

my sister feather

Production Draft / La Mama Courthouse

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Script notes.

-: unfinished sentence or thought.

/: interrupted by the following line.

An empty line: silence.

Production notes.

The rules of a real prison have been suspended in this text. This setting is somewhere between a physical space and an emotional state.

The childhood and adult versions of Egg and Tilly are to be played by the same performers throughout. It is not necessary for the audience to know their specific age in each childhood scene.

Character list.

Tilly - 45. Egg's big sister. Free.

Egg - 42. Tilly's kid sister. Not free.

The cast should reflect the diversity of Melbourne, Australia.

Setting.

Australia.

Victoria.

The visiting centre of a women's prison, outside of visiting hours.

1.

An empty room.

Green walls. Clean but lifeless.

A large poster on the back wall:

VISIT TIMES

SATURDAY/SUNDAY & MONDAY (MONDAY IS FOR REMAND INMATES ONLY)

8.45AM - 10.00AM

10.45AM -12.00PM

1.15PM - 2.30PM

CONDITIONS

VISITORS WHO ARRIVE 30 MINUTES AFTER THE START OF THEIR BOOKED SESSION WILL NOT BE PERMITTED.

ALL VISITORS MUST HAVE SUFFICIENT IDENTIFICATION AND BE APPROPRIATELY DRESSED (NO THONGS, SINGLETS OR MIDRIFFS, OR EXCESS JEWELLERY). VISITORS WILL NOT BE PERMITTED IF THEY FAIL TO COMPLY.

YOU CAN TAKE IN \$10 IN COINS FOR DRINK VENDING MACHINES.

There is a vending machine in the far corner of the room.

It has an A4 sheet of paper taped on it. A handwritten note:

OUT OF ORDER

The only other objects in the space are a bin beside the machine and two small benches on either side of a single table. They are all bolted to the floor.

A woman enters.

This is Egg. She is wearing a green hoodie and green tracksuit pants.

She is alone.

She looks around the space.

*She moves towards the vending machine. Reads the **OUT OF ORDER** sign.*

She slams the machine with her fist. It does nothing.

She slams it again.

A sinister buzz comes from inside the room. She whips around to stare up at a camera.

She looks in the bin.

She sits on the table with her feet on the bench.

The buzz again.

She rolls her eyes and slides down onto the bench.

She might be in her early 40s but it is hard to tell. She is muscly, restless.

Time passes.

She pulls at the bench, checks under the table. Her knee jiggles. She gets up from the table to head back to the vending machine.

Tilly enters. She has a trolley with her. She could be in her mid-40s but it's also hard to tell. She talks like a bullet train.

Tilly: I'm so sorry I kept you waiting. I didn't realise there would be so much traffic! Did they tell you I called? The woman I spoke to didn't seem that interested. She was a bit rude actually.

I guess you didn't have anywhere else you had to be.

Tilly laughs - Egg doesn't.

I'm sorry - that was rude of me.

I didn't realise how beautiful it would be around here. All that wattle.

I have allergies though. I never used to be bothered by them then a few years back BAM my body disintegrated. Old age probably.

“You're not old Tilly.” Why thank you, you're so kind.

Wouldn't be a problem out here though - air's too clean – I'm triggered by city living. I mean, I didn't sneeze once on the way past all that wattle on the highway coming over. I did have my windows up though.

I saw the garden outside.

It's so well-tended - is that one of your jobs? I tried some window boxes for a while at home but nothing ever sprouted. Should have just bought a pot plant from Woolies - something ready-made, you know? They always have impractical things like beetroot though. They say it's the broomstick of the bowel but what do I really want with beetroot? You want something that you can sprinkle. I wonder if Nigella would bother to put mint on a microwave dinner?

I watched a Four Corners special on farming the other night - was it Four Corners? No. That rural program on ABC. Do you get that here? I love it. The one that does a special on an Italian backpacker who's now working as the cook at a cattle station, or a man who hand-paints all these black and pink signs so drivers won't get lost, and when he dies all the signs are collected together in the town as a memorial. That's right, and his wife and kids all meet to commemorate him and the Mum talks about how she lives in the city now and she doesn't have anyone to talk to.

It's hard - farming - I thought *I* had a long work day. It'd be so nice to spend time in the sun though. I hardly ever get outside.

This one man - fifth-generation farming family something something - said no farmer farms for the money. It's the love of the land. You're a steward - it's your job to look after it and if it looks after you, then you're just lucky. Might be why my window boxes haven't been a wild success.

You look well.

Different - and well.

You've lost your cheeks.

Tilly looks around the room.

Tilly: They've really gone for minimalism here.

Egg backs away as Tilly advances.

What does this say?

“Visitors who arrive 30 minutes after the start of their booked session” - 30 minutes? What was I worried about? We've got oodles of time.

Tilly sits on the bench.

(rocking back and forth on it) These really don't budge, do they?

Don't want me to carry one off in my trolley. Do you like it? Should have brought a wicker basket or something I guess, then I could be Dorothy and you could be Toto.

Silence.

Tilly hums a few bars of 'Africa' by Toto.

Silence. Tilly stands.

Look, I'm sorry that I was late.

They had to do a lot of - checking? Is that the right word? They seemed surprised you had a visitor.

The guard vetting me had this mole on her chin and I think I stared at it for too long because she "checked" me for a long time.

Maybe I'm just irresistible.

"You are irresistible Tilly." You are just full of compliments today.

Egg: Do you have change?

Tilly: Change?

Egg: Any money?

Tilly: Oh. Yeah, hang on.

Tilly reaches into each of her jean pockets. She pulls out her \$10 worth of change. It's all in 10 and 20 cent pieces.

She moves towards Egg to give her the shrapnel.

Egg holds out her hands for the coins. She pulls back when Tilly seems to be about to touch her. Tilly tips her change into Egg's hands from above without touching Egg.

Egg dumps the pile on the table and picks out a couple of dollars' worth. Tilly stands clear of her.

Egg moves to the vending machine and starts slotting the coins in.

Tilly: It's out of order.

Egg keeps feeding coins into the machine, 20-cent-piece by 20-cent-piece.

She presses a button. Kathunk.

She retrieves the can. She takes a long hard slug of lemonade and burps hugely.

Egg: They put the sign on so they don't have to refill it.

Tilly: Who's they?

Egg: *(indicates the camera)*

You want some?

Tilly: No. Thanks.

I'm trying to avoid sugar.

"A moment on the lips, forever on your hips."

Egg doesn't reply, staring at Tilly while she finishes her can. When it's done, she lobs it at the wall over Tilly's head. She ducks.

The buzz. It's loud. Tilly jumps.

