***WHY ARE YOU STILL HERE?***

**Cast: Gillian 60’s and Gerald 60-80’s**

Female acting age 60's  able to portray  challenging emotional content, subtle comedy and also able to display varying vocals for different characters within one play

BOTH: It’ll be dead by the time you open it.

GERALD: Gillian, Gilly, we can’t afford it. We have no money coming in.

GILLIAN: We have my salary.

GERALD: Not for long.

GILLIAN: Thank you for that, Gerald. I was hoping you’d remind me. It had slipped my addled little brain. Oh, me.

GERALD: You’ll have to send it back. (*no response*) You’ll *have* to *send* it back!

GILLIAN: Soooo, here she is! Her name is ‘Gentle Hermione’. Light blush pink blooms with many petals. Classic old fragrance with a just a hint of myrrh. She’s a very gentle lady, one who is quite shy and takes her time in opening up to the world, learning to *trust* the world again. (*thinking*) Again. Not, an easy task, is it Hermione? (*taking out a flask and pouring a cup of tea, her hands shaking slightly*) ‘A wife surely knows’, they all said. ‘She lives with the man, for god’s sake. How could she miss it?

GERALD: (stammering) Ph, ph, photos! Inner sites, I’ve heard about them. Seen them with bricks breaking through my windows, beneath my feet.

GILLIAN: However, could the wife not have possibly known?! Poor Gillian, she’s in denial. Of course, she knew all the long but just couldn’t bring herself to admit it. (*clicking her tongue*) Tch tch tch.’

GERALD: The world cr, cr, crumbles. All rational thought crumbles. Who are you? (*pausing*) Do you understand? Do you understand the charges before you? (*louder*) Possible . . . possibly . . . an outlook is not . . . Keep it un—emotional, Gerald. Keep it unemotional.

GILLIAN One day you have friends and the next, you don’t. One day you’re borappy, and the next, you’re experiencing outrageousisiotomy. One day, your loving daughter and her husband, who live in Upper Pippington, (*quietly*) just two miles away, who always drop off their two daughters at Gran’s house every Friday night, for a jolly weekend sleepover . . . suddenly, they don’t know you. I haven’t been allowed to see my grandbabies for eighteen months. Oh, after the letter of absolution arrived, Adele thought I could have *supervised* visits. *Supervised* . . . even my own daughter thinks I knew.

GERALD: (breathing heavily) Scum! Twisting . . . truth with lies. Rules broken, hurt the well-being, the well-being of the children you were in charge of.

GILLIAN: I am 60 years old. Is there nothing more to hope for?

GERALD: You were in charge of . . . PHO--TOS! Inner sites, inner sanctums! (*slowing down*) Diff, diff, Difficult journey. Un—e-mo-tional. They don’t want you anymore. You’re no good. You are not worth the . . .

GILLIAN: January 26th, 2016. Europe had unusually warm weather . . . Britain, (sarcastically) *surprisingly*, did not. There’d been an horrendous storm brewing all night. I had a nine o’clock class to teach on that ever so exciting novel, *Beowulf*. I’m told a third of the world suffers from insomnia. I recommend keeping a copy by their bedsides.

GERALD: I . . . did not! I stopped! Please . . . Long term, depression! Explicit child . . . guilty! I stopped!! Gillian, warning! Journey. Bombshell! It’s a bombshell! Gilly, help me!

GILLIAN: Gerald was away, seeing his elderly mother in Kent. She was in a hospice, bowel cancer. She had not long to go but I’m sure her death was hastened by that day. It was raining heavily that morning. My alarm had just gone off. It was 6:30 am, on the dot. I was wearing my new blue lace nightgown. Suddenly, there was great shouting and banging at our cottage door. It was black, raining, banging . . . a cacophony of noise.

(*Black out. Gerald stands in front of Gillian with a torch shining in her face*)

GERALD: (*as a police officer*, *shouting*) Open up! Police!

GILLIAN: Shaking myself a wake, I grabbed my new matching blue robe, and . . .

GERALD: Police! Open up! We don’t want to have to force our way in!

GILLIAN: Through the window, I saw it was the police, making great noise. In my best collegiate manner, head held high, erect, I graciously opened the door. “Yes? Oh, dear. Police? There must be some mistake . . .

GERALD: Mrs. Gerald Spencer?

GILLIAN: Yes, is there something wrong? (*worriedly*) Oh, my god, Is it Gerald? What’s happened?

GERALD: First name Gillian, is it?

GILLIAN: Yes, what’s happened to him?

GERALD: You need to get dressed, madam.

GILLIAN: As the three police officers pushed their way in . . .

GERALD: We’re taking you into Chichester Police Station for questioning.