

# **IF I CAN'T HAVE YOU BROKEN**

**Daniel Nellor**

## CHARACTERS

Julie, thirties

David, thirties or forties

Sam, a teenager

*The play is set in David's apartment. A couch, a chair.*

### 1.

*Night. David and Julie.*

JULIE: I don't know which of us is drunker.

DAVID: You are. I am.

*He thinks, then—*

I am.

JULIE: I really think—don't you?—that we should both just be, like, just, completely upfront about what we want here.

DAVID: Okay. What do you want?

JULIE: Am I going first?

DAVID: You suggested it.

JULIE: Fair enough. I want to have sex.

DAVID: That's what I want.

JULIE: Bingo! Good start. Now. Who do you want to have sex with?

DAVID: You're funny.

JULIE: Well?

DAVID: I'm afraid if I move I'll fall over.

JULIE: I could come to you.

DAVID: Do you think that might be possible?

JULIE: I wouldn't rule it out.

*She takes a step towards him but drops to one knee.*

DAVID: Whoops.

JULIE: Jesus Christ, the room.

DAVID: Let me help you.

JULIE: I don't normally get this drunk.

DAVID: Let me help you.

JULIE: I can stay here.

DAVID: No ...

JULIE: Might be easier ...

DAVID: Come on ...

JULIE: You have me on my knees! This could be your lucky night.

DAVID: I don't want you on your knees.

JULIE: Chivalrous. Unusual.

*He helps her up. She holds out her hand.*

JULIE: Julie.

*He shakes it.*

DAVID: David.

*They move together and kiss.*

JULIE: David.

DAVID: Julie.

JULIE: Why were you drinking alone?

I mean, should I be worried? Of course I should be worried. I don't normally go home with strange men. But should I—you know—be worried?

DAVID: Are you worried?

JULIE: No.

DAVID: Sure?

JULIE: Yes.

DAVID: I was marking an anniversary.

JULIE: Oh God—were you? What sort of anniversary? Wedding?

DAVID: No.

JULIE: Divorce?

DAVID: No.

JULIE: Birth.

DAVID: (*shakes head*)

JULIE: Death?

DAVID: ...

JULIE: Shut up, Julie. None of your business. Oh, God! Right, let's get on with it then. Wait—head spin. Right—hello.

DAVID: Hello.

JULIE: I'm Julie.

DAVID: We've done this.

JULIE: So we have. Um. So. Look. David?

DAVID: Julie?

JULIE: I don't do this very often.

DAVID: Neither do I.

JULIE: I think you should dial down your expectations.

DAVID: I'm not going to do that.

*They kiss and undress one another.*

2.

*Julie alone, wearing an army hat. The front door opens and David enters. He halts; they look at one another.*

DAVID: What are you doing here?

JULIE: Nice welcome.

DAVID: How did you get in?

JULIE: I know who you are.

DAVID: How did you get in?

JULIE: You gave me a key.

DAVID: Did I? No I didn't.

JULIE: I don't know about you but I don't normally drink that much.

DAVID: Neither do I.

JULIE: You did, you know.

*She pulls out his key.*

Said let myself in. I think we imagined a whole life together.

Anyway. You probably want your key back.

DAVID: Could you take that off, please?

JULIE: Sorry.

*She takes off the hat.*

DAVID: I would. Thanks.

JULIE: I know who you are, you know.

DAVID: So you say.

JULIE: Looked you up. Captain David Hart. Army. Distinguished service. Multiple deployments. V.C.—which I also looked up: Victoria Cross. ‘For acts of the most conspicuous gallantry or daring, or pre-eminent acts of valour or self-sacrifice.’

So which were you, then? Gallant? Daring? Valorous? Self-sacrificial?

Or just conspicuous?

DAVID: I don’t want to be rude ...

JULIE: But you’re about to be.

DAVID: What are you doing here?

JULIE: I’m a pacifist, by the way.

DAVID: ?

JULIE: I’m pregnant.

*Pause.*

A pregnant pacifist.

Sorry.

Sorry about that.

No I'm not. Why am I apologising?

DAVID: Is this real?

JULIE: Yes.

DAVID: Are you sure?

JULIE: Yes.

*She picks up the hat.*

JULIE: How does this not get blown off in the wind?

DAVID: It's ceremonial.

JULIE: Fits me perfectly.

*She puts it on.*

DAVID: Please.

*She takes it off.*

DAVID: Julie?

JULIE: Well remembered.

DAVID: Is. This. Real.

JULIE: Yes. It. Is.

DAVID: We were careful.

JULIE: No we weren't.

DAVID: No. We weren't.

What are you gonna do?

JULIE: Involve the father in the decision.

DAVID: It's your decision.

JULIE: I know it is. I'm involving you.

DAVID: But what does that—

I mean, what do you envisage—

Let's just step back for a minute, can we?

JULIE: Take a deep breath.

DAVID: We don't know each other.

JULIE: No.

DAVID: So—I mean—what are you suggesting we do?

JULIE: I think a pirate theme for the wedding. Nice little house in the country. I don't know, do I!

DAVID: Wedding.

JULIE: That was a joke.

DAVID: I know, but—I can't do this. I mean, I literally can't do this now. I have to go.

JULIE: We need to talk.

DAVID: I have an interview.

JULIE: For a job?

DAVID: For television.

JULIE: Oh, of course—war hero. Fine. How about dinner?

DAVID: Why?

JULIE: To talk.

DAVID: When?

JULIE: Tonight.

DAVID: I can't tonight. I'm not being difficult but I have a ceremonial thing.

*Julie picks up the hat.*

DAVID: Exactly.

JULIE: Then tomorrow.

DAVID: Isn't dinner a bit—like a date?

JULIE: Actually I wasn't being honest before. The decision is not about keeping the baby.

I'm keeping the baby.

The decision is about whether I'm doing it alone or not.

So dinner. Because as you say—

We don't really know each other, do we?

Oh—your key.

*She holds it out. He looks at it but does not take it.*

DAVID: Tomorrow night. Let yourself in.

**3.**

*David and Julie.*

JULIE: Because it's wrong to kill another human being, that's why. Full stop. If we don't have that then what do we have?

DAVID: A man—

JULIE: Nothing, that's what we have.

DAVID: A man is—

JULIE: I know what you're going to say.

DAVID: No you don't.

JULIE: A man is coming after me. He's going to rape me. Would I kill him in self-defence?

DAVID: Well, would you?

JULIE: That's very different.

