY: He's right Rose. Course it could get a little lonely up there all by yerself.

ROSE: PETER!!

PETER: O MY LORD.

SANDY: O shit, now you did it.

ROSE: What does she mean?

MARTY: What the hell do yer think she means, Rose? Yer don't get stuck in no lift with Sandy, less 'n
you want to.

ROSE: PETER!!

SANDY: Here it comes.

PETER: And the inhabitants of the earth have been made drunk with the wine of her fornication.

SANDY: See what yer did.

ROSE: What have you done, Peter?

SANDY: He didn' do nuthin. Don't get worked up,...I didn't.

PETER: And i saw a woman sit upon a scarlet coloured beast.

MARTY: Whadd'ya know, they did do everythin in the bible.

ROSE: What did you do to Hannah?

MARTY: Nuthin'.

PETER: If you've touched her, `then my anger shall be kindled against them in that day'.

MARTY: You can talk.

PETER: I never touched your wife, `upon her forehead was a name written'.

SANDY: Let me guess, mug, right?

**PETER: 'MYSTERY, BABYLON THE GREAT, THE MOTHER OF HARLOTS AND
ABOMINATION OF THE EARTH'.**

SANDY: My forehead really that big.

**Sandy feels her forehead, looking
in a mirror.**

MARTY: Not Sandy. Anyone can touch Sandy.

**Sandy opens her mouth to say something,
then remembers who she is.**

MARTY: I mean Hannah.

PETER: What?

MARTY: YOU HEARD ME.....She aint that tough to figure out. Your hairs white as well, right.

PETER: What are you talking about?

MARTY: Daddy bang bang, purple up down, how am I doin' so far Hannah?

**Hannah shakes her head fearfully as
if to shut Marty up.**

MARTY: It's o.k. Hannah, you don't need to be scared anymore. Ol' Marty's gonna fix it.

SANDY: You gonna fix things.

MARTY: I'm gonna fix things. I'm gonna clean this place up, jus' like old times.

HANNAH: Daddy bang bang?

PETER: Hannah!

**MARTY: She's been sayin' it all along. Whatsa matter Rose, you not listen to her? Hairs white like
wool, eyes on fire, an' yer laid yer hand on her, right?**

PETER: I'd never...

**MARTY: Sure yer did.....Yer laid yer hand on her an' said don't worry 'bout it baby, I'm the first an'
the last, you'll ever have. You aint no daisy, right Hannah? Got picked long ago.**

Hannah nods her head.

HANNAH: No daddy. Daddy no.

MARTY: Daddy no,...don't do it daddy. Rose, where the hell were yer?

ROSE: I....Peter?

PETER: Don't listen to his filth, Rose...I am a man of God.

SANDY: Yer gotta a funny way of showin' it.

PETER: If a man lie with his daughter , both of them shall surely be put to death.

SANDY: Why'd she gotta suffer?

PETER: Because they have wrought confusion; their blood shall be upon them. What are you saying
man?

MARTY: I'm sayin' yer did somethin' yer shouldn't. I'm sayin' that's why she is like she is....

HANNAH: AARFF, AARFF!! AARFF, AARFF!

MARTY: It's o.k. Hannah, Marty's gonna make it o.k.

HANNAH: AARFF, AARF! GRRRRR!!

SANDY: I think your dog jus' turned on yer.

MARTY: Sandy! This is important.

SANDY: ROSE!! You aint sayin' much.

ROSE: Well I....I don't know..We shouldn't..shouldn't be talking like this.

MARTY: Really Rose.

PETER: I don't have to stand here and listen to this. Rose, Hannah, we're leaving.

MARTY: You aint goin' nowhere. Hannah, come here.

Hannah shakes her head and holds onto
her father. He puts his arm around her.

MARTY: Hannah, it's o.k....you don't need to be frightened no more. He aint gonna hurt you, I aint
gonna let him.

SANDY: An' how you aim to clean this up?

MARTY: She can stay here, with me.

SANDY: WITH YOU??

MARTY: YEAH, WITH ME. HOW YOU LIKE THAT, HUH SANDY? SHE CAN STAY HERE

WITH ME. Like he said, she's a good girl, she can help you pack.

SANDY: Where'd you get them big balls from sugar?

