

# FLY ME TO THE MOON

by Marie Jones

**Loretta Mackie**

*Community Care worker, mid to late thirties.*

**Francis Shields**

*Community Care worker, late twenties, early thirties.*

*They enter and take up position each side of the stage in individual lighting.*

Loretta: This is the God's honest truth...It was a Monday, it was raining. Our whole house was in a bad mood, even our Rocky had his head between his paws. I was about to leave for my '17 Millers Row' when I got a call from our Curtis on his mobile. He forgot his PE kit, so I had to run round to the school or he was going to get into trouble...Well, that was only the beginning of a bad day.

Francis: I usually wait for Loretta at the top of Millers Row and we go together. She was late and it was raining. Maybe if I had waited, maybe if it hadn't been raining, but I didn't and it was. When I got there Davy was desperate to go to the toilet. What could I do he was 84?

**They both exit.**

**SFX Fly Me To The Moon.**

**LX up on stage.**

**There is a single bed, a bedside table with a CD player. A wheelchair, and an armchair. The room is very sparse and simple. The bed is unmade. There is a tray on the bedside table with breakfast dishes a small table with a vase of plastic roses.**

**Francis enters from the hallway with a wheelchair. She has earphones in and listening to music...she goes to the bedside table and starts to arrange the medications.....**

**She is rubbing her back as if she has a pain.**

**She is watching out the window. She relaxes on the chair and starts to read the newspaper which is on the bedside table. The outer door closes off.**

- Loretta: **(V/O)** Sorry Francis love, I had to run round to... **(She enters)** where 's Davy.?
- (She realizes Loretta doesn't see or hear her...she walks in front of her)
- Francis: **(Sees her and turns her iPod off)** Where were you?  
Loretta: Where's he?
- Francis: I had to take him myself, near broke my back, he couldn't wait.
- Loretta: God I'm sorry, but our Curtis.....how bad is your back,like, is it claim bad?
- Loretta takes off her coat and leaves it over a chair...Loretta starts to strip and make the bed during the following dialogue...Francis still occasionally rubbing her back and watching Loretta do all the work
- Francis: Claim? Are you joking? They'll just say I shouldn't have lifted him on me own. Doesn't matter that the poor old buggler was about to shit himself....they don't give a bollocks. I tell you what Loretta, health and friggin safety is going to be the ruination of this country. You can do a friggin degree in it now. Did you get him new razors?
- Loretta: In my bag. Remember the days when this whole area was full of pot holes and dodgy pavements?...a trip over one of those would have got you a fortnight in Torremolinos.
- Francis: Not now, I swear to fuck, the bastards would take the only pleasure we have left.
- Loretta: **(shouts off)** Davy, are you finished yet.?
- Francis: Remember the "whiplash" bus? That was the best. You didn't even need to be on it to get your claim...All you needed was a ticket to say you were.
- Loretta: Now that wasn't right...I couldn't do it. Loretta: Didn't you get one for falling in a pothole?

Francis: Yes, that's 'cos I really fell into it...that's different.

Francis: Well, you missed out...there was only about five real passengers on the bus when it happened ...and the laugh was 35 of us all got "whipper claims". I got a new kitchen, you can't knock that.

Loretta: How did you know a car was going to run into the back of the bus?

Francis: My uncle Frankie was the bus driver, he tipped us all off..... next time he did it, somebody squealed on him and he got the sack...Getting the sack for having imagination, Not right.

Loretta: It's thieving.

Francis: Off insurance companies? You think they don't steal off us? They do it legally, we do it illegally, it works out fair in the end...look at the time, get him out of there...Davy!

Loretta: Don't worry you'll soon hear him roaring. I'll clean him, seeing as you had to take him.**(Loretta puts on her plastic surgical gloves)**

Francis: He's gonna need fresh PJ's.

Loretta: Check if there is any in that drawer.

Francis: **(Francis ignores this)** You want any new films, a fiver each? There's a list in my bag. Our Jason has it all printed up.

You just put your name to whatever you want and he'll put them on a USB stick for you. All new releases...He gets them before they even hit the cinemas.

Loretta: How does he manage to do that?

Francis: He met a guy online when he was playing on his ex-box. So, he sends them to his computer and our Jason downloads them onto a hard drive...You just have to ignore the Chinese subtitles.

Loretta: Chinese subtitles?

Francis: They come from Shanghai...What do you expect for a fiver?

Loretta: It's illegal.

Francis: So, you don't want any?

Loretta: I don't have a computer.

Francis: Don't worry he puts it on CD for older ones...even does his own art work on the cover...bless him.

Loretta: Our Curtis would love that new Star Wars one. Does he have that one?

Francis: (**Takes out her mobile**) If he hasn't, he'll get it for you. I swear they are brilliant quality. He is doing great business with the staff in all the Chinese restaurants

***Francis dials on her mobile***

Francis: To think he used to give me terrible trouble, but now thank God he's doing well now.....(into the phone) Hello Jason son, have you that new Star Wars one? Yeah...it's for Loretta's little Curtis...6 quid? spot on.

Loretta: Thought you said five?

Francis: Was it not five quid son? Oh, is that right? great, proud of you...see you later. (To Loretta) He says he's just downloading copies now...want to hear him Loretta, he says, the Star Wars one is six quid cos it's about supply and demand. (**proudly**) Supply and demand, I never even knew our Jason knew what that meant...and his school thought he was stupid and threw him out...look at him now, in the movie industry and doing business in the Far East.

Loretta: Davy hurry up.... we have to shave him and do his toe nails.

Francis: I blame the school...they never encouraged the businessman in him. You know he was buying and selling and making a profit when he was 11, do the school encourage it?

No, they expel him! What kind a message does that send to a child ?

Loretta: He was flogging booze and cigarettes...you can't blame them.

Francis: I do...they should have looked beyond that and seen the fact that he had a good business head. Today, smuggled booze and fags, tomorrow property, land, high finance...You think Richard Branson and all that lot started legit? That school made my Jason out to be a criminal and that's the way he behaved...In my view they drove him into the underworld. He was teaching' the hoods how to launder

money by the time he was thirteen...if anybody with a bit of sense had noticed his talents, he could have been a banker and this country wouldn't be in the state it's in, cos our Jason wouldn't lend you a penny.

Loretta: If Davy doesn't get a move on we'll be late for old Mavis, and she's one grouchy bitch. **(She calls off) Davy! (She exits with the tray & calls again) Davy son! are you done?**

Francis: **(Shouts out)** Thought.... any more about Barcelona?

Loretta: **(Enters again)**

No way could I afford it Francis...have to get the money for our Kirsty to go to Alton Towers with the school. You think you're sending them to grammar school to get educated, next thing you know they're arsing around on bloody roller coasters, and we have to pay for it. I told Jackie I would have to give her Hen do a miss. Not as if we know her that well eh?

*(Loretta exits again...we hear her in the kitchen and water pouring)*

Francis: You're beholden to that school too much...tell them you can't afford it...**(suddenly)** Hey, some schools have them benevolent funds...money put by for poor families.

*(Loretta comes out)*

Loretta: It's a grammar school.

Francis: Smart people can be poor too, your Kirsty is a case in point.

Loretta: And what you think they're gonna think of our Kirsty if I ask for charity? No Francis, I will sacrifice everything to keep her there...it's a chance I never got...so Barcelona is out the window.

Francis: Bet you will never get as much as a "thanks mum".

Loretta: I don't want thanks...young people should expect things and get them.

Francis: My ones didn't, if I had it, they got, if I hadn't, tough...they didn't complain.

Loretta: Yeah, but they went to secondary school.

***(Walks back into the Kitchen)***

Francis: Secondary school or not, they never looked for money to take them to amusements parks...it was nature rambles or museum trips. If it had been Alton towers I would have paid the money...at least that would give them something to remember...I wasn't gonna pay for them to go and look at a load of old statues and paintings by dead men and if they wanted to know what tree was what, all they had to do was run over to the park and ask the groundsman.

**(Comes out with the basin of water and towel and throws Loretta cloth)**

Loretta: You need to give that wheelchair a little wipe. Francis:  
That's not our job, that's the home help's.

