

Outta My Pub

By Lila Whelan

28 Plays Later – Challenge 20

B You're not my mother

A Oh yes I am

B What?

A Listen to me

B No

A I'm sorry

B No! No. This, why would you say something like that?

A Because it's true. I, we, we didn't know how to tell you

B We?

A Your gran and me. Mary. We didn't know.

B Mary. Mary's my gran?

A Yes.

B Who's my dad?

A Oh shit

B You have to tell me!

A Look, forget it. He doesn't matter

B Of course he matters!

A You won't like it

B No! No I probably won't, but you can't keep this from me – my whole life I've been lied to, secrets and lies surrounding me at every moment. It's not fair! You owe me, you owe me the truth!

A Alright! Alright. Please. Just let me find the words

B I'm waiting

A Richard.

B What?

A Richard.

B No. No. No!

A I'm sorry

B Don't touch me

A Look at me

B Oh god...oh god!

A I shouldn't have told you

B How could you? How could you?

A I was young. He. He.

B He's a monster

A Yeah. Yeah. But back then. Back then, he was sweet

B Sweet?!

A He was kind. Handsome. Charming. I.

B Does he know – about me?

A No. No, I never.

B So you didn't trust him, even back then.

A It wasn't like that. He left.

B But he's back now – oh god. He *looks* at me...

A (wails) I know!

B And you, you still love him. Don't you? You fawn over him!

A No, no...

B You're pathetic. Pathetic.

A Let me explain!

B I don't want to hear.

A Where are you going?

B None of your fucking business!