

PLAYS BY ROBERT ILES

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Towpath

Four strangers meet on a canal bank, each has a story to tell and a history to share. A popular, award-winning, one-act play for 4F.



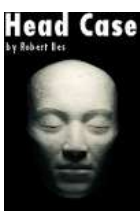
The Chip Van Plays Dixie

A poignant slice of life comedy set on a bench by a cemetery where two strangers find that they have more in common than they thought, more even than a love of chips, real chips. A very popular and successful one-act play for 1M, 1F.



The Bus Stop At The End Of The World

A retired bus driver finds himself on a cliff top at sunrise talking to a father & daughter. Past is revealed & futures planned as this poignant comedy unfolds. One-act play for 2M, 2F.



Head Case

An all female three hander one-act play script. A blind sculptress models a head on an unknown skull for her police detective sister. An award-winning ghost story. One-act play for 3F.

Head Case

by

Robert Iles

info@rmji.co.uk
07967 110 495
37 Severn Avenue
Weston-super-Mare
BS23 4DG

CHARACTERS

EILEEN

MONICA

GEORGIE

TOGETHER

ACT I

SCENE 1

A FLAT. EARLY EVENING, WINTER, ITS DARK OUTSIDE. THERE IS A TALL STOOL AND A TALL STAND WITH A CLAY HEAD ON IT COVERED WITH AN ORANGE CLOTH. MODELLING TOOLS AND BITS ON A TABLE BESIDE IT - VERY CAREFULLY LAID OUT. CHAIRS, COFFEE TABLE. EVERYTHING CAREFULLY POSITIONED. THERE IS A MIRROR UPSTAGE. THERE IS A BOX WITH THE ORIGINAL SKULL IN AS THE CLAY MODEL USES A PLASTER OR PLASTIC COPY THAT SHE MADE EARLIER. THERE IS A LARGE CARDBOARD "EVIDENCE" BOX (ARCHIVE BOX FILE) WHICH WAS USED TO BRING IN THE STUFF FROM THE POLICE STATION.

MONICA ENTERS WITH TWO CUPS OF COFFEE, SHE IS DRINKING FROM ONE

MONICA: I'll leave your coffee on the table [PAUSE] did you hear me?

EILEEN: What?

MONICA: Your coffee

EILEEN: What about it?

MONICA: I'll leave it here. On the table.

EILEEN: Ok, I heard you, I'm not deaf

MONICA: Ha ha

EILEEN: Sorry [PAUSE] I heard that

MONICA: What?

EILEEN: You rolling your eyes

MONICA: I didn't

EILEEN: I heard it

MONICA: No you didn't

EILEEN: No. I didn't, I just knew you would

MONICA: [PAUSE] You're right, I did.

MONICA MOVES STOOL

EILEEN: Just leave everything where it is

MONICA: [FRUSTRATED, UNDER HER BREATH] How dumb am I

EILEEN: What?

MONICA: I do know

EILEEN: I'm just saying, that's all, its important

MONICA: Yes, I remember. [BEAT] So can I see it?

EILEEN: It's nearly there.

EILEEN ENTERS, SHE IS BLIND BUT THIS
IS HER OWN FLAT WHERE SHE HAS LIVED
(ALONE) FOR SOME TIME SO SHE MOVES
RELATIVELY FREELY AROUND IT

When you get back. Probably. Are they in a
hurry for it?

MONICA: Yes. No. Actually most of my neanderthal
colleagues think its a waste of time.

EILEEN: Great.

MONICA: Those that give half a shit.

EILEEN: I'd forgotten what a great motivational speaker
you can be

MONICA: Could have been, if I'd put my mind to it

EILEEN: A bit brutual perhaps

MONICA: Its what some people need, a well aimed kick up
the arse

EILEEN: So glad I spent a whole week on it now

MONICA: Happy?

EILEEN: With the head?

MONICA: Of course with the head

EILEEN: Yes. I think so. I'll be happier when we have a name for her

MONICA: At least we have a gender

EILEEN: She needs a name, everyone needs a name, even the dead

MONICA: Don't go soft on me. We may never find out who she is, you know that, I did tell you that

EILEEN: But we *will* find out who she is. You and me, the Thompson Twins

MONICA: "We are Detective", 1983, deserved the number 1 slot [SINGS A BIT. BADLY.]

EILEEN: Not them

MONICA: Nope. We're not twins for a start

EILEEN: And our name is Timpson, but "The Thompson Twins" sounds better, you used to read me the stories, I remember you sitting on my bed reading them to me

MONICA: Tintin and the Suspiciously Racist Adventure

EILEEN: We had them all, even that old braille one

MONICA: Which was in Spanish

EILEEN: "Tintin en America", but neither of us read Spanish

MONICA: And you didn't read braille then

EILEEN: No need, I had my own living breathing audio book

MONICA: Muggins

EILEEN: You didn't mind though, did you

MONICA: [PAUSE] No. [BEAT] No, of course I didn't.
Except when you poked me

EILEEN: One poke for rewind, two for start again, three
for ..

