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CASAROTTO RAMSAY &
ASSOCIATES LIMITED

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David Greig

by

a play

PYRENEES

setting

The terrace of a three star hotel, high in the Pyrenees.
Just before the season begins, as the snows on the upper slopes
are melting.

characters

The Man - In his mid fifties

Anna - A Minor Consular Official, late thirties

The Proprietor - The Hotel Owner

Vivienne - A Former Speech Therapist, fifties

Water Burn - Michael Longley

*We should have been galloping on horses, their hoofprints
Splashes of light, divots kicked out of the darkness,
Or hauling up lobster pots in a wake of sparks. Where
Were the otters and seals? Were the dolphins on fire?
Yes, we should have been doing more with our lives.*

'maybe I will, and maybe I won't'

In memory of Morag Hood

ACT ONE

Anna and The Man are seated at a table on the terrace.
A mini cassette recorder sits on the table between them.
Anna is dressed smartly, for work, but with a nod to the unusual location of the interview and the season.
The man is wearing a borrowed suit without a tie.

Anna loads the machine with a cassette.
She spends an awkwardly long period of time trying to get it to work.
She consults a little folded instruction leaflet.
She's a little nervous.
The Man watches her.

Anna: It's ok.

The Man: Would you - ?

Anna: No. I've used this machine before.

The Man: Sometimes they're temperamental.

Anna: mm.

The Man: Would you like - ?

Anna: I think I've got it.

The Man: Good.

Anna tries the machine.

It seems to work.

Anna: Instructions in five languages, none of it makes any sense.

The smallest of laughs from Anna.

Something of a pause as she fiddles with it.

The Man: There's no rush.

She rewinds.

She presses play.

The recorded voice is distant, barely audible.

The laugh is audible.

Tape: Instructions in five languages, none of it makes any sense.
(The smallest of laughs)

She switches it off.

The man is smiling.

Anna: Right.

...

I know.

I'm terrible with... equipment.

Cars. Things that have a manual.

The Man: I'm not laughing at you, honestly.

Anna: It's funny.

The Man: I deserve it.
Anna: No.
Anna: Anything mechanical - I get a bit

She makes a hand gesture which seems to conjure clumsy indecisive hands dealing with a small, technical object. Simultaneously she is searching for a word.
you know...

The Man: I'm sorry?
Anna: I shouldn't really use that word, but you know what I mean.
The Man: Spazzy?

Anna: It's a bad habit. You don't need to tell me.
The Man: I've never heard it before.
Anna: Oh.
Anna: It's just a childish - at school they used to...
Really?

The Man: It sounds American.
Anna: No it's - it's - gosh -
It's from - I don't even like to say it - spastic. It's -
The Man: Spazzy.

Anna: But actually it's quite offensive.
The Man: Spazzy. (He laughs)
Anna: It's not really appropriate anymore.
The Man: It's a funny word.

Anna: At school - it was just - but kids do, don't they.
So - because I'm epileptic.
'Spazzy Anna'
I just picked it up.
So I should know better actually.
The Man: 'Spazzy Anna'

The Man: Actually really I shouldn't have said it.
Would you mind not mentioning it to anybody.
The Man: Not at all.
Anna: It's a slight breach of guidelines, you know. That's all.
Anyway - we'll get started.
I don't want to keep you too long.

The Man: Keep me as long as you like.
It's a glorious morning.
It's nice to have company.

Anna: Yes.

The Man: Since my experience, Miss Edwards -

Anna: Call me Anna.

The Man: Anna - the smallest things seem -

Anna: Lets be informal.

Anna: Sorry.

The Man: It's quite all right.

Anna: The smallest things.

The Man: The smallest things -

The Man: You know, a bird or the way a person plays chess, they seem part of - I do understand that this is embarrassing for people. - a greater one-ness. I feel awake to the wonder of being alive and amongst things. So unfortunately I smile at people more than I should. In fact, it was your laugh which made me smile. Hearing your laugh on the tape. That's all.

Anna: It's all right. Really.

The Man: I probably seem a bit 'spazzy'.

Anna: Not at all.

The Man: Pay no attention.

Anna: No I - it's - actually. I know exactly what you mean.

... O.K.

Let's... so... if you could just say something. For a level.

She switches the tape on.

She stands the recorder on the table between them.

The Man: ...

Anna: What did you have for breakfast this morning?

The Man: I had an English breakfast. Bacon, eggs, sausage, tomato. Just the usual.

Anna: I had the continental.

The Man: I dithered over the continental, but in the end I plumped for the English.

Anna: O.K. that should do.

She rewinds the tape a little.

Plays it.

Both listen.

Tape: *Dithered over the continental, but in the end I plumped for the English.*

The Man: Do I sound like that?

Anna: Yes.

The Man: It's strange.

Anna: It's always horrible hearing your own voice on tape.

The Man: I suppose so.

Anna: Does it trigger anything for you? Any memories?

The Man: It sounds like -

It's softly spoken.

It's quite a softly spoken voice.

That's all I could say about it.

Anna: When I was an actress, I had a voice coach once, and she told me that people carry a landscape in their voice. This was to help us find the right accent. She said that, you know, if a person's from Glasgow their voice would be low, held in the back of their throat, like this 'hullo' because in Glasgow it's always raining, you see, so everybody has their heads down.

The Man: Play it again.

Anna rewinds and plays the tape again.

The Man: I don't know. What do you think?

Anna: I suppose it sounds soft. Like you said.

Softly spoken.

Maybe you come from a soft landscape?

The Man: Somewhere with rolling hills. Low hills.

Anna: Yes.

The Man: And farmland. Copses.

Anna: Does that landscape ring any bells?

The Man: It certainly feels familiar.

Anna: Of course it may not mean anything. I'm not really here to

investigate that per se. Really I just need to establish that you're British and see if I can set out a process for the investigation. Hopefully just by talking we can establish a few background details. Then we'll send the tape to a forensic specialist in the UK who can analyse the tape. Come up with something more specific. And eventually we'll try to match what we've got against the missing persons records.

The Man: I do seem to feel an affinity with nature. I've been appreciating the arrival of spring.

Seeing the birds come back.
 Just these past few days.

Anna: It's gorgeous isn't it.
 Not like Britain.

The Man: Things coming to life again.

Anna: You feel it don't you? One does.

The Man: Very strongly.
 You were an actress?

Anna: Yes. Well, you know, a long time ago.

The Man: Can't have been that long ago.

Anna: I gave it up. It wasn't really me.

The Man: That's a shame.

Anna: Well, it's not so much that I wasn't any good. I was - well - that's for others to judge. I just don't think I was cut out for it.

The Man: Learning all those lines.

Anna: No, I could learn the lines. I think it was more that I didn't seem to fit a 'type'.

The Man is staring at Anna.

In theatre, people often cast by 'type'. And I - well I don't know - my face didn't fit. Whatever it was. Maybe it was that I'm - you know, my weight.

The Man: ...

Anna: Anyway lah di dah.
 It doesn't matter.
 Is everything all right?

The Man: Hm?

Anna: It's just you were...

The Man: I was looking at you. Sorry.

Anna: It's all right.
 I don't mind you looking.
 I was just worried for a moment.
 That you were ill.

The Man: Sometimes I get a feeling when I'm speaking to a person.
 Like an undertow.

Anna: Oh.
 Perhaps that's important.
 An undertow?

The Man: I can't really describe it in more detail than that I'm afraid.

Anna: But I have that feeling with you.

Anna: Is it a feeling of recognition?

The Man: I don't know.

Anna: Of course if you felt you recognised me that would be odd. I mean I know you've never met me before. Because I would remember.

The Man: You're right.

Anna: But maybe I remind you of someone?

The Man: No. It isn't that.

The Man: It's gone.

Anna: I'm not sure I could have put a word to it anyway.

Anna: OK.

Anna: Never mind.

The Man: Sorry.

Anna: God, there's no need to apologise. I wasn't -

The Man: This must be very difficult for you.

The Man: It's embarrassing.

Anna: Please don't be embarrassed.

The Man: No, I mean, not knowing who I am. It isn't difficult really except when ... well, in social situations. It's embarrassing.

Anna: Please don't be embarrassed with me. I'm here to help. You're not under suspicion or in any kind of trouble. Far from it. A lot of people have an idea about consular staff that we're stuck up, or cold, out to get them. But we're not. I think we're like doctors. We just try to sort out people's problems.

The Man: Have you ever had anyone like me before?

Anna: I believe it's happened, not in France but somewhere. I once heard about it. It isn't common, no. But that's the thing about Consular work - every day is different.

The Man: Today you're a detective.

Anna: Not really a detective.

The Man: A puzzler.

Anna: It's certainly one of the more interesting cases I've had.

The Man: If it's any help.

I'm pretty sure I'm British.

Anna: We can't be sure of anything.

The Man: You're right but, you know, just then - when you were talking about the consular staff. Suddenly I felt proud. It was a feeling of pride in the British Diplomatic Service.
Why would I feel proud of the British Diplomatic Service?
Unless I was British?

Anna: I'll just take a note of that.

Anna takes a note of that.

Maybe we should begin with - if you're comfortable, if you could just - for the tape, to get an example of your speech down, if you could just - I don't know - describe where we are, what you can see?

The Man:

Um.
We're on the terrace. A terrace.
Around us there are tables and chairs.
Below us there's a steep slope, a mountain pasture,
Stretching away down.
Over there - there's a sheer rock face.
It's very rugged.
Beautiful.
Very typical of The Pyrenees I suppose.
Is that enough?

Anna:

Perhaps a little bit more.
It's not so much what you see as the words you use to describe it that are important.

The Man:

...

Anna:

Just keep going.
Try to be natural.

The Man:

The sky is blue. Porcelain blue.
White cirrus clouds high up.
There's a waitress, a young girl, she's looking down at the tents, the climbers' camp in the pasture.
Wisitully.
A pine forest behind us.
Have you walked in the pines?

Anna:

...

The Man:

The smell of a thaw.

...

Look, as a matter of fact, describing things feels unnatural.

Anna:

It's good. Keep going.

The Man:

A... through the pines... a river, not a river but a...
There's a word for it.
Smaller than a river -

Anna:

Stream?

The Man: Stream. Yes. I suppose. Running through the pines.

Anna: It wasn't the word you were looking for?

The Man: No.
'Buh... 'Buh...'
It's on the tip of my tongue.

Anna: Brook?

The Man: No.

Anna: Beck?

The Man: No.

Something of a pause.

The Man: It's gone.

Anna: If it had been 'beck' then we could have said that you were from Yorkshire, you see, or at least the north of England, or at least

that you have some connection with the north.

The Man: Right. I get you. The words are a clue.

'I'm sorry I can't -

'buh...'

No.

Anna: We'll tape some more later.

There's no rush.

I'm just here to get to know you and write down whatever I think

might help the experts.