Tilly: Jesus, what's that for?

Egg looks up at the camera. She doesn't move.

The buzz.

Egg keeps looking. Tilly follows her gaze.

The buzz.

Egg fetches the can and drops it in the bin. Tilly watches her.

Silence.

Tilly: You look like Charlotte in that tracksuit.

I loved that green on her. Like being hugged by the sea. Going a kilometre an hour on her old exercise bike and wearing that shitty old towel around her neck. I don't think she ever broke a sweat.

I do that too, now. The few times I do make it to the gym. Wear an old towel around my neck to soak it all up. Wipe my seat down. Look athletic.

Sometimes you get to a machine and you can see marks from the last person who used it and you're like 'Come on, it's not that hard.'

Last time I was there I was on the treadmill and this man stood next to the machine and he just watched me until I got off because his friend was using the next one along and they wanted to run together. He just stood there, staring. Arsehole.

I very obviously did *not* wipe the machine down when I got off. Not sure he noticed though.

You should try the towel trick; I reckon you'd get a kick out of it. It definitely makes me feel like I've exercised more than I actually have.

It's like a talisman or something. I could probably just walk out of the house with it around my neck and I'd be fine. Ditch the gym altogether.

You, though, I mean you're really in great shape. They feeding you properly?

Joke.

You probably get to work out a lot in here.

Egg: What are you doing here Tilly?

Tilly: I thought of the starfish game the other day. It just popped into my head. Remember that? She'd get herself down on the ground to play it, somehow, just to make you laugh.

Poor Charlotte. I think of her whenever I watch David Attenborough - they've got the same roll when they walk, it's like you can hear their bones grinding together.

Remember when she used to turn it into a dance?

Tilly does the dance, taking a full circle until she comes back into view of Egg, who is unresponsive.

Silence. Tilly lets her hands drop to her sides.

Tilly:

Mum's dead.

Silence.

Egg: That's not funny.

Tilly: It's not a joke.

Silence.

Tilly reaches into her trolley and pulls out two letters. They've already been opened, roughly.

Tilly: She sent us these.

Egg:

Tilly shows the letters to Egg.

Tilly: I got a call from her solicitor to double-check my address.

He said he was sorry for our loss.

Look, she's written our names on them.

Egg doesn't move.

Egg: I don't understand.

Tilly: You have the same handwriting as her.

If he hadn't called I would have thought that it was you who'd written to me.

Look.

Egg: No.

Tilly: Just look at them Egg.

Tilly moves towards Egg, Egg moves across the room, away from Tilly and the letters.

Tilly watches her. She puts the letters on the table.

Tilly: I haven't read mine yet.

Nods up towards the camera.

Tilly: Mrs Mole had to read them so I could see you.

So I could get – what was it – here, I've got the receipt:

(pulling a crumpled notice out of her back pocket)

“Visitor 1907 is granted special dispensation from adherence to visiting hours on compassionate grounds.”

That was why I took so long.

Silence.

Tilly: He was very nice. He sounded expensive. The lawyer. No, solicitor.

I think they're different.

Egg: How'd she have the money?

Tilly: I don't know.

Egg: You didn't ask?

Tilly: You can't just ask people about money. Not when someone has died.

Egg: Why not?

Tilly: There is such a thing as client confidentiality.

Egg: That's not why you didn't ask /

Tilly: What would I have said?

“I haven't seen her since I was seven but thank you for letting me know. Oh, and, also, whilst I've got you on the phone, can I ask you how much you charged her to find me?”

Egg: This isn't funny.

Tilly: I know.

Egg: Did he say anything about her?

Tilly: Just that he was sorry for our loss and that he needed to confirm my address.

Egg: You didn't ask.

Tilly:

Egg: You didn't ask about her.

Tilly: He sounded like he knew her and I didn't want to /

Egg: Destroy the facade?

Tilly: I said I was sorry /

Egg: No. You said he was sorry. You said you were sorry for being late - the excuse of traffic in the middle of buttfuck nowhere is pretty shit, by the way.

Tilly:

Egg: You know what? It's fine. Don't worry about it. Thank you for letting me know.

You can go now.

Tilly: What?

Egg: You've done your job. You got here through all that traffic and wattle and delivered my letter intact.

Thank you.

Tilly:

They said they had to read them.

Egg: Of course they did. You've been very obliging and done everything right. You can go now.

Tilly: Egg, / why are you -

Egg: Don't Egg me / Tilly.

Tilly: Why are you so angry?

Egg shakes her head.

Tilly: I was in shock, Egg. It wasn't my fault, I couldn't think straight.

Egg: It's never your fault, is it? So, don't worry about it.

Tilly: *(laughs)*

I remember. This is the part where I say sorry for having wronged you, again /

Egg: Don't patronise me /

Tilly: Don't be such a fucking victim.

Egg: *(laughs)* A victim?

I wasn't the one who used to introduce herself as an orphan /

Tilly: Oh fuck, Egg, that was a lifetime ago.

Egg:

Tilly: We could have been orphans. She could have been dead for all I knew. Maybe that was why it happened - something happened to her and they never found her body and that's why we were left -

We didn't know, Egg - I didn't know /

Egg: Exactly, you didn't know, but you'd still go right ahead "Hello, I'm Tilly we're orphans" /

Tilly: People weren't going to look at us twice otherwise.

What do you want from me? Kids lie /

Egg: Yes, kids lie, but you lied to me. You told me she was coming back.

"They can't know the truth Egg."

"If they know the truth she won't be able to come back to us. This is our secret."

You were just hedging your bets, telling me that she was going to fly back to me /

Tilly: It was a fucking fairy tale Egg. You were four years old.

What was I meant to tell you, that she'd left us?

Egg: Why not? You got pretty good at it yourself.

Silence.

Egg: Think I hit a nerve there.

Tilly: Don't.

Egg: What?

Tilly shakes her head.

Egg: Don't what?

Tilly: I didn't come here to fight.

Egg: Go then.

Tilly turns away. Moves towards the vending machine.

Tilly:

Let's just take a breath and reset.

She closes her eyes, one hand holding the machine, one hand holding her ribs. Breathes deeply – some sort of New Age mindfulness exercise. Egg watches her.

Silence.

Egg: *(whilst Tilly is breathing)* My psych makes me do that.

Egg walks slowly across the room to the other corner of the machine, facing Tilly.

She makes me imagine all the bad feelings in my body are tar, sticky tar, coating my insides, and that every time I breathe in, the tar dries out a little bit more, and a little bit more, slowly turning it to dust, and that every time I breathe out, the dust pours out of me, leaving my organs all shiny and red.

Tilly still has her eyes closed, breathing.