MONICA: A slap

EILEEN: You did all the voices

MONICA: Even Snowy

EILEEN: But it was the Thompson Twins I loved, the ones
I really remember

MONICA: Then you should also remember that they were
totally incompetent, and my name is now Simpson
anyway

EILEEN: Simpson, Timpson, more like a typo than a
change of name, what's the difference?

MONICA: A rather expensive wedding, three years of
grief and a mortgage that would sink a
battleship

EILEEN: Not sure that's a good analogy

MONICA: You know what I mean

EILEEN: Only by reputation, never having seen a
battleship, or indeed any ship, I have only
your word for the fact that sinking one ...

MONICA: Ok, ok, you're right, bad analogy. [BEAT] Good
analogy, bad audience - a blind pedant who
doesn't realise how hard it is to do this
without using a looky likey

EILEEN: Why not do a smelly likey, or a soundy likey or
better still a feely likey, I'm good at those

MONICA: Feeling a battleship is unlikely to help,
smelling one would be even less useful, I would
have thought. Imagine something the size of a
block of flats only lying on its side and
floating

EILEEN: You're really bad at this

MONICA: You're just not trying

EILEEN: [TOUCHING THE BOX] We need to find this girl a name. And a family

MONICA: I told you not to get emotionally involved, you're no good to me if you get all misty eyed

EILEEN: It wont cloud my vision

MONICA: Ha, bloody ha ha. I have so missed your sense of humour

EILEEN: Its why you love me

MONICA: You're my sister, that's why I love you.

EILEEN: I took you in when your husband asked you ever so politely to leave. That's why you love me.

MONICA: He's a prat

EILEEN: I was surprised he stood you for so long

MONICA: He knew what I was like before we married

EILEEN: We all knew what you were like, that's why we were surprised he proposed

MONICA: I was surprised I accepted

EILEEN: I bet. You will find her though

MONICA: His other woman?

EILEEN: What 'other woman'? She's just someone you made up to make your separation sound less like your fault

MONICA: I walked out thank you, lets just remember that

EILEEN: I don't think I d oremember that

MONICA: It's a Police thing

EILEEN: Making up convenient truths?

MONICA: No, I mean I can't let my colleagues know that I let the unreasonable bastard throw me out

EILEEN: When actually you are the "unreasonable bastard" and that's why he threw you out

MONICA: Whose side are you on?

EILEEN: My sister's, theoretically, though if you stay here much longer I might defect

MONICA: There's loyalty

EILEEN: Just remember I know the real Monica and there is no other woman. I meant 'you will find my head'

MONICA: On top of your neck, stick your finger in your ear and you'll be pointing at it

EILEEN: I'll remember that, thanks, good advice, we're so lucky to have such a highly qualified police force

MONICA: I'll try.

EILEEN: Its your job to try, can't you put a bit of extra effort in?

MONICA: I brought you the skull didn't I

EILEEN: That was a bribe, to let you stay here

MONICA: It was ...

EILEEN: A bribe

MONICA: Ok, a bribe, I'll take it all back

EILEEN: Not all

MONICA: I need to get this evidence box back before someone notices it has gone

EILEEN: I thought this was your case

MONICA: It is, but I'm not supposed to physically remove this stuff

EILEEN: I want to keep the skull

MONICA: They'd care most about that

EILEEN: But they'd never know, if the box was back

MONICA: Its on the inventory

EILEEN: They'd never check

MONICA: No, no they wouldn't

EILEEN: Well don't touch her then

MONICA: Why, you don't need it anymore, once you'd made a plaster one what more can the real one tell you?

EILEEN: A lot, it's a touch thing

MONICA: You touch the real skull?

EILEEN: Of course

MONICA: For fun?

EILEEN: Freak. No, you wouldn't understand, I need to feel the real skull, I get nothing but shape from the copy, which is great for the mechanical side of reconstruction but ...

MONICA: But what?

EILEEN: I don't know ... its different

MONICA: Clay reconstruction is not very well thought of at the station, this is the twenty first century after all

EILEEN: I love it when people say things like that, such nonsense

MONICA: What do you mean, nonsense?

EILEEN: Well, in 1910 they probably said "this is the twentieth century after all"

MONICA: Well it was

EILEEN: And a couple of World Wars short of a history book

MONICA: And a flight to the moon

EILEEN: Any flight, and the internet

MONICA: And TV

EILEEN: (BEAT) According to TV cop shows you can recreate a face pretty well at will, take a photo of a skull and seconds later the computer has a hologram of a head exactly matching the actor you saw dying just before the opening credits. Mind you, according to most cop shows your lot are all corrupt and depressive, or drunk and separated or have anger management issues .. wait, could it be true?

MONICA: It's pretty unusual, I mean forensics sometimes copy the skull as part of their black magic but reconstruction?