MARTY: Hannah?

Marty holds out his hand.

MARTY: Sky blue Marty, remember,..sky blue.

HANNAH: Aw shucks.

MARTY: That's right, Hannah. Come on now, come to Marty.

Hannah hesitates.

SANDY: HAH!

MARTY: SHUT-UP. She's jus' scared is all.

**SANDY: Well you aint got nuthin' she should be scared of. Go on honey, you go to ol' Marty, trust me
yer wont feel a thing.**

MARTY: You jus' can't stand it, can yer?

SANDY: I aint been gettin' enough to form an opinion.

MARTY: That's a goddamn lie.

SANDY: O.k yer caught me.

MARTY: Yer jus' couldn't stand that, could yer. Ol' Marty havin' a day in the sun.

SANDY: Yer still standin' on yer own, Marty.

MARTY: Only because she's scared. Hannah, it's o.k. really. Marty'll fix it jus' like yer fixed me.

ROSE: NO! NOT WITH MY BABY. I KNEW YOU'D DONE SOMETHING.

MARTY: My head. Fixed my head. Hannah made the tickin' stop fer a while.

HANNAH: Tick, tock. Go away tick tock.

MARTY: That's it. An' I wont let him hurt you no more.

HANNAH: Aarf, aarf.

MARTY: Please. Hannah? You can stay here if you like.

SANDY: DAMN IT MARTY. She don't wanna stay here, yer can see that.

MARTY: Well why the hell would she wanna stay with him? They both went through it, her and her brother.

PETER: Andrew and Hannah have been through nothing.

MARTY: He aint gonna admit, right. Why'd yer think their kid did it?

SANDY: Be careful Marty. Petee's got God on his side.

MARTY: Goddamn it Sandy. It has to be you, all the time dudn't it. Can't never be no-one else. Has to be ol' Sandy, centre of attention. Look at Sandy people. Roll up, roll up, come an' see the biggest ride in town. Come one, come all. All fer Sandy...Even Robert wadn't allowed to stop ol' Sandy from shinin'.

SANDY: You leave my son outta this.

MARTY: Your son, hah! When the hell he get to be your son, Sandy. Yer weren't there long enough to form no kinda love fer the kid. But yer look great in black don't yer?

SANDY: He was my son. Mine. An' Sandy loved him, an' he loved Sandy.

MARTY: Love him? Poor bastard couldn't breathe with you around. Yer take all the air outta the place.

SANDY: He loved me. Like a son should. Like a man should.

MARTY: Couldn't step aside fer a second for yer own goddamn son.

SANDY: What would you know?

MARTY: What would I know? I know my boy aint here any more.

SANDY: An' why you think that is? 'Cause he had a screwy ass Dad who heard tickin' all the goddamn time.

MARTY: 'Cause he had a hoar fer a mother.

SANDY: HOAR? YOU CALLIN' ME A HOAR MARTY?

MARTY: If the dress fits honey. COUNT ON SANDY TO TAKE THE DAMN THING OFF.

PETER: Look, perhaps...

MARTY: YOU CAN IT. I AINT FINISHED WITH YOU. I'M GONNA CLEAN YOUR CLOCK 'FORE TONIGHT'S OUT.

SANDY: TICK FUCKIN' TOCK MARTY.

MARTY: You wuz always out somewhere Sandy. Yer should been raisin' a kid, but yer wuz always out.

SANDY: So wuz you, tryin' to stop clocks tickin'.

MARTY: He wuz my boy. He even looked like me.

HANNAH: Sky blue Marty, sky blue.

SANDY: Looked like you? An' half the guys in town sugar...But now he's gone, you get all ballsy an' wanna shack up with some dog lady from.....where you from?

ROSE: Surrey. It's lovely.

SANDY: Some dog lady from lovely fuckin' Surrey. Surrey with a fuckin' fringe on top, right. You want some dog lady, yer go right ahead an' make a fool of yerself, that's fine with ol' Sandy. But it was you made Robert do what he did, you. Yer made a mess 'cos yer weren't man enough to make ol' Sandy sit up an' beg. But no problem with that now the dog lady's in town.

HANNAH: Grrrr.

MARTY: My son had a hoar fer a mother, an' that's why he done what he done.