Egg: She says I have to "breathe out" my abandonment issues.

Tilly stops the exercise.

Tilly:

It must have been very hard for you, Mum leaving when you were so young.

Egg: Because of you.

Tilly: What?

Silence.

Tilly rounds the machine to face Egg.

Tilly: What did you just say Egg?

Egg: Don't take that tone with me.

You show up here talking shit about the pollen count and I've got fucking whiplash because I haven't seen you in – (*laughs*) – it's been so long I don't even know.

So, not because of Mum leaving. Because of you. I have to breathe you out of me.

Silence.

Egg: Nothing? No explanation?

I don't know why I'm even bothering to ask.

Do you have any idea what you put me through? I slept outside your house for four days. Do you have any idea what that felt like?

Tilly: Did you file a missing persons' report?

Silence.

Tilly: Did you go to the police?

Egg:

Tilly: That's what people do if they can't find their family.

Egg:

You know I couldn't do that.

Tilly: It's pretty simple. You just walk into a station and ask for help.

Egg:

Tilly: It's what I would have done.

Egg:

Tilly:

Egg: I couldn't find you and I couldn't get help.

Tilly: Oh, I see. *I'm* the reason you're in here. That's what you're saying, isn't it?

Right, okay, I've caught up now.

Amazing. *(laughs)* It must be so easy for you to exist the way you do – slippery as a fucking eel, just letting all accountability wash over you.

Did you tell your psych why I “abandoned” you?

Egg:

Egg: You stopped helping me out.

Tilly: Because I was making you sick.

Egg: Mum would have helped me.

Tilly: *(laughs again)* You still want to think the best of her and the worst of me. If she’d stuck around instead of me you wouldn’t be in here, right?

Egg: You’re doing fine are you?

Tilly: There’s a reason I’m not in here with you.

Egg: You’re sensible, capable? Able to make something of yourself unlike your shitbag sister?

I bet your friends don’t even know I exist. Oh, no, wait, I died at the same time as our Mum.

Childbirth.

So sad. So uncommon, but it does still happen.

I bet you wish that were true –

Tilly is silent.

Egg: Wow.

Tilly:

Egg: I’m right. That’s what you’ve told people?

Tilly:

Egg: Un-fucking-believable.

Tilly: I haven’t.

Egg: Do people know about me?

Tilly:

Egg: I don't know why I thought you'd have changed. Always so worried about what other people think about you.

Tilly: It's not a bad thing to care / about what -

Egg: *(moving towards Tilly)* You think it's more important to suck some lawyer off than find out what Mum was like /

Tilly: Why should I care what Mum was like? She was probably a deadbeat just like you.

Egg grabs Tilly's jaw and smacks her across the face.

She releases her, turns her back and shoves her hands into her pockets.

Tilly is left staring at Egg's back before she stumbles to the opposite side of the room.

Tilly: It says Egg on your letter.

Egg's shoulders set. She does not turn around.

Egg:

I thought you made that up.

I thought it was a fairytale.

You shouldn't be here.

Tilly:

I wanted to see you.

And I didn't want to read my letter by myself.

I thought you might want company while you read yours.

Egg: I've got plenty of company.

2.

Egg (7) flops forward and Tilly (10) begins blowing giant raspberries. Egg starts miming that she's shat all over her hands.

Tilly: *(laughing and pointing)* SHART!

Egg laughs and begins to chase Tilly with her diarrhoea-covered hands. They scream-laugh as they run. Tilly starts blowing more raspberries as Egg grabs her arse.

Egg: Ow. Ooo. Ow. Oh.

She takes off a shoe and tips it upside down to get all the shit out.

Tilly: *(laughing)* GROSS!

Egg chases Tilly with the shoe, both scream-laughing again.

Tilly gets bored.

Tilly: NO.

Tilly climbs up onto the table, which turns into a boat. She paddles either side with an invisible oar. Egg quickly puts her shoe back on and climbs aboard.

Tilly: HOOT.

Egg: MEOW.

Tilly: HOOT.

Egg: MEOW.

Egg has turned into a cat - she is cleaning her paws and scratching behind her ears.

There's a massive thunderclap. They look up to the sky and Tilly gets out an invisible umbrella. Egg takes over paddling.

Tilly: The Owl and the -

Egg: Pussycat!

Tilly: Went to -

Egg: Sea!

Tilly: In a beautiful -

Egg: Pea Green -

Tilly: boat.

They took some -

Egg: Honey!

Tilly: And plenty of -

Egg: Money!

Tilly: Wrapped up in a five pound note.

Tilly abandons the umbrella for a ukulele, singing to the sky.

Tilly: The owl looked up to the stars above and sang to a small guitar

(To Egg) Oh lovely Pussy, oh Pussy my love, what a beautiful Pussy you are /

Egg: You are!

Tilly: You are!

What a beautiful Pussy you are /

Egg: How did they meet?

Tilly: They went to school together.

Egg: But wouldn't a Pussycat normally eat an Owl?

Tilly: Yeah, but Owl was just so handsome that Pussy had to restrain herself.

Egg: Where did they get the money and the honey from?

Tilly: *(searching)* Owl's foster parents.

Egg: Were they mean foster parents?

Tilly: Yeah.

Egg: Is that who they got the boat from too?

Tilly: Yeah!

Egg: Were the foster parents turkeys?

Tilly: Were they - what?

Egg: Were they -

Tilly:

Egg: - turkeys?

Egg and Tilly burst into very loud gobbling, using their hands for turkey dewlaps.

Egg: Were they related to the turkey who lived on the hill?

Tilly: No, but they were very close personal friends.

Egg: How did they communicate if the turkey lived a year and a day away?

Tilly: I don't know.

Egg: Why not?

Tilly: I don't know everything Egg.

Egg: Well you don't know much Tilly.

Tilly punches Egg in the shoulder.

Egg: OW!

Egg turns the boat back into a table and turns away from Tilly.

Tilly mimics Egg being hurt, making fun of her, but soon realises she's actually hurt Egg's feelings.

Tilly: Egg.

Lifts her hoodie off.

Egg: DON'T!

Puts her hoodie back on.

This repeats.

Tilly shifts to sit back to back with Egg.

Silence.

Tilly: (*bored*) Once upon a time there was a beautiful woman who got turned into a magical swan.

Her tone shifts over the following, as she becomes re-invested in her own story.

Tilly: She was a beautiful swan, with a long white neck and beautiful feathers. But there was an evil old woman who lived on her street, which meant she had to fly away. But before she flew away she laid two beautiful perfect white eggs. And as she flew her wings made this beautiful music. And before long the first egg went -

She makes loud cracking sounds.