EILEEN: This time they couldn't even be bothered to make the copy, they had no intention of trying a reconstruction

MONICA: We'd normally only use it on very high profile cases

EILEEN: As opposed to what? Unknown, unidentified, bodies no one cares about? If her skull was a few hundred years old, or in the way of a new road, or had been found under a car park people would spend a fortune guessing who she might have been and speculating on how she died.

MONICA: If it was a few thousand years old it'd be in a museum having had more scans and science spent on it than anyone living, but what's your point?

EILEEN: People seems to care more for the identity of the archaeologically dead than for forensics. The recently dead don't seem to count for much

MONICA: We do our best

EILEEN: A really low priority. [PAUSE] Sorry.

MONICA: I don't know why you're giving me a hard time, I'm the one trying to actually do something, change attitudes

EILEEN: One skull at a time

MONICA: If you must be so, ...

EILEEN: Anatomical?

MONICA: [PAUSE] I'll find her. I can be an optimist too you know

EILEEN: Glass half full,...

TOGETHER: and a chaser on the side

PAUSE

MONICA: Do you know how many people go missing each year

EILEEN: No, but I suspect that most of them simply turn up again, or don't want to be found

MONICA: Ok, so do you know how many unnamed bodies turn up each year

EILEEN: No, no I don't

MONICA: Neither do I. Lots.

EILEEN: I thought a murder case was never closed?

MONICA: Its not. Not all bodies are murder you know

EILEEN: You said this skull was found ...

MONICA: Yes, this one looks very like it is, very very like

EILEEN: It's a good starting point

MONICA: Except that you're making her into a victim not just a person

EILEEN: I'm not making her anything. She is what she is, I'm just putting flesh back on the bones

MONICA: From clay we are made, in clay she returns

EILEEN: Its well, its just I can feel what her face should be, I know what faces feel like, that's all I'm doing, making it feel right ... making *her* feel right

MONICA: Listen, I made up an invoice for your work, I'll take it in, you'll get paid

EILEEN: I don't want to be paid for this

MONICA: No, but I need you to be paid

EILEEN: I thought you said your budgets were tight. No money for cold cases

MONICA: No money for computer generated reconstruction, no. Clay work is cheap, according to this invoice anyway. I have gone out on a limb here and I need to legitimise it with an invoice; that way I can only get in mild trouble.

EILEEN: As opposed to?

MONICA: The mega trouble I would get into if someone spotted I'd taken a whole evidence box from an open dead body case home and then given the skull to my sister to make a plaster copy to play with

EILEEN: Reconstruct

MONICA: Its a matter of perception

EILEEN: Your lot seem to prefer suspicion to perception. Its getting late now by the way. If you're going

EILEEN STARTS TO CROSS TO THE SOFA,
BANGS INTO A STOOL

MONICA: Sorry, sorry, I forgot to put it back, sorry

EILEEN: Its ok, I never think things might have moved, there's normally only me here to move them

MONICA: There, its back, I should have thought, sorry

EILEEN: Stop apologising, hadn't you better go

MONICA: You're right. I'll go. Back home soon

EILEEN: If he'll have you. That's not what I meant

MONICA: I know, but I should, really, we're all grown ups

EILEEN: Didn't stop you acting like a spoiled brat

MONICA: So kind

EILEEN: You're my sister. If I can't be honest with you who can. Now go find out who our young lady here is was ... is

MONICA: Right. Listen ...

EILEEN: Go

MONICA: Ok, ok, later. [PAUSE] Don't go crazy home alone will you

EILEEN: I have plenty of people to talk to

MONICA: On the phone?

EILEEN: In my head

MONICA: You talk to the head? Heads you sculpt?

EILEEN: No, its a bust, you can't talk to a bust! I talk to the people in my head

MONICA: Talking to yourself, not a good sign, I worried it would turn you crazy

EILEEN: Actually I listen mostly and its not so much myself as other voices, like sitting in a cafe and listening to conversations from other tables.

MONICA: You're weird

EILEEN: Could be

MONICA: Definitely

EILEEN: Well, everyone is a bit weird so being a bit weird is pretty normal

MONICA: Insanely logical, with the emphasis on the insane

EILEEN: Anyway, I do go out. Meet other people, go to the cinema, I get a discount you know, concerts, wine bars

MONICA: Blind dates?

EILEEN: At least I have a life outside work

MONICA: So do I

EILEEN: Really? Here's Monica, by day she's a policewoman, she wants to change the world and her hobbies include ... well? Got any hobbies? And I don't include meeting up with colleagues after work or winding up your poor sister

MONICA: Who's winding who up here?

EILEEN: You. Me.

MONICA: And I'm a detective constable thank you so much.

EILEEN: Should be an inspector at your age

MONICA: Thank you

EILEEN: And working on something better than sweeping up the lost and cold cases

MONICA: Had enough?

EILEEN: Not sure, how about your foul temper and failing marriage

MONICA: (FRUSTRATED) At least I'm not blind!

PAUSE. BOTH START LAUGHING

EILEEN: Good lord you haven't said anything like that since I was ten!

