

Good Grief
by Richard Kay

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SCENE 1

A flat in Coventry. Candlelit. We join the characters half way through a longer scene that we see more fully later in the play. Steph assumes a battle position. Adrian is sitting on the blow up mattress.

STEPH: En Garde!

ADRIAN: What?

STEPH: Come on. En garde!

ADRIAN: *(reluctantly assuming position)* En Garde!

They battle. This is a game they often used to play. Assuming a fencing position, they attempt to grab and squeeze their opponent's front leg - just above the knee - whilst protecting their own. They enjoy the flirtation of this game, with the winner being the first to fell their opponent to the ground through knee squeezing. Eventually they both collapse, one shouting "mercy", both in giggles. It's a relief to laugh.

STEPH: So?

ADRIAN: *(assuming suggestion of sex)* Soooo?

STEPH: Do you still believe?

ADRIAN: Oh. I don't know. I thought I did, but I was wrong. I see that now.

Mum enters and lights a candle. She is an almost ever-present on the stage but is not actively engaged in Adrian and Steph's interactions. Adrian and Steph move toward their next scene.

MUM: Such beautiful simplicity. The pure constancy of light. And warmth. Once lit it continues to shine, to bring joy, to chart time. There's the reassuring thought that, save for external factors affecting it, that flame will remain unwavering. Only there are external factors. It will have to come to an end. The flame must go out. It is merely measuring

the passing of time until the inevitable end. And that end may come sooner than you expect. When you least expect. You can't prepare yourself for it, even if you have advance warning.

Pause. Then she blows out the candle.

The end. What now?

SCENE 2

Mum strikes another match to relight the candle and fades into the set as Adrian and Steph enter a hotel room, in Coventry. An earlier time.

ADRIAN: Not too shabby. You can never tell from the website, it's a bit of a punt but seems ok?

STEPH: Yeah. Nothing really to compare it with. Could be Coventry's finest for all I...

ADRIAN: Well, I'm sure we could have gone more upmarket but...

STEPH: Why Coventry exactly?

ADRIAN: Umm, not sure really. Why not? Pretty central, easy to get to. Ok there was a deal on but I didn't really think it mattered where...

STEPH: No it's fine, I just wondered.

ADRIAN: Well the important thing is that it's getting away, isn't it. Bit of you and me time.

STEPH: Right. Great. (*picking up a hotel information folder*) Well we can find out what Coventry has to offer.

ADRIAN: Straight to the brochure, true to form.

STEPH: It's hardly a brochure! But how else do you know what there is? Rather than than blindly hoping it will all come together.

ADRIAN: Right, so what's the plan then?

STEPH: Pick somewhere nice to eat. Plan our itinerary.

ADRIAN: We could always get room service.

No reaction from Steph who is now reading the information about Coventry

STEPH: Ooh, learn about Lady Godiva's naked exploits.

ADRIAN: Better still you could recreate it.

STEPH: I'd be a bit of a disappointment these days.

ADRIAN: Oh I don't know.

Awkward silence. He sits next to her, expectantly. She continues to read.

STEPH: We could do the transport museum, the police museum, ooh the watchmaking museum, now without this brochure you wouldn't know about that little gem.

ADRIAN: We could do anything or nothing, that's the beauty of getting away isn't it?

Steph continues to read. Adrian squeezes her leg above the knee. Steph jumps but bats his hand away and continues to read. Adrian tries again.

STEPH: Ade!

ADRIAN: Come on, for old time's sake. En Garde!

He assumes position ready for battle.

STEPH: We're a bit beyond that aren't we?

ADRIAN: We always used to. What's changed?

Pause

STEPH: We're not young lovers anymore.

ADRIAN: No. It seems we're neither.

Adrian sits next to her.

STEPH: *(still reading)* Ooh, home of England's third tallest cathedral spire, now we're talking. *(pause)* Sorry.

He starts to stroke her hair as she looks at the brochure. He then kisses her and she reciprocates but less willingly. He moves his hand to her breast and she immediately moves it away and stops kissing.

ADRIAN: What?

STEPH: Sorry, it's just...

ADRIAN: ...is it still uncomfortable?

STEPH: No, it's just.....not...comfortable.

Steph stays where she is as we jump to another time, another interaction, between Adrian and his Mum.