DAVID: Not really, but would you?

*Pause.*

JULIE: I don't know.

DAVID: Oh, come on.

JULIE: No, I genuinely don't know.

DAVID: What if he's coming after your child?

JULIE: Our child.

DAVID: This is hypothetical.

JULIE: I know, but it's our child.

DAVID: You despise what I do.

JULIE: What would you do?

DAVID: Kill him.

JULIE: Would you?

DAVID: He's coming after our child?

JULIE: Yes.

DAVID: Then yes. In an instant. Any child. Of course I would.

JULIE: He's someone's child.

DAVID: But you're a teacher!

JULIE: Yes.

DAVID: Okay, so not just one child, but a whole classroom. A man walks in with an automatic weapon—

JULIE: Don't.

DAVID: Guess why.

JULIE: Because they're girls.

DAVID: You've heard that one. Well, this is what we're up against.

JULIE: Violence begets violence.

DAVID: Or sometimes violence can stop violence.

JULIE: And here comes Hitler, right on cue.

DAVID: Do you think he would have stopped of his own accord?

JULIE: Do you think he would have started if the Allies hadn't been such pricks at Versailles?

DAVID: Do you think that was relevant when he was marching into Poland?

JULIE: My God, this is like a bad Twitter feed. I've actually banned Hitler from my classroom. I make them find another example.

DAVID: You brought him up!

JULIE: You were about to. So 80 million people dead later, we stopped him. Hurrah.

DAVID: Then surely it would've been better to stop him earlier.

JULIE: Like when he was a child?

DAVID: That doesn't make any sense at all.

JULIE: How many people have you killed?

*Pause.*

DAVID: We don't talk about that.

JULIE: More than none, then.

DAVID: We don't talk about it.

JULIE: Well, that's healthy. You don't believe me, do you, when I say I might allow myself to be attacked, maybe even killed, rather than take a life?

DAVID: I don't think I do, no.

JULIE: I'm not saying I would. But I might.

DAVID: For one thing, survival instinct kicks in.

JULIE: Let's assume I can think about it first.

DAVID: Okay. And that you can do it.

JULIE: Yes, that I'm physically capable. Still, I might choose not to take a life.

DAVID: I don't think there's any chance you would choose that.

JULIE: And I think that's an imaginative failure on your part.

DAVID: Or that you should, either.

JULIE: But that's a different question.

DAVID: But you never answered mine. Our child. In danger. What would you do?

JULIE: Whatever it took. Yes—up to and including betraying every one of my principles. Yes! But don't gloat, alright, because it's horrifying. What is there in me that could even contemplate a thing like that?

DAVID: Isn't it obvious?

JULIE: ?

DAVID: Love.

#### 4.

*David and Julie after sex on the couch. They lie in each other's arms.*

JULIE: It's like I didn't know there was a question until I found the answer. You know? I was happy. I am happy. I'm a happy person. I enjoy my job. I enjoy my students. I'm good at it, if I say so myself. I see them getting it; see the light come on. It's all I ever wanted to do. It's not like something was missing. I didn't need my own child. And I didn't need a man, either. I've had partners. Three long term—depending on how you define 'long term'. A year, two years, and a

year and a half. That's not so bad, is it? No hard feelings. No bad break-ups. Just never exactly worked out. And then, drunk in a bar, in the middle of the night, there's you. Alone. Drinking heavily. My friends told me not to go over, and they were right. What a stupid bloody thing to do in this day and age. But I mean what are we looking at here? I'm 35. You're 40. We're maybe halfway through our lives. The idea that you, a stranger in a bar, might be a really big part of the second half ...

I'm stunned. I'm disappointed in myself. But what can I do? I want it.

*Pause.*

Do you think our relationship's going to be mainly me talking and you listening?

DAVID: Who says I'm listening?

JULIE: I don't believe in love at first sight. Or first fuck. Or seventh, which is what that was.

DAVID: Eighth.

JULIE: I'm not counting interruptions. You shouldn't have answered the phone, but I've let that go.

DAVID: Have you?

JULIE: Serious question though: Where do I fit in the hierarchy? You said you had to answer because it was a General or something—

DAVID: Lieutenant Colonel.

JULIE: Who only wanted a restaurant recommendation.

DAVID: I know, I thought it was something more serious than that.

JULIE: 'Yes sir!'

DAVID: Stop it.

JULIE: 'They have really nice tapas, sir!'

DAVID: That's such an exaggeration.

JULIE: I love you.

*Long pause.*

DAVID: Maybe it's the baby.

*After a moment she stands, dresses, and walks out.*

5.

*David and Julie.*

DAVID: I've spoken to a lawyer. Not because I think it's going to get ugly. I don't. I just want to know where things stand. I have a secure job. You won't have to worry about money. When the child turns eighteen—if they want to reach out—well—I wouldn't refuse to engage.

JULIE: Wow.

DAVID: I know this is not what you wanted to hear.

JULIE: And if I don't accept it?

DAVID: Well—what would that look like?

JULIE: It would look like me saying no, that's what it would look like.

DAVID: To what, though?

JULIE: The money, for one. I don't want your money, it's blood money.

DAVID: That's your right.

JULIE: And the other part too.

DAVID: What other part?

JULIE: The you leaving part.

DAVID: Oh, Julie, please don't make this hard.

JULIE: I am going to make it hard. I'm going to make it very bloody hard. Because it's so stupid!

DAVID: I'm trying to explain. What I do is, I fight. Right? That's what I do. Now, I chose it. It's what I want. But it's ugly. It changes you. I'm telling you, I am not what this child needs.

JULIE: It's not all that you are.

DAVID: It is all that I am.

JULIE: No, because I love you, and I hate that. That, I despise. So that can't be all of you. It can't be. And you love me too. Deny it.

DAVID: I do deny it.

JULIE: Then say the words! Say it to my face!

DAVID: I don't love you! Alright? I don't. Don't look at me like that because I really don't. How could I? How could I love you and fuckin resent you so much all at the same time? I had it all planned out, all of it. I serve. The military is how I serve. Can't you see that? Nothing else. Not that. Not a baby. Julie, please don't make this harder than it needs to be. I'll give you money. It's all blood money. Yours too. You can pretend that it isn't, but it is. Some of us teach, some of

us keep the killers out of the classroom. Either way it's blood—it's built on blood! Look, take the money. Take my money, and make the child ... good, will you?

I reckon you can do it.

Course I love you.

JULIE: Not the money. You.

DAVID: Not me.