MONICA: I ran out of arguments

EILEEN: You mean I won?

MONICA: Ok, ok, you won

EILEEN: Sorry, I shouldn't have pushed it

MONICA: But you're right, passed by and pushed aside ... damn it, damn *them*

EILEEN: Well, crack this case and lets see if it can kick start your career ... Thompson Twins rule

MONICA: It'll take more than this, cold cases don't count for much

EILEEN: Glass half full remember, Now, before you go, given that your departments budget doesn't run to braille transcription, can you just run what you have about her past me

MONICA: I didn't think you wanted to know?

EILEEN: I didn't, but she's almost done now so it wont affect me, might help me finish off

MONICA UNPACKS SOME OF THE EVIDENCE
AND FINSDS THE FILE FROM WHICH SHE
READS ...

MONICA: Female, found buried in Shelley's Wood, no dental record matches, mid colour hair, late twenties, probably, caucasian as far as we can tell, wasn't much to go on

EILEEN: Height?

MONICA: We only found the head

EILEEN: You didn't tell me that

MONICA: Is it relevant?

EILEEN: It was, I mean it would ... just the head?

MONICA: According to the paperwork

EILEEN: Gross

MONICA: She's a no-body

EILEEN: Very funny

MONICA: We're pretty sure it wasn't suicide

EILEEN: That'll be your professional Police training again will it?

MONICA: You now know as much as we do

EILEEN: And it really was just a head? I mean, your lot had a really good look around?

MONICA: Now let me think ... of course we did, we're not stupid, not that stupid. (BEAT) Some of us are not that stupid.

EILEEN: So we're trying to match this head to a body, some-body?

MONICA: Not much to ask, we've never found a body we could match up

EILEEN: I don't think I want to think about that, what a job, speaking of which you'd better go, get to work, leave now, the sooner you're gone, the sooner you're back ...

MONICA: Ok, ok, bully. I won't be long. You going to be alright?

EILEEN: Light. Don't forget to turn off the light

MONICA: Say 'hi' to those voice in your head for me ... weirdo

EILEEN: Thanks

MONICA LEAVES. MONICA TURNS OUT THE LIGHTS ON HER WAY OUT WHICH IS WHEN GEORGIE APPEARS, TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE SNAP TO BLACK BEFORE SOME SIDE LIGHTING FADES UP. GEORGIE IS DRESSED IN BLACK, BACK TO THE AUDIENCE, LOOKING IN A MIRROR

IT IS IMPORTANT THAT GEORGIE'S BEHAVIOUR IS SEEN AS PERFECTLY NORMAL THROUGHOUT BUT THAT SHE NEVER ACTUALLY TOUCHES OR MOVES ANYTHING - NEVER PHYSICALLY INTERACTS WITH ANYTHING - SHE CAN SIT, STAND, LOOK BUT NOT TOUCH, WELL, NOT IN SUCH A WAY AS TO AFFECT THE EXTERNAL OBJECT

EILEEN WALKS BACK TO HER STOOL, CAUTIOUSLY UNTIL SHE IS PAST WHERE THE CHAIR HAD BEEN MOVED. SHE SITS, REACHES OUT AND FINDS THE COFFEE, SWEARS UNDER HER BREATHE AND RE-POSITIONS SOME OF HER TOOLS. SHE PUTS THE BOX WITH THE REAL SKULL BESIDE HERSELF AND OPENS IT.

EILEEN: Now then my friend, how are you doing? I think you're finished but I didn't want her to know that till we've had time for a chat, once she gets hold of you it'll be all third person and official talk. Let's tidy you up a bit, breathe some more life back into you. (PAUSE) What's your story girl of clay, talk to me.

PAUSE

GEORGIE: I'm Gee

EILEEN: Who's that?

EILEEN COVERS UP THE HEAD AGAIN AND CLOSES THE BOX

GEORGIE: And I'm eight

EILEEN: Monica?

GEORGIE: And I live in a house

EILEEN: Who's there? How did you get in?

GEORGIE: That is taller than wider and not quite all ours.

EILEEN: What do you want?

PAUSE

GEORGIE: Why are you sitting in the dark?

EILEEN: I like the dark. It's none of your business

GEORGIE: I can't see, turn on the lights will you

EILEEN: How'd you get in? What do you want?

GEORGIE: I used to live here

EILEEN: Well you don't live here now, I live here, this is my flat, now how did you get in?

GEORGIE: I just came in

EILEEN: The door was shut, I heard my sister shut it when she left, she's with the Police, she'll be back soon, I don't know who you are, how you got in or what you want but I think you better leave.

GEORGIE: I don't want anything, I'm not dangerous, look at me

EILEEN: I can't see

GEORGIE: That'll be 'cause its dark. No concealed weapons, honest

EILEEN: Your presence is threat enough

GEORGIE: Bit judgmental

EILEEN: You broke in, I think I'm entitled

GEORGIE: I didn't break in, nothings broken

EILEEN: You're in, that's enough. You're uninvited, you're a stranger and you have no right to be here. I want you to leave. Please leave now, I don't know who you are.

