

SCENE 12

Int: Ted and Jack's living-room.

*THERESA and JACK stand facing each other.
JACK has an electric shaver in his hand.*

JACK: I didn't think you were going to come.

THERESA: Everyone asleep?

JACK: I think so. Dad's passed out, he's snoring like mad.

Beat

JACK: Do you want me to do this?

THERESA nods.

THERESA: Yes.

JACK: Sit down then.

THERESA sits on a chair. JACK starts the electric shaver up.

THERESA: That's not loud is it?

JACK: No, I've closed all the doors. It's fine relax.

Then he begins to run the electric shaver over her head. Her hair drops to the floor in clumps.

BECKY enters unseen by JACK and THERESA, she watches shocked and fascinated.

JACK continues to shave THERESA's head carefully until she is completely shaven. The whole time THERESA gazes at him. When he is finished he switches it off. THERESA touches her head.

THERESA: Thank-you.
It feels strange.

JACK bends down and takes her face in his hands.

JACK: You do mine now?

THERESA: Really?

JACK: Please.

THERESA: But you have lovely hair.

JACK: I want to do it.

For you.

THERESA: For me?

JACK: Please.

He switches the shaver on and hands it to THERESA. They switch positions so JACK is now sitting down.

THERESA: Are you sure?

JACK: Yes.

*THERESA is about to start shaving JACK's head.
BECKY cannot watch any longer.*

BECKY: *(shaky)* Jack?

THERESA immediately stops.

JACK gets up. I woke up and you were gone.

JACK: Becky, I-

There is an awkward silence, no-one responds.

BECKY: What's going on?

THERESA reaches for her head-scarf.

THERESA: Sorry to wake you Becky, I was-where's the dust pan and brush Jack? Jack? ... In the kitchen? I'll go and get it. I'll get this mess cleared up.

THERESA rushes out of the living-room into the kitchen. BECKY watches her.

BECKY: Jack? Why is she here?

JACK: I-

BECKY: *(harder)* I just saw.

JACK: You just saw?

BECKY: Yes.

JACK swallows hard.

BECKY: Why?

JACK: She asked me to do it.

BECKY: She asked you to do it.

JACK: She-she asked me to-

BECKY: To what Jack?

JACK: To, to, shave her head...
Her hair was falling out and-

BECKY: ...the way you were...touching her.

Beat

It's not...normal.

JACK is shaking.

It's not right.

JACK: *(weakly)* I know.

BECKY: What is-
What is going on here?

JACK is in pieces, he doesn't know what to say.

BECKY: Jack!

JACK: I don't know.

BECKY: Tell me.

Beat

I'll ask *her* shall I?

JACK: Don't please.

BECKY: Then tell *me*.

THERESA enters more composed with the dust pan and brush, she starts to sweep up her hair on the floor.

THERESA: I'll get this cleared up.

BECKY and JACK watch THERESA sweep up the hair. They watch her in silence. When THERESA is finished she stands up. They all look at each other for a moment.

THERESA: *(carefully measured to Becky)* I asked-Jack to do this for me. I asked him. I wanted to feel in control, prepared. They said this was the worse part Becky. They said losing your hair is the worse part.

BECKY nods.

He was helping me.

BECKY: Helping you?

THERESA: Yes.

Beat

BECKY: Jack?

JACK: I was helping her.

Beat

BECKY: You said that.

JACK: She asked me to.

BECKY: It's the middle of the night.

Beat

THERESA: I'd better go.

BECKY: No wait.

THERESA stops.

BECKY: You haven't finished.

THERESA: Finished what?

BECKY: Doing his.

JACK: Please Becky.

BECKY: Jack, you were about to let her...so finish it.

THERESA: He was being stupid.

BECKY: Was he? Why was he being stupid?

JACK: Just leave it Becky.

BECKY: Jack-

JACK: Please.

JACK moves towards her.

BECKY: Don't Jack.

JACK: Please don't be like this-

BECKY: You were about to shave your head. For *her* you said.

THERESA: No.

BECKY: But you did say that Jack.

THERESA: He didn't.

BECKY: I heard him.

Beat

What are you waiting for?

JACK: I- I-

BECKY: You and her.

(angrier) You and her.

JACK: Please.

Don't.

BECKY: What's going on here?

THERESA: It's ok Becky.

BECKY: *(all dawning on her)* You were with me, and you just left me - and-this.

THERESA: We are friends, Jack is a close fr-

BECKY: He's half your age Theresa.
He is not your friend.

JACK: Becky!

BECKY: So what are you then?
Tell me what are you?

JACK: Please stop.

THERESA: You'll wake Ted.

BECKY: Good because Ted should know. Ted should know too. In fact let's get Frankie round as well. Let's all have a chat about this.

THERESA: You don't understand.

BECKY: What's to understand?

THERESA: He's helping me.

BECKY: That was not helping, that was-
There was something...intimate in that.
Tell me. Jack please tell me.

