

worked out what S&M stood for and decided that I would probably be into that. Everyone thought I was some kind of sex addict which could have been kind of cool if it wasn't for the fact that everyone thought I was physically revolting. It would have worked out fine if I'd been good looking. Wouldn't it? But it didn't. I spent every lunch time in the art room with Ms Beacher and every break making sure I avoided you and your gang. But I didn't always manage to do it?

Carla I didn't come here to be fucking lectured right? If you don't shut the fuck up I'm leaving and your plan to kill your husband yeh? Your plan will be round town as fast as you can say 'Dirty fucking Heather' so you shut your mouth.

Heather You wouldn't do that because you need the money.

Carla Not this much. I don't. Fuck you and your stupid trip down memory lane. I ain't doing this no more.

Heather Yes you fucking are because you owe it to me and you know it.

Carla I owe you nothing.

Heather Do you really believe that? Is that what you think?

This isn't about Toby. Don't you remember what came after?

Carla goes up very close to **Heather's** face.

Carla I know what it is you're getting at. Don't worry sweetheart. And I can tell you now; that was one of the most satisfying moments of my life.

Heather is trying to hold her nerve.

Carla You thought you were so much better than me. You had your mum and dad at your beck and call. Anything you wanted. School work was easy. Teacher pleaser. Neat fucking uniform. Goody fucking two shoes. And I'd been waiting to wipe that smile off your face for years. You didn't know. You didn't fucking know what my life had been like and you judged me every day. The day I killed the pigeon you want to know what had happened that

morning? I'll tell you what had happened. I had watched my dad smack my mum round the face so hard her eye popped out. Clean out of its socket. I watched her put it back in while I called an ambulance. That's just the kind of thing he did. Most days. And pretty soon it wasn't just mum it was me as well. So when I used to go round yours and see what life you had at first it was like a fucking refuge for me. They were nice and stuff. I liked being there. It was all so calm. But then I started to realise that actually the longer I spend with you and your perfect sunshine family the more my family looks like a black hole of shit. And then your face when I killed the pigeon. The shock. You knew fuck all. You were still a child and even though we were the same age I was an adult already. I couldn't be your friend. You pissed me off. You didn't know anything. You didn't understand why I'd done it. And even if I'd explained to you then and there; you still wouldn't have understood. Would you?

Heather No.

Carla So there you go. Can I go now? I feel like this has reached a natural fucking end.

Heather I knew about your dad. I'd seen your bruises. I knew also cos my mum wouldn't let me go and stay at yours and I had wanted to know why. I didn't have anything I could say to make that better. But I thought that if I was your friend. And we could do nice things together. And my family became a place you could come to. Then that's what I could do.

Carla You knew about my dad? Your mum knew?

Heather Yes.

Carla And she did nothing?

Heather God I don't know do I? Maybe she did? Maybe she called social services or I don't know, spoke to your mum. I was too young.

Carla I was too young.

Heather Yeh well. So was I.

Beat.

Carla You must have known it was coming.

Heather Of course I did. I'd spent the weeks up to it in complete terror.

Carla Well that's school for you.

Heather ...

Carla Training ground for life.

Heather I was so confused about it all. Do you remember me trying to talk to you about it? Every time I tried to get you on your own so we could speak as friends, like we had been, every time you would blank me. We'd been friends, Carla.

Pause.

Heather I'd never even been slapped let alone punched before that day. I couldn't see out of my left eye for two weeks it was so swollen. It was such a shock. Came out of the sky almost. One minute I'm walking, next I'm on the floor. But for all the pain I was in it was the idea that you did it. We'd been friends. I didn't name you when they asked. I knew that you could have been expelled.

Carla Am I supposed to say thank you?

They stare at each other. Carla sways slightly. Heather notices and checks her watch.

Carla Are we going to finish talking about the plan or can I leave?

Heather Let's finish.

They collect themselves.

Carla Right. So. You get him pissed. Call me. Leave the back door open. I come round. I bosh him. Take some stuff and leave. Sound about right?

Heather I guess.

END

Carla No 'I guess', I want certainty. This has to go perfectly.

Heather Of course.

Carla And when do we do the rest of the money?

Heather When it's done.

Carla I want half up front now.

Heather Not possible.

Carla Make it possible.

Heather It's ten thousand pounds. My bank won't release that in cash just like that. Anyway you've already had ten grand. That should be enough to keep you going.

Carla It's not about that you idiot. You should be taking it out in smaller amounts gradually. So they can't track it.

Heather Really?

Carla Yes really. Fuck sake. Right look. After this we'll go to the cashpoint and you take out the most you can and give it to me today. Do the same tomorrow. Then leave it a few days and do the same. By the time it's all done I'll have had a fair chunk and then you can give me the rest in two installments. How does that sound?

Heather Sounds very organised.

Carla One other thing.

Heather What?

Carla I don't know what the fucker looks like. You don't seem to keep photos around the place of each other do you? Just dead wasps and shit pain'tings. What's he look like?

Heather pauses and just regards Carla for a moment. She checks her watch again. Carla sways again.

Carla Heather? Photo?

Heather takes in a deep breath and lets it out calmly.

Heather I made you a little pack of photos and information.