GEORGIE: Georgie, Gee they call me, some do, or Nina. Georgie most call me.

EILEEN: That's not what I meant. And you don't sound like you're eight.

GEORGIE: I'm not

EILEEN: But you said ...

GEORGIE: "I'm Gee and I'm eight", not sure why that came to mind again after all these years. Its a poem, my uncle wrote it for me, years ago. When I was eight. I'm not here to rob you or anything

EILEEN: If you're not here for 'anything' why are you here at all?

GEORGIE: [BEAT, SLIGHTLY CONFUSED] Not sure

EILEEN: Not sure? You enter a strange flat and you can't think why?

GEORGIE: It's not a strange flat, I used to live here

EILEEN: You said. That doesn't really change things though does it

GEORGIE: Can you turn on the light

EILEEN TURNS ON A LAMP

Thanks

EILEEN: Now you can see the way out.

GEORGIE: Now you can see I'm no threat

EILEEN: I'm blind

GEORGIE: Blind?

EILEEN: I can't see

GEORGIE: Smartarse. Completely blind?

EILEEN: No visual cortex

GEORGIE: What?

EILEEN: No connection to the brain

GEORGIE: But you got eye's right?

EILEEN: You see with your brain, my eyes don't pass on the information. Sight is all in your head

GEORGIE: How do you choose your clothes?

EILEEN: [LAUGH] Well, that's not the first question most people ask

GEORGIE: I mean how do you know your clothes match, colours and things

EILEEN: Braille labels

GEORGIE: Really?

EILEEN: No, some people do but I never felt the need. I get other people to buy my clothes for me, apparently my whole wardrobe is monotonal, no one ever seems to laugh as I walk by so it must work

GEORGIE: Scary though

EILEEN: I don't know, there's worse things than a clothing faux pas I should think

GEORGIE: I mean being blind

EILEEN: Only sighted people are scared of being blind

GEORGIE: Weird, always in the dark

EILEEN: You assume I know the difference

GEORGIE: What difference

EILEEN: Dark and light, to know one you have to know the other, like sound and silence

GEORGIE: I guess. Not much funny about it though

EILEEN: I don't know, they put up Braille "do not touch" signs at the museum

GEORGIE: Still, tough, being a blind person

EILEEN: That's not how I identify myself

GEORGIE: How do you?

EILEEN: I don't know, a sculptress, that's how I want to be remembered

GEORGIE: A blind sculptress

EILEEN: No. A sculptress. What about you?

GEORGIE: I don't identify myself as anything

EILEEN: Unidentified ... how do you want to be remembered

GEORGIE: I *don't* want to be remembered

EILEEN: Not for anything?

GEORGIE: Nope

EILEEN: So what will your impact be on the world?

GEORGIE: My absence, yours?

EILEEN: My work, the effect I've had on others, immortality in the memories of those who knew me

GEORGIE: Very twee, lucky you, that's not for me

EILEEN: Surely everyone is remembered by someone. For something

GEORGIE: You'd think

EILEEN: How very bleak

GEORGIE: Just the way I see things

EILEEN: Life's a gift

GEORGIE: Not all gifts are welcome. [PAUSE] Why did you keep the mirror?

EILEEN: What?

GEORGIE: The mirror, on the wall, it was there when I lived here, I used to look in it all the time, you kept it

EILEEN: Did I?

GEORGIE: Yes, over there ...

EILEEN: I was joking, I know I have a mirror even if I don't know what one looks like

GEORGIE: Mirrors don't look like anything, they show you everything else

EILEEN: If you say so

GEORGIE: Hard to explain, I never understood why they reverse things left to right but not up to down, tricky things mirrors

EILEEN: I have no idea what you're talking about, I just never felt the need to have it removed, its for visitors

GEORGIE: You have visitors

EILEEN: My sister

GEORGIE: And me

EILEEN: You're not a visitor, you're an intruder

GEORGIE: I'm visiting, I'm a visitor, I even used to live here. You haven't changed the place much, just your things instead of mine

EILEEN: I like my things and I like them to stay where I left them, where I can find them

GEORGIE: Touchy aren't you

EILEEN: I need to know where everything is, so I can move around safely, so I can find things.

GEORGIE: Right. I haven't moved anything.

EILEEN: Don't. Just leave.

GEORGIE: You're distressed, I can tell

EILEEN: You're distressing me

GEORGIE: How about I make us some tea?

EILEEN: No.

GEORGIE: How about you make us some tea then

EILEEN: Why should I

GEORGIE: I'd like some tea

EILEEN: I'd like you to leave

GEORGIE: Tea first, then I'll leave

EILEEN: This isn't a negotiation

GEORGIE: So can I have some tea?

EILEEN: Right

EILEEN LEAVES THE ROOM TO MAKE SOME
TEA

Don't touch anything

GEORGIE: What's this?

EILEEN: What?