I think we should try to be relaxed about it.

No point rushing.

Just...

Take it as it comes.

The Man: I might be from Yorkshire.

York.

No.

Nothing stirring.

York.

Anna: While you think about that, I'll just write some of this down.

Do you mind if I smoke.

The Man: Not at all.

Anna takes out a cigarette and lights it.

She writes on her pad.

Something of a pause.

The Man: There's something about the smoke.

The smell.

Anna: I am sorry. Is it blowing in your face?

The Man: It's familiar.

Do you - do you mind? Could I have a cigarette?

Anna: I'm sorry I didn't offer. I just assumed you didn't smoke.

The Man: I haven't. Not since I've been here.

But the smell is definitely familiar.

I'm just wondering if it's familiar because I'm a smoker.

Do you see?

Anna: The smell of smoke would be familiar to someone who lived with a smoker. Just because it's familiar doesn't mean that you're a smoker.

The Man: I won't know unless I try it will I?

Anna: Yes, but that's something you wouldn't want to find out.

You don't want to discover that you're a smoker.

Not if you've given up.

The Man: No. I'm pretty sure I am a smoker.

Anna: People go to endless lengths to give up smoking.

I know - believe me - I'm weak myself.

So even if you were a smoker - you've given up so -

The Man: Just give me a fag.

Anna: ...

*Anna offers him the packet.
He takes a cigarette.
He lights it.*

The Man: Yes. This feels very familiar. This feels... yes...

Like coming home.

Anna: I'm sorry. I shouldn't have been smoking myself.

Not when I'm working.

The Man: Don't worry about it.

Anna: Now I've got you started.

The Man: You didn't offer me heroin, Miss Edwards.

Anna: I know.

The Man: We're making progress.

Anna: Anna.

The Man: I know.

Anna: Sorry.

The Man: I'm a smoker.
I'm not from Yorkshire.
It's not much but it's a start.

Anna: This must be terribly difficult for you.

The Man: It's fine.

I have money. A place to stay. My health. I'm happy.

There are people much worse off than me. It's kind of you to be concerned but - I don't think I like fuss.

I think I'm the kind of person who doesn't like a fuss being made of them.

Anna: I know what you mean. I'm like that myself.

The Man: Are you?

Anna: I like to be left alone.

The Man: Not completely alone.

Anna: Can't get into trouble on my own.

The Man: Not fussed over.

Anna: No.

The Man: That's it.

That's what I'm like.

Anna: I respect that.

The Man: Thank you.

Anna: Do you mind if I ask, as much for my own curiosity as anything else. What do you remember? - I mean - do you have any memories?

The Man: I remember being found in the snow. I remember everything since then.

Anna: But before? I mean, how do you know where you are?

The Man: Well, I'm here.

Anna: No - but where is here?

The Man: The terrace.

Anna: — Yes but -

The Man: The Pyrenees.

France.

Anna: And France - what is France?

The Man: I'm not clear what you mean?

Anna: Does France mean anything to you?

The Man: France is a country.

Anna: Do you know what a country is?

The Man: Yes.

Anna: I see.

...
 What's the capital of Uruguay?

The Man: Montevideo.
 Look, I can see what you're getting at. Clearly I still have whatever bank of general knowledge I built up in my previous ... existence. But when I bring that knowledge to mind what's missing is my place in it. I'm absent. I have no idea how I came to know it. Do you see?

Anna: Your accent has a burr.
 You became quite animated just then and I noticed a burr to your accent.

The Man: Does it?
 Maybe it does.
 Can you place it?

Anna: No... wales?... 'know it' no idea how I came to know it.
 Wales?
 'Know it.'
 The experts will get it.
 We should tape you, when you're animated.
 Hold on.

*She picks up the tape recorder again.
 Prepares to press record.*

You're looking at me again.

The Man: I know.
 It's an undertow of warmth.
 I'm getting it again.

Anna: Warmth.
 That's interesting.
 Particularly when I just mentioned Wales.

The Man: Miss Edwards. Anna.
 This is a little embarrassing.
 ...
 I seem to want to hold you.

Anna: I see.

The Man: It's going.
 The feeling's fading.

Anna: Get it back, try - describe it.

The Man: Wanting to hold you.
 And a feeling of wanting to tell you about the feeling.

Anna: Hold me.

The Man: Are you sure?

Anna: It's quite all right.

The Man leaves his chair. He goes over to Anna's chair. Anna stands up. He holds her. He remains that way for some moments. He breaks off. He returns to his chair. He sits down.

Anna: Gosh.

The Man: I'm sorry.

Anna sits down again.

Anna: No, it's good. It's -

The Man: I can't help it. I just had the feeling.

Anna: Actually, because I used to be an actress, and also because I've worked so long in a Mediterranean country I'm actually more comfortable with that sort of spontaneous physical contact than most people. It's really - it's o.k.

The Man: I feel embarrassed now.

Anna: Don't.

The Man: I'm sweating. God. I'm really sorry. You're here to do a job, not to have me pawing over you like some Norwegian pig.

Anna: It's o.k. It's o.k. Norwegian?

The Man: What?

Anna: You said, 'like some Norwegian pig.'

The Man: Yes.

Anna: Why Norwegian?

The Man: It's just, 'Norwegian Pig', a figure of speech. Just - ... Isn't it?

Anna: 'Norwegian Pig'. Surely that's a phrase isn't it. I've never heard it before.

The Man: Disgusting pig. Pig anyway. It doesn't matter.

Anna: You held me.

It wasn't disgusting.

Something of a pause.

The Man: In the snow, the feeling I had when I opened my eyes. I had a feeling of extraordinary - I can't put a word to it. Cleanliness. A feeling of whiteness, of cold, but also a feeling of The most enormous relief. As though I'd woken up screaming from a dream I couldn't remember. Sometimes, when you ask questions, I feel as though I'm going to fall somewhere. In my head.

Anna: I understand.

The Man: If I've forgotten, maybe I had good reason to forget.

Anna: I don't believe, if this is what you're saying, that you're - I'm no expert but if it's any comfort, the impression you give me is kindly. You seem kindly.

The Man: What does that mean?

Anna: A kindly soul. I'm known as being quite a good judge of character. I often wonder if I'm not slightly psychic actually. I once met Slobodan Milosovic at a reception and I got an intense feeling of evil from him. As physical as if he was radiating heat. From you I get kindness. Warmth. Strength.

The Man: ...

Anna: We'll get to the bottom of it.

Anna holds his hand across the table.

Anna: What's your name?

The Man: ...

Anna: ...

Anna withdraws her hand.

The Man: Why did you ask me that?

You know I don't know.

Were you trying to trick me?

Anna: No.

The Man: You don't believe me.

Anna: Of course I do, I'm sorry, I -

The Man: I don't know what my name is.

I don't know who I am.

How could I know what my name is?

Anna: I thought, for a second, that you might answer from instinct.

The Man: Don't you think I haven't tried that?
 Anna: It was silly of me.
 The Man: It's fine.
 I'm sorry.
 You didn't mean anything.
 Anna: No. It was clumsy. I overstepped the mark.
 The Man: I over reacted.
 I think you touched a nerve.
 Anna: That might be significant you know.
 The Man: Maybe.
 Anna: Sorry.
 The Man: Look, do you mind if we break for a bit.
 Anna: No. It's o.k. It's a good idea. We'll take a break.
 The Man: My head's -
 He makes a gesture with his hands, suggesting his thoughts are in a jumble.
 Anna: Of course.
 The Man retreats to the edge of the terrace.
 Something of a pause.
 The Man returns.
 The Man: Do you mind if I borrow a cigarette?
 I'll buy some.
 Anna: Not at all.
 The Man: Thankyou.
 She offers a cigarette. He takes it and lights it.
 The Man: I just need a moment to recover.
 Anna: Of course.
 The Man retreats again.
 He smokes.
 He looks at the view.
 The Proprietor enters.
 The Proprietor: Good Morning, Miss Edwards.
 Anna: Morning.
 The Proprietor: Springlike.
 Anna: Isn't it just.

The Proprietor: And it's quiet. You can enjoy the peace.

Anna: Yes.

The Proprietor: The season hasn't really begun yet. This is the first time I've put tables out on the terrace. At the moment there's just you, the gentleman and the lady in room one hundred and eight. There are some climbers about but they camp on the pasture. They don't spend any money here. They'll be on the mountain soon. You can watch them. People watch them from the terrace with binoculars. Every year one or two of them fall. They want to climb. We want to watch. Some of them are bound to fall. What can I do?
I prepared a room for you. Room 109. Whenever you're ready I'll take your bag up for you.

Anna: Thankyou. I think I'll be all right.

The Proprietor: Whatever you prefer.

How is he?

Anna: Oh, you know. It's...

It must be terribly difficult for him.

The Proprietor:

Obviously since he arrived I've been expecting a visit from someone, although you could have called ahead and I'd have prepared things for you. Yesterday, the gendarme, Bernard Marie told me to expect someone at some point he wasn't any clearer than that - but then Bernard Marie is not noted for his clarity. I hope there isn't a problem. Is the gentleman in trouble? He's been very quiet. He comes down from his room every morning and sits on the terrace. He looks at the mountain. Bernard Marie comes by in the afternoon to check he's still here. He talks to him. Bernard-Marie is struggling with inner demons, don't tell him I told you that, and I think he likes to talk things through with an Englishman. I don't count. If you ask me the man's a pilgrim. When they found him he was clutching a Scallop shell. In all likelihood he's a pilgrim who's had a nervous breakdown, got lost in the snow, and... now here he is. I play chess with him. He's a poor chess player but no one else here plays at all so... He pays for the room by the day. He doesn't complain. I'll be sad to see him go. Do you have an idea who he is? I don't want to know. If he's done something awful I don't want to know.

Anna:

What makes you think he's done something awful?

The Proprietor:

How old do you think he is?

Anna:

I don't know, late forties, early fifties.

The Proprietor:

Do you know any man, or any person for that matter, but let's be more specific, do you know any man, any man at all who has reached the age of fifty without at any stage in his life having done something awful. Some awful act, or failure to act, which he regrets bitterly. Some act which would come back to him nightly and bring beads of sweat to his forehead. Some act which he would yearn to erase.

Anna:

Well, I don't know...

The Proprietor:

Take it from me.

Anna: But people, sometimes people are ashamed of perfectly reasonable things. Maybe he wanted to erase something that happened to him. Something he was a victim of.

The Proprietor: Perhaps. I hope you're right.

Anna: And people are capable of good.

The Proprietor: Sporadically.

Anna: So, you know, he's just as likely to have done good things, to be a good person, a person whom someone loves. Someone who someone else needed, needs even.

The Proprietor: What are the chances?

Anna: Do you speak to him about this?

The Proprietor: No. Of course not.

I play chess with him. That's all.

