

KOPLOV. They picked on you?

JUSTINE. I hated them.

KOPLOV. Did you fight back?

JUSTINE. I couldn't, they were bigger than me! So I learnt better English. I smoothed out my accent. I... became one of them so they wouldn't pick on me any more.

KOPLOV. Very clever.

JUSTINE. Better than fighting.

KOPLOV. You became one of them. What are you now? English, or Russian?

JUSTINE. On the outside I'm English. But on the inside, I'm Russian.

KOPLOV. During the Olympics, which team do you cheer for? Great Britain, or Russia?

JUSTINE. It depends who's winning. Usually, Russia!

*He smiles, but begins to speak Russian again.*

KOPLOV. We are all on Team Russia here, Julia.

JUSTINE. Yes, of course. I was joking. But... People don't always need to know where your true loyalties lie, do they?

*Pause.*

KOPLOV. I think you are quite a smart woman.

JUSTINE. Thank you.

KOPLOV. Working here for me will not be like doing administration anywhere else.

JUSTINE. Of course. What you do is important.

KOPLOV. Very.

JUSTINE. That's why I want to help in any way I can.

KOPLOV. I have a very close team here. I think of myself as the head of a family, not just a boss. Do you understand?

JUSTINE *nods.*

A lot of the information that passes through my office is confidential. You would need to undergo a full security check. Your friends, family... everything about you would be examined. You would have to answer a lot of very personal questions. Would that bother you?

JUSTINE. No. I have nothing to hide.

KOPLOV. Everyone has something.

JUSTINE. Perhaps I should have said: I have nothing unusual to hide.

KOPLOV *is amused.*

KOPLOV. I think we'll get on very well, Julia. I cannot say for sure, but... I think we will see each other again.

JUSTINE *smiles.*

*Both set escaped of scene!*

3.

SUNITA's office. SUNITA and KERRY are sitting opposite each other. KERRY is agitated, tense.

SUNITA. You could have made an appointment.

KERRY. If I'd... called up reception and tried to make an appointment to see someone they'd have let me do that, would they?

SUNITA. Yes of course.

*Pause.*

You must be... under a lot of stress. But you didn't need to get so -

KERRY. They weren't going to let me in.

SUNITA. I was in a briefing. There was nobody free to talk to you.

KERRY. I said I'd wait.

SUNITA. As it is I don't have that long, I'm afraid. Why don't we arrange a time for a proper chat?

KERRY. I'd prefer to talk now if that's okay, Sunita. Is that your real name?

SUNITA. Yes it is.

*Pause.*

Can I get you something? Tea, coffee?

KERRY. No.

SUNITA. Water?

KERRY. Okay. Yeah.

SUNITA *pours water and gives it to KERRY, who sips, then puts it down.*

SUNITA. Okay?

KERRY. Yeah. Yeah. Sorry.

SUNITA. It's all right. What can I do for you?

KERRY. I've got some questions.

SUNITA. I'll try to help, if I can.

*Pause.*

KERRY. Can I smoke in here?

SUNITA. What?

KERRY. Can I smoke?

SUNITA. Well, no. It's illegal.

KERRY. I gave up.

SUNITA. Smoking?

KERRY. Yeah, I'd given up. But... seems a bit pointless worrying about that right now.

*Pause.*

SUNITA. How are you and the family doing?

KERRY. We got the flowers you, or someone here, sent.

SUNITA. Good.

KERRY. There weren't any signatures on the card. It said, from her colleagues, in remembrance.

SUNITA. We were all thinking of her. Justine had a lot of friends here.

KERRY. How many?

SUNITA. Myself, her immediate team, other colleagues...

KERRY. You worked together?

SUNITA. Yes.

KERRY. You were her friend, you personally?

SUNITA. I'd say we were friends, yes.

KERRY. Did you see her outside work, then?

SUNITA. Occasionally.

KERRY. What, for drinks, or a meal... or to play sports, or... or what?

SUNITA. Some of us were closer to her than others. But everyone here has been affected. It's been... it's been a shock.

KERRY. There weren't many of her 'friends' at the funeral. Some people in suits said nice things... but I got the impression they'd never actually met her. You weren't there.

SUNITA. Because of the press attention it was better for us to keep a low profile. I wanted to go.

KERRY. Right.

SUNITA. This must be a really difficult time for all of you.

*As KERRY is talking she gets out a cigarette.*

KERRY. My dad's been ill. Did you know that?

SUNITA. Yes, how is he?

KERRY. You know a lot.

*Pause. KERRY fiddling with her cigarette.*

SUNITA. I'm sorry Kerry, but --

KERRY. The police said she killed herself.

SUNITA. You can't smoke in here.

KERRY. Mum and Dad had to hear that. Now they say she didn't, someone else was there. Who was it?

SUNITA. I don't know.

*Pause. KERRY lights her cigarette.*

It's an ongoing police investigation. You should talk to the police if you have questions about -

KERRY. I'm talking to you.

SUNITA. You should talk to the police if you have questions about the investigation.

KERRY. The papers said she was lonely. Unhappy. Under stress. Nobody here tried to help her so she killed herself.

SUNITA. Kerry, you'll set off the fire alarm.

KERRY. Why did they say that?

SUNITA. Papers often print things that aren't true. Could you put your cigarette out, please?

KERRY. Fuck off.

SUNITA. Okay, calm down.

KERRY. She didn't kill herself. She was murdered, because of her job, because she worked here. Wasn't she?

SUNITA. We're sure that's not what happened. The police are investigating and we're doing everything we can to assist them.

KERRY. Bullshit. You know who killed her.

SUNITA. Kerry, I don't.

*The fire alarm goes off.*

I'm sorry. I'll have to ask you to leave now.

KERRY *puts her cigarette out on SUNITA's desk and stands up. She eyeballs SUNITA. Then she leaves. SUNITA pushes her chair back and gets up abruptly. She's upset.*

*The fire alarm is still going off. SUNITA picks up the phone on her desk and dials.*

\*FX - Phone ringing and conversations.

It's a false alarm. Someone lit a cigarette in here. Yes! Turn it off, now!

*She slams the phone down.*

*JUSTINE could be at KOPLOV's desk or in the interrogation chair?*

4.

JUSTINE *is at her desk, with a headset on. She's listening to a phone conversation and slowly eating a piece of toast. The phone conversation is in Punjabi and is playing so that the audience can hear it. It's also projected in English onto the stage.* \*

MAN. This pain in my hip doesn't get any better.

MAN 2. Hhm.

MAN. I think it's gone, but no. It comes back.

MAN 2. See a doctor, I told you.

MAN. Oh, no.

*Pause. JUSTINE looks a little bored.*

And there's a problem with the car.

MAN 2. What?

MAN. I don't know, something with the exhaust, they said.

MAN 2. Can they fix it?

MAN. Things are always going wrong. They don't build anything to last, do they?

MAN 2. No.

MAN. The problem now is, how will your mother do the big shop, if we don't have a car?

MAN 2. Ah!

MAN. I have to get it fixed as soon as I can or she won't be happy with me.

*The two men chuckle.*