JULIE: You can have this. Why do you think you can't?

DAVID: You don't know me. You don't know who I am.

JULIE: A—the father of my child. B—the man I find I love.

DAVID: That's not—

JULIE: That is who you are. It is. You might be other things as well, but you're at least that. Do you think this is what I intended? Do you think it's part of my life plan? It's not.

It's better.

*She takes out his key and offers it to him.*

If you don't feel the same then you never have to see me again. But if you do—

Then let me in.

Let us in.

Try?

6.

*Julie, now heavily pregnant, alone. A knock at the door. She struggles to her feet and answers it. It is Sam, 16, school uniform, school bag on his back. He looks at her.*

SAM: Captain Hart.

JULIE: He's not here at the moment. Can I help?

*Sam cries.*

JULIE: Oh. Oh. Are you alright? Do you know him? What's wrong?

SAM: I'm sorry ...

*He goes to leave.*

JULIE: Wait. St James?

SAM: Yes.

JULIE: I teach at St Catherine's.

SAM: I know.

JULIE: We share classes.

SAM: I know.

JULIE: I've seen you, haven't I?

SAM: *(nods)*

JULIE: You know David?

SAM: (*nods*)

JULIE: How?

SAM: He helped me.

JULIE: The war?

SAM: (*nods*)

JULIE: I understand. It's alright. Why don't you come in?

SAM: He would not—

JULIE: It's alright. Please. Come in.

*Sam enters.*

JULIE: I'm Julie.

SAM: Sam.

*She offers her hand.*

JULIE: Do you ... (*shake hands with women*)?

SAM: It's okay.

*He shakes.*

JULIE: Sam. You can put down your bag if you like.

*He doesn't.*

JULIE: Would you like something to drink?

SAM: I need to speak to Captain Hart.

JULIE: I'm not sure what time he'll be home. He has an event, a military thing. Lucky me, I got out of it.

SAM: You are his wife.

JULIE: Yes. Partner.

SAM: You are having a baby.

JULIE: Lucky for you, I am.

SAM: ?

JULIE: Yes. Due in a month.

SAM: Is it a boy?

JULIE: It is.

SAM: I will go.

JULIE: Sam. I'd like to ask you a question. You don't have to answer. How did he help you? We don't talk about it, the war. He knows I have—well, an ethical issue.

SAM: Ethical.

JULIE: Whether it's right or wrong.

SAM: Yes.

JULIE: So I understand if—

SAM: My father was killed.

JULIE: I'm sorry.

SAM: I had no-one else. No mother. No sisters. My brothers were fighting. There was a neighbour, but—he was no good for a child. Captain Hart found me. He took me to the United Nations, who had a program for children like me. He took me there. He didn't have to. The ones around him didn't want him to. But he did. And now I am here.

JULIE: Thank you.

SAM: I would like to ask you something.

JULIE: Of course.

SAM: What is your 'ethical issue'?

JULIE: I'm opposed to violence.

SAM: Violence.

JULIE: Yes. Fighting. Hurting. For any reason. It's called being a 'pacifist'—from the word 'peace'. Anyway, that's what I am.

SAM: He is a soldier.

JULIE: Yes.

SAM: Do you think—if he did this good thing—it redeems him in your eyes?

JULIE: That's a good word to know! Well, maybe. Maybe it does. Sam—how did you find us?

*The door opens and David enters in dress uniform. He and Sam stare at one another.*

DAVID: Who are you?

JULIE: This is—

DAVID: I'd like you to move away from her, please.

JULIE: David!

DAVID: Now.

*Sam moves.*

DAVID: Who are you?

SAM: ...

DAVID: Tell me your name.

JULIE: David, you're scaring him. This is—

DAVID: Julie. Please.

*(to Sam:) ?*

SAM: I am Samir.

DAVID: I don't know you.

JULIE: David, yes you do, it's—

SAM: I am the son of Amrullah.

*Pause. David speaks without moving his gaze from Sam.*

DAVID: Julie. I can't explain why. But I'd like you to go outside, please.

JULIE: What?

DAVID: I'd like you to leave the building.

JULIE: Are you serious?

DAVID: Yes.

JULIE: I'm not doing that.

DAVID: Please.

JULIE: Why?

DAVID: Right now. Please.

JULIE: What's going on?

DAVID: Do you have your phone? I'll call you. It's alright. Everything's fine. But please leave the building now.

JULIE: ?

DAVID: Julie, please. Just do it.

*She walks towards the door.*

DAVID: I love you.

JULIE: ?

DAVID: Go.

JULIE: Is everything alright?

DAVID: Yes.

*She hesitates.*

DAVID: Julie, please, JUST GO!

*She leaves.*

DAVID: What's in the bag?

SAM: ...

DAVID: If I need to come over there, I will.

SAM: Nothing.

DAVID: I'd like you to show me. Take it off—slowly—and open it up.

SAM: I just want to talk.

DAVID: We can do that. Open the bag first.

SAM: I—I don't—

*David walks over and grabs Sam by the throat.*

DAVID: Take it off. Take it off.

*Sam, with difficulty, shrugs the bag off his shoulders. David takes it without letting it hit the ground. He lets Sam go. Sam coughs.*

DAVID: Stand over there. And keep your hands where I can see them.

*Sam moves. David opens the bag, very slowly, and looks inside. He looks at Sam, then pulls out a short sword. Shows it to Sam. Puts the sword back into the bag and throws it to the other side of the room. He moves towards Sam.*

SAM: Please ...

*He grabs Sam by the throat again.*

DAVID: What's that for? Hey? What's it for? You come into my house? Who are you? Why are you here?

SAM: I am the son of Amrullah ...

DAVID: Yes?

SAM: Who you killed.

*David lets go of Sam.*

DAVID: I don't know who that is.

SAM: You do.

DAVID: You're talking about the war.

SAM: Yes. But no. You did not kill him in war. Not in battle. No. You killed him as he knelt before you.

*He pulls a set of prayer beads from his pocket.*

Holding these.

I saw it. I was hiding behind a tree. You killed him. After you killed him, you dropped a radio at his feet and took a photograph. Then you picked up the radio and left. I didn't come out for a long time. When I did, I tried to move him, but he was too heavy. So I took these from his hands, and I ran.

You found me the next day. You took me to the United Nations. But you did not know who I was. You did not know what I had seen.

DAVID: Come here.

I'm not going to hurt you. Come here.

*Sam does.*

DAVID: Hold out your arms.