PETER: Look really....

SANDY: Can it bible. I aint finished with yer either....An' why Marty. Why ol' Sandy have to do that?

MARTY: Well I don't know sugar, yer feel neglected as a kid maybe?

SANDY: I FELT NEGLECTED AS A WIFE MARTY. YOU TOUCHED YERSELF MORE

OFTEN. (To Peter + Rose) You wanna hear what really happened? (To Hannah) An' pooch lady better hear this too, if 'n she's figurin' on havin Marty as some kinda leash round her neck.

MARTY: Good ol' Sandy. Yer think nice is a four letter word.

PETER: Actually...

SANDY: So Daddy here comes back screwy. So screwy that wife's some kinda four letter word too, right. Tick tock, tick, tock, tick tock...An' his boy's a little worried right. Course he's young

SANDY: at first, but after several hundred `incidents', the young sometimes grow up quick yer know. Tick tock tick tock tick tock.

Slow rise of ticking noise.

SANDY: So Sandy tries to make the best of things, yer know. Remember, honey, remember me tryin' to make the best of things.

MARTY: I remember one thanksgiving turkey an' an easter bunny with bowel trouble.

SANDY: So it was a hot day, the egg melted...But yer just stopped tryin' fer ol' Sandy, so 'ventually after years with a permanent vein stickin' outta my goddamn neck, Sandy decides to do somethin'.

MARTY: (To Rose) Can you hear that?

Rose shakes her head.

SANDY: TICK TOCK TICK TOCK...So Sandy decides to do somethin'. An' whatd'ya know, I don't feel so goddamn stressed all of a friggin' sudden.

MARTY: No one needs to relax that much.

SANDY: Yer think Marty? When I have to tell my boy not to ask his Daddy fer the friggin' time of day. Yer think anybody relaxes round that shit? So cut to one night right. One night when ol' Sandy's doin' her rounds.

MARTY: It aint doctorin'.

SANDY: How'd you know. I might be a fuckin' saint fer all you know.

MARTY: I hear other things besides tickin'....

SANDY: Tick, tick, tick!! So one night, 'cos Marty here's been a road less travelled by fer over a decade, one night, I get a little hooched up right, drownin' the ol' sorrows, right.

MARTY: Wish you had drowned.

SANDY: I aint that sorry. So Sandy decides to have a little fun yer know, with a couple of boys in town, tick tock tick tock tick tock..

The ticking rises in intensity.

SANDY: 'Course Sandy wouldn'a been in town in the first place if ol' Marty here couldda been a man about things. If Marty couldda stamped an' screamed a little, like most men would.

MARTY: I did all my screamin in the fuckin' war!! (The tickin') You hear that Hannah?

HANNAH: (Nods) Tick tock, tick tock.

SANDY: If he couldda been a little pissed off at my behaviour maybe. If he couldda smacked me around a little like I'd asked him too, but oh no. Not ol' Marty. He's some friggin gentleman, right. Wouldn'ta felt right bein' a man 'bout things. So ol' Sandy has to go into town to find what she needs fer the night.

The ticking gets louder.

MARTY: Sandy, I swear I'm gonna.....(Holds his head)

SANDY: You're what Marty. You're gonna what?

MARTY: I'm,...I'm not SUPPOSED TO BE GOIN' THROUGH THIS!!

SANDY: WE'RE ALL GOIN' THROUGH IT MARTY. ME AN' YER KID WENT THROUGH IT EVERY GODDAMN DAY....So these couple a guys manage to find some beat up ol' buick in Crazy Steve's junk yard. I mean these are classy guys..

MARTY: Sandy..

Marty sinks to his knees, holding

his head. Sandy looms.

SANDY: Whatsa matter honey, yer need a band aid? So suddenly I'm in the back of this buick, can't see straight, moanin' to these guys about not ever knowin' what fuckin' time it is, and we're doin' stuff...

ROSE: You were doing...stuff?

SANDY: Now, she wants a diagram...Stuff, figure it out. If yer tight ass'll open wide enough...An' all the time, yer know who ol' Sandy is thinkin' about? Marty.

MARTY: Sandy, please.

