

## Rose and Robin

*P60 - P 62. This is the second time Hazel has left Rose and Robin alone. It is a time for truths Robin cannot tell Hazel.*

ROSE. How are the cows?

ROBIN. Dead

*ROSE stops eating*

They were dead when I went back the first time. Couldn't bear to tell Hazel. I told you, she's very sentimental about animals.

ROSE. But you go down there. Every day, morning to night, Hazel said.

ROBIN. I've been digging graves. You need to dig a very big pit for a cow, it takes me a few days just to do one so it's been quite a, quite a slow process.

I have to dig it next to wherever they're lying and then I get the tractor and sort of drag them in.

Then I cover them up and then I conduct a little service. Say a good poem and sing a good song.

ROSE. Oh, Robbie.

ROBIN. No I sort of.....I dunno, I quite enjoy it. I cry a lot. Sometimes I get to the end of a day and I realize I've been crying for.....six or seven hours.

ROSE. You must have been very attached to them.

ROBIN. No, not really.,

*She picks up the Geiger counter. Looks at him, asking for permission.*

*He nods.*

*ROSE runs the Geiger counter over ROBIN.*

*It beeps.*

*She looks at the reading.*

*She hands it back.*

ROSE. It doesn't matter.

I don't want you to think I came because I wanted something more or I had some sort of, I was harbouring some sort of hopes because I didn't. I'm not, so, I mean I think I've grown up a lot. Because I understand, I do understand now, that for the world not to you know completely fall apart, that we can't have everything we want just because we want it.

*,She smiles.*

I mean, maybe people like you and Hazel can / but

ROBIN. Oh, fuck off. Don't – you can / fuck right off

ROSE. No? Name one thing, in your life, that you wanted and couldn't have. Something real I mean, not a steak or a.....speedboat

ROBIN. A speedboat?

ROSE. I don't know, you're at that sort of age, one thing.

*Pause. ROBIN thinks. Laughs*

What?

ROBIN. No, / it's.

ROSE. Tell me.

ROBIN. You'll laugh.

ROSE. Probably

*ROBIN groans*

ROBIN. Fiona

*ROSE laughs.*

ROSE. The milkmaid?

*ROBIN shrugs. As he talks he clears the plates*

ROBIN. We had this caravan, bottom of the low field, she rented it off us. I'm walking back from The Ship one night, cross-country, she's outside in a T-shirt, pair of willies, knickers, that's it.

She kissed me back, so she can't have been.....I mean it must have been alright. Not too.....necrophiliac. Do you mind if I?

*He gestures to ROSE'S cigarettes.*

*She pushes them closer, he takes one.*

ROSE. Do you want a light?

ROBIN. No, I just like holding it, her pupils are like Frisbees, she says "d'you want one?" I pretend I do, she puts this pill in my hand, I make a bit of a switcheroo, take one of my blue ones instead. Which means I've got about half an hour to kill before lift-off and you know cos it's not like with Hazel, she just uses the time to put a wash on, so I slow things down a bit, ask her about her family. But she just shrugs and says "they live in a cul de sac" then falls asleep in my lap, conks out, thumb in her mouth. You know and that's alright for a bit but I've taken this pill and her head's right.....there on ground zero you know and then, then I'm terrified because things are actually starting to happen, and suddenly I'm on my feet, walking away. The next morning she grins at me like nothing happened. And I realize she can't, she cannot possibly imagine, she's designed not to be able to imagine, how incredibly sad she makes me.