Loretta: Well, you haven't done much else this morning.

Francis: That's cos I have a back injury.

Loretta: Just wipe it, it won't kill you.

Are you going to Barcelona?

**(Exits to kitchen)**

Francis: **(Speaking out to Loretta)** No way, not with Christmas and all...but wait till you hear this Loretta...I says to him last night, Jackie Trainer that works with us is having her Hen weekend in Barcelona and wants me to go. I was sure he was gonna say, what with? Know what he said? "*You should go love, you deserve a break, and we'll get the money up some way*".

Loretta: **(enters with basin of hot water)** He said what?

Francis: Exactly... He's screwing somebody else, radar was bleeping big time. I said, all dead calm like, '*how come you're all anxious for me to go love*'?

Loretta: Exactly

Francis: He says, "*you work hard babe and life is too short*"

Loretta: Bastard! **(She exits again into the kitchen)**

Francis: That's exactly what I thought...I says, "*Oh life is too short*", so you're shagging some tart on the side in case you suddenly drop dead? Then he says, '*Maybe I should just go out and screw somebody if I'm gonna to get accused of it*'. I said, "*Oh, is that right? Then take yourself off and she is*

*welcome to you whoever she is"...I will", he says, "and don't come back!" I said, "you can let the whore you're sleeping with keep you!"*

- Loretta: **(from the kitchen)** What did he do?
- Francis: He pissed off out to work. He's a Bouncer now at that new Night club. So, I shouts down the street after him. *"Hey Bouncer, tell that whore you're bouncing she can keep you!* I'd all his stuff in two bin bags when he waltzes back half an hour later with two kebabs. He was lucky I was starving, or he would have been wearing them. So we're back on again, but, no more mention of Barcelona.
- Loretta: **(Brings on a tray with 3 cups of tea)** Jackie will be going on her own Hen weekend, nobody has any money. She could a picked somewhere cheap. She's 42, not as if she is in the first flush, eh? Where's her fella from again? Was it er...Marakesh or somewhere?
- Francis: No, I thought she said Morocco. I don't know, somewhere Ryan Air flies to cheap. He doesn't even speak English according to Jackie and he's coming over here to live. I said, what will you be called then, Mrs. What? She says, she can't pronounce it. Jesus!
- Loretta: Where was that other one from, the one she nearly got married to? Remember she met him on her sister's Hen weekend.
- Francis: Oh yeah, Crackof or Checkof or somewhere. He was Polish anyway. When you think of it Loretta, all them places like Czechoslovakia and Latvia, Romania, all them weird places that end in an eea, they used to be places you only read about, or seen in them old foreign films...you couldn't imagine ever actually being there.
- Loretta: My Brian says, nobody can fly to them eea places no more 'cos of Brexit.
- Francis: Nothing to do with that. It's cos EasyJet has made all them places cheap to get to. They have taken the mystery out of it all...  
  
People will just start going back to Spain. Least it's warm, eh?
- Loretta: **(Agreeing)** Yeah...So, this one from Morocco or whatever, he can't speak to her and she can't speak to him or

pronounce his name.

Francis: She says they can both say hello and cheerio.

Loretta: Sounds like that's a marriage that'll last.

Francis: He'll probably end up working with us. Oh God, Look at the time! Go and give him a shake.

Loretta: **(Shouts)** Davy, what are you doing in there?

**As Loretta exits**

Loretta: You think your Mickey is screwing somebody else?

Francis: **(Shouts in after her)** Tell ya the truth, I don't really care. I'd get shot of him, only the kids have got attached to him...When their Dad pissed off I said, *no way am I gonna bring another man across my door for him to leave my kids.*

Loretta: You let Mickey in.

Francis: Yeah, he got me at one of my low points.... next thing you know his size tens are under my table and the kids think he's great....so I'm stuck with him....at least he's got a job....used to be you judged fellas on how good lookin, they were, how fit they were in the "you know what" department, now it's.... Are ye workin? you'll do.

Loretta: **(off)** Davy? (silence) **(SFX. banging on door)** Davy!

**(Panic in her voice)** Davy?

Francis: **(Stops what she is doing)** Oh Christ! No..please...no!

Loretta: **(Loretta comes back on and just looks at her)** Oh fuck!

Francis: Oh Jesus...Oh no...did you check?

Loretta: No, but there is not a sound coming from the bathroom...nothing.

Francis: He couldn't be, could he? Oh God, nobody has ever died on me....Oh Christ.....he could have fallen asleep? Maybe he just fainted...oh, please don't be dead.

Loretta: We have to check. Did you hear a thud before I came, he could have fallen off the toilet, knocked himself out?

Francis: I don't know, I had my earphones in. I can't go in there

Loretta, I swear I can't. What if he's dead? He might be. You think he is?

Loretta: We better phone somebody.

**(She goes to the phone on the bedside cabinet)**

Francis: What for?

Loretta: What for? To come and check if he's dead or not...that's what for.

Francis: Like who?

Loretta: A doctor or something....999.....fire brigade, anybody.

Francis: And what if he's not dead, just fainted or something? We're gonna look like right mugs calling the emergency services...You know there's a fine for calling them on false pretenses. Just keep calm...calm...right...er...what should we do?

Loretta: What's the procedure...what were we told? **(Thinks)**  
Contact next of kin?

Francis: And tell them what? We're phoning you to tell you we don't know if Davy is dead or not?

Loretta: Why us? Why could it not be Jackie and Sherry? They're used to it. The last three or four to die in our area was on their shift. They are like the grim friggin' reapers. That's it, call them and ask them what to do. Get one of them round. I've got Jackie's number here.

Francis: And what if he's not dead, they will love it, dine out on it and have a laugh at our expense. They'll tell our manager we left the poor man on a toilet cos we were too scared to see if he was dead or not and we lose our jobs. Then just suppose he is dead, we will be the care workers that can't deal with a dead person. So we, well, you have no choice.

Loretta: I have no choice?

Francis: I don't do dead people Loretta. Sorry.

Loretta: Right fuck it...here goes.

**(She walks to the door and stops)**

Francis: Hurry up.

Loretta: What if he's not dead, but nearly dead? You'll have to come in and help me do that...er...CPR on him.

Francis: What? We've only done that on a dummy and it was lying on a table. I don't know if I could do it on a live person on a floor...and what if he has requested no resuscitation? We would get in trouble for reviving him...just go and check...Go!

**Lx down on room and Loretta and Francis walk to their original spots and speak.**

Loretta: He was dead alright...lying on the bathroom floor, dead. I swear on my kid's lives. I called his name, I shouted in his ear. I shook him a little bit, but nothing', he was a funny colour, he wasn't breathing or anything, he just looked,...well..... you know, like he wasn't alive.

Francis: It's then we realized we knew nothin' about this poor man. We didn't know if he had anybody belonging to him. Two years we have been going to him, we never saw another living soul call to his door, apart from meals and wheels and the odd nurse and us Care workers, nobody. We knew he was called Davy Magee and he loved Frank Sinatra, read the Daily Mirror and did a little bet on the horses. To us he was just, our 17 Millers Row

**Lx up on stage. Loretta and Francis move to the bedside table and Loretta starts to leaf through a book.**

Loretta: There's some names here, but he's scored most of them out, he must have fallen out with them all.

Francis: No, probably means they have died too. Look there's one not scored out. W. Hill, there's the number, you phone.

Loretta: What will I say?

Francis: Ask them do they know Davy Magee of 17 Millers Row and if they say yes, say, well we are sorry to have to inform you, he's dead.

Loretta: No not dead, that's a bit much...has just died?

Francis: No, what about passed away? That's better, yes, that has a better ring to it, passed away.

Loretta: Right. God I hate this...(dials the number and listens)..Sorry, wrong number.

Francis: What?

Loretta: W. Hill, we're thick. That was William Hill the bookmakers, his bookies.

Francis: Why did you not tell them?

Loretta: Jesus, you think they care if he is dead or not?

Francis: They bloody well should, he has given them enough money in his time.

Loretta: D for Doctor, where's D? **(Flicks through the book)**

Francis: Poor Buggar, dying on a Monday, not even getting the benefit of his pension.