Really. He's been the perfect gentleman. Can I bring you a pot of coffee?

Anna: Thank you.

The Proprietor: Shall I ask him if he wants anything?

Anna: Leave him just now.

The Proprietor: Do you have inside information?

You must have an idea.

The British police must have an idea.

Has he done something awful?

No I actually don't want to know.

Anna: Really I'm only here to establish if he's our responsibility.

Once I've done that I'll be out of your hair.

The Proprietor: Oh he's definitely British.

I'll go further than that. He's English. I'd put my shirt on it.

I haven't lived in England since I was a tiny boy

Who'd want to?

Really.

I occasionally go to London on business.

Dearie me.

But I can tell an Englishman when I see one.

We still carry a certain bearing.

Wouldn't you say?

Anna: I don't know. I'm not an expert. I'm just... I'm really just a... it's quite an unusual job for me in fact. It's not part of my regular duties.

The Proprietor: Suggestion.

Ask him if he likes to spank or be spanked.

I've never known an Englishman who doesn't like one or the other.

For a Spaniard, like me, to have sex is to enter into a zone of ritualized combat between oneself and death.

The German in me thinks of sex like eating – a gustatory business.

all fingers, juices and smells.
My Italian side requires an audience and applause.
The Portuguese in me simply wants to weep at the sadness of beauty.
Ah well.
Do you like to spank or be spanked?

Anna:

...

The Proprietor:

You're embarrassed. It's well seen you're English.

Anna:

Actually I'm not. As it happens I'm Welsh.

The Proprietor:

Fiercely.

Don't mind me, I flirt with all the clientele.

It's the Frenchman in me.

You mustn't take me seriously.

Anna:

Right.

The Proprietor:

It's been a long winter.

I've barely talked to anyone since last November.

...

I'll get your coffee.

He's looking over here.

Morning.

The Man:

Morning.

The Proprietor:

Well. Good luck.

I don't want to know.

I take as I find.

The Proprietor exits.

He returns with a tray and a coffee.

He puts it down in front of her.

The Proprietor:

Will there be anything else?

Anna:

No. I'm fine. Thankyou. This is fine. Thankyou.

The Proprietor remains for a moment.

Anna takes out her purse.

She takes out some money, offers it to him.

Anna:

Thankyou.

The Proprietor:

I am the proprietor, Madam. It's not necessary to offer me a gratuity.

Anna: —

Oh, I'm so sorry.

The Proprietor:

If there's nothing else.

Anna:

No. No. I'm fine. I'm sorry.

The Proprietor:

It's not necessary to be sorry for offering me a gratuity madam.

Anna:

Right.

Silly.

The Proprietor exits.

The man comes back over to Anna and sits down.

The Man: I've been thinking.
Or at least the west country.
Cheltenham, or Swindon, or Gloucester.
Right.

The Man: It's the landscape. It's... soft, and I do seem to have a sense of low hills, woodland and mists... which is –

Anna: You don't have a strong accent.
The Man: That doesn't necessarily mean anything.
I may have lost the accent.
Or else I may be – you see I have money – maybe I'm Middle class.
Perhaps I'm a person from the West Country but with a standard accent.
R.P.
Neutral.

Anna: I suppose it's worth following up.

The Man: It's something else as well.
The word 'downs' came to me.
From nowhere.
As I was standing there, smoking, and by the way I'm convinced now that I am a smoker. I saw a woman walking on the pasture. The woman from room one hundred and eight. She was walking down the path towards the... stream. And I had a feeling...

Anna: The undertow.

The Man: That's right. And I thought to myself 'there she is, walking the downs; But that's a west country word isn't it?

Anna: You might be right.
The Man: It might be nothing.

...
I just started to get a picture of myself.
As a boy, amongst a soft landscape.
And growing up, and needing to leave.
A sense of myself as a sailor, of some kind.
Of the pull of the sea.
And a feeling that life held more for me.
Adventure.
Dolphins - a picture of dolphins amongst the foam at the prow of a fast moving boat.
The company of men.
It's all very vague but...
What do you think.

Anna: I'm sorry?
The Man: You seem distracted.
Anna: Oh, Yes.

The Man: I think I just offended the proprietor.

Anna: Pedro?

The Man: Is that his name?

Anna: One of them.

Anna: He was hovering. I offered him a tip.

The Man: Oh no.

Anna: I know. I didn't realise.

The Man: It's fine. Pedro's - He'll understand.

Anna: Maybe I should go an apologise.

The Man: Pedro's fine.

Anna: I'm Welsh but I'm so bloody English. Ugh. I often think India would never have been part of the British empire if, when the first ship came, the Indians had stood on the shoreline looking as if they might or might not require a tip. I think the English would have frozen. I think they would have run away.

The Man: I never tip. On principle. I'm a socialist. Born and bred.

Anna: Really.

The Man: I don't know where that came from.

Anna: What?

The Man: I wonder if it's true.

Anna: About tipping?

The Man: About me - being a socialist - what I said. I don't know where it came from. But the words felt familiar as I said them.

Anna: Maybe things are starting to come back to you?

The Man: Maybe.

... Why would a socialist be against tipping?

Anna: When I was a waitress, I hated non tippers.

The Man: You would. It seems perverse.

Anna: It's downright inconsiderate.

The Man: I must have been a git.

Anna: Mean.

The Man: A Jock.

Anna laughs.

Anna: I shouldn't laugh.

The Man: A mean spirited, depressed, dour, violent, Jock. Making everybody miserable. No wonder I went mad.

They both laugh.

Anna: I was just thinking – about the breakfast – you mentioned you had the full english?

The Man: You're worried about my health again.

Anna: Well – yes – smoking, cholesterol... No it's just I wondered – the full english breakfast. I wondered. Is that what you've had every morning.

The Man: Since I've been here.

Anna: I just wonder if that – might mean you're English. If you see what I mean.

The Man: I do.

Anna: You're a man who eats a full English breakfast. That's your preference.

The Man: Although I always dither over the continental. Maybe in your previous – maybe – before – maybe –

The Man: Maybe.

The Man: But then – what if I was the sort of man who ate a continental breakfast out of concern for my health but deep down had always wanted to eat a full English? That would explain the dithering.

Anna: You're right. It's probably nothing.

The Man: For example. I've shown a marked preference for coffee. Even though they offer tea here. But that's not very English is it? To drink coffee?

Anna: Well, these days... I don't know. I drink coffee myself and I'm English. Well, as I say, Welsh.

The Man: Welsh.

Anna: Yes.

The Man: If you hadn't said, I'd never have guessed.

Anna: People don't.

The Man: Where from in Wales?

Anna: You wouldn't know it.

The Man: I suppose not.

Anna: To be honest I say I'm Welsh, my father came from Wales. I was actually brought up in Essex. So... whatever that means. And then I went to school in Yorkshire. Nuns. And then I went to university in Brighton. And then I joined the diplomatic service so I've lived in Tel Aviv and in Gaberone and now here I am in France. But if pressed. I think of myself as Welsh. Whatever that means.

Something of a pause.

Anna: Let's carry on. I mean there isn't much more to do. I think we've established that you're English, quite possibly from the West Country. Probably middle class, professional. At some point you may have worked on the sea. We have some material on tape for the forensic experts to study. I think it's a safe bet that you're the responsibility of the British embassy.

The Man: I can't argue with that.

Anna: All I need to do now, really, is to establish some details about your arrival here. And then I have everything I need.

The Man: Whatever you need.

Anna: Now, the report from the Gendarmerie -

The Man: Bernard Marie.

Anna: Yes.

I received a copy of his report. He says that you were found in the snow in one of the high passes near here on the pilgrims' way to Santiago da Compostela. Two climbers on their way down from the pass saw you slumped in the snow, apparently unconscious. They approached you, found you were alive, and carried you down to here.

The Man: That's my memory of events as well.

Anna: They say you were found wearing a suit, and a coat. The coat was labelled Abercrombie and Fitch, the suit was labelled with a Geneva

tailor's mark. Does any of that mean anything to you?

The Man: Not in the slightest.

Anna: Me neither.

The climbers also say that close beside you was a briefcase and that when you were brought back here they opened the briefcase with your permission and they saw it was filled with money, in Euros. There was no other documentation in the case.

The Man: Yes, that's right.

Anna: And finally we know that in your hand, when you were found, you were holding a scallop shell medallion.

The Man: That's correct.

Anna: The doctor who examined you found nothing physically wrong with the cold and injuries to your feet consistent with having walked a long distance in inappropriate footwear.

You have a scar on the left side of your forehead.

The Man: Yes.

Anna: But the doctors say that's from a previous injury.

The Man: Having rested, I have to say I feel fine.

Anna: So that's all we know from the reports. What I wondered is if you could add to this stuff...

The Man: Not really.

Anna: What do you remember about the snow?

The Man: I really remember the moment. Very intense. Of waking up – in the snow. That moment's where I start from. Now. Now. A moment in the snow and being born, I suppose. This was when the climbers found you?

Anna: Oh before they found me. When I woke up. Amongst the snow. Something happened to me. Like waking up from a terrible dream?

The Man: I saw - not saw, felt - experienced... I... I... Can't describe it.

Anna: Was it... you must have been... you just woke up, amongst snow?

The Man: Yes.

Anna: With no memory of how you got there?

The Man: None.

Anna: Cold? Afraid?

The Man: The opposite of afraid.

Anna: Warm? Safe?

The Man: More. More than that. Something...

Anna: Like - like what?

The Man: Like having been scourged.

Anna: Gee whizz.

The Man: Not being scourged - having been scourged. No memory of the scourging itself - only the raw afterwards - Put your bare skin against snow for long enough. That feeling. Burning.

Anna: And did you know that you'd forgotten who you were?

The Man: No. It was the opposite. I had an intense understanding of exactly who I was.

Anna: What do you mean?

The Man: I was everything. Everything was me. There was no 'me'.

Anna: One-ness?

The Man: Doesn't capture it.

Anna: Connection?

The Man: No more and...

Anna: A religious feeling? A sense of the presence of God?

The Man: Maybe -

Anna: Look.

I'm wondering. I may be way off beam here... Do you have any history of epilepsy?

The Man: How would I know.

Anna: Of course. I forgot. It's just - some of the symptoms. In the immediate moments before a fit. I've felt...

It's called an aura.
An enormous intensity of sensation.
With me it's smell.
Or, more accurately, a memory of a smell.
And then, coming round afterwards,
It's...
A sense one has been made aware of another world.
Is it like that?

The Man:

Do you mind if we ... ?
Can we?
I feel quite tired.

Anna:

Of course. I'm sorry. We have plenty of time.

The Man:

I find it, all this, I suddenly find it terribly burdensome.
I'm sweating like a pig.

Anna:

It's warm.
It's definitely warm.

The Man:

There was a scallop shell medallion in my pocket.
Look.

He takes out the Scallop shell.

