

SEAN, ALL LIMP, IS DRAGGED ONSTAGE BY GILES AND DUMPED.
~~XX~~ GILES PULLS BACK SEAN'S
EYELIDS AND ~~EXM~~ CHECKS HIS PULSE, GIVES HIM A KICK FOR
LUCK AND LEAVES.

CATE, ALL LIMP, IS DRAGGED ONSTAGE BY MASSA AND DUMPED.
MASSA IS ABOUT TO GO THEN SEES CATE'S SHOES. SHE TAKES
OFF CATE'S SHOES, GIVES THEM A RUB, AND LEAVES WITH THE
SHOES.

SEAN AND CATE ALL LIMP ON STAGE.

SEAN GROANS.

CATE Life still then.

Are we leftovers?

Humping and heaving, basting in sweat,
Sheets twisted

All twisted

It comes at night.

Fireworks inside me, streaking, spewing,
streamers all colours sputtering fire
arrows of light fucking frenzy of delight

Then lying there still, breathing through
the skin hardly breathing at all fingertips
touching feeling ~~your~~ ^{her} pulse slow and sure
as a cleaver.

Then it comes.

A creak on the stair

SEAN the tap's dripping.

CATE Between one heartbeat and another the door
blasts open inwards off its hinges and it's
in the room. She wakes to a sunrise of fist
up her

Thinks it's me, can't believe I'd

Thinks it's me so doesn't scream.

Fist up her and in grabbing and grinding
from rapture to rupture in less than a
second.

I watch.

Can think of nothing else to do.

SEAN After a shag he nicks some of my clobber and skips off dancing in the dark between the lamplights. I think is some booze left but he's had that and I'm sore and aching and frazzled but will not sleep. Oh no not that relief. I want sleep like invisibility but what I get is a dripping tap.

CATE After the mauling they wrap her in the sheet and carry the carcass downstairs. I stand very still and naked in the room it's like for as long as I can forget I'm there ~~the ~~swiftness~~~~ then they will too. But it doesn't work. Some thought creeps into my mind, me a child flying a kite on a hill, and as soon as the thought comes they notice I'm there, they turn to me and look. I'm naked, and her sweat still warm on me turns icy in their looking.

SEAN I say have you come to fix the tap.

They boot my bollocks in.

I get dressed after that and leave the talking to them.

A man has made a complaint. I'm not that bad a shag I think, but do not say. Will I come quietly or do I want to wake the neighbours up. No I don't want that, they've already been complaining. Evidently. Quietly I say. Still they stick my head down the bog, just for the crack.

CATE In the first room there's a table, in the second there's one chair, in the third room there's a mirror smeared with shit and blood and through the gore a woman's standing there she seems familiar her jaw's hanging her head is shaved her nose is pushed to one side her breasts are blue her leg is twisted but I think I knew her. In the fourth room there's a man.

SEAN How long now?

CATE As long as it takes.

SEAN That's a long time.

CATE Yes.

SEAN I'm sad and lonely, will you hold my hand?

CATE Yes.

SEAN Give it here then.

~~say I can feel your heart beating~~

~~THEIR HANDS SLOWLY FEEL~~

THEIR HANDS SLOWLY FEEL ALONG THE FLOOR TOWARDS EACH OTHER.
THEY FIND EACH OTHER. THEIR HANDS CLASP.

CATE I can feel your heart beating.