Loretta: Here we go, "Doctor Quinn", that must be his Doctor..

**(About to dial)**

Francis: **(Takes the phone of her.)** Hold on, just a minute.

Loretta: What! What for?

Francis: Think about what I just said there. Loretta: What did you say?

Francis: I said, "*the poor buggar dying on a Monday, won't get the benefit of his pension.*"

Loretta: I know, bad timing, but what can you do?

Francis: Sit down a minute and... hear me out, ok?

Loretta: I don't believe you. You were the one going ape shit cos there's a dead man in the toilet, now you want to sit down and have a conversation about it?

Francis: This is serious; say nothing until I finish, okay? Now, what do you do every Monday when we leave here?

Loretta: I don't know, what are you on about.?

Francis: What do we do when we leave here every Monday.?

Loretta: Go and do old Mavis, go home, have lunch, come back here for the next shift, what are you asking me for? You do it too.

Francis: No, but we do other things for him. I go and put his bet on, get his Daily Mirror so he can check his race results and you? There is one thing you do for Davy that I don't. You do

it every Monday, right?

Loretta: Er...don't know... (remembers) I take his card to the ATM for his pension?

Francis: Exactly.

Loretta: Exactly what?

Francis: Just say Davy hadn't died...you would collect it as usual?

Loretta: But he is dead.

Francis: I know that, you know that, but the ATM doesn't know it, the Government don't know it, nobody knows he is dead, but us, so... think about it.

Loretta: **(a beat)** Ah fuck no...no way...no way....no, no way.

Francis: Loretta, just...hear me out...listen...listen for a minute. Don't open your mouth till I have finished. He gets 120 quid. If you don't pick it up today, the government will get it...but, if we were to come back here as usual at quarter to two...you have the pension...we split it... that is 60 quid each...then we report him dead. We say he must have went to the toilet himself and we came here as usual at for our shift and found him dead...let them work out how he managed to get to the toilet himself.

Loretta: We can't do that.

Francis: Why not? You don't think the government owes us? We clean up piss and shit for 6 quid an hour. They owe us that money. Who's gonna know? Who will care? Davy? I don't think so.

Loretta: I don't know. It's stealing.

Loretta: Off the government? Wise up. We have to leave here as normal cos her 'across the street' watches every move. We come back as normal at 2'o'clock. Nobody else is gonna turn up here while we are away, nobody. Tell the God's honest truth., could you not be doing with 60 quid to spend on yourself for a change?

Loretta: Yeah, it could go towards Alton Towers & our Kirsty.

Francis: No, you dopey cow, you can't suddenly have 60 quid. Your Brian would wonder where it came from. You keep it for you. You sneak off and buy yourself something decent and say

you got it in a charity shop. That's what I am gonna do with mine.

Loretta: Yours? Your what? You have it all sorted. It's me that has to go the ATM.

Francis: Okay, okay, bad idea, forget it, just get on the phone and get the doctor.

Loretta: Right...**(She goes to the phone. She lifts it, then stops)**  
Fuck it, you swear we won't get into trouble?

Francis: How? We haven't done anything wrong. I know Davy in there would want us to do this. You think he would want the government to keep his pension?

Loretta: How do you know that's what he'd want? He never spoke.

Francis: But when he was reading the Daily Mirror. Articles about all them politicians robbin' the country with their dodgy expenses...and all those parties at number 10 during lockdown, he got dead agitated. Punching the paper and making noises.

Loretta: That's what he does when his bet doesn't come in.

Francis: No, this was different. I could see it in his eyes...I knew he wanted to say, "*Greedy robbin bastards, that's us they're robbin*" So, you think if Davy had a choice he would pick them over us, after all we've done for him?

Loretta: You're right...it is what Davy, God rest his soul, would have wanted. But, when we report him dead, will they not want to know where we put his money?

Francis: Like who? The doctor? The undertaker? Nobody knows or cares that he gets his pension on a Monday but us.

**LX fade on room Loretta and Francis come forward.**

Loretta: Francis had me convinced we were doing nothing wrong, Davy was dead, we didn't kill him, the money was no good to him, it was his right and it was our right. I just kept saying over and over, It's what Davy would have wanted; it's what Davy would have wanted. I keyed in his number, my hands were shaking, I was nearly sick. I kept thinking the woman behind me was watching me and as soon as I keyed in his number a sign would come up on the screen, "*Loretta Mackie you are now under arrest for attempted fraud*", but out it came, 120 quid!

Francis: I put his small bet on, two pounds each way, on Moon River. I got his Daily Mirror; he always picked a horse that meant something to him, mostly a name of an old song that Frank sang. He never won any more than a couple a quid, but that was his life. That was all he had, his paper, the horses, memories of singing along with Frank Sinatra and a life of misery...Sitting there day after day, no company, not able to talk, just scribbling notes and making noises, he was better off dead in my opinion.

Loretta: I put the money in my purse and started to run home to make my Brian lunch. I didn't want to walk cos I knew if somebody stopped me I couldn't act normal...and then I thought, what if somebody stops me and asks why I'm running, then I would have to make up an excuse why I wasn't acting normal...so I started to walk fast...I knew walking fast would be okay cos I could say, I'm late for his lunch...that was okay...that was normal.

Francis: I went home, acted normal, made his lunch, gave it to him, he ate it, then I walked straight back into the kitchen and made it all over again, gave it to him...then I thought fuck, what have I done?

Loretta: When I got it in he was sitting on the sofa, swearing at the phone as usual, trying to get through to game shows: 'Deal Or No Deal', "Goldenballs", or that bloody stupid one called "Pointless" Any that will answer him. God love him he is so desperate he just sits there, calling them all the names he can think off, but not taking the chance on putting the phone down. I felt bad with him being a brickie and having no work, and them not answering and wearing away at his pride', and oh my god there was me with 120 quid in my purse and a dead man in a bathroom.

Francis: So, on the button at quarter to, we met at the top of Millers Row. Loretta wanted to wave at her across the street, just so she knew we were there. I told her that was stupid cos we never, ever, waved before. She was behaving like a criminal.

Francis: You waved at her across the street!

Loretta: Just to let her know we were here.

Francis: You have never done that before...you're behaving like a criminal.

**LX up on room and Loretta and Francis move into the scene**

Francis: Right, okay, we have to put things in their usual places. here is his paper on the bedside table. Here's his little betting slip from Saturday for him to check,...(**reads it**) ."*Fly Me To The Moon*'...Jesus you think he must a known something? Now where's my 60 quid and then you can phone.

Loretta: Look at my hands, they're shaking...I need to get rid of this money quick.

Francis: You will, as soon as we leave, just be discreet...you know what people round here are like if you they think you have a few quid....Oh look at Loretta Mackie throwing her money about, who does she think she is?

Loretta: Exactly....60 quid up and I can't even get any pleasure out of it.

Francis: Give it to me then if you don't want it.

Loretta: What, you think I went through all that for nothing?

Francis: Right, go on...(Hands Loretta the phone)

Loretta: Not yet... we have to do it as if we don't know he is dead. I have to go check in the bathroom and find him dead.

Francis: We know he's dead.

(Checks phone book) Doctor Quinn, wasn't it?

Say we have just arrived at Davy Magee's bungalow and found him dead in his bathroom, say, he was fine when we left him this morning at 12 o'clock, so you'd better come quick, okay?

Loretta: I think we have to check the bathroom first.

Francis: What for, you think he has suddenly got up?

Loretta: I don't know, just, I have to do it. Maybe somebody came and found him and maybe he is already in the funeral home and then when we phone, the Doctor will say, I have already been and declared him deceased. What the fuck am I gonna say? Oh, sorry Doctor it was a mistake there is nobody in the bathroom I just thought there was.

Francis: Off you go then, you know I can't go in, I don't do death.

Loretta: All this for 60 friggin' quid, I should have followed my own instincts.

Francis: What? It was me that said forget about it, remember, when you went to the phone, you said fuck it? So don't blame me. We are in this together, so just get in there and double check if he is still there and dead. Then we ring the Doctor and then take ourselves off 60 quid the wiser, simple.