The Man:

That means I'm a pilgrim.
To be given shelter.

Anna:

The proprietor told me about it. I know.

The Man:

So obviously.
Whoever I am - was. Was.
Was on a pilgrimage.
And whoever I was I - found -
I had an experience.
And -
So... I don't really see what business the British Embassy has -
deciding who I am.
I'm sorry I was overtaken by a feeling.
I'm sorry.

Something of a pause.

Interrogating me.

Something of a pause.

—
Implying that I'm mentally sub normal.

Something of a pause.

It's not you.

You're fine.

It's the whole...

He makes a gesture with his hands suggesting that the world is jumbled up.

Clanjamtrie.

Anna: I'm sorry?

The Man: Clanjamfríe.

Anna: I don't understand.

The Man: Jumble. Noise

Anna: Clanjamfríe?

The Man: Don't you know the word?

Anna: No.

The Man: It's like Palaver.
or...
Shenanigans.

Anna: Is it Welsh? It doesn't sound Welsh.

The Man: It's an old word.
Everybody knows it.
Your mother comes into the room and says -
'What a clanjamfríe.'
It's an old word people use with children.

Anna: Is it to do with Edward Lear.

The Man: Look it up.
There must be a dictionary.
I don't know.
It may well be Old Cornish.
Given the West Country connection.
It could be a clue.

The Man: You keep picking up on words. It's just a word.
It doesn't mean anything.

Anna: You said your mother used it.

The Man: Did I?

Anna: She would come into your room.
I don't really remember.

Anna: It's o.k.
I've noted it.
I'll look it up.
It's probably nothing.

The Man: I'm sorry for being difficult.

Anna: It's all right.

The Man: I seem to be quite a volatile person don't I.
Quite stormy.

Anna: It's perfectly understandable in the circumstances.

The Man: The world seems so beautiful.

Anna: You nearly died.

The Man: Quite volatile.

*There is a catch in the man's throat.
He starts to cry in the manner of one for whom crying is not at all easy.
He may well not have cried for over thirty years.
It's a sort of cracking.*

Quite unlike myself.

*Anna holds his hand again across the table.
He manages to control the noise of his crying.
But he still weeps.*

I don't know why I'm crying.

He laughs.

Anna: It's good.

The Man: It's good.

Anna: Let it out.

Very abruptly the crying has stopped.

Let it all out.

The Man: Sorry about that.

Anna: You just cry all you like.

The Man: I'm fine now.

I don't know what came over me.

Anna: Let it go.

*Something of a pause.
Anna seems to expect him to continue crying but he doesn't.
They are still holding hands.*

The Man: Look.

Is it possible we've met before?

Anna: — I don't think so.

The Man: No.

Anna: But I know what you mean.

The Man: Do you?

Anna: I think so.

The Man: A sense.

Anna: Yes.
The Man: I feel more comfortable with you than seems...
Anna: Exactly.
The Man: You sense that.
Anna: More comfortable, very suddenly comfortable.
Which one doesn't normally feel.
The Man: No.
Anna: Certainly not in these circumstances.
The Man: A strong sense that I like you.
I feel that.
Quite strange.
Anna: It isn't that strange because I have the same feeling.
The same.
The Man: I don't mean anything by it. I don't - but -
Anna: You have - I think you have something - some -
I believe people are - that we're - somehow that we have a -
You know - a - something spiritual almost.
The Man: I know it's silly.
Anna: No it isn't.
Something of a pause.
Anna: It's getting dark.
The Man: It gets dark quickly here.
The sun goes behind the mountain.
It gets chilly quite quickly.
Anna: I booked a room for the night.
So I'm...
The Man: Right.
The Proprietor enters.
He is dressed a formal black waiters uniform.
He puts candles in bottles on the tables and lights them.
Proprietor: Good evening sir.
Good evening madam.
Both: Good evening.
Proprietor: A beautiful evening.
Anna: Yes.
Proprietor: We're very lucky.

Anna: Yes. About before...

Proprietor: Madam?

Anna: When I - I offered you a tip -

Proprietor: I don't remember, Madam.

Anna: Before.

Anna: When you came out here.

Proprietor: It must have been one of the other staff.

Anna: No, it was you.

Proprietor: I'm the waiter Madam.

Proprietor: My shift only begins at six.

Anna: It was you and - anyway I wanted to apologise...

Proprietor: Do you think we all look the same Madam?

Proprietor: Wogs begin at Calais.

Proprietor: Is that it?

Proprietor: Is that what you're suggesting?

The Man: Pedro.

Anna: Of course not.

The Man: Pedro's the waiter.

Anna: Right.

Anna: Obviously I made a mistake.

Proprietor: I do apologise.

Proprietor: There's no need to apologise madam.

Proprietor: A lot of English people make the same mistake.

Proprietor: I like to - you would call it - 'wind them up' Like a clockwork toy.

Proprietor: I was born in Africa. We Africans think it's fun to tease you Bwanas.

Proprietor: I don't mean anything personal by it.

Anna: I see.

The Man: *The candle is on the table and lit.*

The Proprietor: Can I bring you something to drink? An aperitif?

Anna and The Man look at each other.

Anna: Yes please.

The Man: Wine.

Anna: A bottle of the house red.

The Man: Thankyou.

Proprietor: You're welcome.

The proprietor leaves.

Anna: Oh god.

The Man: What?

Anna: I've offended him again.

The Man: You shouldn't have mentioned the tip thing.

Anna: I wanted to apologise.

The Man: It was forgotten.

When you offered to tip him, he saw you were embarrassed. Pedro wants to make everyone feel comfortable. He's a natural host. And he decided to pretend the incident never happened. He pretended to be someone else, so you would feel comfortable again. But you mentioned it. He couldn't back down - because that would have drawn attention to his motives and made you feel even more uncomfortable. So he turned it into a joke. That's all.

Anna: God. Why can't he just -

The Proprietor comes back in with the wine. He uncorks the bottle. Pours a little into Anna's glass. Anna tastes it.

Anna: That's fine thank you.

The proprietor pours the wine into both glasses. He places the bottle back on the table. He stands a little back from the table, hovering. Cheers.

The Man: ...

The Proprietor exits.

Anna: What?

The Man: He was expecting a tip.

Anna: But -

The Man: He thought that, given the fuss you've made about it, tipping made you feel comfortable. He was waiting for a tip.

Anna: Oh for gods sake.

Anna laughs.

The Man: Cheers.

...
 It's nice to hear you laugh.

Anna: I'm just - how ridiculous.

The Man: You don't feel so bad now do you?

Anna: No.

The Man: You don't feel awkward?

Anna: He's the one with a stick up his arse. Not me.

The Man: You're more relaxed.

Anna: Yes.
 Thank god.

The Man: He's a tremendously good chess player.

Anna: He's a character.

The Man: Very interesting man.
 Very interesting life.

Anna: Like you.

Something of a pause.

The Man: Do you mind if I say something which might seem quite personal.

Anna: No.
 Sun's over the yardarm.
 We're off work - aren't we?

The Man: I think so.

Anna: I think so too.

The Man: So I can speak personally?

Anna: —
 Depends what it is.

The Man: You strike me as quite a delicate person.
 I don't mean you're not strong.
 I just mean you're delicately balanced.

Anna: Go on.

The Man: And I think that when you say things like - you have a weight problem. When obviously you don't. You're quite slim. Or when you - you apologise for yourself.
 I feel.

You're uncomfortable with yourself.
You don't like yourself.
And that makes you unhappy.

Anna:

Gosh.
Whoop.

The Man:

I'm sorry if I've offended you.

Anna:

No.
God you're right. No.

The Man:

You're aware of it.

Anna:

I'm aware of it - when am I not aware of it?

The Man:

Since my experience in the snow,
I see some things more clearly.
And I -
For what it's worth,
I sensed you wouldn't mind me saying it.

Anna:

Not at all.

Something of a pause.

The Man:

There's something else.

Anna:

Hmm.

The Man:

Something I've noticed.

Anna:

Gosh.
Something else.

...
Mephisto.

The Man:

You'll be leaving tomorrow?

Anna:

Yes.

The Man:

I think the undertow...

The sense

Between us.

I might be wrong.

But I think it's sexual.

Something of a pause.
Anna sips her wine.

The Man:

I know there's something unlikely about it.

I'm older than you.

And I'm not -

And you're -

But nonetheless it's what I sense.

Anna:

I need more wine.

Some music starts to play from a speaker hung above the terrace.
It isn't played loudly.
But, after it's absence it is momentarily intrusive.

The Man: Pedro's tape.
He plays tapes in the evenings.

Anna pours more wine into her glass.
The music playing is, *Africa - Toto*.

The Man: I love this song.

Anna: So do I, I haven't heard it for years.

The Man: I wonder if I knew it before.

Anna: There's something terribly poignant about this song.
Something so sad.

The Man: Perhaps there's a clue in it.

They listen to the song.
For quite a period of time.
They search for a clue.

The Man: No.

Anna: There is something...
Between us.
Isn't there?

The music continues but it is now simply background instrumental musik.
Vivienne enters.

She is dressed for walking in the hills.
She is wearing heavy boots.
She stops.

Vivienne: Evening.

Both: Evening.

Vivienne clomps across to a nearby table.
She sits.
She starts taking her boots off.

Vivienne: Lovely evening.

Anna: — Isn't it just.

Vivienne: It was hot earlier on.

Anna: Yes.

Where were you walking?

Oh up through the forest.

Just following the pilgrims way.

Anna: Lovely.

Introducing herself:

Vivienne:

Vivienne Sutherland.

Anna:

Anna Edwards.

I work for the British Consulate in Marseille.

The Man has stood up to shake Vivienne's hand.

The Man:

Nice to meet you Vivienne.

A slightly awkward moment

Anna:

This is Bob - Abercrombie.

A friend of mine.

Vivienne:

Bob.

They shake hands.

Vivienne sits back down and continues to take her boots off.

Vivienne:

It's absolutely beautiful in the pine forest.

It took me the whole morning walking before I was

up beyond the tree line.

I saw a deer.

Drinking at the burn.

Caught in the sunlight.

Just idyllic.

Anna:

It sounds lovely.

Would you like to join us?

We were just...

Vivienne:

I should get changed.

Anna: We're only having a drink.

Vivienne:

Do you mind?

Anna:

Please.

Vivienne:

I'll just go up to my room.

Change my shoes.

I won't be a moment.

Anna:

Lovely.

Vivienne leaves.

Anna:

I felt I had to.

The Man:

It's all right.

Anna:

I didn't mean to spoil -

She puts her hand on his.

The Man:

Of course.

Look.

I - what I said before.

It's best if we forget it.

Anna: Why?

The Man: You're younger than me and -
I'm sorry.
I got a bit 'spazzy.'

Anna laughs.

The Man: I should have kept my gob shut.