- and that was me! But the littler egg hadn't hatched yet and I was so lonely, so I picked it up, and put it under my arm, and before long it went -

Egg makes cracking sounds.

Egg: Ping!

Tilly: And that was you!

So now we just have to make sure that we are good, and kind.

And we just have to listen for the music.

They both look to the sky.

3.

We are back in the prison. Egg is sitting at the table with her back to Tilly.

Tilly is at the head of the table, looking at the letters in front of her.

She looks up at the camera. She looks at the back of Egg's head.

Tilly picks up some of her coins. Egg ignores her.

Tilly walks over to the vending machine and feeds the coins in one by one.

Egg keeps ignoring her.

Kathunk. Lemonade.

She stares at Egg.

She drinks the can until it is finished. Burps, hugely. Crushes the can between her hands. Lobs it over Egg's head at the wall.

The buzz. Tilly jumps.

Egg looks up at Tilly.

The buzz again.

The buzz again.

Egg retrieves the can and puts it in the bin as Tilly watches her.

Egg returns to her place at the table. Sits down facing the table, away from Tilly.

Tilly: Why didn't they come in?

Egg: Probably thought you deserved it.

Tilly: Thanks.

Egg: You started it.

Tilly: You punched me!

Egg: You showed up.

Tilly looks at her reflection in the vending machine. She is pressing gently around her cheek.

Egg: I'm surprised they let you in at all. They're not overly sentimental.

Tilly: They're still humans, Egg. Or they have guidelines to follow, at least.

I wonder if there's a prison manual?

Surely it would say punching visitors is off limits.

Egg: God, it was only a slap. It wasn't even a hard one.

Tilly: I don't know what kind of slaps you're used to.

Egg: It's better you don't know.

Tilly:

Egg: Joke.

Silence.

Tilly: Are you -

Egg:

Tilly: Are you being treated well in here?

Lowering her voice.

Tilly: Egg? Are you being treated well in here?

Because if you aren't there are people I can talk to.

Tilly lowers her voice further.

Tilly: I don't want you to have to throw in with someone for protection. You know. Like a - boss bitch /

Egg laughs.

Tilly: Why are you laughing?

Egg: Why are you whispering?

Tilly tilts her head towards the camera. Egg looks up at it.

Egg: *(speaking to the camera)* They can't hear us.

Gives the finger.

The buzz.

Tilly repositions herself under the camera.

Tilly: Egg, come here so they can't see us /

Egg: Why?

Tilly: I can help you. *(Egg laughs)* Can you stop laughing?

Egg: Can you stop pretending you care?

Tilly: Christ, you sound like one of my teenagers.

Egg:

You have kids?

Tilly:

No.

I'm at the local Youth Crisis Centre.

Egg: Jesus.

(laughing) Fucking hell.

Should have seen that coming. You've got busybody social worker written all over you.

Tilly: Shut up.

Egg: Saint Matilda.

Tilly: Ha ha.

Egg: Ha ha.

Silence.

Tilly: It's the reason I was late today.

Egg: Not a lot of traffic in the middle of nowhere.

Tilly: No.

There's so much going on all the time. You've got to find crisis accommodation or make a call on who needs to be in a shelter or drive someone to hospital or put Dettol on some kid's

knee because they've been pushed down the stairs and somehow haven't broken their back.

I feel like I'm always trying to catch up.

Silence.

Tilly: What about you?

Egg: They don't let me fall behind.

Tilly: No, I meant / what work do you -

Egg: I know what you meant.

Silence.

Tilly: All the kids at the Centre have to work. Not real work, but things like work, things that encourage them to work together. Working together encourages trust so it doesn't really matter what the jobs are, it just has to be done by two or more kids. I give out ridiculous tasks.

"You two are responsible for keeping an eye on when the soap runs low".

"You two have to make sure the floor isn't wet or people will slip over."

You know. Boring stuff. I can get pretty creative though.

I bet you have a work buddy here, right? They'd be all over this.

Egg: Tilly, we had to do that.

Tilly: What?

Egg: We had to do that.

We all had jobs.

Tilly:

Egg: You and I had to keep the kitchen clean.

Silence.

Egg: I'm in the library, here.

I'm head librarian actually.

Tilly: Congratulations. How many librarians are there?

Egg: Two.

Tilly:

Egg: I've thought about writing to Mrs Mulqueen.

Tilly: That bitch.

Egg: She was good to me.

Tilly: You were probably the only kid who used that shitty little library.

Egg: It wasn't shitty.

She'd re-shelve the books out of order so I could set them right.

I thought I'd let her know I made it after all.

They look at each other. Egg starts counting the remaining coins.

Egg: She's probably dead though. If she's alive I doubt she'd care.

Silence.

Tilly: Do you think about Charlotte much?

Egg:

Egg shakes her head.

Egg: I barely remember her.

Tilly: What?

Egg: You don't have to look so outraged. She only took us for two years. And what was I, 6?

Tilly: That was two less years in care. She saved us.

Egg: You were the one she stayed in touch with, anyway.

Tilly: You never had an address. Or a phone.

Egg: I just don't think about her, okay?

Tilly: Just leave the past behind, right?

Egg:

Tilly: Sorry to burst your bubble.

4.

Tilly lies on the ground.

Egg stealthily clambers onto the table. She begins to creep towards Tilly, sliding herself down over the bench.

Mid-slide, Tilly whips around. Egg freezes.

Tilly turns back, curling into a ball.

Egg lies behind Tilly and plays with Tilly's bum. She makes fart sounds.

Tilly sits up, staring at Egg.

Tilly: No.

Egg: Please Tilly.

Egg stretches her body out into a star.

Egg: I'm bored.

Egg mirrors Tilly, kneeling, stretching towards her.

Egg: Pleeaaaaaaaasssse.

Tilly (*over the top*) No!

They stare at each other.

Tilly: (*sighs*) You go first.

Egg runs to the bench and begins to count to 20. She skips some numbers.

Tilly: CHEAT!

Egg begins counting again.

Tilly walks in a large circle around the table, coming back to her original spot and waiting until Egg has stopped counting.

Egg: (*getting louder with each number*) SEVENTEEN, EIGHTEEN, NINETEEN, TWENTY, COMING READ OR NOT!

Egg opens her eyes. Tilly is right in front of her.

Egg: Tilly.

Tilly: I told you I don't want to play!

Egg: Please!

They stare at each other.

Tilly: Oh alright.

Tilly flops down. Covers her eyes. Starts counting.

Egg jumps up and looks around the space. There's nowhere to hide.

Lightbulb. She jumps up onto the table and arranges herself as Pussycat, scratching an ear and waving her tail.