GEORGIE: Under the cloth

EILEEN: Which cloth?

GEORGIE: The bright orange one

EILEEN: Orange?

GEORGIE: What? Oh, right. The one by your stool.

EILEEN: A bust I'm working on for my sister

GEORGIE: What're you doing to your sisters bust?

EILEEN: A head. I'm sculpting a head for her

GEORGIE: Ok, a present, or is it of her?

EILEEN: Neither

GEORGIE: Anyone famous then, anyone I'd know?

EILEEN: Someone no one knows

GEORGIE: So not everyone is remembered

EILEEN COMES BACK IN WITH A MUG OF
TEA AND PUTS IT ON THE TABLE

EILEEN: She's remembered. We just need to match the who
she was up with the who remembers her

GEORGIE: Sugar?

EILEEN: I don't take sugar

GEORGIE: I do

EILEEN: I don't have any

GEORGIE: Right. Guess I'm sweet enough as my mother used
to say

EILEEN: Did she. Your mother, she must remember you

GEORGIE: Disappeared

EILEEN: Your Uncle then. The one who wrote the poem.
Was that her brother?

GEORGIE: Yes. No. Not sure. You know how it is with
Uncles and children, parents call all adult
friends your uncle even if they're not related.
My mum was old fashioned like that. I think he
was her half-brother or something, I don't
know, he'd been around all my life, baby sat
when I was young. This was his flat, we moved
in here just before mum disappeared

EILEEN: He took you in? Looked after you?

GEORGIE: Took us in

EILEEN: So he'll remember you

GEORGIE: No idea. I don't talk to him anymore. I don't
talk about him either.

EILEEN: What was it about? The poem

GEORGIE: Me and my cat. And the elephants that lived on the roof.

EILEEN: Elephants? On the roof?

GEORGIE: It was a kids story, I was eight remember

EILEEN: Can I hear it?

GEORGIE: Can I see the head?

EILEEN: Its not finished. I'd like to hear it

GEORGIE: I don't remember all of it, it was very long, he used to tell me at night, like a bedtime story, I usually fell asleep before the end, or pretended to so he'd go away

EILEEN: Sounds like a nice man

GEORGIE: Sounds like it

EILEEN: So?

GEORGIE: "You'd never believe me and my lips are sealed it's a secret, a fact that can not be revealed, till I'm old, or I'm dead and you're deaf and can't hear it and then I can tell you, in French. It's that secret."

EILEEN: What was that?

GEORGIE: He taught me that too, said our story was a secret, kids stuff I guess, I don't remember

EILEEN: But the poem?

GEORGIE: I'm Gee and I'm eight and I live in a house Which is taller than wider and not quite all ours. That's to say it is shared with a bell and our name by the door and you head up the stairs and we own the top floor.

EILEEN: This flat?

GEORGIE: But that's not important, what counts in all truth is

GEORGIE: The ladder we have that goes up to the roof,
through a
Hatch like a door in the ceiling and you're
Going to love what I tell you of fun that we
found
When Ginger and I went up to explore.

EILEEN: [PAUSE] Ginger?

GEORGIE: Yes, a black cat, we were the same age, grew up
together

EILEEN: A black cat called Ginger?

GEORGIE: Dead now of course, my best friend

EILEEN: No brothers or sisters?

GEORGIE: No

EILEEN: No school friends?

GEORGIE: I was what they called a 'quiet child'

EILEEN: Imaginary friends?

GEORGIE: Bully

EILEEN: You were bullied?

GEORGIE: No, I mean I had an imaginary bully

EILEEN: Oh. Unusual. Thank goodness for Ginger

GEORGIE: Yes

EILEEN: And your Uncle

GEORGIE: [PAUSE] Can I see the head?

EILEEN: That's not all is it

GEORGIE: All what?

EILEEN: All of the poem. You said it was long. You
promised me elephants

GEORGIE: I want to see the head

EILEEN: [TAKING OFF THE CLOTH] There

GEORGIE SPENDS A WHILE LOOKING AT THE
HEAD, SHE RECITES THE POEM ALMOST
ABSENTMINDEDLY AS SHE DOES SO

GEORGIE: A little boy elephant, left all alone,
No forward address and no telephone,
Just sitting and waiting for someone to come
To give him a cuddle or take him to Mum.
A long time ago, last week, I am sure,
There were plenty of elephants up through that
door
But when cold winter comes and the elephants
shiver
They all head off West, they follow the river
With great trees in their trunks to help build
a bridge
From the end of the roof to the next road's
roof's ridge.
Our little boy's nerve was not up to the task,
To walk over the bridge was a very big ask,
For an elephant cursed with a great fear of
height
The idea of the journey just filled him with
fright.
Being not very brave, when the others went
West,
He had stayed on our rooftop and put on a vest,
To keep himself warm till the winter was done
And he saw in the West the herd and his mum
Coming back to the place that I mentioned
before
Up above, through the hatch that looks like a
door.
And that's where we found him that cold
winter's day
When Ginger and I went up there to play,
He was lonely and friendless and cold to the
bone
So we wrapped him up warmly and hid him at
home,
I can't remember any more

EILEEN: What a shame, did it have a happy ending

GEORGIE: Probably. I don't know ...