*Sam does. David pats him down. Pulls a phone out of Sam's pocket, examines it, then hands it to Sam.*

DAVID: Turn it off.

*Sam does, and hands it to David, who checks it and hands it back.*

DAVID: Nothing of what you just said is true.

SAM: It is all true.

DAVID: No. You're mistaken. You've made a mistake.

SAM: He was like this.

*Sam kneels before David, clutching the prayer beads, his head bowed.*

DAVID: Get up.

SAM: When you shot him, he fell to his left, like this.

*Sam falls to his left.*

DAVID: Get up. What the fuck are you doing? Stand on your feet.

*Sam stands.*

DAVID: What do you want?

SAM: I want you to tell me why.

DAVID: There is no why.

SAM: There must be.

DAVID: No. There is no why because it didn't happen. How did you find me?

SAM: I followed your wife. She is a teacher at our sister school. When I saw you in the news, she was by your side.

DAVID: And the sword?

*Pause.*

SAM: In my mind it was different. I would have you on your knees. I would hold the sword above your head. I would say I am the son of Amrullah. I am the son of the man you killed. You would of course deny it. So I would hit you in the face with the handle of the sword. And I would say again: I am the son of Amrullah. I would force you to admit it. And then you would tell me why.

DAVID: And then?

SAM: I would decide whether to let you live or not.

*Pause.*

DAVID: How old are you?

SAM: Sixteen.

DAVID: And what happened?

SAM: ?

DAVID: Why am I still alive?

SAM: I am a coward. I am not worthy of my father's name.

DAVID: Have a seat.

*Sam hesitates.*

DAVID: Have a seat.

*Sam sits, and so does David.*

DAVID: I remember you.

You were hiding in a rock formation. Your foot was sticking out. I thought it was a body then it moved. You were tiny—a tiny little boy. You didn't want to come with me at first. But I could see you were alone. I thought you would probably die out there.

*Sam cries.*

DAVID: I can see now why you didn't want to come. You thought I'd killed your father. But you were wrong. I didn't kill your father. That didn't happen. Sam? Listen to me. We all get confused in war.

Have you told anyone this?

SAM: No.

DAVID: Julie? Earlier?

SAM: No.

DAVID: Okay.

What you've done—what you've already done—is bad. You understand that, don't you? It's a criminal offence to carry a concealed weapon. You made plans to commit an assault, or worse. I'll be honest with you, Sam. This is not the start you want at sixteen. Do you talk to someone?

SAM: ?

DAVID: Help. Therapy. Someone to talk to about the war.

SAM: (*shakes head*)

DAVID: Okay.

I want to let this go. But I need to know you're not a threat to my partner or my child. How can I know that? Can I know that? If I can't, I have to go to the police.

SAM: You won't go to the police.

DAVID: No? What makes you think that?

SAM: Because if you go to the police, I will go to the war crimes inquiry.

*Pause.*

DAVID: I'm not a subject of that inquiry.

SAM: Not yet.

DAVID: You don't know what you're doing.

SAM: Maybe not. But I know what I saw. I saw you kill my father. I saw you looking for me in the rocks. And I am seeing you now. Do you think I will ever forget your face?

DAVID: Let me explain something to you.

You've been through a lot. More than most people your age. See, you and I, we understand. We've both seen things most people will never see. We know things happen that most people will never accept. And they're right, you know. Some things are unacceptable.

But you're here now. This is not like where you came from. We don't do vendettas here. We don't do revenge. You're at St James—right? Good school. I'm assuming you're on a scholarship. Even by this country's standards, Sam, that's pretty special. You have enough to eat; you have a place to live. You know it's not like that back home.

Now, we wanted that for everyone. Of course we did. And we're not there yet, I know that. But you're here now. And here, we have choices. You have choices. You're smart. I can see that. You speak English, you speak it well. You can do anything you want to. Earn money. Help people. Go back and rebuild your country if that's what you want to do.

It's good to have choices. But it's also scary, isn't it? Because some choices lead to good things. And some choices don't.

You need to know I will do anything to protect my partner and my child.

SAM: Do you think I want to hurt your child?

DAVID: I don't know. Do you?

SAM: I could have cut him from her womb.

DAVID: You don't want to say that to me.

SAM: I am saying it to you.

DAVID: You're talking about my son.

SAM: Yes. But he is not the person I want to be talking about.

He was on his knees. He was unarmed. He was a man at prayer. What was his crime? What was his injury to you?

DAVID: Sam, I'm trying to be reasonable. If you don't want to be reasonable, I don't know if I can help you.

SAM: I don't want your help.

DAVID: Then what do you want?

SAM: The truth. I want the truth. I want to know why it happened. I want to know what purpose it served. I want to know the truth like you know the truth.

DAVID: There is. No. Truth.

SAM: Yes there is, and the inquiry is finding it. I have read the transcripts. The stories they have told. About villagers taken from their families. About the shelling of homes. And about soldiers killing unarmed men. I understand it now. I know what I saw. When a soldier kills a civilian, he puts a radio by the body so it looks like the person was calling in an attack. Then he takes a photograph. Then it becomes lawful. Then it becomes right.

But photographs don't tell the truth, David. Only you can do that.

DAVID: I think you should leave now.

SAM: You will tell me the truth.

DAVID: You will not come near my partner again.

SAM: What are you afraid? That I will tell her? You do not need to worry. I will not tell her.

DAVID: Good.

SAM: But you will.

DAVID: ?

SAM: Yes. That is what will happen. You will tell her. You will tell her who I am. You will tell her why I am here. You will tell her who is the man she loves. She will confirm that you have told her. Or I will go to the inquiry. I will tell them everything. I know you are afraid of them. It is why you searched me for my phone.

*David gets Sam's schoolbag, removes the sword, and throws the bag at him.*

DAVID: Get out.

SAM: You will tell her the truth. I will see her at school. I will know.

DAVID: Get the fuck out of my house.

SAM: It is alright. I don't need that (*the sword*). I see that now.

*Sam leaves.*

*Julie and David.*

DAVID: I need to tell you something about war.

You can't not hate. Most people don't try. You need a strong motivation to stand firm when the fighting begins. But I did try. I tried for a long time. To understand their motivations. To think how we must have looked to them when we flew into their country and lit up the compounds. I even tried to understand the crazy ones. The fanatics. The ones who shoot women in football stadiums. I tried to think that maybe they, too, on some level, thought they were doing the right thing.

But in the end they're trying to kill you. And they're trying to kill your friends.