Loretta: Okay, here goes....(She leaves. we hear her opening and closing the bathroom door then coming back)

Ah Jesus it's disgusting...the smell, he is whatdoyacallit? "Decomposing!" I am gonna be sick.

Francis: He couldn't be, it's only been a couple of hours, don't be daft, he should just be a little bit cold.

Loretta: Well get you "Quincey"...Thought you didn't do dead bodies?

Francis: I seen it on TV.

Loretta: Well there's nothing like the real thing, so away you go.

Francis: I told you I am not going in. I will stand at the door and smell. **(she exits)**

Loretta: **(To herself)** What are we gonna do now smartie arse?

Francis: **(Comes back)** You're a daft cow. You didn't pull the chain.

Loretta: This is disgustin', the poor old man, is there no dignity? You can't have the Doctor coming into that.

Francis: Go and do it.

Loretta: What?

Francis: Pull the chain. You know I can't go in there. Loretta: Then you phone the Doctor, right?

Loretta: Right.

**(Loretta exits)**

**Francis goes to the phone. Is about to pick it up. She lifts up the bookies docket and reads it. She then checks the paper...checks the betting slip again. She can't believe what she is seeing. During this we hear the chain being pulled**

Loretta: I sprayed the place with air freshener, so it's okay now. Have you not phoned yet?

Francis: Loretta you are not gonna' believe this. On Saturday, his little bet was on a horse called, '*Fly Me To The Moon*'. I just checked the paper; it came in at 100 to one. He would've won 500 pounds!

Loretta: Ah, for Christ's sake, never gets a penny off them robbing bastards and the day he dies, he wins 500 quid, is there no justice?

Francis: Five hundred quid that the bookies are gonna pocket. Not bloody fair.

Loretta: It's criminal. Anyway, hurry up and phone that doctor I need to get outta here

Francis: Loretta...wait...hear me out...

Loretta: What? Again? Hear you out what? Phone the friggin doctor

and then I'll "hear you out" on the way home. I swear I am getting the creeps in here.

Francis: If Davy hadn't died, we would be here to quarter past, right? His, meals on wheels, comes at two, right? and we give him his dinner?

Loretta: Give him his dinner? He's dead in case you didn't notice.  
Francis: What I mean is, if we go to the door as usual when Mo from meals on wheels arrives, we take the dinner in, so it appears he's still alive.

Loretta: I am not listening, I am not listening...(sings to drown her out) la la la la la...gimmie the phone... gimme that phone.

Francis: **(Holding the phone away from her)** We are talking 500-pounds here Loretta...500. We leave at our usual time, 'cos her across the street' is watching us. I collect the winnings, we change the 4 o'clock shift with Jackie and Sherrie, we come back, and split the winnings. It's what Davy would have wanted. Then we report him dead, its simple. 500 quid? We could go to Barcelona..

**Loretta lies on the bed covering her ears. The Telephone rings. They both look at, it but don't answer it.**

Francis: Answer it.

Loretta: You answer it.

Francis: Answer it, or whoever it is will think there is something wrong.

Loretta: **(Answers)**....Hello.....Loretta Mackie...oh Hi Nurse.....right....right....okay...yes ....yeah we should be here, but.....nothing...,okay...right Nurse...thanks Nurse....see you then...bye bye.

**(Puts phone down)** ...Oh Jesus Francis...that was the community Nurse...she took me by surprise.

Francis: What did she say?

Loretta: She just says, who's that, and I says its Loretta and she says, its Nurse, something, I can't pronounce it. You know, the nice, Pilipino one ...then she says, "*Let Mr. Magee know I'll call tomorrow morning to take his blood sample, will you be there to let me in?*"...and I said yes.

Francis: You said yes.?

Loretta: And then I said, "but"...I was gonna say, but actually he's dead, but because I just said we *would* be there to let her in, I couldn't then say he just died. So, she just went, bye bye and I went bye bye and put the phone down.

Francis: Well, there ye go.

Loretta: There you go what?

Francis: Well, there is no turning back now is there? You didn't tell her he was dead, so according to her Davy Magee is still alive. Why did you not tell her he was dead?

Loretta: I was scared.

Francis: Well then, we might as well take in the meals on wheels, when it comes. Then we leave as usual, I collect his winnings. Just need to change shifts with Jackie and Sherrie.

Loretta: Jackie hates changing shifts, it has to be an emergency and she has her routine.

Francis: You think? Watch and learn

(Francis gets her mobile out of her bag and dials)

Hello Jackie love, Francis here...how did you know I was gonna ask that?...I know....I know ye do...but listen.... me and Loretta are gonna be able to go to Barcelona after all.....not joking...scratch card, couldn't believe it....500 quid....I know....so I am gonna lend Loretta the dough, yeah, so put us down on the list.....I know, brilliant isn't it...so that's why we wanted to change shifts...You know the way the Hen do is next week end?...well, if you do our 11 in the morning and we do your today, that gives us the morning to get down to the shops and get our bits and pieces for Barcelona...Yeah, and could you get Davy shaving cream?...he's run out... thanks Jackie you're a star....viva la Espania...adios amigo.

Loretta: Scratch card.... bloody scratch card?

Francis: Good wasn't it...? and see the way I asked for the shaving cream so she thinks he is still alive...it's a walk in the park.

(SFX intercom)

Loretta                    Shit.

Francis:                    It's okay, it will be Mo.

Loretta:                    We can't let her in.

Francis:                    **(Presses the intercom to speak)** Yes...Francis speaking?

V/O                         **(Womans voice)** Alright Francis? Only me.

Francis:                    Alright Mo, I'll come out and get it...Just getting Davy changed...what is it today?

V/O:                         Shepherd's Pie and Turnip.

Francis:                    (shouts) Hey Davy, your favourite...

**(Into the intercom)** Right Mo, coming now.

                                  Hey Mo, do you want any DVD's?

**(A look from Loretta)**

                                  Forget it Mo, doesn't matter.

**Francis exits.**

**Loretta paces, looks out the window.**

**Francis enters with the dinner on a tray.**

Loretta:                    I swear to Jesus, I don't know how you are so calm.

Francis:                    Because we are not doing anything wrong that's why. Davy is dead, we didn't kill him, this money is his right...and why shouldn't we have it...eh? Money, for the first time in our lives that we don't have to slog for...He would want us to have it, who else gives a damn about him.?

**(Francis exits with the tray to the kitchen, Loretta speaks out to her.)**

Loretta:                    I dream about money Francis, do you? One dream I keep having is there's this big bundle of 20-pound notes in an elastic band, just sitting on a table waiting for me to put it in my purse, and then the same thing happens every time. As soon I get within reach of it, I'm like a dead weight, my body won't move an inch...then I wake up. Maybe people like us just aren't meant to have that kind of money?

**Loretta enters again with the tray, there are two plates**

**of food.**

Francis: Bollocks! You're watching too much of that "Dragons Den!" Cocky bastards lounging back on big leather chairs, and all that money sitting in piles on their tables like it's a cuppa tea or something...teasing people..'Look at all this, that's ours, and if you minions want it, you can grovel..."

Loretta: Why didn't you throw that food in the bin?

Francis: You never watch Crime Scene Investigation?

Loretta: Crime? You said it's not a crime?

Francis: It's not, but the same rules apply. Listen, when he is reported dead...just say...now just say, for talks sake, the police were called.

Loretta: Police? You never said nothing about peelers.

Francis: Just say they were called, just routine, cos he like died on his own.

Loretta: He didn't, we were here, oh Jesus, no that's right we weren't here...I am no good at all this.

Francis: Just listen to me and you'll be okay...so the police are called, to establish a time of death. We say, check with the community nurse and she'll say he was alive at around quarter to two cos I talked to Loretta. If they check with meals on wheels, Mo will say he was alive at half two cos I left his dinner and heard Francis talking to him...then Jackie will say, he was alive when I called cos Francis asked me to get his shaving cream. So, we don't want the coppers to find his dinner chucked in the bin cos everybody knows, he can't walk to the bin. So, here's what we do. You take a spoonful of that pie and turnip and rub some down his PJ's so it will look like he was eating it.