MUM: When you take on that parental role, when that small individual first meets you and only ever knows you as the parent then that is solely what you are. I am Adrian's mum. I am here to be what he wants me to be, here for my son whenever he wants to talk through concerns and to help him with them. I may be other things to other people, I may have concerns and feelings of my own but they are insignificant. They do not feature. It's not about me. I am and always will be "his Mum", and that's how it should be.

She goes to Adrian and pats/strokes his hair - reassuring, comforting.

ADRIAN: Why, why would she do it without talking to me?

MUM: I know.

ADRIAN: It's just...yes it's her body but don't I have a stake? Or a say at least.

MUM: Perhaps she didn't know how to tell you.

ADRIAN: Did she think I wouldn't notice? I know it's getting less frequent but....

MUM: I know. You're feeling hurt, left out, cheated. How's she feeling?

ADRIAN: Selfish.

Pause. He knows he doesn't mean this. Mum continues to comfort.

ADRIAN: Why would she do this?

MUM: If there's that increased risk then surely it's sensible. Of course it seems odd when she's not actually ill but that's what "preventative" is about. Angelina Jolie had it done.

ADRIAN: Christ you sound like her. Steph has no "money's-no-object" plans for reconstruction by a team of leading plastic surgeons so far as I'm aware.

MUM: The fact remains the gene was found. The chances of cancer are significantly higher. Steph has chosen a

brave - and yes drastic - route to enjoy her life without that constant fear.

ADRIAN: I know. And it's not the physical change. That bothers me less than her seemingly. But she could have talked to me about it. She could have shared the decision. The truth is she didn't want me beside her through it all.

MUM: So what have you said to her?

ADRIAN: The wrong things.

MUM: What are you going to say to her?

We return to the hotel room and the scene between Adrian and Steph.

ADRIAN: Look, Steph, I know we've been avoiding this issue. You've made it quite clear it's not something you want to discuss...

STEPH: So let's not.

ADRIAN: Please, let me say my bit. But now we have a situation where you're so self-conscious with your body that you won't let me near you.

STEPH: You haven't exactly been trying.

ADRIAN: I've tried here, now. You pushed me away.

STEPH: You forgot yourself, grabbing at thin air. The sad reality Ade is that scar tissue isn't quite such a turn on.

ADRIAN: This is what I'm trying to say. I don't have a problem with the way you look. I struggle more with the fact that you took that decision without me and, now it's done, your body is now out of bounds to me.

STEPH: Well I'm sorry if I'm not as highly sexed as you'd like me to be. You know we haven't exactly been at it like rabbits for years now but suddenly it's my fault.

ADRIAN: No, I...

STEPH: How sexy would you feel if you were told you had to remove your penis to avoid life-threatening illness?

ADRIAN: It's hardly the same and besides you didn't have to do it. You made that decision.

STEPH: Ah yes, that fleeting whim of a decision. "You know what doctor, they only get in the way, whip 'em off will you".

ADRIAN: That's the thing I don't know how it came about do I? For all I know you've been taken in by a randy Doctor with a particular fondness for the pre-pubescent look.

STEPH: What? I took that decision based on strong medical advice and weighing up the probabilities for a long and healthy life and all you seem to be concerned about is whether Dr. Spiers has been inappropriately perving over me?

ADRIAN: All I can do is surmise when you've told me nothing.

STEPH: No Ade, it seems all you can do is bemoan the decreased chances of you getting your end away?

ADRIAN: Don't try to make out I'm the selfish one here.

STEPH: What? Well thanks for your support and understanding. I happen to think that something potentially life-threatening needed action.

ADRIAN: Look I'm sorry but...

STEPH: And I'd have hoped that you of all people would understand that.

ADRIAN: But it's not that you were actually even ill. I don't even understand how you came to be thinking about being tested? If anybody should be concerned about cancer, looking at family form, you'd have thought it should be me.

STEPH: Then perhaps you should get yourself checked out. Focus on yourself, you're good at that. I can recommend a good Doctor if you can tolerate the perving.

Steph walks away. Mum appears next to Adrian

MUM: She's right. You probably should

ADRIAN: People don't tend to go and get themselves checked out on the off chance.

MUM: Perhaps it was a good thing Steph did. A bonus of private health care perhaps.