Anna: I didn't want her to join us - I was just -

The Man: Oh god.

Anna: Please don't be like this.

The Man: I feel sick.

Anna: Please.

The Man: I'm actually going to have to be sick.
I'm sweating like a pig.

Anna: I wish I knew your name.

The Man: Why?

Anna: I'd like to say it.

To say it to you.

The Man: I'll tell you one thing.

It isn't fucking Bob.
Bob fucking Abercrombie.
Sort of fucking name is that?
Excuse me.

The Man leaves.

As he leaves, he crosses paths with Vivienne entering.

He exits.

Anna: He's not feeling very well.

Vivienne: Oh dear.

Anna: Probably something he ate.

Vivienne: Poor man.

Anna: Mm.

She indicates The Man's chair.

Vivienne: May I -

Anna: Of course.

Vivienne sits.

Anna: Look, do you mind.
He said he was feeling sick.
I think I'll just go up to his room.
Check that he's all right.

Vivienne: D'you know Anna,
I don't think that's such a good idea.

Anna: I'm sorry?

Vivienne: I think we should leave him for now.

Anna: I'm not clear what you're getting at.

Vivienne: Perhaps you should have a look at this.

*Vivienne takes a photograph out of a pocket.
She puts it on the table.
Anna looks at it.*

Anna: Is this... This is -

Vivienne: I don't know what he's told you about himself, Miss
Edwards. But I know who he is.
This is him.

End of Act One.

ACT TWO

The next morning.
Vivienne is sitting on the terrace.
The photograph is on the table in front of her.
The Man enters.
Something of a pause.

The Man: Apparently you're my wife.

Vivienne: Keith.

The Man: Keith.

...
Keith.

Vivienne: Keith Sutherland.

The Man: You have a photograph.

Vivienne: Sit down.

Something of a pause.

The man sits down.
Vivienne pushes the photograph to him.
He looks at the photograph.
After a time.

Vivienne: It was taken at the Fisheries Department ball.
At The North British. Four Christmases ago.
With the McColls.
D'you remember?
We went with the McColls.

The Man: ...

Vivienne: That's Gavin, that's Trish, and that's you.
We were all a bit tipsy.
Your cheeks are red.

The Man: This is Keith?

Vivienne: That's you. That's right.

The Man: This man. There's a superficial resemblance
but I don't think -

Vivienne: It's you.

The Man: I'm sorry Mrs Sutherland.
I really have no memory of this event,
Of you.
Of any of this.

Vivienne: Keith.

She reaches out her hand to him.
He withdraws his.
She withdraws hers.

Vivienne: I know this can't be easy for you. I didn't want to have to just come out with it. That's why I waited. I booked in to the hotel and I thought, I won't introduce myself. I'll just wait till he's ready.

The Man: You've been watching me?

Vivienne: I was waiting for you to come to yourself in your own time. I knew it wouldn't be easy for you. And I wanted to be there when it happened. To help you through.

The Man: Don't you think that's a bit -

Vivienne: But when I saw the woman from the embassy. I thought -

The Man: I think this is a little bit sinister.

Vivienne: I thought I ought to - because she was -

The Man: Stalking me.

Vivienne: She'd clearly formed a bond.

The Man: Which is none of your business.

Vivienne: I am your wife.

The Man: So you say.

Something of a pause.

The Man: You and your husband -

Vivienne: Keith.

The Man: Have you been married long?

Vivienne: Twenty eight years.

The Man: Really.

Vivienne: Twenty nine in June.

The Man: Right.

A pause.

The Man: Any children?

Vivienne: No.

The Man: Where is it that you said you live?

Vivienne: In Edinburgh.

The Man: I don't know Edinburgh. It's supposed to be very nice.

Vivienne: It's home.

The Man: Your husband is he a - what is he?

Vivienne: A civil servant.

The Man: Really. How interesting.

...
 is he Edinburghian?

Vivienne: From Aberdeen originally.

The Man: Fascinating.

Vivienne: Near Aberdeen. A little place called Fyvie.

The Man: Och aye the noo.

Vivienne: It's a braw bright moonlicht nicht the nicht.

Vivienne: Don't mock, Keith.

The Man: I'm sorry.

Something of a pause.
The Man looks at the photograph.
The Man takes out a cigarette, lights it, smokes.

Vivienne: You've started smoking again.

The Man: Was Keith a smoker?

Vivienne: Keith had given up.

The Man: Look, do you mind if I ask you a personal question?
 You and Keith.
 Were you - happily married?

Vivienne: We were married. It wasn't unhappy.
 We are -
 Happy is probably not the most appropriate word given
 the circumstances.

The Man: I mean - whoever this Keith is -
 He's run away, hasn't he.
 He's run off.
 Disappeared off the face of the earth.
 So, you can see what I'm saying,
 He can't have been -

Vivienne: I think you were unhappy.
 I think you'd probably been unhappy for some time.
 I didn't know anything about it - everything seemed normal right
 up until the day you disappeared.
 But it seems that normal for me was unhappy for you.
 You were having an affair with a young woman in
 London.
 After a time you broke it off.
 And you faked your own death.

You made it appear that you had walked into the sea.
...
That was quite hard for me.

The Man: It must have been.

Vivienne: We never talked Keith.
We sat in that room night after night.
We sat quietly.
And we never talked.

The Man: Really.

Vivienne: If we'd only - if I'd only read the signs but -
One falls into a rut, doesn't one.
And...
Certain things get left unsaid.

The Man: Like what?

Vivienne: Things.
Affectionate things.

The Man: Affectionate things get left unsaid?

Vivienne: I think they do. Sometimes.

The Man: You've come here and I... Superficially I...
Is it all possible that you're...

He makes a gesture of searching.

Do you think it's fair to say that you could be
Clutching at straws?

Vivienne: You're still my husband, Keith.

The Man: Really.

Vivienne: Despite everything.

The Man: Well that's...
An admirable sentiment.

Something of a pause.

Vivienne: We've both changed.
We're not the same people.

—
I think -
I know we can...
I think it's worth trying at least.
I'm not putting any pressure on you to come back.
But for what it's worth.
I've forgiven you.

The Man: Oh. Well. Right. Thanks. Thank you.
I'm glad that I'm forgiven.
Thank you for that.
That's certainly a weight off my mind.

Vivienne: This isn't easy for me either.

The Man: You see what I'm thinking is - this 'Keith'

Because I don't deny that you think I'm Keith.

And so - you know - it's only right that I take that quite

seriously -

But you see - I look at you and -

I think well, is this a woman I could have - is it possible that

I was married to this woman? And then I think -

I apologise for being so blunt

I don't find you attractive.

I'm not -

...
It's nothing personal.

You're a very good looking woman.

You're just not my type.

Keith I'm fifty years old.

Your type, for the past couple of years,

has been younger than me.

Girls who were playing you along.

Girls who didn't know any better.

Quite frankly you made yourself look a little bit pathetic.

I'm not being personal Keith.

Many men make fools of themselves at your age.

You're no different.

The Man: Even if I was Keith, and I'm not.

But even if I was.

It sounds from what you say that Keith's having quite a nice time

on his own thank you very much.

Money, girls.

It sounds to me like perhaps

You ought to take a hint.

Vivienne takes another photograph from her pocket.

She puts it on the table.

The Man looks at it.

The Man: Who's this?

Vivienne: This is just before we were married.

In the country, near your Mum and Dad's house.

The Man: This is Keith again.

Good old Keithy.

Vivienne: That's you. That's me. That's your mum and dad.

The Man laughs.

Vivienne: What?

The Man: That beard.

Vivienne: I liked your beard.

The Man: I would never have a beard like that.

Something of a pause.

The Man: The landscape in the picture.
That's where Keith is from?

Vivienne: That's where you were brought up.

The Man: That's not Scotland.
Scotland has mountains.

Vivienne: Not in the Howe of the Mearns.
It's a farming area. Rolling hills, no mountains.
Your dad was a teacher in the high school.
He died about ten years ago.
Your mum went just after.
They were proud of you, Keith.

A pause.

The Man: You were pretty.

Vivienne: I was twenty four.

A pause.

The Man: I'm terribly sorry Mrs Sutherland.
I don't -

I've listened to what you have to say and -
Thankyou for being so -

But -

No.

No this is not -

I'm afraid I just -

I do hope I haven't been a disappointment.

Vivienne: I'm not in a hurry, Keith.

It's been over a year since you left.

I'm not going anywhere.

Keep the pictures.

I wanted to go for a walk before lunch anyway.
You know where I am.

Vivienne stands up.

She prepares to leave.

Anna enters.

Anna: Don't mind me.

If you're -

The Man: Anna, Good Morning. I hope you slept well.

Anna: I didn't want to interrupt.

The Man: You're not interrupting anything.

Anna: Do you mind if I join you?

Vivienne: I was just going for a walk.

Anna: It's a lovely morning.

Vivienne: Isn't it.

Anna: Look if I'm in the way -

Vivienne: No.
You have work to do.
I'll leave you to it.

*Vivienne leaves.
Anna sfts.
Anna hesitates.*

Anna: How do you feel?

The Man: Oh, you know.

Anna: It's a lot to take in.

The Man: I'm not her husband.

...
Look,
Any woman could turn up here -
Could get wind of my situation and just turn up out of the blue
And lay claim.
You know.
Just blah blah blah - there you go - that's it.
It's a good deal more complicated than that don't you think?

Anna: Of course.

The Man: She was persuasive, I'll give her that.

Anna: Well, the photograph does look like you -

The Man: It looks like me. Looks like. Like.
But -
It's hardly evidence.

Anna: Well...

The Man: I was sitting there. Trying to be reasonable.
And she was talking about this man.
And how he ran away.
And what a bastard he was.
And I was feeling, you know, this tug of guilt.
You know
Gnawing away.
Horrible taste in my mouth.
And oh - just - awful.
And then I thought.
How dare you.
After everything I've been through.
How dare you make me feel -
Exploit my situation for your own neurotic -
To satisfy your own sad fantasies.

Anna: She is odd.

The Man: Odd? She's - She's...

Certainly odd.

Anna: And this business of staying here. Having been here all this time and -

The Man: It's pretty suspicious isn't it? Quite a lot of time to concoct...

Anna: Yes.
...
Poor you.

The Man: No. Honestly I'm fine.

Anna: What did she say your name was.

The Man: Keith.

Anna laughs.

Anna: Keith.
It is a bit ridiculous.

The Man laughs.
Something of a pause.

The Man: About last night.

Anna: It's all right.

The Man: No I... I was... I behaved quite badly.

Anna: You were upset.

The Man: I know but - I had no right to swear at you.

Anna: I've heard worse.

The Man: It wasn't right.

Anna: I was worried about you. I was about to follow you up to your room, to see if you were all right - and then she -

The Man: She what?

Anna: She showed me the picture.