Tilly: *(getting louder with each number)* SEVENTEEN, EIGHTEEN, NINETEEN, TWENTY, COMING READ OR NOT!

Tilly jumps and looks around.

Tilly: Egg.

Egg: Who?

Tilly: I found you.

Egg: Meow.

Tilly: I'M NOT DOING IT IF YOU'RE NOT GOING TO PLAY PROPERLY.

Egg jumps off the table. Tilly flops down again and starts counting.

Egg looks and looks and looks.

The bin. She climbs into it. Top half is still exposed. She tries to fit her arms and head in. Not working. She jumps out. Turns her hoodie around. She's running out of time. She lowers her bum into the bin. Tilly's up to Nineteen. She covers her face with the hoodie and goes still.

She's very visible.

Tilly jumps up. Sees her. Smiles.

Tilly: Found ya, Egg.

Egg sighs. Pulls the hoodie off her face.

Egg: I couldn't get my legs in.

Egg goes to lift herself out. Realises she is stuck. Keeps trying to wriggle out.

Tilly laughs.

Egg: Tilly. Help.

Tilly: What's that?

Egg: Tilly, I'm stuck.

Tilly: Pardon?

Egg: Tilly, help me!

Tilly: I can't hear you!

Egg: TILLY!

Tilly: Oh alright!

Put your arms in.

Tilly tips her out of the bin into a heap on the floor. Egg is disgruntled and refuses Tilly's help to get up. She changes her hoodie back around. Tilly neatens it.

Tilly: Dill.

Egg: I'm not a dill!

Tilly goes to the table to build coin towers. Egg tries to join and is refused.

Egg stands beside the bin, in the corner.

5.

Tilly starts building the remaining coins into towers. She places each tower on the edge of the table. Her hand hovers over them as she stares at the letters.

She moves the letters to be in front of her.

Egg: What do you think she died of?

Tilly: A broken heart?

Egg:

Tilly: Cancer, probably.

Egg: Pretty young.

Tilly: You can die anytime from cancer.

Egg: You a doctor or something?

Silence.

Egg: Why'd he send them to you?

Tilly: You don't have an address. Again.

Egg: I do.

It's just "care of".

Tilly: Care of what?

Egg:

Tilly: I have a normal house.

Egg:

Tilly: I have a normal flat. That I rent.

But you can look me up in a phone book.

Egg: You can look me up.

Tilly: Through court records.

Egg rolls her eyes.

Tilly: Are you sulking?

Egg: Fuck off.

Egg spots the trolley and walks across the room to it.

She moves it to the bench, sits down and starts looking through it.

She pulls a huge carton of tampons out.

Both women stare at them.

Egg: What are these?

Tilly: They're tampons.

Egg:

Tilly: I thought you could trade them.

What?

Egg: Nothing.

Tilly: It's dumb, right?

Egg: No, it's great.

Silence.

Tilly: I took a 12-year-old to visit her sister a few weeks back. They were watching a movie together and I heard her ask how to put one in.

Egg: She's not going to ask an old woman like you how a tampon works.

Tilly: Rude.

Egg: Oh come on, all adults look old when you're a kid.

Tilly: But I am old. I feel old, in my bones.

Egg: God, you're so melodramatic still.

Tilly: Fuck. Off.

Silence.

Egg: The show you were talking about is *Landline*.

Tilly: *Landline*, that's it! Do you watch it?

Egg: It's not often the people's' choice around here.

Tilly: Well, you're all missing out.

Silence. Egg half turns towards Tilly.

Egg: And I call her Spaghetti Breath – your guard, Mrs Mole.

Tilly: That's what that smell was! She must eat five cans a day.

Egg: Gives each one a rim job.

Tilly: Egg!

Egg runs her tongue around the edge of the box of tampons.

Tilly: *(laughing)* Fuck you're gross.

Egg reaches into the trolley and pulls out a packet of Redskins. She whips around to Tilly.

Tilly: Everything a girl could need.

Egg rushes to the wall below the camera, opens the packet and takes one out.

She stops.

Turns out again, moving towards the table to offer the bag to Tilly, taking care not to get too close. Tilly takes one. Egg returns to her spot below the camera.

They unwrap them identically – untwist the top, pull the paper halfway down, stick them in the left side of the mouth.

They suck them for a while. Tilly starts to chew hers.

Tilly: They don't make them like they used to.

Egg: Yeah, thanks Grandma.

Tilly: Fuck off!

They suck. Tilly finishes hers and reaches out her hand for another one.

Egg returns to the table and offers the bag, slightly closer this time.

Egg: *(withdrawing the bag as Tilly reaches out)* I thought you were watching your hips.

Tilly: I don't know why I said that, I was just running my mouth off. All that shit about exercise, Jesus.

Egg: What was it again?

“A moment on the lips –

(Tilly joins in) forever on your hips.”

It's a good rhyme.

Takes a Redskin out for Tilly and gives it to her. Returns to her spot.

Tilly puts the Redskin on the table.

Tilly: There's a Number 12 - the driver says it when he passes the Krispy Kreme store near Southern Cross.

Makes me smile.

Egg: I've never been to a Krispy Kreme store.

Tilly: It's why you're so trim.

Fuck, sorry, I don't know why I keep talking about your weight.

Egg: Why do you even care?

Tilly: It's just a thing that people talk about, I think. I talk too much when I'm nervous.

Egg: I know.

Silence.

Tilly: You do look - different.

Clear - or something.

Egg: Krispy Kreme boxes come in on visiting days, sometimes. Gives people something to do.

My mate Ange - her boy Charlie was in a few Saturdays ago and he ate three of the ones with cream in them and then spewed everywhere.

The smell stayed in her hair for ages. Like this sweet vomit cream.

She didn't wash it out.

Tilly:

Do you -

Egg: - ?

Tilly: - ?

Egg: - ?

Tilly: Have any kids?

Egg: *(laughs)* Can you see me with kids?

Tilly: *(laughs)* I guess not.

Egg: I can't either.

Silence.

Egg: That was pretty funny how you came swaggering in. Ms Social Work 20-18.

What does that feel like?

Tilly: Good.

Egg nods.

Egg: What movie did she pick? *(Egg crosses to the table and sits on the bench facing Tilly)*

The 12-year-old.

Tilly: The Neverending Story.

I don't think they watched it much, really. Rabbiting on through the whole thing - didn't even blink an eye when Artax gets stuck in the bog.

Egg: Who?

Tilly: Atrayu's horse - when he drowns in the bog of sadness.

Egg: I still haven't seen it.

Tilly: What?! It's a classic! You could request it in here - I bet everybody would love it.

Egg: Yeah, it sounds really upbeat.