Loretta: And the rest?

**(Francis hands the plate)**

Francis: "Bon appetite", as they say in the movies.

**LX fades on room, Loretta and Francis move forward into their spots.**

**Possible cut:**

“Loretta: There was even custard and jam sponge for afters. I didn't feel like eating. I went back to the bathroom. It was horrible, the poor man lying there dead and me smearin' turnip and shepherds' pie all down his PJ's. Then I noticed the bruise on his head. He must have hit his head on the door when he fell. I just put it to the back of my mind. I wanted to scream and run back to my Brian, but it was too late, there was no turning back. So I went home, told him I had to change shifts. He didn't care, he was too busy on the phone, swearing....our Kirsty was going on about Alton Towers, our Curtis had lost his PE kit again and our Rocky was barking it's head of cos Rinty next door stole his rubber chicken. It was just a normal Monday in our house. I wanted out. I couldn't stick the normality. I prayed to God it was a bad dream., I am gonna wake up any minute. Typical...you dream about something good happening and you wake up, you dream about something bad and you wake up and realize it's not a frigging dream in the first place.

Francis: The bookie had a bit of a face on him when he handed me the money. I thought to myself, you might show a wee bit of compassion you miserable bastard, after all the money he has given you. The man is dead and you still begrudge him his winnings. I nearly said it, but I remembered he's not supposed to know he's dead. So, there was me with 500 quid in my bag plus the sixty. I thought I should feel great. I felt terrible. I went home as usual, he was watching some crime thing. Then just as I am about to leave I hear a pathologist talking on the tv about a man that was found murdered....I freaked, I never knew that. I run out to meet Loretta at the top of Millers Row We walked down to Davys door, across the street was, watching. I waved at her...wrong move...wrong...I am now behaving like a criminal.

**Music. Short blackout. Lights up in the room as they re-enter Loretta and Francis move into the scene.**

Loretta: You waved at 'across the street' again, she will suspect something!

Francis: Oh just shut up will you! I'm not perfect. I have arranged nearly all of it, no thanks to you. So, I slip up

**Francis is counting out the money on the bed.**

Francis                    One to you, one to me, one to you one to me.

**Loretta stands and looks at it**

Francis:                 Don't just stand and look at it...take it.

Loretta:                 I can't.

Francis:                 You think I'm finding it easy?

Loretta:                 Well, sorry, but if my memory serves me correct it was all your idea in the first place.

Francis:                 Oh, so you're innocent? You went to the ATM and got the pension, I got the bookie money, so don't start trying to blame all this on me.

Loretta:                 Right, right, just make that call and get the hell out of this place, my nerves are wrecked

Francis:                 We can't...not yet.

Loretta:                 I'm ringing, I have had it.

Francis:                 You can't...something has come up.

Loretta:                 Ah Jesus, what is it now? Maybe we should steal his wheelchair and sell it? After all he has hardly any need for it.

Francis:                 Loretta love, this is serious...just hear me out

Loretta:                 Serious? No, sure this happens every day.

Francis:                 No this is really serious. You see if...**(Pause)**

Loretta:                 What? If What?

Francis:                 It's just an if, but it's a kind of a serious if, and if that if becomes a fact, then...er...then, the fact is, there will be a post mortem.

Loretta:                 Oh, bloody hell.... what will that mean then.?

Francis:                 A post mortem will tell the time of death. They know within a half an hour when somebody dies...a pathologist report...that's what I heard on the TV.

Loretta:                 Why would they do that to Davy, he's 84 he wasn't murdered, who cares what he died of?

Francis:                 They wouldn't normally do one with somebody his age cos

he just could have died of a stroke or a heart attack and who gives a fuck like...but what if they did?

Loretta: Oh God...and when they see the bruise on his head... it will look like...it will just look like, I don't know what it will look like, but it won't look good.

Francis: Bruise, what bruise? There's a bruise?

Loretta: Yes, a big one, on his head...maybe when he fell against the door?

Francis: You never said anything about a bruise.

Loretta: I just hoped it would go away...the know the way when you die you eventually turn blue and a bruise is blue, I just thought it would all melt into the one colour.

Francis: What? you are a daft cow...the bruise will still be darker than the colour he turns.

Loretta: We are screwed, right?

Francis: Yes. They will suspect we murdered him for money. Who is gonna believe us? Us nobodies? We couldn't even get real lawyers. We would end up with legal aid.

Loretta: We would be right up there with Myra Hindley and Fred West..."*The Miller's Row Murderers*".

Francis: `NO...No...Jesus! do we look like two murderers?

Loretta: I know what the Sun will do, they will use our passport photos. Everybody looks like murderers in those...Why the hell did you not think of all this when we started?

Francis: If I'd have thought of all that when we started then we wouldn't have started.

**A moment, they pace around wondering what to do.**

Loretta: Got it, make-up. Cover the bruise with a bit of make-up...they won't see it.

Francis: Great...great do you have concealer? That would do it.

Loretta: **(Loretta looks in her bag brings out make-up bag and starts searching)**. I don't believe we're doing this.

Francis: Well we are, don't think about it, just do it.

Loretta: What would you say his skin tone was? I have fair here and what's this, peach melba?

Francis: Jesus, I don't know. Wait no...he'll turn a bluey grey, it won't work...this is ridiculous.

Loretta: What if we did his whole face the same colour?

Francis: Then soon as the undertaker gets him to wash him, he will know it's make-up...and he will think that we were trying to cover up something.

Loretta: We are trying to cover up something.

Francis: Yeah, a bruise that he did to himself, not that we killed him.

Loretta: So, if we cover it up it will look like we covered it up to cover it up! Christ of Almighty! We have to do something. I know, run, why don't we just run? Get out...we have over 500 quid, we could go somewhere start a new life...oh stop talking bollocks Loretta...Oh Christ this is a nightmare...do something Francis!

Francis: I will. Just stop shouting...I have to think, just let me think.

Loretta: We could get accused of murder.

Francis: I said shut up, my head is splitting.

Loretta: You got us into this.

Francis: Oh, did I now?

Loretta: Maybe if you hadn't taken him to the toilet on his own, he would still be alive?

Francis: Maybe if you hadn't turned up late, he would still be alive?

Loretta: Oh so you did drop him then?

Francis: When I put him on the toilet, he was alive. What, are you saying, It's my fault he's dead? You think I killed him?

Loretta: I don't know that do I? I wasn't here...

Francis: I don't believe this.

Loretta: How do I know you didn't drop him and that's how he got the bruise on his head? Maybe that's what killed him? Is that how he died Francis? How do I know you didn't know he

was dead from when I got here and you were only letting on you didn't know?

Francis: Don't you dare accuse me of murdering Davy...what a thing to say, you're losing it girl.

Loretta: Sorry Francis, sorry...I want to cry. I want to scream...what are we gonna do?

Francis: I don't know love, I don't know.

**(Francis puts her arms round her. Loretta starts to cry)**

Loretta: I don't know what is gonna happen to us. Oh God, they could take my kids away! My Kirsty won't even get to Alton towers. Oh Francis, do something.

Francis: I am thinking., just give me a minute.

Loretta: I thought my day was ruined cos our Curtis forgot his 'PE kit and made me late...now I could be arrested for theft, fraud, and murder and it's not even 4 o'clock.

**Francis looks at her and then laughs. Loretta then laughs too... this is laughter of hysteria...they laugh uncontrollably fall on the bed, they can't stop. The telephone rings...they stop....look at each other.**

**BLACKOUT.**

**END OF ACT ONE.**

## Act Two

**Loretta and Francis are in the same position as end of Act One...staring at the ringing Phone**

- Loretta: Don't answer it.
- Francis: We have to, could be the nurse or somebody that knows we're here, if we don't answer they'll think there's something wrong.
- Loretta: Something wrong? Something wrong? There's a man lying dead in the bathroom and we have stolen all his money, of course there is something fuckin' wrong.
- Francis: **(Grabs the phone)** Hello Francis speaking.... No, he can't come to the phone right now, I am his careworker. What?.....no, I don't think so....no, he would have no need for that....I am sure.....trust me love, he would have no use for it....firstly he is dead, secondly he lives in a bungalow ..... goodbye.
- Loretta: What...what have you done?
- Francis: Somebody trying to sell him a chairlift.
- Loretta: You told them him he was dead.
- Francis: So? They don't care, they don't even know who he is.  
Loretta: How do you know that?
- Francis: If they did, for a start, they would know he lived in a bungalow...and you know why they don't know, cos they are probably ringing from frigging India. Look at that bitch across the street gawking out... she's probably saying, now those two usually don't do the four o' clock shift, wonder why they swapped?
- Loretta looks at her for moment and then makes a decision. She gets her coat and bag and prepares to go.**
- Francis: What, what you doing where are you going.?
- Loretta: To the Police, to confess, I can't take no more, there is no other way.
- Francis: **(Gets in front of her)** NO...you're not.
- Loretta: Get out of my way.