The Man: She showed you this?
She had no right to -

Anna: Yes. Well.
And I... saw it and I thought -

The Man: And you didn't come up to my room because she showed you the picture?

Anna: Well. I suppose so.

Something of a pause.

The Man: The bitch.
Anna: I only wanted to see if you were all right.
The Man: I was in my room.
Anna: Because I knew you were upset.
The Man: I was in my room and I -
I have to be honest.
I felt terrible about what I'd said to you.
Anna: Honestly I was fine about it.
The Man: I hoped - I didn't think you would but I hoped -
I watched BBC World.
Lay on the bed with the remote.
I actually didn't let myself fall asleep until after three because -
I hoped you would come to my room.
Anna: I was thinking about it.
The Man: I kept thinking, 'there'll be a knock.'
Anna: I very nearly did.
The Man: Of course, there wasn't and I -
Anna: That ridiculous programme about Lech Walesa.
So annoying.
The Man: Just absurd. Lech Walesa.
Anna: And we were both lying there.
The Man: And we could have been -
Anna: So silly.
The Man: I felt terrible about the way I'd spoken to you.
Anna: You musn't.
The Man: Because that isn't what I'm like.
I'm not - I don't want to be like that.
Anna: You're not like that.
The Man: But yesterday night. That woman's presence.
It was - baleful.
It upset me.
Anna: The way you're coping with what's happened to you.
It's brilliant. It's hardly surprising you get upset.
The Man: I was waiting for you.

Anna: I wanted to come.

Something of a pause.

Anna: I'll have to take a statement from the woman.

The Man: I understand.

Anna: And then, I have to go back to Marseilles.

The Proprietor enters.

Proprietor: Good Morning Miss Edwards.

Anna: Good Morning Pedro.

Proprietor: Good Morning Pilgrim.

The Man: Good Morning.

Proprietor: Can I bring you anything? A coffee? Aspirin?

The Man: A coffee would be nice, thank you.

Proprietor: And for Miss Edwards?

Anna: A coffee thank you.

Proprietor: You look like you need one.

Anna laughs but not with pleasure.

Proprietor: The Welsh - there's no stopping a Welsh darkness is there? The Celtic twillight - I'm part Galician on my Grandmother's side I know about the Celtic twillight. The great black cloud that comes rolling in off the sea as darkness falls. The great fog my grandmother called it. Sat on her chair looking out the window knocking back the brandy and weeping.
"Do not go gently into that good night." Isn't that right. You Welsh - 'rage rage against the dying of the light'.

Anna: Ah right. Dylan Thomas. Right.

Proprietor: I don't presume to pass comment, Miss Edwards. We all self medicate, don't we?

Some of us with chess.
Some of us with the minibar.

I'll get your coffee.

Strong.

The Proprietor exits.

Anna: That was actually rude. He was rude to me.

The Man: Pedro's o.k.

He gets lonely up here, out of season.

Anna: I'll finish up my notes.

I'll take another sample of your speech.

And then - I don't like driving in the dark.
So...

Something of a pause.

What you said last night.
About the undertow.

The Man:

Yes.

Anna:

I feel it too.

So yes, last night I got drunk - of course he had to make
something of it. He deliberately tried to upset me.
But last night after you went
I felt very alone.
And yes, I got drunk in my room.
Because I wanted to be with you.

The Man:

Anna.

He touches her hand.

When I'm with you I catch a glimpse of a possibility
That I might be truly connected with someone.
And it's taken me by surprise.
Because I had stopped allowing myself to feel that possibility.
Just a few too many mistakes and one learns.
Shut that back in its box.
But you -

And last night I felt that witch was stealing it away from me.
I got drunk.

I was going to walk out of here this morning and forget the
whole thing.

It's all right if you don't want any more to do with me.
Quite all right.

I understand perfectly.
I'm hardly a catch.

I don't think possibilities come very often.
I had to say.

*The Proprietor enters with coffees.
The Man takes his hand from Anna's.
He puts them on the table.
He has a small pair of binoculars round his neck.*

Proprietor:

What a morning I'm having.
Eveline's walling like a baby in there.
She's supposed to be waitressing this shift.
But her boyfriend the climber told her this morning that he was
going up the hill. To try a new route.
Eveline's convinced he's going to die.
She dreamt it.
Honestly, I said to her - 'There are plenty more fish in the sea.
Do your work and put it out of your mind.'
But she refuses to come out on to the terrace.

She doesn't want to see him fall.
I said - keep your eyes on the customers.
But she's lying on the chaise longue clapping her hands
and moaning like a bereaved seal.
I gave her the morning off.

The Man:

Poor Eveline.

Proprietor:

I brought you an aspirin and a glass of water anyway.

Anna:

Thankyou.
I'm actually fine but -

Proprietor:

Eveline says he's 'the one.'
She actually believes there is such a thing.
Poor naive child.

The Man:

Where is the climber?

The Proprietor looks through his binoculars.

Proprietor:

He's on the long traverse before the second chimney.
He's making an attempt on the chimney.
At this time of year the ice is melting and the rocks come
pinging down the chimney like bowling balls in an alley.

He gives The Man the binoculars.

The Man:

I've got him.
He's on his own.

Proprietor:

Solo.

The Man:

If he falls...

Proprietor:

We're all on our own when we fall, Pilgrim.

The Proprietor takes the binoculars back.

Proprietor:

I need the room cleared by twelve o'clock Miss Edwards.
Unless of course you've decided to stay another day.

Anna:

I'll be leaving this afternoon.

Proprietor:

So it'll just be The Pilgrim and the lady in One Hundred and
Eight. Cosy.

The Proprietor leaves.

The Man:

You don't know who I am Anna.

Anna:

I don't care about that.

The Man:

I could be anybody.

Anna:

I'm falling for you.

A pause.

Anna touches his face.

They kiss.

Briefly.

Anna stops kissing.

A pause.

Anna is a little embarrassed.

Anna: I'd better go up to my room.

Collect my things together.

She takes the aspirin and drinks the water.

I still have an hour or so before check out time.

I'll just be in my room.

Anna leaves.

The Man remains.

He looks at the photographs.

The Proprietor comes out.

He looks through the binoculars.

Proprietor: HE'S STILL ALIVE EVELINE.
YOU'RE ALL RIGHT FOR NOW.

He puts the binoculars down on the table.

She wants to go to the toilet.

Can't move from the chaise longue in case she catches

sight of him through the patio doors.

Where's Morgana?

The Man:

She said she was going to pack.

Proprietor:

I've heard that one before.

The Man:

What do you mean?

Proprietor:

'Going to pack.'

The Man:

That's what she said.

Proprietor:

'Just in case you wondered where I might be.'

The Man:

You think she wants me to go up to her?

Proprietor:

I'm the proprietor of a hotel, pilgrim.

I understand the psychology of these English women.

It's the same every time.

The dusk, the mountains, and always, always a pilgrim.

It's the scallop shell.

It's a powerful aphrodisiac.

The Man:

I think she just didn't want to miss check out time.

Proprietor:

Pilgrims are seekers after truth.

Some people like to think they're truths waiting to be found.

The Man:

Do you think I should go up to her?

Proprietor: If you want to have sex? Yes.

The Man: There's no need to be crude.

Proprietor: Crude.

Proprietor: Unsentimental.
I'm from New York.
I don't got time for bullshit.

The Man: She's attractive.
I think there's a connection between us.
After what happened to me in the snow.
She's damaged. Fragile.
I want to -

Proprietor: Yes yes.
Saddle up yo hoss, Cowboy, save da lady.
Indulge the fantasy.
Go on.

The Man: You don't think I should?

Proprietor: God's given you the soul of a child, Pilgrim.
He's washed you clean.
If you want to plash about in the muddy fens of sexual
desire.
Be my guest.
Just don't be surprised if the stains don't wash out.

The Man: I don't think love has to be a staining thing.

Proprietor: You love her?

The Man: I may do.

Proprietor: Ask yourself what was so intolerable that you decided to
walk across the pyrenees in the snow, Pilgrim?
What skin did you want to shed?
I like you. I think of myself as your friend.
If you start looking for yourself in her arms
You don't know what horrors you might find.

...
Bernard Marie's here - you need to sign your daily sheet.

The Man: Send him out.

Proprietor: You'll have to go in.

He won't come out here.
Eveline's spooked him.
He doesn't want to see the climber fall.

The Man gets up.

The Man: Listen, thanks Pedro.

You've been very helpful.

Proprietor: Don't mind me, Pilgrim.
I'm quarter Basque on my Dad's side.
We're a shit stirring people.

We like to throw spanners in works.

The Man leaves.

The Proprietor looks through the binoculars again.

Vivienne enters.

Proprietor: How's your eyesight?

Vivienne: All right.

I need glasses to read.

Proprietor:

There's a climber on the face.

He's solo.

Very likely to fall.

If you don't want to see a man fall.

Look away.

Vivienne:

I hadn't noticed.

The Proprietor puts the binoculars on the table.

Proprietor:

Can I bring you anything?

Vivienne:

A herbal tea.

Proprietor:

You look gorgeous today Mrs Sutherland.

The mountain air must suit you.

Vivienne:

Thankyou.

Proprietor:

You know when you arrived,

You struck me as elegant and dignified. A good looking woman.

But you seemed weary.

These past few days you've blossomed.

There's a bloom in your cheeks.

Mountain air and camomile tea.

Vivienne:

Pedro, I'm a Scots woman.

You won't encourage my custom with flattery.

On the other hand if you supply me with a clean bathroom and a

working hairdryer socket I promise your name will soon be

spoken of in whispers in all the secret places where my

countrywomen gather.

Proprietor:

The handyman's on holiday.

I'll look at it myself today.

Vivienne:

You said that yesterday.

Proprietor:

Yes but I mean it today.

The Proprietor leaves.

Vivienne looks, over her shoulder to see if she can see the climber.

She can't.

She turns back.

She puts her hand on the binoculars.

She takes her hand from the binoculars.

The Man enters.

The Man: You're back.
 Vivienne: Did you enjoy your walk?
 Vivienne: Very much.
 The Man: Good.
 ...
 Vivienne: That's my coffee.
 Vivienne: Why don't you sit down?
 He sits.
 Vivienne: Pedro's bringing me a camomile tea.
 The Man: Calming.
 Vivienne: I find it is.
 The Man: A stressful time.
 Vivienne: For both of us.
 The Man: What is it you said you do Mrs Sutherland?
 Vivienne: Vivienne.
 The Man: Vivienne.
 Vivienne: I'm a speech therapist.
 Was.
 I gave it up.
 The Man: Why?
 Vivienne: To look for you.
 The Man: I see.
 Did you enjoy Speech Therapy?
 Vivienne: Very much.
 But I wasn't unhappy to leave.
 It was quite liberating really.
 I sold the house.
 Our house.
 Made rather a lot of money.
 You were always good with property.
 The Man: Vivienne.
 I seem to have an accent.
 Anna - from the consulate - she noticed.
 'A burr' she said.
 She couldn't place it -
 Do you...?
 Vivienne: A lot of people confuse speech therapy with elocution...
 The Man: I know.
 I know what Speech Therapy is.