SANDY: Please nuthin'. Yer got yer retard to turn to...An' I'm thinkin' wouldn't it be nice if Marty were here doin' this to me instead two guys whose names I can't even fuckin' remember. And then.....then...maybe twenty minutes, thirty, forty, I don't know, everythin' wuz fuzzy, like my brain wuz just candyfloss an' popcorn an' I wuz the star of the show, suddenly...suddenly..

MARTY: It hurts....Hannah, it hurts.

HANNAH: Shhhhh. Sky blue Marty....

**SANDY: Suddenly...things cleared..They weren't finished, an' I hadn't started, but things cleared....an'
through the chain link fence, still see where his knuckles had turned white..**

MARTY: No...

SANDY: There wuz Robert.

MARTY: NO!

SANDY: Our boy.

MARTY: (Scream) NO!

**SANDY: (Detached) I don't know why I didn't move...No point, I guess. An' he wuz lookin'. Jus'
lookin'.**

MARTY: My boy. My boy.

SANDY: An' part of me liked it...

MARTY: (Crying) No...Someone stop it, someone stop it.

**Hannah slowly moves away from her
father towards Marty.**

MARTY: Please stop it.

**Sandy shakes her head at Hannah, who
backs off.**

HANNAH: Shhhhh!

SANDY: Part of me thought he liked it too...

MARTY: I DON'T WANT TO HEAR. I DON'T WANT TO HEAR...

SANDY: That wuz the night he did it.

PETER: Like Andrew.

**SANDY: Like your baby..Sweet baby boy.....All 'cos some shell didn' explode like it wuz meant to, right
Marty...'Cos it fell on it's ass...You still hear it tickin' Marty? Do yer? Marty, yer hear me....?**

Marty is crying. Through the tears he begins to sing.

MARTY: Blue skies shinin on me, nuthin but blue skies do I see.

HANNAH: Tick tock, tick tock, tick tock.

MARTY: Blue skies all up above, nuthin' but blue skies do I love.

HANNAH: Tick tock, tick tock, tick tock.

MARTY: Blue skies shinin' on me.....

Marty breaks down as the tear come.

HANNAH: Tick tock, tick tock, tick tock.

Marty still on his knees looks to Hannah.

MARTY: Hannah?

HANNAH: Tick tock, tick... tock,tick.....tock

Hannah looks at Marty, then her father.

The ticking quietens but doesn't stop.

MARTY: Hannah?

Peter looks to Hannah, sternly.

PETER: Hannah? Tell Marty, you want to come home. I never hurt you and you want to come home, don't you Hannah?

Hannah thinks for a moment, before looking at

Marty.

MARTY: Hannah?

Hannah begins to cry like a dog.

Wimpering.

PETER: Hannah!

She looks at Peter.

PETER: God is with us, remember. Us.

HANNAH: Ahaaa. Ahaaa.

**Hannah slowly raises her arms back onto the
Crucifix.**

PETER: And all the world doth know thou art a virtuous woman.

**Peter opens his arms. Hannah takes one last look
at Marty.**

MARTY: This aint what's right.

PETER: There's no hiding your face from me, Hannah.

MARTY: Yer think God does this to people. Aint got nuthin' to do with no fuckin God Hannah.

Aint no fuckin' God. No fuckin' God at all no more. Just us. Just you and me.

**Hannah looks shocked for the first time by Marty
and rushes into the arms of Peter. Marty's head
falls.**

PETER: Hallelujah.....No..I never hurt her....You were never hurt were you?

**Hannah thinks for a moment before shaking her
head.**

PETER: Just a misunderstanding. Yes? Just a silly misunderstanding?

**Peter nods his head for her. Hannah eventually joins
in.**

**Hannah smiles and squeezes her father
tightly.**

HANNAH: Bing bang Daddy...Bing bang.

PETER: I love you too, Hannah....` And Hannah said, I am a woman'...a beautiful woman,
And I'll always be here for you.

They embrace more tightly.

Marty's head falls.

PETER: Your father will always be here for you.

Hannah nods and looks back towards Marty.

HANNAH: Tick....tock.....tick.....tock.

The ticking sound increases in intensity again.

PETER: We're going home now. Aren't we Hannah? Back to our home.

Hannah nods sorrowfully at Marty.