JACK: Tell you what?

BECKY: I want you to tell me there is nothing going on.

Beat

JACK: *(whispers)* I can't.

BECKY nods.

BECKY: *(starting to cry)* It would have been ok, with Frankie, it would have been-but you-you and her! What do you see in her?

JACK: Nothing. She's like my mother.
She looks out for me.

BECKY: Your mother?

THERESA: I'm going. I have to go.

BECKY: You can't stand to listen

THERESA: I can't
I'm tired. It's late. This is all-

BECKY: What?

THERESA: It's all been blown up. Out of proportion.

Beat

It'll be fine in the morning.

BECKY: Will it?

THERESA: Yes.
I think we should get some sleep.
I'm sorry, I'm going home.

BECKY: I'm going to get Ted first, you have to tell him.

THERESA: No Becky.

BECKY: You have to tell him what you have been doing.

BECKY is about to leave, to get TED up.

THERESA: No Becky you can't.

BECKY: Why not?

THERESA: Because it would, it would, he can't take it ok.

JACK looks as if he is about to cry.

JACK: Please don't tell him.

BECKY: Why not?

JACK: Because he's my Dad.

(pleading) Please don't, for me Becky.

BECKY looks at JACK she remains where she is.

THERESA: I have to go home.

THERESA picks up her coat and bag. She looks at BECKY then JACK.

Goodnight.

Beat

God bless.

THERESA smiles sadly, then exits. For a moment JACK and BECKY stand there. Then JACK slowly starts to shake, he is crying.

BECKY: Why are you crying?

JACK: I don't know

BECKY: You shouldn't be crying.

He continues to cry.

Please stop.

JACK tries to control himself. He wipes his eyes.

BECKY: Why are you crying?

JACK: I didn't want to-
I didn't want to hurt you

BECKY: You and her? She's old- and-

JACK: It wasn't like that, I was helping her.

BECKY: You weren't.

JACK: I was

Beat

BECKY: And then?

JACK: I don't know.

BECKY: You've kissed her?

JACK doesn't reply.

You've *slept* with her?

JACK doesn't reply.

JACK: Please don't ask me.

Beat

BECKY: *(incredulous)* You've *slept* with her.

JACK doesn't respond.

JACK: I didn't mean for it to-

BECKY: You slept with her, then you slept with me? And you are calling her your mother?

JACK: Stop it, Becky.

BECKY: And I thought it was you and Frankie. I thought-

JACK: Please stop it.

BECKY: And you didn't, and you let me come here and-

JACK: It wasn't like that-it was all over. She told me not to come near her.

BECKY: How could you?
How could you get into this?

!

(whispers) And your own Dad...

JACK: I don't know. I don't know.

BECKY: You let *him* believe-
And me-you let *me* believe-

JACK: *(quickly)* I didn't let you believe anything.
She's ill. I have been helping her out. She needed me, she needed someone who understood, who could be there for her.
I dunno.

Beat.

As BECKY tries to comprehend it.

BECKY: This place, it's disgusting. It's like the grimmest place I have ever been. It's like you have your own rules here, and you just go along with it, and you don't bother to question things.

BECKY has worked herself up into a hysteria. JACK doesn't know what to say.

JACK: You don't mean that

BECKY: I do.
This place is- From the moment you arrive- I don't know why I'm here, I don't know why I am here wasting my time in the shittiest town in England. I shouldn't be here, I shouldn't be here with you.

JACK: Go then.
Beat

Don't think I don't know about you too.

BECKY: What?

JACK: I *know* what has been going on with you.

Beat

I saw your phone

BECKY: What?

JACK: I saw all the messages.

BECKY: You checked my phone?

JACK: Messages from lads.

BECKY nods.

BECKY: You read them?

JACK: Yes.

BECKY: They're just friends.

JACK: Really?

I don't believe you.

JACK: I'm not stupid.

BECKY: I can have friends, I can have close male friends you know.

JACK: Stop it.

BECKY: You can have-

JACK: Stop it.

BECKY: It's not like- It's not like

JACK: Stop it.

BECKY: It's not like you've even noticed I've been here all weekend.

JACK: I know. I'm sorry.

Beat

BECKY: *(signalling at the shaver)* Are you going to use that?

JACK: What?

BECKY: Are you going to use it?

JACK: I don't know.

BECKY: But you were going to.

JACK nods.

BECKY: Then why did you stop?

JACK: Because of you.

BECKY: Because of me?

JACK: Yes.

BECKY: Well you don't have to now.

JACK: *(quietly)* I guess not.

BECKY takes the shaver off JACK and switches it on. She gives it back to him.

BECKY: There you go.

JACK looks at it.

JACK: I don't know if I want to.

BECKY: It's up to you.

JACK: I don't know anymore.

BECKY: Yes you do.

JACK: I don't know.

JACK looks at BECKY he carefully raises the shaver up to his head and starts to shave his head. BECKY watches.