JULIE: I'm scared now.

DAVID: You don't need to be. I just need you to understand what it means to have an enemy.

JULIE: Did you do it?

DAVID: It's not as simple as that.

JULIE: How is it not? Ah.

*Julie places a hand on her stomach.*

DAVID: What is it?

JULIE: Mm.

DAVID: What is it?

JULIE: Please. Just tell me now. Did you do it?

DAVID: What's going on?

*Julie pauses, then nods.*

DAVID: Let's go.

JULIE: Not yet.

DAVID: Why not?

Oh, Julie. Please don't do this.

JULIE: Did you—ah.

*She holds her stomach again.*

DAVID: That's close together.

JULIE: Did you do it?

DAVID: I'm not discussing this now. I'm getting the bag.

JULIE: Tell me.

DAVID: I'm not discussing it.

JULIE: Ah, fuck!

DAVID: Right. I'm getting the bag. We're going to the car.

JULIE (*breathing*): I'm not leaving this room. Until I have an answer.

DAVID: Then the answer is no.

JULIE: It's a war crime.

DAVID: It didn't happen.

JULIE: Then why did he say it?

DAVID: I don't know. He's fucked in the head. Maybe he did see his father killed.

JULIE: But not by you.

DAVID: Not by me.

JULIE: Ah fucking cunt of a thing.

DAVID: Right. Okay.

*He goes to another room and returns with an overnight bag.*

JULIE: Then why did you say that?

DAVID: What?

JULIE: Why did you tell me all that about war?

DAVID: Julie, will you please get on your feet? Let me help you.

JULIE: No.

DAVID: What is this? What are we doing?

JULIE: Because it sounded a lot like you were trying to tell me why you might do a thing like that.

DAVID: On your feet, come on.

JULIE: You can't give me orders, David. I'm not in your army.

DAVID: You wanted my answer and I gave it to you.

JULIE: I want the truth.

DAVID: Why are you doing this?

*She touches her stomach as an answer. Then:*

JULIE: Ah! Ah! Ah!

Fuck.

DAVID: Let's go.

JULIE: I want to go.

DAVID: Then let's go.

JULIE: ?

DAVID: Julie I swear to you. You're carrying our child. You need help now. I did not kill this man.

*Pause. Julie nods.*

*He helps her walk to the door.*

8.

*Night. David has a bottle of whiskey open and is drinking.*

*There is a knock at the door. He answers it. Sam enters, in casual clothes.*

*David signals for him to raise his arms. He does, and David searches him. Examines Sam's phone, and hands it back.*

DAVID: You probably don't drink.

SAM: *(shakes head)*

DAVID: Anything? Water?

SAM: *(shakes head)*

DAVID: Have a seat.

SAM: Where is your wife?

DAVID: She's not my fucking wife. We don't all get married here. Get it through your head. We're different.

Hospital.

Complications.

SAM: Why are you not with her?

DAVID: Because she didn't want me to be.

SAM: Why not?

DAVID: Don't push it.

SAM: How did you get my number?

DAVID: I think you'll find, Sam, there's no limit to what I can find out about you.

SAM: Why did you ask me to come?

DAVID: We're men, you and I. Round here? People don't know what the world is.

I want to know what's next.

SAM: I don't understand.

DAVID: I did what you asked.

SAM: You told her?

DAVID: Yes.

SAM: You told her what you did?

DAVID: No. I told her what you said I did.

So what's next, Captain?

*Pause.*

SAM: Tell me.

DAVID: And then?

SAM: ?

DAVID: Tell you and then—what? Tell the war crimes inquiry?

SAM: No.

DAVID: No?

SAM: No.

DAVID: But you'll tell them?

You understand how leverage works, don't you?

SAM: I don't know what that means.

DAVID: No? Well you're fuckin good at it.

SAM: What is wrong with her?

DAVID: It's none of your business.

SAM: Will the child survive?

DAVID: You little cunt. Don't talk to me about my child. Who are you, anyway? Do you know I could break your neck if I wanted to?

SAM: Yes. I do know that.

DAVID: Well keep it in mind.

They don't know yet.

*David cries. Sam watches.*

*David stops crying, stands and approaches Sam, who flinches.*

*David kneels.*

DAVID: I won't retaliate.

SAM: I don't understand.

DAVID: This is what you want, isn't it? Go on. Do it. Get it out of your system.

SAM: I'm not going to hit you.

DAVID: Why not?

SAM: I don't want to.

DAVID: Because you know I didn't do it.

SAM: No, I know you did do it.

DAVID: Then why not? Are you scared I'll hurt you?

SAM: You can't hurt me.

DAVID: Then do it, Sam. Come on, man. Don't be a coward. Do it for your father.

SAM: I will go.

DAVID: You know we had to be there, don't you? You all know that deep down. I mean, who do you want? Us, or the psychopaths? Because that was the choice, you know. That was your fuckin choice. Well, fuck you. You want the killers on the streets? Have them. Have the bearded fucks, I don't care. You'll be alright, you're a boy. Just do what they say and you'll be fine. Got any sisters, though?

SAM: I am going.

DAVID: Let me tell you something, Sam. Wait! Let me say.

*Sam hesitates.*

DAVID: We were pretty sure he was working with them.

*Sam looks at him, then turns and leaves.*

9.

*Day. The room is empty. The door opens and Julie enters, no longer pregnant.*

*David enters from the other room, his face cut and bruised.*

*They look at each other.*

JULIE: What happened?

DAVID: I went out.

Didn't know you were coming.

JULIE: I needed some things.

DAVID: I could've brought them in.

JULIE: *(shakes head)*

DAVID: Any news?

JULIE: No.

DAVID: What are they saying?

JULIE: They're not saying anything.

DAVID: I'd like to see him.

*Pause.*

JULIE: That's fair. Why don't you go now?

DAVID: Julie.

JULIE: I need to think, David, I'm sorry.

DAVID: What do you need to think about?

JULIE: About—you, of course. About us. About my child.

DAVID: Our child.

JULIE: We don't know each other.

DAVID: That's not true.

JULIE: Why were you drinking like that when we met?

DAVID: I told you, didn't I? I said this shouldn't be. I said I wasn't made for this.

JULIE: You did. Is this why?

DAVID: ...

JULIE: Listen to me. I'm going to ask you one more time, and then I'm never going to ask you again.

Is it true?

DAVID: No.

JULIE: Is it?

DAVID: No.