Vivienne: Of course you do.

The Man: I was just asking whether you heard anything in my voice.

Vivienne: You have a Scottish accent, Keith.
It's very light.
But it's there.

The Man: I wondered if it might be West Country.

Vivienne: No it isn't West Country.
It's posh Edinburgh.
With a tiny amount of residual Aberdeenshire.

...
Your father was a schoolteacher.
He was keen you spoke properly.
When we lived in Africa, our friends were all English.
We both unconsciously tempered out accent
But it's there.

The Man: Africa?

Vivienne: For a few years.
Nigeria.
Lagos.

She brings out a photograph.

That's us.
Outside Lagos Yacht Club.

He looks at the photograph.

The Man: Keith's a yachtie?

Vivienne: You were.
Never had enough money to buy a boat.
When we moved to Edinburgh.
You tried it a couple of times.
Gave it up.
Took up golf.

The Man: Oh god.

Vivienne: Once, at a car boot sale, you bought a pair of cross country skis
for twenty pounds. They sat in the garage for years.

The Man: He sounds like a bit of a sap.

Vivienne: You wanted to want to ski.
I could understand that.
I wanted to want to play the piano.
And speak French.

The Man: Do you speak French?

Vivienne: Fermez la porte s'il vous plait.

The Man laughs.

The Man: Same as me.

Vivienne: We bought a cottage in the highlands. At weekends we would go there. And for a couple of weeks in the summer. You were fond of it. I kept it on. I couldn't bear to sell it. I went back last Christmas, on my own. I didn't know how to switch the water on. I had to drive to the shop and buy a crate of Evian. I sat by the fire and read the Perthshire Advertiser and - You see, you had always done the water. I did the fire, and you did the water. I was a bit lost without someone to do the water.

The Man: This Keith, he sounds like - He sounds like he should have got out more.

Vivienne: It's easy to fall into habits.

The Man: Still. What a sap. What a mediocre...

Something of a pause.

The Man: So according to your theory, Keith - somehow - he has what? An affair?

Vivienne: With a stripper.

The Man: Good god.

Vivienne: Yes, I was somewhat taken aback by that detail.

The Man: He breaks off the affair. He fakes his own death - he ends up wandering in the Pyreiness clutching a scallop shell?

...
From what you say it doesn't sound very 'Keith'. Does it?

Vivienne: No.
But then Keith died didn't he?
You killed him.

The Man: Isn't it possible that Keith really is dead?
That he didn't fake it?
That he walked into the sea and he drowned?
Because he couldn't bear how unbelievably mediocre he was?
How little he'd done with his life?

Vivienne: We were both so innocent, Keith. The things I've seen since - the things you've seen. Things we didn't know before. We've changed. Really.

The Man: How do you know what I've seen?

Vivienne: I've been following you.

The Man: You followed Keith?

Vivienne: It took some time. After that Christmas I decided to look for you. I tracked you down to the Western Isles. You were staying on a croft on Benbecula. I found you.

She takes out a collection of photographs. She puts the first one down on the table.

He picks it up.

I watched you walking on the beach one morning, in the wind and the rain. I remember thinking about how you'd often said we should buy a dog. I remember thinking - 'Why don't you buy a dog you stupid man, to walk along that beach with you'. And I thought well, he's working things out. He needs space to work things out. So I didn't confront you I just kept an eye on you. The local barman phoned me every day. And then one day he called and said you'd disappeared again. And I thought - oh no this time he's actually walked into the sea. But in fact you'd come into some money. The Barman didn't know how. But you'd gone up to Stormoway and bought yourself a motorcycle. And you'd taken the ferry to Lillapool. Fifteen thousand you spent on that bike. I very near wept, because you'd had a bike when we were courting and you'd sold it when we got married.

She shows him another photo.

You rode that bike down the motorway, Keith, and I was driving behind you in the Volvo desperately trying to keep up. Weaving and bobbing through the traffic. I was worried you would crash. I thought, he's a man of fifty six, his balance won't be good enough. He'll wobble and fall. But it was as if you'd never been off that bike Keith. As you drove into Fife my heart was in my mouth because I thought you were coming home. But you turned off at Rosyth and caught the ferry to Zebbrugge.

The Man: Good old Keith.

Sorry.

What happened next?

Vivienne: On the ferry you fell into company with some Norwegian Hell's Angels and spent the next three months on amphetamines riding with them across Europe.

Another photo.

Torsten, Karl, Jonny, Gogoboy and Mickey Finn. Poor Keith you never stopped. The Norwegians and the drugs pushed you on.

More photos.

Hamburg and Berlin and Leipzig and Munich and Prague and Vienna.

The Man looks through the photos.

All the time, me following you in the old Volvo.
We took the grand tour. You stayed in the filthy city campsites
and drank beer with the angels. I stayed in B and B's and visited
cathedrals. Torsten was my spy. I begged him to keep an eye
on you. I think they adopted you - The Old Man they called you
- *Das Alte Manner*.
You were happy.

I saw you one night sleeping with young Slovenian girl by

the fire in a campsite in Bratislava.

I couldn't bear to break your spell.

You broke away from the Hells Angels not long after.

They stole your bike. I think there was a fight. That's how you

got the cut on your forehead. A biker's chain tore your head

open and they left you for dead in a hedge. I patched you up

with the first aid kit in the car and I called an ambulance. When

they came to pick you up they asked me who I was and

I said I was just passing.

...

When you came out of hospital, the walking started.

You walked through Austria, through Switzerland into

France. Now you insisted on staying in the best hotels. It

was easy to follow you. I would drive to the next five

star place and wait for you to turn up dusty from the

road and take a room. I'd take a room next to yours.

It was late summer. You'd sit on your balcony and I'd

sit on mine and together we'd watch the sunsets in the

evening. You didn't know I was there, of course,

but I think you sensed something -

I think you sensed -

And then in a bar one night, the barman told you about

the pilgrims way to Santiago da Compostela.

And...

You became a pilgrim.

The Man:

You've had an adventure.

Vivienne:

It had to stop eventually.

The Man:

Keith. Who'd have thought it.

Vivienne:

I think you sensed.

I think that's why you became a pilgrim.

The Man:

Sensed what?

Vivienne:

I'm ill Keith.

I'm not well.

The Man:

What do you mean not well?

Something of a pause.

Vivienne:

You're the only person I have.

The only one who knows me.

I've followed you and I've seen things.

I've been angry with you, and sad, and disgusted.

I've spent the night with conference delegates

And

I still...

You're the only person I have.
I love you.
If that's what love is.

I don't know how else to say it.

The Man:

This Keith.

This man Keith.

You...

The way he's behaved.

Vivienne:

I know, it's silly isn't it.

The Man:

You never abandoned him.

Vivienne:

Perhaps I should have.

The Man:

I do sense something from you, Vivienne.

The Man looks at Vivienne.

There's an undertow.

It's

The Man makes tries very hard to identify what he is feeling.

There isn't a word for it I can think of in English.

It reminds me of the snow.

The snow.

Something of a pause.

The proprietor enters.

He is carrying a pot of camomile tea.

He puts the tea on the table.

He picks up the binoculars.

Proprietor:

STILL ALIVE EVELINE.

WAIT. HOLD ON!

...
NO! JUST A WOBBLE. YOU'RE ALL RIGHT. HE'S FINE.

There's your tea.

Vivienne:

You took your time.

Proprietor:

That'll be your hairdryer socket fixed.

And Eveline's seen to the bathroom for you.

Vivienne:

Thankyou.

Proprietor:

No need to thank me.

If people moan about something.

I take action.

Most of my customers are moany old cows.

So, you know.

It's better to pander to their whims.

Keeps them off my back.

Vivienne puts some money on the table.

Anna enters.

She has a very small suitcase.

Proprietor: Thankyou Madam.

Vivienne: You're welcome Pedro.

The Proprietor takes the money.

He returns inside.

Anna: Hello Mrs Sutherland.

Vivienne: Hello Anna.

The Man: Come and join us.

Something of a pause.

Anna comes over to the table.

Pulls up a chair.

Sits.

Vivienne: Tell me Anna, in your room, does the hairdryer socket work.

Anna: Yes.

Vivienne: Ah.

Anna: Why?

Vivienne: Just something I've got going with Pedro.

Anna touches her hair.

Anna: I ought to be leaving soon.

Vivienne: Is it a long journey?

Anna: A fairly long journey.

The Man: To Marseilles.

Anna: Back to - all the usual.

Anna laughs.

Something of a pause.

Vivienne: Keith said you'd noticed his accent.

Anna: Who?

Vivienne: Keith.

The Man: I mentioned it.

Anna: Did you?

Vivienne: He did. It's Scottish.

Anna: We'll be sending the tape to experts in London. So it should all be cleared up then.

The Man: You did say you needed to interview Vivienne.

Anna: Yes, I do. Just routine. For the records.

The Man: Would you like me to...?

Anna: Yes, if you don't mind.

The Man: I'll just go and say hello to Bernard Marie.

Do you mind if I take these photographs.

Vivienne: Not at all.

The Man: He's depressed.

Don't tell him I told you.

I'll just

See if I can

Cheer him up.

The Man leaves.

Something of a pause.

Anna: So.

Anna opens her little suitcase.

Takes out her tape recorder.

She puts it on the table.

Anna: Last night, you gave me your file on your husband.

Thankyou for that.

I'll send that back to England with the other material.

I'm sure it'll be given due consideration.

All I need now is to take a short statement from you.

...
Before I switch this on.

Off the record.

Mrs Sutherland.

What's your game?

Vivienne: I'm sorry?

Anna: I think you know what I'm talking about.

Vivienne: I don't understand.

Anna: You're here. You're watching him. He has money.
You don't say anything and then last night - just when
you've gathered enough information you -
Move in.

So what's your game?

Vivienne: Is this the interview?

Anna: Never mind what it is.
Answer the question.

Vivienne: He's my husband.

Anna: Really?

Vivienne: I have photographs.

Anna: We all have photographs don't we?

Vivienne: I don't know what you mean.

Anna: Computers.
We all have photographs of ourselves next to... whoever we want.

Anna takes a photograph out of her filofax.

Here's me with Bill Clinton. So don't give me photographs.

Anna puts the photograph back.

Vivienne: That man is Keith Sutherland.

I know my husband.

Anna: There's no point lying because this is all going to be verified

by experts.

Vivienne: He's Keith.

Anna: I don't know what you expected Mrs Sutherland.

Some idiot perhaps.

But you've got me.

And I don't believe you.

And even if I did believe you.