Tilly: No, Egg, it's so good, there's this boy Bastian who runs into a shop to hide from bullies and he starts reading this book and there's a magic dragon called Falkor and he looks like a giant white furry lizard with the face of a dog, kind of, and he lives in the world of imagination, which is crumbling because of the Nothing, which is this mystical black hole cloud thing that is sucking everything into itself as people lose their sense of wonder with the world.

Egg: You picked the movie, didn't you?

Tilly: Shut up.

Egg: I told you, you haven't changed a bit.

Tilly: I have. It's not my fault you haven't been around to notice.

Silence.

Egg: You're right. These aren't the same.

She throws the Redskin, half-sucked, towards the bin. It misses.

The buzz. Egg doesn't move.

The buzz.

Tilly fetches it and puts it in the bin.

6.

Tilly (16) takes a single step towards Egg.

Tilly: Say it.

Egg (13) picks up the Redskin packet, tries to read the back of it.

Tilly: Say she's a stupid bitch.

Say she's an ugly dog.

Moves towards Egg at the table.

Tilly: Say she's a fat cow.

Egg is ignoring her. Tilly snatches the packet.

Egg: Tilly!

Tilly pulls out a Redskin. Throws it at Egg's feet.

Tilly: Say she's a stupid bitch.

Egg: Tilly.

Egg starts moving away. Tilly pegs another Redskin at her.

Egg: Tilly stop.

Tilly: Say she's an ugly dog.

Egg: Tilly don't!

Tilly: *(pegging another)* Say she's a fat cow.

Egg: *(shouting)* You're a fat cow.

Tilly: *(pegging)* Say she's a fucking cunt.

Egg: *(shouting)* You're a fucking cunt.

Tilly hurls the Redskin packet and wrestles Egg to the ground.

Egg is yelling for Tilly to get off, but she just sits, keeping her pinned.

Egg: TILLY GET OFF

Tilly: Say it

Egg: TILLY GET OFF ME

Tilly: SAY IT

Egg has a full-scale rage fit.

She loses her air.

Egg: *(crying)* She's a fucking cunt.

Tilly goes to the other end of the room.

Egg recovers her breath. Cleans up the Redskins. Throws the packet in the bin.

Egg: Tilly.

She ignores Egg.

Egg: Tilly.

Silence.

Egg: We were walking back from school and had stopped at the lights. You were holding my elbow because we were about to cross the road, do you remember? All these cars were driving past and I saw this squirrel running across. I went to grab you Tilly look there's a squirrel.

I didn't have time to think that we don't have squirrels here before I saw a second one. They were two kittens.

One was jumping straight up into the air but it was also stuck to the road by its head.

The other one was rolling in the gutter.

A man pulled over to help them but he was closest to the one in the gutter and the other one was still stuck out on the road.

You got it.

You ran out in front of all those cars and pulled its head off the road and put it in your arms and ran back.

He was orange with a white belly. His eye had popped out and was lying beside him on the footpath.

His friend was black. He had bright yellow eyes.

The man said life is shit and he picked the black one up and put him in the bin.

Yours was dead too but then he started gulping and the man said we've got to put it out of its pain and you looked at the man and back at your kitten and you put your hand down on his neck and pressed and he didn't fight it and then you put him in the bin too.

The man shook our hands and drove off.

We went into the shop and the old man who ran it asked us how our day was and you said fine and bought us a Redskin each. I didn't eat mine. I found it a long time later. It had melted to the bottom of my schoolbag.

7.

Egg sits in front of the letters. Tilly stands against the wall below the camera. She watches Egg.

Egg moves the letters to be in front of her on the table.

Silence.

Tilly: Do you reckon she's written the same thing to both of us? You know, two for the price of one kind of thing.

Egg: I already know what she's written to you.

(Clears throat)

"My dearest Matilda,

I am the Virgin Mary, which means you actually are a Saint, as you always suspected.

However, the state did not write Saint on your birth certificate *(to camera)* because they're a pack of incompetent dickheads, so I had to burn it and run away.

Love,

Your loving Mother."

Tilly: "My dearest Egg,

Shut up.

Love Mum."

Silence.

Egg looks at the letters.

Egg: Maybe she just photocopied the word sorry.

Silence.

Tilly pulls the trolley over to her and unpacks a large stack of books, one at a time, placing them in a pile in front of Egg.

Egg reads some of the blurbs.

The final book is small, old, worn. Egg looks at it and then at Tilly.

Tilly: *(returning the trolley to the wall)* If I'd known the travesty at hand I would have brought my copy of Neverending Story.

Egg: I'll put in a request. Inter-prison library loan.

Positions of authority allow certain perks.

Tilly: Well look at you, pulling all the strings.

Egg: I'll just say it's for our Big Sister program. Old-timers are buddied up with new girls, put on the same work detail so they can show them the ropes. It's a bit of a drag because you have to hang out with them as well, make sure they're not isolating themselves /

Tilly: *(sitting opposite)* I knew they'd be all over this – it's what I was telling you about with the Centre, making the kids work together encourages trust. It's clever that they do it on a time-served system here because it gives serious offenders like you a sense of responsibility as well.

Silence.

Egg puts down the old book. Looks at the letters.

Egg: Charlotte used to come and see me.

Tilly: What? When?

Egg:

Tilly: You said you didn't even think about her. Why did you say you that?

Egg shakes her head.

Tilly: You're such a child.

Egg: I thought you said I was a teenager.

Tilly: Oh, God, grow up. You haven't changed at all.

Egg: Yes I have.

Yes, I have.

Tilly: Well you can't joke about things like that.

Egg: Like what?

Tilly: Forget it.

Egg: Like what?

Tilly: I said forget it.

Egg: I need to know what I'm meant to be forgetting before I can forget it.

Tilly quickly turns away.

She does not move. Every muscle in her body is tensed.

Silence.

Egg:

Tilly?

What's wrong?

Silence.

Egg: I was just being a smart-arse.

Egg:

I'm sorry.

Tilly: You shouldn't pretend you've forgotten someone if you haven't.

Egg watches her but Tilly does not turn around.

Egg: Tilly.

Egg slides down the bench to try and see Tilly's face

Nothing.

Silence.

Egg: I hadn't forgotten her.

Silence.

I remember her shitty exercise towel, it was blue, and the starfish game.

Do you want to play?

I'll be the starfish.

Tilly: No.

Egg: It'll make you feel better.

Tilly: No it won't.

Egg walks around in front of Tilly and lies down in the shape of a star. She is perfectly still.

Tilly looks at Egg for a while. Egg does not move.

Tilly: I'm not in the mood Egg.

Tilly waits for her to get up.

She does not.

Tilly: Egg.

Silence as she waits.