*Pause.*

JULIE: Go and see him, David. Okay? Go and see your son.

*She walks past him. He attempts to take her hand on the way past. An awkward embrace, which she turns into a kiss. This becomes quite intense. She pulls away. They look at each other. She moves past him and into the other room.*

**10.**

*David is playing with the baby in a cot.*

*Julie enters in pyjamas. She watches for some time before he sees her.*

DAVID (*to the baby*): Here she is! Look who it is! Look who it is!

*She approaches and greets the baby. They play with the baby together. They look at each other.*

DAVID: Any better?

JULIE: (*shakes head*)

DAVID: Should I make an appointment?

JULIE: ...

DAVID: Want to hold him?

JULIE: Don't be angry.

DAVID: Okay ... ?

JULIE: I want to talk to the boy.

*Pause.*

DAVID: Why?

JULIE: ...

DAVID: Why?

JULIE: I need to hear it from him.

DAVID: You need to hear ... what from him?

JULIE: Something is making me sick.

DAVID: You just had a baby.

JULIE: It's not that. It's not that. I have his number. I got it from the school.

DAVID: Don't call it.

JULIE: David—

DAVID: Don't call it. Have you called it?

You've called it, haven't you?

Alright. I'll call him back and tell him not to come.

JULIE: You can't be here.

DAVID: He can't come here.

When?

JULIE: 3.

DAVID: Today?

JULIE: (*nods*)

DAVID: I have a funeral today.

JULIE: I know.

DAVID: I can't be here.

JULIE: I know.

DAVID: Julie—where do I fuckin begin?

JULIE: I'm sorry.

DAVID: He brought a sword here. He brought a weapon to this house. Have you forgotten that?

JULIE: Do you think he would have used it?

DAVID: Don't be naive.

JULIE: Tell me! You know these people. You know this boy. Do you think he would ever have used that sword?

DAVID: No.

JULIE: Thank you.

DAVID: But it's not about that.

JULIE: I know it's not.

DAVID: I won't say the word in front of our child. But do you think maybe—

Do you think maybe I am what he says I am?

JULIE: No. Of course not.

DAVID: Then why? Why? Why bring him here? Why bring—all of that—into this house again?

JULIE: Because I love you! Alright? Because he says these things. And because I can't turn away.

DAVID: But it's not true.

JULIE: I know. I know. I'll know. Look: if I can just talk to him, if I can look him in the eye—

DAVID: Look at me. Look me in the eye.

You asked me once how many. Do you remember? I won't say it [*in front of the baby*].

JULIE: I remember.

DAVID: 14.

14 definite, six more maybe.

Okay?

So now you know. Okay?

More than you thought.

JULIE: (*nods*)

DAVID: It's the job. I don't take any pleasure in it.

Can you—

Can you look at that—

Can you know that—

And still look at me?

JULIE: This is different.

DAVID: Not to you.

JULIE: But it's different to you. That matters, doesn't it?

DAVID: Yes! It does. It does matter. Which is why I would never do what he said I did. Which is why I just told you exactly what I did do.

JULIE: I appreciate that.

DAVID: You know I've never insisted on anything in our relationship.

JULIE: Don't say that like it's a concession.

DAVID: It's a plea. This funeral. I led him. I'm the one who took him to the places where he saw the things that—

Came back to bite him, I guess.

JULIE: Saw or did?

DAVID: I'm not going to dignify that.

JULIE: Why are you telling me this?

DAVID: I have to be there.

JULIE: I know you have to be there.

DAVID: I know you know. So why the fuck did you tell this—liar—to come to this house at that particular time precisely? Out of all times? Why do you want me out of the room?

11.

*Sam and Julie. The cot nearby.*

JULIE: It was chaos, wasn't it? You were young. You didn't know what was going on. How could you? You'd never seen so many strange men before. Men without beards. Men in strange uniforms. Men with guns. Then one of them—just one big, scary man among many—picks out your father in anger. You must have been terrified. Weren't you? You know what I think? I think maybe you weren't even watching the soldier at all. I think you were watching your father instead. Am I right? That would be the natural thing to do. You were watching your father. You didn't see the soldier. You didn't see his face. Then the next day another big man in uniform comes and takes you away—and he's the one you remember. It's possible, isn't it?

SAM: No.

JULIE: But of course it is!

SAM: I wasn't looking at my father. In that moment, I was—

God help me, I was ashamed of him.

You think we were all victims, terrified of the invaders. But I was not afraid of the soldiers—I loved them! I admired them! Those uniforms—I wanted one more than anything in the world! Of

course I was not looking at my father—if I am telling the truth, I did not even want him to be my father, may God forgive me! Please, you must understand this. If I had had my choice, at any moment until the moment he died, I would have chosen Captain Hart to be my father instead. Yes, or any of them! Can you believe that? I would have chosen any of those men. Not the man on his knees. Not the man crying in the sand. How pathetic, to cry on your knees when a real man approaches! No: I was watching the young man with the gun, not the old man with the beads.

Even when Captain Hart picked me up the next day—even though I was scared, even though I tried to run away, I thought for a moment—

And God have mercy on me, I hoped—

That he would make me his own.

Do you see? That is who I am. Not a son. Not a victim. A traitor. Of course I could not stop him being killed. But a good son would not admire the man who did it.

So yes. I am sorry. But I am sure.

If that is all you wanted I will leave you now.

*He moves towards the door.*

JULIA: Are you going to destroy us?

SAM: Is that what you think?

JULIE: I want to know what you're trying to do here.

SAM: Know.

JULIE: No?

SAM: Know. I am trying to know.

JULIE: Know.

SAM: There must be a reason. People do not just—

JULIE: Fine. So if I could—

I'm sorry, I don't feel very well today—

But if I could get him to talk to you—

If I could get him to say—

SAM: You believe me.

You believe me, don't you? I never told anyone before. People ask. I tell them my parents were killed in a suicide bombing. People understand suicide bombings. They have seen them on the news. They are sad for me. They feel sorry. But at least they can know it was one of our own.

I don't know why I am still so ashamed of the way he really died.

JULIE: (*cries*)

SAM: Why did you ask me to come here today?

JULIE: I wanted you to meet my son.

SAM: Why?

JULIE: I work with teenagers. I know what it's like. I know that it's possible to get so caught up in the turmoil of your own feelings that it can be hard to understand the impact of your actions on others.

I thought maybe if you met my son, you'd see what this will do to him—

And you'd drop it.

SAM: Drop it?