Even if you were married to him.

He's changed. He's... new.

What's your game?

Did you come back to see what you'd done.

Flying in here like a raven.

To peck over his bones.

You vampire.

I sense people and I sensed you the moment I saw you -

I smelled blood.

Vivienne:

I'm not entirely certain that a British diplomat ought to be

talking to a British citizen with quite your tone.

Anna:

Tone? Whose tone? Mine - - what about yours?

Winding me up.

Talking about my hair.

Setting the Proprietor onto me.

I've watched every step you've taken.

I'm on to you.

Vivienne:

I don't need to sit and listen to this.

Vivienne is about to rise.

Anna:

Stay there you old witch.

I found him first.

And he likes me.

And you can't bear that can you?

Seeing chances slip away time after time.

Back against the wall to stop you falling down.

Looking out at the dancers like Medusa.

Cold stare.
Turning everything into stone.
Every man you touch goes cold on you.
Well I'm out on the parquet, witch.
Whirling about
And you can't bear to see me.
You just can't bear it.

Vivienne stands.

Vivienne: I think you should be aware, Miss Edwards
I will be talking to the Consul about this.

Anna: Your perfume.
Do you smear it on or what?
Cloying. Roses.
My mother used to wear that perfume.
It's actually overwhelming.
It's - overpowering -

Anna pauses.

Could you put me on the floor, please?
Could you loosen my top?
Would you mind?

*Anna's left arm begins to jerk uncontrollably.
Anna's face becomes blank.
She is about to slump.
Vivienne catches her.*

Vivienne: Are you all right?

...
Miss Edwards?

*Vivienne puts Anna on the floor.
Anna's arm continues to jerk, rhythmically.
Vivienne pause.*

Vivienne: PEDRO.

*Vivienne loosens Anna's top button.
Anna's arm continues to jerk.
Vivienne watches.
The Proprietor and The Man enter.
The see what's happening.
Anna's arm stops jerking.
Stillness.*

The Man: What's wrong with her?

*The Proprietor kneels.
Puts his hand on her lips.*

Proprietor: She's breathing.

Vivienne: I think she's had a fit.

The Man: She said, she told me she was epileptic.

Proprietor: Stand back. Let her breathe.
Get me a cushion.

*Vivienne takes off her jacket, folds it up to make a pillow, she puts it under Anna's head.
Anna opens her eyes.*

Anna: Thankyou.

...
The sun's in my eyes.

She shields her eyes.

Anna: I'm terribly sorry if I've caused any embarrassment.
I appear to have had a fit.
How long was I out?

Vivienne: Only moments.

Anna: Could somebody hold me.

*The Proprietor takes Anna's arm.
Anna gets to her feet. Slowly.*

Vivienne: Slowly.

Sit her down.

Anna sits.

Anna: Please don't be alarmed.

I know what's happened and why.
I'm sorry if my behaviour was erratic immediately before I fitted.
That happens.
I do apologise if I did anything embarrassing.

Vivienne: Don't. Please. Don't worry.

Vivienne sits, opposite Anna, puts her hand on Anna's hand.

Anna: It's entirely my own fault.

The hangover.
I pushed myself beyond a limit.
I should have known better.

Proprietor: Can I bring you anything?

Water?

Anna: No.

I'll just sit here for a moment.
If that's all right.

Proprietor: Of course.

Anna: Could you take my things back to my room?
Would you mind?
I don't think I can travel to Marseilles today.
I'll travel tomorrow.

Proprietor: Certainly. Miss Edwards.
And, Miss Edwards.

There will be no charge.

*The Proprietor whispers something to Keith.
The Proprietor leaves, taking Anna's suitcase with him.
The tape recorder and the binoculars remain on the table.
Vivienne's hand remains on Anna's hand.*

Vivienne: How are you feeling?

Anna: Tired.

Vivienne: Perhaps you should lie down.

Anna: In a moment.

It's a beautiful afternoon.
You're very kind, Vivienne.
Can you smell the thaw.
Gorgeous.

The Man: What was it like?

Anna: The usual.
Terribly dark.
Then clear.
Then nothing - which is the opposite of nothing.
Then gorgeous.
Then sad.

The Man: Gorgeous.

Anna: Now, it's sad. Only now.

The Man: Did you sense - ? did you have a sense of - ?

Anna: Yes.

The Man: Maybe that is what happened to me in the snow.
What happened to you.

Anna: A fit?

The Man: Maybe.

Vivienne: I think Anna has had enough questions.
Don't you Keith?

The Man: Yes, I'm sorry.

Anna: What did Pedro say to you?

The Man: He said...

I'm not sure if you -

Anna: Tell me.

The Man: He said you were a visitor from the world of spirits.
You could bring us good luck or bad luck.
We had to placate you with gifts.

Anna laughs.

Anna: I'm going to go up to my room now.

And lie down.
That's where I'll be.

If anyone wants to find me.

Anna leaves.

The Man sits.

Anna, just as she is about to exit, looks back at The Man.

The Man is looking at her.

She exits.

Vivienne: Poor girl.

The Man: Should I go to her?

Vivienne: You must do what you think is best Keith.

The Man: I'll give her a moment.

...
What would Keith do in this situation?

Vivienne: Keith walked into the sea.

The Man: I think I'll go for a walk.

I need to think.

Vivienne: My bathroom's clean. So I'm told.

I'm going to wash.

The Man: A walk up through the pines.

By the burn.

A pause.

Vivienne makes to leave.

The Man remains still, looking away from her.

He begins to cry.

The following words are both a response to his tear and each word provokes tears,

The Man:

Burn.

Burn.

Burn.

It's such a gorgeous word Viv.

Burn.

She's... I've

Burn.

Vivienne: Perhaps you'll join me for dinner.

Vivienne leaves.

Something of a pause.

He presses play on the tape recorder.

The tape recorder: 'Five languages and it doesn't make sense in any of them.'

The smallest of laughs.

He rewinds.

Presses play again.

The tape recorder: 'Five languages and it doesn't make sense in any of them'

The smallest of laughs.

The Proprietor comes out.

Proprietor: Why didn't you tell me she was a spirit?

For God's sake pilgrim.
You've visited the realm of angels.
You must have spotted it.

The Man:

I sensed something.

Proprietor:

You don't fuck about with the spirits.

Jesus. Don't you know anything?
We could be in big trouble.
This is an avalanche prone area you know.
Good god.
You could have landed us right in it.

The Man:

I'm sorry.

Proprietor:

It's too late for sorry now.

The Proprietor looks through the binoculars.

Proprietor:

Damn.
I knew it.
I can't find the him.

Damn.

The Man:

The climber.

Proprietor:

He's not there.

The Man:

Maybe he's reached the summit.

Proprietor:

It's nearly dark.

Oh god.
Look.

This is all your fault.

Don't tell Eveline. It'll kill her.

You don't want that on your conscience as well.

The Man:

I'm sorry Pedro.
I'm really sorry.

Proprietor:

O.K. This is what we do.
We tell Eveline he reached the summit.

O.K.

But before he left he told us he had to go back to Germany.

Right.

He told us to tell Eveline he loved her.

But he'd lied.

And he was married.

And he had to go back.

And he loved her so much he couldn't bear to tell her.
But he waved, from the summit.

We saw him wave.

That's what we tell Eveline.

The Man:

What if he did reach the summit?

Proprietor: Then he can do what the fuck he wants.

The Man: Eveline will know we've lied.

Proprietor: You and your sorry conscience.

Learn - idiot.

Carry the lie.

Put the stone in the old rucksack and add it to the rest.

Good god.

There's no vanity like an Englishman's concern for his

conscience.

Let the poor girl pick up her own stones when her time comes.

I live in the mountains, Pilgrim.

We've all been in the snow.

You're not so special.

Not round here.

The Proprietor leaves.

The Man picks up the binoculars.

He looks through them.

Anna enters.

Anna: You didn't come.

The Man: I thought you were in your room.

I was going to -

Anna: I need to know where we stand.

The Man: I see.

...
Sit down, Anna.

Anna doesn't sit down.

Something of a pause.

The Man: I like you Anna.

Anna: You didn't come.

The Man: Anna, I'm...

Anna: Go on.

The Man: I'm too old for you.

I'm a damp towel over a flame.

You're alive.

Anna: I see.

The Man: I love you.

We're connected.

But it's impossible.

Anna: You love me.

The Man: Yes.

Anna: Do you know how tiring it is?

Sensing?

Moving back and forth between worlds?
How it wears you down?

The Man: No.

Anna: Waking up from that, so many times, back to this?

The Man: No.

Anna: No. Of course you don't.

You've only done it once.

The Man: I'm sorry.

Anna: You have no insight.

What happened to you was chemical.

The Man: I just don't seem to be a bold man.

Anna: You could have come.

You didn't.

The Man: I'm too afraid.

Anna: Yes.

The Man: I'm too weak.

Anna: Yes.

The Man: It's my fault I -

Anna: It's not your fault.

Something of a pause.

The Man: Would you like to join us for dinner.

It's a lovely evening.

Anna: No thankyou.

I'm quite tired.

I need to sleep.

If you could ask Mrs Sutherland to send a statement to

Marseilles.

That would be quite helpful to me.

The Man: I will.

Anna: What happened to the climber?

The Man: He made the summit.

I saw him waving.

Anna: I'm glad.

The Man: Yes.

Anna: Well.

Goodnight.

I won't see you in the morning.

Something of a pause.
Anna leaves.

The Man: You've forgotten your tape recorder.

Anna comes back.

She picks up the tape recorder.

She takes the tape out.

She stands on it.

Stamps it into small pieces.

The Man: Won't the experts need that?

Anna: You don't need an expert to tell you who you are.

You know who you are.

You live with it.

Anna leaves.

The man remains.

The man rises from the seat.

He goes to the edge of the terrace.

He lights a cigarette.

Music comes on, **Toto - Africa.**

The Proprietor enters.

As he speaks he puts a tablecloth over the table.

He puts a candle down.

He lights it.

He puts down a bottle of wine and two glasses.

Proprietor: Beautiful evening.

The Man: Gorgeous.

Proprietor: Warm still.

The Man: Yes.

Proprietor: It's veal tonight.

Do you like veal?

The Man: I don't know.

Proprietor: I love it, myself.

But then I'm Spanish.

I'll eat anything that bleeds.

The Proprietor leaves.

As he leaves he passes Vivienne entering.

Vivienne is wearing an evening dress.

The Proprietor wolf whistles.

It is now night.

The man turns round and sees her.

She approaches him and stands beside him.

She holds her hand out.

He takes her hand.

He is quite self conscious about it.

Vivienne:

How does it feel.

The Man:

All right.

...

I like this song.

Did Keith like this song?

Vivienne:

I don't know. I don't think so. He never said.

The Man:

Keith.

...

It would have been nice if there could have been dolphins.

THE END