SANDY: An' here's me all ready to pack my bag. You got any extra room in Surrey?

ROSE: Well...

SANDY: Cool yer ass, I aint goin' nowhere. Right Marty?

MARTY: Right..... Right Sandy. You aint goin' nowhere.

Marty looks at Hannah.

HANNAH: Bad girl. Bad girl Hannah?

PETER: Good girl Hannah. Very good girl.

HANNAH:(Howling) Arooooooo.Arooooooo.

Peter puts his hand on her shoulder and she stops
immediately.

PETER: Thankyou. Sandy. Marty. Thankyou for your hospitality.

Peter smiles and guides Hannah off - stage.

Marty's eyes fill up with tears. The ticking noise begins to ebb away, but doesn't stop for a very long time.

MARTY: I...I was s'posed to clean up.....I...I gotta clean up.

Marty exits to the toilet, holding his head.

Rose and Sandy stand looking around awkwardly for a second or two.

ROSE: Well....

SANDY: Well?

ROSE: Well,..Sandy...Thankyou for a lovely evening.

Sandy looks at Rose and bursts out laughing.

ROSE: I suppose I better be off.

SANDY: Lovely evenin'. What is it with that polite shit, anyway. What do you get out of it?

ROSE: (Steely) Dignity..

SANDY: (Taking the barb) Really, dignity huh?....Yeah. Yer always struck me as real dignified people.

ROSE: Yes, well. I'm sorry for your loss. Your son I mean.

SANDY: Well,...some boys jus' meant fer the ground...

ROSE: Of course you should know Peter isn't the type of man to.....with his background I mean.

SANDY: Sure honey, I understand. Man of God.

ROSE: Man of God, yes. Yes. Martin just got the wrong end of the stick.

SANDY: Sure. We're all God's creatures, right?

ROSE: Well yes, all of us....And I'm sorry if I implied otherwise.....I ought to be going.

SANDY: Sure. Back to your lovely dignified home.

ROSE: Yes.

SANDY: Your lovely home...Must mean a lot to you.

ROSE:It does.....Well...

SANDY: Feels late, don't it. Real late.

ROSE: Yes.

SANDY: Course, sky's always blue 'round here.

Lights up in the bathroom.

Marty has ended it all with the aid
of his tie and the door handle.

Sandy opens the door.

ROSE: Goodbye Sandy.

SANDY: Goodbye Rose....An' yer should tell that kid of yours, she made the right decision. Road
home's always the best.

ROSE: Yes. Quite..Goodbye.

SANDY: Sure. Whatever.

Sandy closes the door in her face.

Then leans against it. Long pause.

SANDY: That wuz some party, daddy? Got a lot of shit out..Which is healthy, yer know.

MARTY!!...YOU ASLEEP ALREADY? I'll soon wake you up....DON'T YOU FALL
ASLEEP ON OL' SANDY YER HEAR.

Sandy starts emptying all the ashtrays
into one. Switching off lights.

SANDY: Crazy ass British. YER HEAR ME, I SAID CRAZY ASS BRITISH.

THEY COULDDA BEEN RELATED TO THE QUEEN....They wuz screwed up enough. YER HEAR ME. MARTY? YOU PISSED AT ME? Shit, you know some stuff yer gotta say, but it makes it better. I read that somewhere, it always makes it better...MARTY? ANSWER ME FER CHRIST'S SAKE.

Sandy picks up the clock.

SANDY: Hey, whaddya know, the clock started...

Sandy goes and puts it in her handbag.

SANDY: Now I'll get to appointments an' shit. MARTY!! I'M THROWIN' AWAY THE BUSTED CLOCK.....I THOUGHT YOU'D BE PLEASED. MARTY? MARTY?? Goddamn it...YER KNOW I DIDN'T MEAN EVERYTHIN'. (She crosses her fingers) YER AINT THAT BAD... HEHE, DYA WANT ME TO BARK OR SOMETHIN'? Hehe...Marty? MARTY? LOOK BE A MAN WILL YER, COME AN' GIVE ME WHAT FER. LAY INTO ME A LITTLE...MARTY??? MARTY????? (PAUSE) (BRAYING) MARTY!!!!!!

LIGHTS DOWN

END.