

Jamie What's going on? I don't I don't . . . I can't . . . I'm getting a headache! The SHOUTING! I'm trying to relax. I can't I can't – I can't I can't –

Sandra Jamie –

*She goes to him, but he deliberately moves away from her, nearer to **Rosie** and **Kenneth**.*

Rose Come on Jamie. Jamie, it's alright. We'll go into the garden.

Jamie What?

Rose Go for a walk. You can have a smoke. Or, whatever. We'll catch up yeah.

Jamie Yeah, right. Yeah.

*He looks at her, trusts her. **Jamie** exits.*

Rose Dad?

Dad.

You understand.

. . . ?

He looks at her, hard.

Kenneth No.

She goes.

Sandra I thought our children would be heroes.

I imagined they would soar. Standing on our shoulders I assumed that our kids would reach heights we never imagined, change the world entirely. I thought they would solve the great problems become prime ministers, scientists, academics.

But look at them. They sit on computers, not living, typing messages about nothing. Watching

meaningless videos, and waiting for Friday night, they want to be rich and famous, in fact that's all they want to be, but they never lift a fucking finger.

Do they?

They don't read, they don't work and they don't *think*. They want it all on a plate.

And then strangely when nothing arrives, it's our fault.

What happened?

I thought you're supposed to be proud of your children.

Can we buy her a house?

But no, NO! you're right – Sometimes I go into the garden, you've seen our garden, I go out there and lie on the grass, and I think I haven't done this since I was young. For forty years it's been hard graft. We've worked ourselves to the bone.

Pause.

Top me up Ken.

He does.

Sandra Maybe it was me.

Kenneth No.

Sandra I've got a mouth like a train, you know that, I'm a very confident person, maybe I was overbearing.

Kenneth We never went to bed with an argument still hanging. They weren't unhappy growing up.

Sandra Our daughter slit her wrists.

Kenneth

Sandra I still think of it.
I dream of the blood. On the floor.
She might do it again, I still see her as a little girl.

Kenneth She'll be alright.

Sandra I don't know Ken we've been saying that for twenty years, don't worry, she'll be alright but now she's here saying what she's saying and she's nearly forty and I'm starting to think maybe she's got a point.
Maybe she won't be . . .
Alright.
Maybe she has wasted her life.
As you said. It isn't fair.
Perhaps we just got lucky.

Pause.

They drink the wine.

Kenneth Have you got a fag?

Sandra Ken! You don't.

Ken Well.

Sandra Not for years.

Ken Well

They get out cigarettes.

He lights one. Then gives it to her.

He smiles and lights one himself.

A pause.

They take in the room.

Sandra What do we do?

Kenneth She knows we love her.
Beat.
She'll calm down, come back.
Beat.
She always does.
Pause.
You alright?

Sandra
They smoke.

Sandra What happened with you and Kerry?

Kenneth She wasn't on my intellectual level.

Sandra She was fat.

Kenneth Thank you.

Sandra Well she was you know as well I do she was rather overweight.

He smiles.

Kenneth You look great.

Sandra Got a gym at home now. Every day, hour in the gym, pilates, pool.

Kenneth Got a pool here.

Sandra I know.

Kenneth I could build a gym too.

Sandra What?

Kenneth Just saying.

Sandra I know you.

Kenneth You do.

Sandra Never just saying. You could *build a gym*.