EILEEN: Shame. I like it. Did he ever write it down?

GEORGIE: [SMALL LAUGH] Under the wallpaper, on the wall, he even drew pictures, me, the elephant over here, I think

EILEEN: How lovely

GEORGIE: Does it look like her? Oh, right, blind, I forgot, you wouldn't know

EILEEN: Of course I'd know. I see faces with my fingers. I'm quite good at faces actually; shape, texture, softness, hairline. I probably notice more than you, to me its all detail no overall impression, no eye colour, no hair colour, just details.

GEORGIE: Good job you sculpt them then

EILEEN: Why?

GEORGIE: You'd make a lousy painter

EILEEN: Finger paint portraits. It could work. (PAUSE) Can I feel your face?

GEORGIE: I'd rather you didn't

EILEEN: Don't want me to be able to identify you?

GEORGIE: Could you?

EILEEN: What?

GEORGIE: Identify someone, having just felt their face

EILEEN: Easily, I know loads of people by touch

GEORGIE: (ignoring her, looking at the bust) It looks familiar

EILEEN: People often say that, without the finishing touches like hair and ears then faces can look a bit generic

GEORGIE: So who is it really?

EILEEN: We don't know, a lost girl, we're trying to find out who she is

GEORGIE: How does making up a head help?

EILEEN: Its not made up, well, not in that sense.
Reconstruction based on the skull

GEORGIE: There's a skull in there?

EILEEN: No, a copy of a skull. [BEAT, SHE GOES TO THE
BOX] The skull is in here.

GEORGIE: A real one?

EILEEN: Of course

GEORGIE: Can I see?

EILEEN: If you like

GEORGIE: No. No I don't want to.

EILEEN: Ok

GEORGIE: But that, in there, its a missing girl's real,
actual skull

EILEEN: Would be pretty pointless using someone elses,
they made a copy of the skull and I'm using
that to make an impression of her face. [BEAT]
And she's not missing, well, some of her isn't,
she's become detached from her identity

GEORGIE: Didn't anyone want it? The skull

EILEEN: Someone wants it, to someone she is someone,
someone lost and missed, we just have to find
out who

GEORGIE: You have way too high an opinion of people,
you're nice, you think other people are the
same, they're not, really, believe me, so not

EILEEN: I believe people are basically nice, yes

GEORGIE: Good luck to you, I bet your sister doesn't
agree

EILEEN: Monica? Moan-a-lot we used to call her, she's a Police Detective and consequently thinks everyone is a criminal

GEORGIE: Perhaps she's right. How do you know it looks like her?

EILEEN: I can feel her. When I feel a face it is the skull underneath I can feel, I know how muscle and fat and skin sits over the skull, I've felt hundreds of faces, I just have to make the model feel the same

GEORGIE: Sounds easy

EILEEN: And then I just listen

GEORGIE: To what?

EILEEN: They talk to me

GEORGIE: Who? The people you're sculpting?

EILEEN: Yes

GEORGIE: She's dead though isn't she

EILEEN: Yes, but its like a normal sitting, the subject talks to me, I put that into the sculpture, personality

GEORGIE: Gives me the willies ... you love this don't you

EILEEN: I've never done it before, with a dead person

GEORGIE: And you're loving it

EILEEN: Yes. Yes, I suppose I am, it feels like it matters, finding this girl

GEORGIE: It matters?

EILEEN: I matter

GEORGIE: Perhaps she wants to stay lost

EILEEN: No one wants to stay lost

GEORGIE: Depends who's looking for them

EILEEN: Very sinister I'm sure

GEORGIE: It does my head in that someone did this head in

EILEEN: I can give the dead a voice, well a face which might touch someone's memory and help my sister find out who they were

GEORGIE: And where they came from

EILEEN: Where do you come from?

GEORGIE: You trying to get rid of me?

EILEEN: Yes. No.

GEORGIE: Which?

EILEEN: No. It's been nice, despite your somewhat unconventional arrival in my home

GEORGIE: When I first arrived, when you thought I was a threat, you called it your flat, now you call it your home .. so, I can come again?

EILEEN: I still think you're a threat, but life without risk is living without life. Only next time, please knock

GEORGIE: I told you you were nice, people normally want to get shot of me, make trouble for me ... or say I'm trouble

EILEEN: Are you in trouble?

GEORGIE: I think so

EILEEN: Is there no one who can help? Your uncle? I'm sure he still loves you

GEORGIE: He took me in, but never made me feel special, never loved. Despite what he said.

EILEEN: Everyone has a good side

GEORGIE: He had a good outside, inside was a different story. I guess I was just trouble to him too. Not sure anyone can help

EILEEN: Where did you say you live?