Tilly: I don't want to play.

No response.

Tilly: I'm not playing.

She sits in silence whilst Egg continues to lie on the ground.

Tilly tsks. She walks to the opposite end of the room. Looks up at the camera - holds her arms up at them. She looks back at Egg.

She faces away to hide her smile.

Slowly she turns around.

Tilly: *(slowly backing towards Egg on the ground)* Hmmm, I wonder where Egg could be? I can't see her anywhere! She was here a second ago. How strange.

She comes within reach of one of Egg's outstretched hands – Egg makes a huge sucking noise and retracts her entire body around Tilly's leg, pulling her to the floor.

Tilly: OH NO! THE STARFISH HAS GOT ME! CHILDREN! SAVE YOURSELVES!

They both burst into laughter as they tumble together.

The buzzer starts a continuous drone.

Tilly: *(over the buzz)* Alright, alright! Jesus, we're not hurting anyone!

Egg disentangles herself.

The buzzer stops once Egg has moved away from Tilly. Egg sits on the bench. She moves away from the letters.

Tilly: You know I wasn't just mouthing off before. I can talk to people if you're not being treated well.

You have rights Egg.

Egg: No I don't.

Tilly: Yes you do /

Egg: Just leave it.

Silence.

Egg: Charlotte visited every couple of months, just about.

She kept writing even after she'd stopped coming out.

Tilly: Too frail to make the trek probably.

Egg: I asked her to stop.

Remember how she'd always shout / 'Careful on the stairs!'

Tilly: 'Careful on the stairs!'

Silence.

Egg: She hasn't written in a while.

Silence.

Tilly: I saw her a couple of weeks ago.

Egg: Really? How is she?

Tilly:

Egg: What's wrong?

Tilly shakes her head.

Tilly: She doesn't remember me.

Egg: Don't be an idiot.

Tilly looks at Egg. Smiles. Shakes her head again.

She turns away and walks to the wall. Wipes her face.

Tilly:

Egg:

Tilly: I try to visit her every couple of months.

Egg: Can't you do something?

Tilly: Like what?

Bring her back to my shitty flat and be her full-time carer?

Silence.

Tilly: She's in a good place. I don't know how they can afford it.

Egg: How could you let them lock her away?

Tilly: She's not locked away. And it wasn't my call, I'm not family.

Egg: She always said we / were -

Tilly: No, legally, I'm not. It's their right.

Egg: Why are you defending them? You've dedicated your life to looking after people and she's just one old woman. I can't believe they won't look after her themselves.

Tilly: They want her to be safe.

Egg: That's just an excuse.

Tilly: She's at risk, and you can't just put your life on hold to look after someone.

Silence.

Tilly: Why did you say you didn't remember her?

Egg shakes her head.

Tilly: You can tell me.

Egg: I'm not one of your teenagers.

(Shakes her head) I don't behave like this anymore. I can hear these words coming out of my mouth -

Egg looks down.

Egg: She sent me money.

Tilly:

Egg: I never asked her to.

It stopped a couple of years ago, along with the letters. I thought she decided she'd done enough.

She probably just forgot.

Egg looks at the letters.

Egg: Maybe that's what happened to Mum.

Maybe she lost her mind and wandered off.

Tilly: But remembered to take her keys.

Egg: It's possible.

Tilly: Dementia isn't a famously practical disease.

Egg: You don't forget everything at once though right? It happens in stages.

Maybe she just forgot about us first.

She just thought she was a single woman living in a flat and she decided to go out for milk with her keys - and her bag - and then - lost the next bit of herself when she was on her way to the shops so she couldn't find her way home.

Or she went down to the shops to get us ice cream as a treat but banged her head and got temporary amnesia -

And it was only recently that whatever she was dying from reversed her memory and she was so ashamed that she had walked out on us that she didn't think we would ever want to see or hear from her again so she wrote to us instead to let us know what had happened and to say sorry and that if she could have had her time again she would be extra careful to watch her step so she didn't fall and bang her head and forget about us.

Egg touches one of the letters. Tilly watches her.

Tilly: Maybe.

8.

The sisters (13 and 16) sit across from each other at the table.

Egg is sad and shut down.

Tilly pulls out a white feather.

She blows it into the air. Let's it slowly fall back into her hands.

She blows it into the air again. Let's it slowly fall back. Egg is watching now.

She blows it towards Egg.

Egg picks it up. Blows it - it doesn't travel very far.

Tilly picks it up and offers it to Egg again.

Egg reaches out to take it and instead grips Tilly's hand.

They stare at each other.

Tilly leans across the table and kisses Egg on the cheek.

She returns to her seat.

White feathers rain down upon them from the sky.

9.

The adult sisters are sitting on either side of the table, opposite one another. Egg is sitting astride her bench. White feathers are scattered across the table.

Silence.

Tilly: You really do look better than I thought you would.

Egg: (*groans*) You don't have to keep going on about it.

Thank you.

Still got all my teeth.

Tilly: I haven't - look.

Tilly stretches her mouth open and Egg raises off her bench to peer in.

Egg: Ew. What happened?

Tilly: Poor infrastructure. Like baby teeth.

Egg: You should get gold replacements.

Tilly: Oh yeah I'll just pop into my safe and withdraw some bullion.

Egg laughs.

Silence.

Tilly: Do they do mammograms here?

Egg: Yeah, they have to. If you find a lump in the communal shower you can't just pop down to the doctor.

Tilly: You have to share showers?

Egg: Separate stalls.

Silence.

Tilly: Are you and - what was her name -

With the vomit cream hair -

Are you and she - ?

Egg: You're an idiot.

Tilly: What?

Silence.

Tilly: Did you get the all clear?

Egg nods.

Tilly: Recently?

Egg: Last year.

Tilly: Make sure you do self-checks as well.

Egg: Why are you so interested in my tits?

Silence.

Egg:

Tilly?

Tilly:

Egg:

Tilly: It wasn't anything serious.

Egg: Did you tell anyone?

Tilly:

Egg: Why didn't you /

Tilly: I didn't want to make a fuss.

And it wasn't anything to worry about anyway.

Egg: You didn't know that at the time, you're not invincible Till.

Tilly: It really doesn't matter.

Egg: Playing the martyr isn't going to do your kids any good.

Tilly: Yeah thanks Florence Nightingale.

Egg: Don't.

Silence.

Tilly:

(laughs) "Do you have a history of breast cancer in your family?"

Egg:

What did you say?

Silence.

Egg: You'd already told him Mum was dead.

Tilly: Her.

Egg: What?

Tilly: My doctor's a woman.

Egg:

Tilly:

Egg: What had you said she'd died of?

Tilly: Complications from pneumonia.