Francis: **(grabs her)** Just...hear me out!

Loretta: Hear you out? No, I have had it with all the “hearing outs” from you and I am not listening to no more hearing...I want out!

**(Loretta pushes her out of the way and heads for the door...she turns back)**

Sorry Francis, I have to.

Francis: Right, right...then wait...wait for me.

Loretta: Are we gonna confess together.?

Francis: We started this together and we will finish it together.

Loretta: Ok...thanks Francis; I didn't want to do it on my own. It's the only thing we can do. They'll understand, if we just tell the truth. Right, we are going out the front door.

Francis: Why? It's not even quarter past four, across the street will be watching.

Loretta: We don't need to sneak around, we have nothing to hide anymore, and we are going to the Police to tell the truth, that's why.

Francis: What about the money then, we have to put the money back. Put it in his drawer, that will help our case.

Loretta: Put the money back?

Francis: Yes. **(Francis is in her handbag getting the money)** To prove that we didn't really mean to take it.

Loretta: All of it?

Francis: Yes, all of it **(She looks at Loretta)** What?

Loretta: It's just, when I got home, it was all too much, our Kirsty & Alton Towers.

Francis: You gave her the 60 quid?

Loretta: No just 40 of it...I had to...I just told her it was my rent money and not to tell her Dad, then just as I was leaving I looked at my Brian and I could have cried. He didn't cause no recession, but he's is suffering.

He loved bricklaying, the outdoors, he took pride in his walls...then some bastards he doesn't even know wreck his world...men need to work. I see him sitting there watching mindless game shows...thinking it's his only hope of getting us out of this endless struggle for money....my Brian is prepared to stand in front of millions and be humiliated. He doesn't even like getting his photo taken, so I gave him the other 20 quid and said I got a tax rebate.

Francis: Well, so much for you having a conscience about Davy and his money, he is not even cold and you have spent 60 quid of his pension.

Loretta: Okay, look, here. Here's my 250 quid share of the five hundred, and I'm paying the 60 quid I owe him out of my real rent money.

**Francis puts it on the bedside table.**

Fuck's sake! I started the day 60 quid up, then another 250 and a trip to Barcelona to look forward to. Now, I'm going nowhere and am 60 quid in debt to the housing executive! Let's get out of here, this place is bad luck.

Francis: Are you sure, we are doing the right thing?

Loretta: Yes, yes, just get it over and done with before anything else happens to me this day.

**Francis is not sure.**

**LX Fade in the room.**

**Lights up on their two spots.**

Loretta: So we left the house at 4.15. We knew across the street would be checking her clock. She would probably phone the Care manger. But we were gonna confess, so it didn't matter. I looked right in through her window. I didn't care. She wasn't there; first time I ever remember not seeing her watching. Spying on us. She must have been in the toilet or the kitchen...or maybe she was dead too. Bloodyhell, not another one.

Francis: We walked arm and arm towards the police station. I'm sure we just looked normal to the outside eye. Two care workers, just two nobodies finishing their shift. I knew in my heart what we were about to do was a bad move, a very bad move.....nothing, only a sign from God could stop this

disaster from happening.

- Loretta: I kept saying over and over to Francis, as long as we tell the truth, it will be okay, as long as we tell the truth. She was very quiet, just kept smoking away, saying nothing.
- Francis: Then I spied my Jason, strutting along with his mate, all dead proud of himself in his suit and his new career. I saw that child's little happy face and I knew we had to turn back....Thank you God I said...thank you.
- Loretta: Then she started pulling me and running and whispering...
- Francis: Keep your head down, keep your head down.
- Loretta: She pushed me into an entry I didn't know what happened, we were only two streets from the cop shop...and then, well she just give to me straight.
- Francis: Nobody will trust us again, as long as we live.
- Loretta: I could live with that if I had to. I don't care, I want to confess.
- Francis: We would lose our jobs as care workers.
- Loretta: We could find something. Tesco's, Asda.
- Francis: Be called *scum*, *low lives*, be all over the Daily Mirror.
- Loretta: Yesterday's chip paper.
- Francis: But the kids?
- Loretta: What about the kids, what has it got to do with my kids?
- Francis: If you were the child of a murderer, somebody would feel sorry for you, eventually. But what would happen to the kids of mothers who stole off an old man while he lay there dead?
- Loretta: Oh God, they could never live it down.
- Francis: They would have to leave the country.
- (They stop and look at each other...the decision is made)**
- Loretta: Young lives ruined!
- Francis: For the sake of 310 quid.

**Lx down fade on them and up on the room. Francis and Loretta enter out of breath...Francis sits on the bed Loretta on the wheelchair.**

Francis: This is an omen...a good omen...'across the street' wasn't there at her window, so she never saw us leave or come back.

Loretta: Look, she is back now...looking out. We made that just in time!

Francis: God is looking down on us...this was meant to be.

Loretta: Yeah, looking down and saying;

*"Those two are going roast in Hell!"*

**FX: POLICE SIREN approaching. Loretta and Francis freeze. They assume it's for them.**

Francis: I've got it...thank you God for that inspiration...I know what we've got to do.

Loretta: What?

Francis: Burn the house down.

Loretta: Burn the house down? Sure, why not add arson to everything else we've done. You've lost your mind.

Francis: Well, if you are gonna knock my suggestion don't fucking ask.

Loretta: **(A pause)** How do we do it?

Francis: Well, that's the hard bit. We have to make it appear like it was an accident, then Davy gets burned with the house, nobody will know anything about what time he died 'cos he will be ashes. What harm eh, he is dead...right?...He won't feel nothing.....the Housing Executive own the house, no big deal to them. Nobody gets hurt and we go home. What do you think?

Loretta: We could sneak round the back when we leave, throw a petrol bomb over the yard wall and run. Then the local hoods will get the blame.

Francis: And who is the first person that will get arrested on suspicion? My Jason. No, I am not having that cos he is getting himself sorted now, doing well with his DVD

business.

Loretta: That's right. Sorry.

Francis: Pity Davy didn't smoke or we he could have left his cigarette lit so it would catch fire to something'.

Loretta: Who knows he doesn't smoke, but us?

Francis: Jackie and Sherry know.

Loretta: Yeah, but Jackie smokes and she smokes in this house and she's not supposed to. I know 'cos 'I smell it.

Francis: Doesn't matter, they know Davy doesn't and if there is an investigation....

Loretta: Don't say that word...gives me the creeps. If a lit cigarette is found to be the cause of the fire she ain't gonna say a word, is she? She was on the early shift. She might think it was one of hers smouldering in the bin. I have seen her fag ends in there.

Francis: I smoke too, but never in here.

Loretta: What does she smoke?

Francis: Lambert and Butler.

Loretta: And you?

Loretta: No, they would kill you. I smoke Marlboro. Why?

Francis: Good, so it won't be one of yours they find.

Loretta: We can't leave here until a quarter to. Across the street will be watching and timing us. Then we sneak down the entry and in the back door. I'll go now and leave the back door open, then we come straight back, with a packet of Lambert and Butler.

**Loretta leaves...Francis after a beat goes after her and brings her back.**

Francis: Loretta...Loretta! Are you stupid? DNA! We need her DNA. There won't be any of Jackie's DNA on a new packet. In fact, there'll be some of her ciggie butts in the bin outside, so we'll use one of those.

