

## OLLIE SIDE 1

OLLIE. There!

JILL. Oh! A bonfire.

OLLIE. There's another one.

JILL. Who's made them, d'you think?

OLLIE. The homeless. Didn't you see them under the flyover?

JILL. No.

OLLIE. Cardboard City.

JILL. Oh, Ollie... Put the sheet up! Quick!

OLLIE. Don't worry. They're too far away to see us.

JILL. If *we* can see *their* fire, I'm sure *they* can see *our* candles.

### OLLIE START

OLLIE. ...Next night!

JILL. We're asleep in bed!

*Slight pause.*

What's that?

OLLIE. Eh...?

JILL. A noise.

OLLIE. Where?

JILL. Downstairs.

OLLIE. What sort of—?

JILL. Shhh!

*Slight pause.*

There!

OLLIE. It's coming from the kitchen.

JILL. Did you lock the back door?

OLLIE. I thought *you* did!

*Slight pause.*

JILL. There it is again!

OLLIE. Probably a fox.

JILL. You think so?

OLLIE. It can smell the food. It'll rummage around a bit and then

just...

JILL. "Then just"?

OLLIE. ...Go away.

*Slight pause.*

Okay. That's no fox.

JILL. You can't be sure.

OLLIE. I can.

JILL. But how—?

OLLIE. Jill! What's down there is opening and closing cupboard doors. Now, unless it happens to be a fox genetically engineered by Pixar, I suggest it is *not* a fox.

JILL. Oh, Ollie.

OLLIE. I'm calling the police.

JILL. It'll take them ages to get here.

OLLIE. What else do you suggest we—? Shit!

JILL. What?

OLLIE. No signal—Try your phone.

JILL. ...No signal.

OLLIE. Shit!

JILL. It's one of the homeless.

OLLIE. What?

JILL. Downstairs. They saw our candles. I *told* you they would!

OLLIE. Well, if it is...they probably have a bite to eat, then go.

JILL. "Probably have a bite to eat, then go"?

OLLIE. If they wanted to hurt us they'd've done it by now.

JILL. Perhaps they need to get their strength up first.

OLLIE. Why must you be so negative all the time?

JILL. *Me* negative?!

OLLIE. I have more faith in human nature than you.

JILL. So...we just wait here like nothing's happening?

OLLIE. ...Yes.

*Slight pause.*

JILL. I am more than a little stressed, Ollie.

OLLIE. ...Perhaps I should call out.

JILL. "Call out"?

OLLIE. Let them know we know.

JILL. What good will *that* do?

OLLIE. Scare them off.

JILL. What if it sends them up here with a carving knife.

OLLIE. There you go with that negativity again!

JILL. If you say that one more time I'll—What're you doing?

OLLIE. What's it look like?

JILL. You're not going downstairs?!

OLLIE. You and baby are getting stressed.

JILL. There might be more than one down there, Ollie.

OLLIE. Then I'll...

JILL. What?

OLLIE. Politely ask them to leave.

JILL. "*Politely* ask them"?!

OLLIE. They're just homeless, Jill. Not psycho killers.

JILL. What are you looking for?

OLLIE. A weapon.

JILL. I thought you just said—

OLLIE. A precaution. That's all.

JILL. Listen. I think we should just stay up here and—

OLLIE. No. If we let them get away with it tonight there might be a whole army of them tomorrow. We'll be a...an open bloody house for every passing vagrant who—Candlestick! This'll crack a skull in.

JILL. I'm scared.

OLLIE. Me too. Stay here. Okay?... *Jill?*

JILL. Okay, okay.

OLLIE. I'm leaving the bedroom now... I'm at the top of the stairs... "Hello? Anyone there?"... I'm going down the stairs... I'm at the bottom... "I warn you! I'm armed!"

JILL. What can you see?

OLLIE. The kitchen door's closed.

JILL. Can you hear anything?

OLLIE. ...No. Stay up there.

JILL. Say you've got a gun.

OLLIE. "I've got a gun!"... I'm walking down the corridor now. I'm pushing the kitchen door open. I'm going into the kitchen. "I don't want any trouble." The back door is open. Food on the floor. I keep expecting to see a face but...nothing—AHHH! Someone's grabbed me from behind!

JILL. Ollie!

OLLIE. Hot breath down my neck. Fingers are around my neck. I kick. Force myself back...back... I crash whoever's grabbing me into the sink. The grip loosens. I turn. It's a man. He's got a grey beard. He snatches something from the draining board. I think it's a knife. He lashes at me. I swing the candlestick. I catch his upper arm. He lets out a cry but it doesn't stop him grabbing my hair. He raises his other hand—The knife! I drop the candlestick and catch hold of his wrist. The blade's getting closer and closer. "Please... Just go! I don't...I don't want to hurt you." He's not listening. I knee him in the stomach and shove as hard as I can. He stumbles back. He slips on something. He crashes against the kitchen door.

JILL. Ollie!

OLLIE. He's just standing there. He's not moving. His eyes are wide. Then I see...dangling from his overcoat pocket...hearing aids. Why wasn't he wearing them? Perhaps they're broken. "I am ver-ry sor-ry. I must have scared you when I—" Is that blood dripping from his hands...pooling at his feet... Oh, God! The coat hook. On the back of the door...

JILL. Ollie!

OLLIE. I pull the door open and go into the hall.

JILL. What's going on?

OLLIE. I told you to stay upstairs!

JILL. Is that blood!

OLLIE. Where?

JILL. There.

OLLIE. It's...it's not mine.

JILL. Not...?

OLLIE. We...we struggled...he stumbled and—

JILL. He's *hurt*?

OLLIE. Well, yes, but—No! Don't go into the kitchen, Jill!

JILL. He needs *help*, Ollie.

OLLIE. The coat hook. He fell back onto it and...

*Touches the back of his head. Jill cries out.*

JILL. He's...he's *dead*?!

OLLIE. Calm down.

JILL. "*Calm down*"?! You've just killed a—"Calm down"?!

OLLIE. Sit on the stairs.

JILL. I don't want to sit on the—Oh, God! God!

OLLIE. Listen to me, Jill. You need to get a grip. The baby, Jill...*Jill!*

JILL. Okay... Okay...

OLLIE. Deep breaths.

**END** *Jill breathes deep.*

---

...Now...what's happened here is just a...a bit of bad luck and—

JILL. ...Look!

OLLIE. Eh?

JILL. There! Under the kitchen door.

OLLIE. Light?!

JILL. It's so bright!

OLLIE. Too bright to look at.

JILL. There's no electric, Ollie.

OLLIE. I know that.

JILL. So what's causing the—?

OLLIE. I don't bloody know!

JILL. A searchlight! Perhaps a helicopter's outside and—?

OLLIE. I can't hear any helicop—