

Did you hear what I said?

KAI. No.

JUSTINE. I can't see you again.

KAI. I told her. She knows.

JUSTINE. I'm really sorry.

KAI. You'd better explain what the fuck is going on. Because...

JUSTINE. I thought I wanted to be with you but now I can see that I didn't want a real relationship. I wanted an affair.

KAI. You love me. That's what you said.

JUSTINE. I'm not... ready.

KAI. Then, when?

JUSTINE. I don't know.

KAI. No, that's not good enough. That's not a fucking... explanation!

JUSTINE. I can't explain it. I'm sorry! This was a mistake.

KAI. I love you.

JUSTINE. I'm really sorry.

KAI. I told her! She... what am I going to do?

*Pause.*

JUSTINE. I'm sure she'll forgive you.

17.

*A pleasant suburban garden. PETER, JUSTINE and KERRY's father, is pottering about, sweeping leaves.*

KERRY walks in. *She's holding a bunch of flowers.*

KERRY. Shouldn't you be resting?

PETER. I'm not dead yet.

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KERRY. How are you?

PETER. They say it was only a very minor attack. Very minor. Hello, darling.

*She kisses him on the cheek.*

Cigarettes.

KERRY. Sorry.

*He sweeps.*

Let me do that.

PETER. Everything's falling out here. I want to get things tidied up.

KERRY. How's Mum?

PETER. Will you go in to see her?

KERRY. I brought these.

PETER. The house is stuffed with flowers. You can't breathe in there.

KERRY. Oh.

PETER. She'll be pleased to see you.

*PETER sweeps.*

KERRY. Before I go in, I want to talk to you.

PETER. Hm?

KERRY. I think we should ask for an inquiry.

PETER. An inquiry?

KERRY. To find out what happened.

PETER. We know what happened. Someone killed her.

KERRY. Yes but who? And why was there so much confusion? Where did the press get those stories about her being lonely and depressed?

PETER. I'm not sure it matters why or who. She's dead.

KERRY. Fucking hell!

PETER. Kerry!

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KERRY. Don't you, don't you want to know if she died because of her job?

PETER. She keeps getting the photos out, your mother. In the middle of the night I wake up and she's not there. She's in the kitchen with the photo albums.

KERRY. Dad, the police are completely clueless!

PETER. Do you think that Justine knew how proud of her we were?

KERRY. I. Yes, I think so.

PETER. It takes a special kind of person to perform a public service like that. A special person.

KERRY. Dad...

PETER. She was in your shadow, I think, when you were younger, because you were so loud and she was so quiet but she came out of it, and she became her own person. She was strong.

KERRY. I loved her, Dad. But she wasn't strong! She always did what she was told.

PETER. Be quiet. Be quiet now.

*Pause.*

KERRY. I think they're covering something up. That's why we need an inquiry.

PETER. They said it was nothing to do with her job.

KERRY. She was a... spy!

PETER. Ssh.

KERRY. Ssh what?

PETER. People have their windows open.

KERRY. Everyone knows! It was in the fucking paper!

PETER. They don't need to hear you swearing and shouting about it, though, do they?

KERRY. They? I'll never tell us the truth about what she was doing and why she died!

PETER. If they really had to hold something back from us, it would be because they had to, for reasons of... national security. Or -

KERRY. You're wrong! Dad, listen!

PETER. No, you listen to me! People like Justine...

*He feels weak and has to stop for a moment and catch his breath.*

KERRY. Dad?

PETER. I'm all right -

KERRY. Sit down.

PETER. - don't fuss, for God's sake! Justine had a job to do. She wasn't flashy about it but she did it and we were bloody proud of her. And without selfless people like her, you wouldn't be free to... do whatever it is you're doing at the bloody moment.

*Pause.*

KERRY. I was managing a gallery.

PETER. Yes, I knew that.

*Pause.*

KERRY. It shut. I'm out of work right now.

PETER. I knew that too. I have been in hospital, you know.

KERRY. It's all right.

*Pause.*

PETER. The two of you were always so different. I sometimes wondered how two people with the same genetics and the same upbringing could turn out so...

KERRY. Easy. She was the good kid. I'm the black sheep. The disappointment.

PETER. That's not true.

KERRY. You might as well hear it from me. Justine was having an affair with a married man.

*Pause.*

PETER. Justine's love life is her own business.

KERRY. Oh, the golden child can do no wrong!

PETER. You're being ridiculous. I'd say the same about you.

KERRY. I've been trying to find out everything I can but I keep running up against brick walls. I still have no idea what she did all day, not really. Sometimes I imagine her, doing... I don't know. Spy things...

PETER. Spy things?

KERRY. Justine in a car with a gun. Justine interrogating a suspect. Justine lying to someone in a foreign language. Justine listening to other people's conversations...

PETER. Justine didn't have a gun.

KERRY. How do you know?

PETER. She was... like an analyst, that's all.

KERRY. If she was an analyst why is she fucking dead!

PETER. I don't know, darling. I don't know.

PETER *gets up and begins sweeping again*. KERRY *looks at him in disbelief*.

KERRY. Dad, we have to do something or we'll never get a straight answer! We need an inquiry, we need to talk to the papers, we –

PETER. I had a heart attack, Kerry.

KERRY. I know.

PETER. I'm asking you. No, I'm telling you –

KERRY. Don't you care?

PETER. – that you're not going to do anything until we've heard what the police have to say. Do you understand me? Kerry?

*Pause.*

KERRY. Yes, all right.

PETER. And if you ever ask me that again...

KERRY. Sorry.

*Pause.*

I'm going in to see Mum. Shall I take these, or not?

PETER. Yes, do. She'll like them if you've brought them.

KERRY *picks up the flowers*.

KERRY. Are you coming in?

PETER. In a minute. Just give me a minute.

PETER *watches her go, leaning on the broom*.

18.

KAREEM *is in his bedroom, panicked and afraid. He looks out of the window. Sees something and ducks back*.

KAREEM. Shit, shit.

*He pulls out his mobile and dials. He has to think to enter the number, which he has memorised. No answer. He tries again. The call goes through to answerphone.*

Justine, something's wrong. I don't know what's going on. They're outside my house.

*The doorbell goes.*

I don't know if I should let them in. If I don't they'll know something's up with me. Should I let them in? Shit. Why aren't you there?

*Someone knocks on the door, hard.*

MAN. Kareem!

KAREEM. Shit.

*He thinks.*

I'm letting them in.

*He hangs up and goes to the door.*