Loretta: Wait! Flaw! Big flaw! Her shift was at 9...the cigarette

couldn't have been smouldering from then to five. They'd want to know why we didn't smell it.

Francis: Right ...right.... there is only one thing for it.... we get a fag end, wipe her DNA off it, wipe it round Davys mouth so his DNA will be on it. When they discover the source of the fire, it will look like he was smoking. Good...that's it...so we put it beside the bed, next to the Daily Mirror...we light the paper and leave.

Loretta: Right...I'll go and see if I can get a decent size ciggie butt in the bin, wipe it round his mouth.. Now, where would the wheelchair be if he had got himself to the toilet? We need it all to look like he did it himself...we need to know if he can manage to get into the wheelchair. Get into the bed and pretend you're Davy and then get yourself out into the wheel chair and get to the toilet door.

**(Francis gets in the bed and tries to get out as if she is Davy)**

Loretta: (cont'd) Remember he has only the use of one eye onehand and one leg.

Francis: Right ...right....

**Loretta exits**

**Francis is left struggling to get out of bed as Davy and into the wheelchair. Just as she does Loretta comes back with a fairly large cigarette end.**

Francis: Poor buggar, what a life.

Loretta: Now make your way out of the room and towards the bathroom, push the door open and whatever shape the wheelchair is in, that's the way we leave it.

**Francis exits awkwardly on the wheelchair. Loretta sets the cigarette beside on the bedside table. Places the newspaper, looks around the room, then sits on the bed.**

**SFX intercom buzzer sounds. They look at each other...**

Francis: Jesus...who's that.?

Loretta: Nobody ever calls here. Ignore it.

**Intercom persists.**

Loretta: We have to do something.

Francis: Pretend we're not here...hide.

Loretta: Hide? They might have already seen us anyway...You better answer it.

Francis: NO! I did the last one.

Loretta: I did the dead body in the toilet, remember?

Francis: Oh Christ...what will I say?

Loretta: Say...er...let me think...say, who is it?

Francis: **(Presses the button to speak)**  
Hello, who is it please?

**V/O: On intercom. A man's voice.**

V/O: I need to speak to a Mrs. Francis Shields.  
Francis looks at Loretta...mouths, "FUCK".

Francis: Who wants to speak to her?

V/O: This is Detective Constable Smith, I need to question her about a recent misdemeanor, which I believe she may have been involved.

Francis: Oh, just hold on and I'll get her for you...  
**(Takes her hand off the button)**  
God...A "misdemeanor", what's he mean?

Loretta: I think it means you have done something bad.

Francis: I have? We have.

Loretta: How did he know? **(Panics)** Just confess...confess!

Francis: Shush...shut up.... **(Presses the button)** Hello, Francis speaking, I think you have the wrong person I'm just here looking after old Mr. Magee, you must have the wrong Francis Shields.

V/O: I don't think so madam. Did I or did I not see you and a Mrs. Loretta Mackie, behave very suspiciously? I need you to explain why you were seen running down an alleyway in a

dubious manner... appoximately 5 minutes ago?

Francis: Just a minute, Mr. Magee, needs my attention...

**(To Loretta)** How does he know me?

Loretta You? How the fuck does he know me too? I know...that's where she was...her, across the street...that's why she wasn't at the window...she was phoning the police...it all fits...Let him in, give yourself up...no point it's over...give me the phone...give me it.

Francis NO.....let's think ...**(speaks into the phone)** We can't let you in, Mr. Magee doesn't like strangers in his home...he could take a bad turn....he's not well...we will come out to you....can you explain what er you think we are supposed to have done?

V/O: **(Jason Voice)** Buying dodgy copies of DVD's. Fuck's sake wise up Ma it's me!

Francis: Jason? (Overjoyed)...It's our Jason!

**(Into intercom)** Jason, I will kill you!

V/O: Keep your knickers on Mum. Me and Wigsy saw you two running down the alley. What are you up to Mum?

Francis: Running to get away from you ...What do you want?

Jason: I have a box set of Frank Sinatra films for that old boy you look after ...a tenner tell him.

Francis He has them all. Go away, we're busy.

Jason These are all re-makes.

Francis NO! he doesn't want any.

V/O: I'll throw in "True Grit". He probably likes cowboy films. 15 notes the lot

Francis NO son, just go away...Maybe tommorrow...cheerio.

**(She takes her hand of the button and buzzer rings immediately)**

Loretta: Fuck sake, just buy them and get rid of him...he is drawing attention to us.

Francis: What for, Davy's hardly gonna watch them.

**Loretta goes to the intercom**

Loretta: Jason son, Loretta here, that's great love, your Mum is coming out with the money now. **(to Francis)** Quick get the money.

Francis: **(grabs her purse)** I'm gonna have to bloody well pay for them.

Loretta: Jason, she's coming now son.

Jason: Hey Loretta, I have the new *Chipmunks One* here for your Curtis. '*Chipwrecked*'. A fiver to you.

Loretta: Sure...er...just a moment...**(To Francis)** Hurry up!

Francis: 15 bloody quid for DVDs that nobody's gonna watch!

Loretta: You were all up your own a-hole this morning with your "Our Jason and his little Business."

**(Buzzer again)**

Loretta: (Answering) What!

V/O: Hey, tell ye what Loretta, I am gonna throw in' *Happy Feet Two*'... tenner the lot...let me in and I'll show you my full catalogue...Does your Brian fancy anything from the "adult" range?

Loretta: NO! Right ...right okay...okay...I'll take the two...I'll send the money out with your mum. Francis get a tenner out of my purse...Quick **(to intercom)** She's just coming.

V/O: Fuck sake...tell her to hurry up, in case the fraud squad's on our trail.

**Loretta grabs her purse and looks for the money**

Loretta: Fraud squad? He thinks that's bad...**(Looks in her purse)** Francis, I only have a fiver, you are going have to lend me.

Francis: Christ...that's my last.

**SFX Buzzer.**

Francis: (cont'd) ...Just give me the fiver!

(Francis takes the money and exits...Loretta sits on the

bed,head in hands)

**Loretta comes back. With the DVD's. Hands Loretta hers.**

- Loretta: Our Curtis doesn't even like them penguins, says they're only for kids.
- Francis: At least he is alive to watch it. I have just paid 15 quid for DVD.s for a dead man with no DVD player...and you owe me a fiver!
- Loretta: No I don't owe you anything, I didn't want *happy fuckin feet*, and I only did it to get rid of your son to stop us getting caught!
- Francis: Oh so it' my son's fault that he got up off his arse and got himself a job and is able to use big words like "misdemeanour"...Does anybody give him credit for that?...no wonder the young ones of this country feel rejected.
- Loretta: It's your fault, you brought us back here.
- Francis: I only left cos, you wanted to confess.
- Loretta: You stopped me.
- Loretta: You stopped yourself.
- Loretta: You made me stop myself.
- Francis: So you only stopped yourself cos I did.
- Loretta: I wouldn't have stopped myself if you hadn't.
- Francis: What, If I hadn't stopped myself and you hadn't stopped yourself?
- Loretta: We'd both be in the shit.
- Francis: If I had stopped myself and you hadn't stopped yourself?
- Loretta: We'd still both be in the shit.
- Francis: So, it doesn't matter who stopped who stopped who from stopping anything. We're fucked!
- Loretta: **(Agreeing)** Right. Where were we?
- Francis: Burning the house down.?

Loretta: In a way this is Davys funeral, isn't it? His cremation. But how do we know that's what he would've wanted? and if he did, well, what a way to go, no proper burial, no service, no nothing. Its' very, very sad...we are cremating this man and sending his soul up there and then running up the alley. It's not right. He should have some sort of short prayer or something. To say something about him. Shit, we don't even know if he is a Catholic or a Protestant.

Francis: Odds are he's an atheist.

Loretta: That's the worst thing that could happen to anybody if they were Christians, not having a Christian burial. God knows what would happen to his soul.

Francis: Wise up, when they find him, he will just be cinders, they will assume he died in the fire, and give him a Christian burial anyway. That's what they do to people they know nothing about.

Loretta: That's because they will think he died in the fire, but we know different and that will be on my conscience.