MONICA RETURNS, SHE TURNS ON THE MAIN LIGHT AND AS WE GET USED TO THE NEW LIGHT LEVEL WE REALISE THAT GEORGIE HAS GONE

MONICA: Hi

EILEEN: Monica?

MONICA: Were you were expecting someone else?

EILEEN: Georgie, this is my sister, Monica

MONICA: Hi Georgie

EILEEN: Tell us

MONICA: What?

EILEEN: Not you, Gee, tell my sister, maybe she can help

MONICA: Who are you talking to?

EILEEN: Gee, sorry, Georgie

MONICA: The head?

EILEEN: Who's blind? Gee, say hello to my sister

MONICA: Erm, very funny, hello head. Listen I've got us a shortlist

EILEEN: Georgie?

MONICA: Ok, there's nobody here but us chickens

EILEEN: I made her a tea, she moved the ... no wait she sat ...

MONICA: Are you alright?

EILEEN: Did she leave? Did you see her leave as you came in?

MONICA: No one left. Could it have been those pesky voices again?

EILEEN: Shit

MONICA: What's for dinner?

EILEEN: Wine

MONICA: Just wine

EILEEN: Champagne if you prefer

MONICA: That sounds like a celebration .. Its finished then

EILEEN: As much as I can. I wasn't expecting you back yet

MONICA: I wanted to catch you at it

EILEEN: No chance, it was actually finished before you left, I just didn't want you to see it

MONICA: Thanks.

EILEEN: Well, you were pretty grumpy

MONICA: Actually I was just tired, didn't sleep well, can I see her then?

EILEEN: Why didn't you sleep well?

MONICA: Don't know

EILEEN: Sorry, it is only a guest bed

MONICA: That's comfy enough, probably too many dreams keeping me awake

EILEEN: How can a dream keep you awake? If you're awake you can't dream

MONICA: Wish I didn't

EILEEN: You got to have a dream, if you don't have a dream, how you gonna have a dream come true kerching

MONICA: Great, all we need, a blind drummer

EILEEN: There's a a deaf drummer, and a blind opera singer ... blind people make good piano tuners

MONICA: Ours was deaf

TOGETHER: You should hear our piano!

EILEEN: So what were you dreaming about?

MONICA: Who

EILEEN: Still George Clooney?

MONICA: [LAUGHS] God no, I was so young then, fancy remembering that, who was yours?

EILEEN: Sean Connery

MONICA: I thought George was gorgeous, that face

EILEEN: Sean, definitely, that voice - we'd never fight over a man

MONICA: Can I have that drink now

EILEEN: Help yourself, get me one will you. How did you get on?

MONICA: Well, here's our pile of possibles, I had one of the interns pull all the likely files and leave them on my desk - I'd have been home earlier but I had to reject some of them, damned interns, how on earth did they think 60 year old men would be likely candidates

EILEEN: You get what you pay for

MONICA: We don't pay ... oh, right

EILEEN: Slave labour

MONICA: Interns gain experience

EILEEN: So what have we got left?

MONICA: Forty girls, forty possibles. Cheers

EILEEN: I thought you said it was a shortlist?

MONICA: It is

EILEEN: Doesn't sound that short to me

MONICA: We started with several hundred

EILEEN: Oh. Ok, well, might as well get on. Cheers.
First ...

MONICA: Eighteen, disappeared five years ago, ran away
and hasn't been heard of since - no reason to
suppose she's dead of course

EILEEN: Stick her on the "possible" pile

MONICA: She's already on the possible pile, its the
only pile we've got

EILEEN: Glass half full remember, speaking of which,
can you fill the other half of my glass ...
next

MONICA: Did Peter call?

EILEEN: Why would Peter call, he doesn't even know
you're here.

MONICA: Where else would I be?

EILEEN: Want him to forgive you?

MONICA: I just thought he might have called

EILEEN: Fat chance. Next ...

MONICA: Maureen Baker, forty two, had been living
alone, no relatives in the area, disappeared
with her three year old son

EILEEN: No

MONICA: What do you mean "no"?

EILEEN: I mean you can start a "no" pile, its not her

MONICA: Why not?

EILEEN: She doesn't feel like a Maureen, she doesn't act like a Maureen, she doesn't speak to me like a Maureen and a forty two year old who disappears with her child sounds more like someone who is hiding. You only found a head, not a mother and child. She's not lost, she's run away

MONICA: An interesting opinion, well argued, if somewhat barking.

EILEEN: Don't call us ... Next

MONICA: Williams, 28. Father died when she was young, Mother moved in with her brother then seems to have gone out to get some ciggies and never come back, Nina disappeared shortly after. Another runner for the "no" pile

EILEEN: Nina?

MONICA: That's what it says here, Georgina Williams, known as Nina, Georgie or ... what are you doing?

EILEEN: (getting up and putting her hand on the wall where Gee had indicated the drawing was) Gee. Some people called her Gee

MONICA: (surprised) Right. Erm ... at the time of her disappearance she was living

EILEEN: Here. She lived here ... we've found her

CURTAIN