They call it the old man's best friend. You just don't wake up.

Egg: Who calls it that?

Tilly: *(searching)* I don't know.

Silence.

Egg: I would have gone with you.

They look at each other. Tilly looks down.

Tilly: How often do they do scans?

Egg: Every year.

Tilly: For everyone?

Egg: Yeah.

Tilly: Fuck, that's good.

Egg: Kind of. It's for their research, mainly.

Tilly: Research? Are they allowed to do that?

Egg shrugs.

Egg: They're not experimenting.

From what I can work out, they're looking at the rates of different pathologies in us - the relationship between incarceration and alcohol abuse, incarceration and drug abuse, incarceration and domestic abuse, incarceration and neglect.

Tilly: You'd be the perfect candidate.

Egg looks like she's been slapped.

They both burst into laughter.

Tilly: I'm sorry. I don't know why I said that.

(Still laughing) I didn't think. Please - just forget it.

The laughter dies out.

Egg touches one of the letters.

Egg: Why did you take us out of the house?

Tilly:

What?

Egg: Why did you take us out of the house that day?

Tilly:

Egg: "Little Egg, let's hide and surprise Mum".

Tilly:

I didn't know -

Egg: That I remembered?

Tilly: Why didn't you ever talk about it?

Egg: Why didn't you?

Egg:

Tilly:

We always played hide and seek at home and I thought /

Egg: What?

Tilly: Our place was so small.

I thought playing it outside would give us more space/

Egg: But we went too far and she couldn't find us and we got taken away.

Tilly: What?

Egg: We left her.

Tilly: What are you talking about?

Egg: I'm talking about her losing us because we left her, we went too far/

Tilly: Losing us?

She didn't want to find us.

Egg:

Tilly: She didn't want to find us, Egg.

Egg: You don't know that.

Tilly: Yes, I do. She didn't look for us. We were out of sight and she took her chance.

Egg: You don't know that.

Tilly: No one filed for missing children. That's what you do when you've lost your child – you go to the police station and you ask for help /

Egg: She might have /

Tilly: No. She didn't.

Egg: Why did you take us out of the house?

Tilly: There were only ever those three spots we could hide in – remember? Under our bed, in the kitchen cupboard, in the bath – it was too small to play properly /

Egg: Didn't feel small to me.

Tilly: That's because you were small.

Egg: Not that small.

Tilly: You were 4 years old! You didn't even reach the top of the bathroom bench.

Egg: It didn't matter that there were only three spots, the point was that she was looking for us /

Tilly: I know.

Egg: So why?

Tilly: I don't know. I didn't think. I didn't need to think - she'd always found us. The game had always ended –

Egg: Because she knew we were in the house.

Tilly: How hard would it have been to find us outside? We didn't get that far.

Egg: We could have been anywhere.

Tilly: So she just got overwhelmed by the possibility of searching and didn't even try?

Egg: You don't know that she didn't try /

Tilly: She didn't contact the police Egg /

Egg: She was probably terrified of them /

Tilly: What?

Egg: Maybe she thought we'd be taken away - because we'd gotten lost they would think it was her fault and that she couldn't look after us /

Tilly: That's ridiculous /

Egg: Fear makes people crazy /

Tilly: Oh, what, Big Brother got inside her head and she flipped out?

Egg: *(loud)* It's terrifying when you can't find somebody you love.

Silence.

Egg: Why did you take me with you?

Tilly:

Egg: You could have left me there. I didn't think it was too cramped.

You could have gone to the playground by yourself.

Tilly: We always hid together.

You held my hand - you were laughing when we went outside -

Egg: I don't remember that. Even if I was, I didn't know what I was doing. You shouldn't have made that choice for me.

Tilly: I didn't force you.

We always hid together.

Egg: I was always going to follow you.

Tilly: So how could I have left you there if you were going to follow me anyway?

Egg: Don't play with me.

Tilly: *(loud)* What do you want from me? I was a child, we were both children - what can I say to you? We'd had a Mum and then we didn't.

Egg: *(loud)* Because of me.

Her head drops.

Tilly:

Egg:

We didn't have a Mum because of me.

That's why she left. That's why you left too.

I'm too much.

You're only here now because everyone else you know thinks she's already dead.

Silence.

Tilly shakes her head. She stands up and walks to the wall, under the camera.

She turns to look at Egg.

Tilly: When they took us back for our things you looked in our three spots.

Under our bed. The cupboard under the sink. The bath? Do you remember?

Egg shakes her head.

Egg:

I remember the wood chips digging into my knees and a lady putting Dettol on them.

I remember you holding my hand.

Silence.

Tilly: I almost read our case file. *(Egg looks up at her)* I found it a few years back.

I'm in the system, remember? Positions of authority allow certain perks.

I was going to see if there was anything in there about her. Age, medical history. I don't know. Why she left.

Looks towards the exit.

I lied to you.

I wasn't held up because of work.

I was here, sitting in the parking lot in my car.

Egg:

Tilly looks around the space and then at Egg.

Tilly: I told you that story because I didn't know what else to do.

I thought if I told you she was coming back -

She called you Egg. I don't know why.

I'm sorry I couldn't look after you.

She breaks down.

Egg makes her way to the wall beside Tilly. Tilly has covered her face with her hands.

Egg:

(without looking at Tilly)

The Owl and the Pussycat went to sea in a beautiful pea-green boat.

They took some honey and plenty of money wrapped up in a five-pound note.

Tilly has uncovered her face.

Tilly: *(without looking at Egg)*

The Owl looked up to the stars above and sang to a small guitar.

‘Oh lovely Pussy, of Pussy my love, what a beautiful Pussy you are’ /

Egg: You are /

Tilly: You are -

What a beautiful Pussy you are.’

Egg: *(edging towards Tilly)*

The Pussy said to the Owl
‘You magnificent fowl,

How charmingly sweet you sing.'

Tilly: 'Oh let us be married'

Egg: 'Too long have we tarried'

Tilly: 'But what shall we do for a ring?'

Egg: So they sailed away for a year and a day

Tilly: To the land where the

(Together) Bong-Tree grows

Egg: And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood with a ring at the end of his nose

Tilly: His nose -

Egg: His nose.

With a ring at the end of his nose.

Tilly: 'Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling your ring?'

Egg: Said the Piggy, 'I will.'

Tilly: So they took it away and were married next day

They both burst into laughter.

(Together) By the Turkey who lives on the hill.

Egg: They dined on mince and slices of quince which they ate with a

(Together) runcible spoon

(Together) And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand they danced by the light of the moon.

The moon,

The moon,

They danced by the light of the moon.

They look at each other.

Black.

End of play.