Francis: Oh so that will be on your conscience, will it? What about the fact that we stole his money, covered it up, ate his dinner, and then burnt him and his house down?

**Loretta starts to opens drawers**

Loretta: A box, he is bound to have an old box, all old geezers have boxes.

Francis: What?

Loretta: Where they keep important things....Something that might tell us more about him.

Francis: Okay okay...you're not gonna give up on this bloody Christian burial are you? (**Loretta shakes her head**) What if he's Jewish or Muslim, or something we know frig all about. What do we do then, smart-arse?

Loretta: Jewish or Muslim? Don't talk crap...how many Jews or Muslims do you imagine would be called Davy Magee? Just look under the bed.

**Francis gets down and looks under the bed.**

Francis: Ah for God's sake...look, a long time since he wore those

eh, God help him (**Brings out a pair of men's shoes**)

Loretta: This is giving me the creeps. dead man's shoes...put them back...put them back!

Francis: Right...right...oh here, there's a box...could that be it.?

**Francis brings out an old wooden box she puts it on the bed.**

Francis: Open it...quick.

Loretta: Right..right. (**she can't**)

Francis: Oh for Gods sake!

**Francis opens it...She brings out a ticket stub and reads.**

Francis: "An Evening with Sinatra", London Palladium Sept 1950.

Loretta: He's kept that from 1950, shows you how much Frank meant to him.

Loretta: (**Looks in the box**) My God, that's a photo of him with Frank Sinatra...look how young he was.

Francis: (**Brings the photo out & reads**) "*To Davy, best wishes Frank Sinatra*".

Loretta: Must have meant the world to him...an autographed photo of Frank.

Francis: We could put that on E Bay! (**Loretta is shocked**) Joking, I was only joking.

Loretta: Have a bit of respect for the dead...Quick look at the time, anything else?

Francis: (**She takes out a buff-coloured envelope and reads**) Prudential, Death Policies.

Loretta: Put that back. That's nothing to do with us.

Francis: (**Takes a photo out**) That must have been his wife there in the wedding frock

Loretta: Wonder why he cut her head out and left the rest of her...weird.

Francis: Standin' beside a wedding frock with no head on it...she

must have done something to deserve that, bitch!

Loretta: Here's a medal, he must have been in the war too.

Francis: Oh no...oh my God, a soldier. How could we do this to a man who fought for his country? He probably fought at the Somme.

Loretta: **(Takes the medal and reads the back)**

David Magee Second Place, 100 yard Breast Stroke 1940.

Francis: **(takes out another envelope and reads)**

*"To be opened in the event of my demise"*

Loretta: Demise? why does he say that, demise? You think he knew he was going to go like this? Why did he not just say death?

Francis: Same thing, isn't it?

Loretta: No, it sounds more like he was done away with rather than just went of his own accord.

Francis: Fuck sake, wise up. **(she opens it and reads)**

*The last will and testament of David George Alexander Magee. To whom it may concern...I want to be cremated.*

Loretta: At least he is getting that wish.

Francis: I want no big shenanagins. Anybody that turns up should get a cup of tea and a biscuit. Packets of custard creams can be located in the cloakroom in the hall.

Loretta: I'll go and get them, it's the least we can do.

Loretta **(leaves)**

Francis: **(she shouts out to Loretta)** He says, he wants to go up in smoke with the congregation singing 'Fly me to the moon' by Frank!

**(Francis Goes to CD player and presses it.)**

SFX: Fly Me To The Moon. She goes to the vase of plastic roses and puts one on the bed)

**Loretta enters with the orange juice and biscuits.**

**Francis checks the biscuit packet.**

Francis: These have been here since the 70's look at the price sticker: 7 pence.

Loretta: He didn't know when he was gonna die? He wanted his affairs in order. Doesn't matter what they are like we have to carry out his wishes.

Francis: We have to sing...he wanted the congregation to sing along with Frank.

Loretta: It's sad, I'm sure he was imagining when he wrote this there would be more than than two in his congregation.

**Loretta's mobile rings.**

Francis: Answer it...you have to answer it...act normal.

Loretta: **(looks at phone)** It's my Brian...hello love... what? God, that's brilliant...that's fantastic..... when? Well we'll get the money some way.....it's just great...I'm busy here love with old Mr. Magee, I'll see you when I get in...right, right...bye

**(She looks at Francis)** My Brian has just got himself on *'Pointless'*

Francis: What?

Loretta: All he needs is to get the money to get him up to Manchester

Francis: Pointless?

Loretta: It's just a game show, where you win if you don't know the answers.

Francis: What's the point in that.

Loretta: Exactly why it's called "*Pointless*"...My Brian on the TV and I can't even be happy for him....I need to get home quick to try and pretend I'm over the moon...the thing is, he probably won't win, it will cost us hundreds to get him there plus the fortune he has run up on his phone bill...but I suppose he feels he is trying **(Pause)** Francis?

Francis: What?

Loretta: Hear me out...It's my turn.

Francis: Make it quick.

Loretta: Could we not just take the money back...what good is burning it? Burning money and there's children starving in Africa?

Francis: What, you think we should donate it to a charity?

Loretta: Its just...well...my Brian...he's spent weeks trying to get on a game show, not for himself...for us. I know he won't win nothing, but I have to support him and that money could send him there. Please Francis...can we not just take it back?

Francis: Where are you gonna say you got it?

Loretta: Scratch card. Please, it's just going to burn.

Francis: Right. Alright. Go and get it.

**Loretta goes to the cabinet to get the money**

Loretta: Thanks Francis.

Francis: Help me out here Loretta, but what has little children in Africa starving got to do with this?

Loretta: My mum always said it when we never finished our dinner. *"It's a sin to waste when people are desperate!"*

Francis: And your Brian going on some daft game show would be the same thing?

Loretta: Yes, in his world he's desperate...he really is, I see a man just shrunk into something I don't even recognize, that's what being out of work does to you.

Francis: You're right love...I'm sorry

Loretta: It's just...It's not for me....

Francis: Don't ...it's alright I get it. It's ok

Loretta: Thanks. Anything else we have to do for Davy?Francis:  
(**Takes the note & reads**) No...just says P. T. O.

Loretta: Please Turn Over that means.

Francis: I'm not stupid...(she does and reads) I leave whatever monies I have in my ATM or whatever is owing to me, if anything, from William Hill bookmakers, plus the remainder of my insurance after funeral costs to go to the only people

who ever cared about me. My care workers, Loretta Mackie and Francis Shields.

**Pause...they look at each other.**

Francis: Thank you Davy, but it's too late.

Loretta: I'm glad you weren't alive to see what we've done...we don't deserve it Davy...we would never have luck with it...we're putting it all back.

Francis: For fuck's sake, I don't believe this.

Loretta: We have to, we can't take it now...I couldn't live with myself.

Francis: You're right, me neither...we're putting it in your little box Davy, It's yours, it will go up in smoke with you. I'm gonna keep your photo of you and Frank, don't worry it won't go up in flames, I knew it was precious.

Loretta: And I'll keep your swimming medal...it was probably all you ever achieved in your lifetime.

**(They take the medal and the photo out of the box)**

Francis: Wait...we can't take these, we can't have anything that will connect us to this.

Loretta: We're putting them back Davy...sorry. Now Francis here will do a short service for you.

Francis Me?

Loretta: You are the same as him, you have to do the service. He wouldn't want a catholic to do it, that would not be right.

Francis: It was you that wanted to do the Christian thing.

Loretta: How would you like it if you got a Catholic burial?

Francis: Alright, I'll do it.

**Loretta gets on her knees**

Loretta: **(quietly)** Okay Francis?

Francis: Yes. Ready.

Loretta: Close your eyes.

Francis: Davy...erm...Davy Magee....May Jesus take you to the

moon and let you play among the stars. Amen.

Loretta: That it?

Francis: Yes. Are you ready?

Loretta Okay.

**Francis lights her lighter and they walk towards the bed as theysing along with ‘Fly Me To The Moon.’**

**LX fade to Black.**

Both: And that is the truth, the whole truth, so help me God. **(Black Out)**