JULIA: If it wasn't true.

Sam, please forgive me.

I want you to drop it anyway.

*Pause.*

SAM: You believe me, and you will stay?

JULIE: Of course I will stay.

SAM: He is a murderer.

JULIE: It was a war.

*Pause.*

SAM: I did not know if you would believe me and leave, but I did not think you could believe me and stay.

JULIE: Sam, please listen to me. I do believe you. I do. And you have every right. To come in here. To take anything you want from us: anything, everything. Nothing I can do or say can make any difference to what has happened. So I am simply asking. If I can get him to talk to you. If he would try to explain. Because it was a war, Sam. Terrible things happen and they should never happen and that's why there should never be any wars in the first place. But they do happen and it has happened and nothing's going to change that. And this country—this country thinks we can say to our soldiers, go. You go. You go and you do what we say we want you to do. And no more! Do what we ask, but don't get carried away! And we'll look after you. We'll give you a medal.

We'll call you a hero. We'll even pay for your funeral when you finally put a gun in your mouth, but they don't tolerate this. Not anymore. And nor should they! But Sam, this is the father of my child. They'll put him in prison. He will never be anything but this thing that he did in a terrible moment—and my son will lose his father.

Maybe you don't want that to happen to another child.

SAM: That is an ugly thing to say.

You told me when we met you had your—'ethics'. What do your ethics mean now? What did they ever mean?

JULIE: Sam, I—

SAM: Enough. I am sick. My head it is spinning. Could I—a glass of water—I'm sorry. Please, could I—

JULIE: Of course.

*She goes to the other room.*

*Sam moves quickly to the cot, gently picks up the baby, walks to the door, opens it quietly, and leaves.*

12.

*.. is nothing but a scream.*

13.

*Julie and David, in his dress uniform.*

JULIE: Well because—

DAVID: Why?!

JULIE: Because—

DAVID: Why?!

JULIE: He looked sick! He looked like he was—

DAVID: (*groans*)

JULIE: Oh my chest oh my heart oh my fucking God help me please ...

**14.**

DAVID: Wait wait wait.

JULIE: We have to call the police!

DAVID: We need to think about this.

JULIE: I should have called them straight away! Why did I call you instead?

DAVID: We can call him.

*David pulls out his phone.*

JULIE: Do you have his number?

*David dials and listens.*

JULIE: Why do you have his number?

*David shakes his head and hangs up.*

JULIE: (*wails*)

15.

*Julie is physically attacking David.*

JULIE: You fuck! You fuck! This is your fault! It's your fault!

DAVID: Listen to me. He doesn't want to hurt the baby.

JULIE: You did this!

DAVID: How?

JULIE: How?

DAVID: He wants to hurt me.

JULIE: When you pulled the fucking trigger, that's how!

DAVID: You don't get the genie back in the bottle. If we call the police they're going to want to know why. Maybe it comes to that. But I don't think he's going to hurt him. I know this boy. This is not someone who wants to cause pain for its own sake. He's a scared kid. We only get one chance at this. I got his number I can get his address.

JULIE: Get my baby back! Get my baby back! Get my baby back straight in my arms right now!

16.

*Julie and David, breathing.*

DAVID: Stupid fuckin thing to do.

*Julie takes out her phone and dials. David takes it out of her hands. Julie looks at David.*

JULIE: Murderer.

*There is a knock at the door. They look at each other.*

*David walks to the door and opens it. It is Sam. David grabs him and pulls him into the room. Throws him to the floor and kneels over him.*

SAM: He is safe. He is safe.

DAVID: Where?

SAM: I promise.

DAVID: Julie, please leave.

JULIE and SAM: No.

*David lets go of Sam and stands.*

DAVID: If he is harmed in any way. If we don't see him very, very soon. If there is even the slightest hint that his treatment was anything less than perfect I will hurt you very badly. Do you understand?

SAM: Yes.

DAVID: Do you believe me?

SAM: Yes.

DAVID: Then get up.

*David reaches a hand to Sam, who takes it, and David pulls him to his feet.*

DAVID: Take me to him.

SAM: No.

DAVID: Take me to him.

SAM: No.

*David hesitates, then turns and walks to the other room. Sam and Julie watch him. They look at each other. David re-enters with Sam's sword. He goes to Sam, grabs him by the hair, pushes him against a wall and holds the sword across his throat.*

JULIE: David!

DAVID: WHERE IS HE? WHERE IS HE? TELL ME WHERE HE IS RIGHT NOW!

JULIE: David!

DAVID: TELL ME WHERE HE FUCKING IS!

JULIE: David, stop!

DAVID: I WILL PUSH THIS THROUGH TO THE FUCKING WALL I SWEAR!

JULIE: Get off him!

*Julie attempts to pull David away from Sam. David's hand shoots out and grabs Julie by the throat.*

*They hold like this—David holding the sword to Sam with one hand, and holding Julie by the throat with the other.*

*Breathing.*

*David lets Julie go. He drops the sword. Sits down on the couch.*

*Silence.*

SAM: We can talk now.

Now we can talk.

I am the son of Amrullah.

JULIE: Sam ...

SAM: Shut up! Shut up! I am talking! I will say!

*(to David)* I will tell you what has happened to your son when you tell me what happened to my father.

JULIE: Sam you have broken my heart ...

SAM: I know. I am sorry. But this world is not the whole world. Do you know that? Do you even know that? Thousands of children suffer every day. Thousands die. What does one child matter?

JULIE: Have you hurt him?!

SAM: No. I have not. But I think you understand now. Don't you?

JULIE: David. David, listen to me.

What I called you. What I said. I didn't mean it. Okay? I don't think of you that way. I know you had your reasons. It was madness. It was war. But you know I know you did it. Right? You know I've known for a long time now. It doesn't matter. It doesn't change anything. So please: tell him. Alright? Just say it. Say you did it. Tell him what he needs to hear.

DAVID: It doesn't change anything?

JULIE: I'm here. I'm here.

DAVID: It should though. Shouldn't it? It should change something.

JULIE: David, please.

DAVID: It should change everything.

JULIE: David!

DAVID: You should tear my eyes out. You should spit in my face.

JULIE: I need him back! Don't you understand? Like air, I need him back right now.

DAVID: I don't want you not to care.

JULIE: Well why not? You shit! You selfish fuck! What have I done, have I disappointed you? Well fuck you! I'm not your conscience! I'm not your better angel! You did it, not me! You did this to us! So tell him. Tell him that you did it. Say what you did.

DAVID: ...

*Julie goes to Sam.*

JULIE: Sam, please, we'll do anything you want. We'll give you everything we have. But please, just tell us now.

SAM: He has to say it.

JULIE: First tell us!

SAM: No! He has to say it! He has to say the words, don't you understand? I owe you nothing! I don't even know you! You are just some person!

JULIE: You don't know what you're doing. You're a stupid little boy. You don't know what this is. You do not do this. You do not do this. Do you know what we can do to you? Do you know what this man can do?

SAM: Yes.

JULIE: Do you?

SAM: Yes.

JULIE: THEN GIVE MY BABY BACK!

SAM: He has to say it!

JULIE: GIVE MY BABY BACK RIGHT NOW!

SAM: When. He. Says.

*Julie picks up the sword and looks at it. She looks at Sam.*

JULIE: David. You know—I know you know—how to hurt people. Make them tell you things. Make them talk. Well I want you to do it now. Okay? I want you to hurt him. Whatever it is you do—and I know you know what to do—I want you to do it now.

DAVID: Julie—

JULIE: Don't speak. Don't look at me. Just do it. Please. It's your job. So do it. As a soldier. As a father. You have to do it, David; it has to be done. He took a child. He took my child! David, he took your child! So do it now! God damn you! Make him suffer! Make him scream!

*David stands. He moves to Julie, takes the sword out of her hand, and approaches Sam. David and Sam stare at one another for some time. Then:*

DAVID: We lost a man.

JULIE: David—

DAVID: Please. He is safe. I believe it. This is not a murderer. And he doesn't want to die.

SAM: He is safe.

*Pause.*

DAVID: We lost a man.

We lost a man that we loved.

A local. A translator. On a road. Between two villages.

There was a sniper.

Sometimes, if they're far enough away, you see the impact before you hear the shot.

I don't know if they targeted him because he was a traitor; an apostate.

Or if he was just the one they thought they could hit.

But no-one was supposed to know we were there that day.

No-one was supposed to know.

And even though we sprayed that entire fuckin mountain—

Threw fire in every hole—

We got nothing.

No-one to interrogate. No body. No explanation.

And when I gave the order to stop—

And when the shooting died down—

I realised that every one of my men—

Every single one of them—

Was looking at me.

As if it was my fault.

As if I had missed something.

Because no-one was supposed to know, do you understand?

No-one was supposed to know we were there.

So either they got lucky.

Or someone told.

In war, we don't like luck. Everyone lives too much at its mercy.

Better to have an explanation.

So we went back to the village to find one.

We took the men from their houses.

Lined them up in the street.

Left the women in the houses.

Told the children all to leave.

But my translator was dead.

And no-one spoke English.

So I had to do the best I could.

Who told? Who told?

Nothing. And I said to them, he was one of your own. He was one of your own, you god damn pieces of shit! But no-one understood what I was saying. Or at least they pretended not to.

And in that moment the desert.

In that moment.

In that moment the desert got into me.

And I took one.

Do you want me to keep going?

JULIE: No.

SAM: Yes.

DAVID: Well I took him by the arm. And I said was it you? Was it? Did you tell them where we were?

And he sort of smiled, half smiled—

And nodded.

You know why, don't you?

SAM: He didn't understand the question.

DAVID: He didn't understand the question.

A couple of my men kind of laughed at him, which made him smile even more.

And then everyone stopped laughing. And they looked at me again.

Well in a way he'd kind of admitted it, hadn't he?

I know. But somehow. In that moment. It was enough.

And I took this man.

And I took him round a corner.

And for a while we just stood there looking at each other.

Nothing left to say.

And the crows were beginning to call.

And the sun was beginning to fade.

And all I could see left to do—

All I could see left to do, was—

All I could see left to do was to ask him to kneel.

*Silence.*

*Julie comes to David. He tentatively reaches out a hand. She strikes him several times.*

JULIE: You let me love you.

*She walks away from him.*

SAM: If you had seen me.

If you had known I was there.

Would you have done it?

DAVID: I hope not.

SAM: Then I could have saved him. I could have stepped out from behind the tree and saved his life.

*He takes out his phone, taps it, then puts the phone back in his pocket.*

SAM: It is in the cloud now. Everything you said. You did not check me for my phone today.

JULIE: Sam—

DAVID: How long have you been talking to them?

SAM: Six months.

DAVID: This whole time?

SAM: This whole time.

JULIE: Sam—

SAM: Do not say it. Do not say you are sorry.

In my country death was everywhere but I felt safe because I knew my father would do anything to anyone who tried to hurt me. Nothing would stop him: not guns, not soldiers, not even God himself.

I think you are like that and I understand.

But my father fell. And who was left to protect me then?

And when he fell and when I ran and I lay hidden in the rocks, for the first time in my life I realised that a boy might also die. That I might also die. And I was scared. For the first time in my life, I was scared.

*(to David)* Then you came. And the man who brought death to my father brought life to me. This should not be. It does not make sense. A saviour should not be a killer. It made it very hard to hate you but I tried. To honour my father I tried to hate you and eventually I got good at it and I hated you very much.

But when I came here to your home—

And when I saw your wife with child—

And when I looked you in the eye—

Well I was tempted to forgive.

*(to Julie)* And then you asked me to come here. You. Who I thought was good. Who would understand. Who would believe me, and you did. You did believe me. But then you asked me to let it go. To walk away. From you, from your family, from the truth. And it made me angry. And it made me sad.

And I thought if I am walking away then I am taking something with me.

And then I thought if there is justice I must take it for myself.

And then I didn't think at all.

Among the rocks. Near the playground. By the school. Do you know the place?

JULIE: (*nods*)

SAM: He is safe. He is warm. Someone is watching from a distance. Do not try to find them. Just take the child and go.

*David drops the sword and goes to leave, but Julie places a hand on his chest to stop him. They look at each other.*

DAVID: Please.

I'm prepared to suffer. I want to suffer.

But I can't pay that price.

JULIE: I said I would do anything to protect my child. Do you remember? I didn't know what it meant then. I know what it means now.

DAVID: You said this could be mine.

JULIE: What is yours is the desert. Like you always knew it was.

I can't make you.

I can't stop you.

I can only ask.

*Pause. David nods.*

JULIE: Thank you.

*She moves to the door and turns back.*

JULIE: David, I'm—

DAVID: Go. Go quickly.

*Julie leaves. Sam and David look at each other. David picks up the sword and looks at it. The end.*