ADRIAN: Yeah or the down side of it, pandering to the paranoid hypochondriacs who can afford it.

MUM: With predatory individuals such as Dr Spiers? *(as Doctor)* Come in Ms. Garside please take a seat.

ADRIAN: *(as Steph)* It's Mrs Garside actually.

MUM: *(disappointed)* So it is. *(Examining Adrian's breasts)* So what appears to be the problem?

ADRIAN: I hadn't said anything about my breasts as yet.

MUM: No but I'm good. That's why I'm private.

ADRIAN: So I've got it in my head I may be prone to breast cancer.

MUM: I'd say certainly. Best to get them removed to be on the safe side. Don't worry, in my professional opinion it can only make you even more attractive.

ADRIAN: Really?

MUM: Of course. Why don't we discuss it further over dinner? *(as Mum)* Accurate?

ADRIAN: *(as Adrian)* I don't suppose so. Stupid really. If anything it's more that he's guilty of de-sexing her.

Back in the hotel room

STEPH: De-sexing me? Is that how you see it?

ADRIAN: No, sorry, it's just.....

Steph throws the hotel's information folder at Adrian. Mum stands up and catches it as we return to Adrian and her conversation. She calmly puts the folder down.

MUM: You could do with thinking about how you express your hurt.

ADRIAN: I know.

MUM: What if she hadn't had the surgery. What if she had contracted cancer?

ADRIAN: What if, what if.....

MUM: Would you have communicated better at that stage?
(As Steph; she reclines, struggles for breath and offers her hand, as if in a hospital scene) There's little point worrying about "what if's" now Ade. It can get anyone at any time, we both know that.

ADRIAN: Yes but, if we'd caught it soon enough. Or better still if we'd checked before...

MUM: Shh...The important thing is the time we have now. And I'll still be here *(touching his heart)* if not here *(indicates her head)*. You could argue I haven't been fully there for a while!

Silence. Mum (as Steph) drifts out of, and back into, consciousness. Adrian breaks the role-play, unable to cope with it. Mum immediately sits up and becomes herself again.

MUM: Too close for comfort?

ADRIAN: It's not that I would have disagreed with her decision.

Back in the hotel room with Steph

STEPH: Then what's the problem?

ADRIAN: Look, Steph, I want to be able to support you with this.

STEPH: I don't...need...

ADRIAN: ...we're a team...and I have come to terms with this, I've talked it through with Mum and that's helped but

STEPH: Oh Christ don't bring your Mum into this...

ADRIAN: But to go through all that without me, it feels like a breach of our trust and....

STEPH: How is this meant to....

ADRIAN: ...Let me finish...and while I will do everything to show I don't have a problem with it...and I will always talk through things if you'll only let me... the responsibility for dealing with your body confidence issues has to be carried by you.

STEPH: Finished? Well I'm glad you have your Mum to talk things through with...

Adrian: It's an outlet, I would have thought it more natural to want to talk things through.

STEPH: It's freaky. Discussing every aspect of our relationship with your Mum. It would be freaky enough if she were here, but how am I meant to defend myself to somebody I never even knew.

ADRIAN: She helps me to focus my feelings and come to terms with...

STEPH: She doesn't fucking exist Adrian. Perhaps if you hadn't spent so much time talking with the dead then you might have grasped why I wasn't able to talk to you.

Steph picks up her bag and leaves. Mum consoles Adrian.

MUM: You have to appreciate it may seem a bit odd.

ADRIAN: She doesn't believe in you.

MUM: She never met me. She can't be expected to.

ADRIAN: I just want things back how they used to be. Not with you, I know I can't control that, but with Steph.

MUM: She's still with you.

ADRIAN: So are you.

Mum doesn't respond but leaves the stage.

SCENE 3

Later on from scene 1 - Steph is looking at a skiing brochure, Adrian is playing upbeat music on a piano. He stops playing as Steph speaks to him and cuddles up with her on the bed.

STEPH: So do you have to pay extra for the spa?

ADRIAN: Surely not. But if so, we will.

STEPH: Oh I can't wait. We'll glide back into the resort, throw off our wet stuff and sink into the Jacuzzi.

ADRIAN: Or more likely we'll stumble down from the nursery slope and get the lift with the other beginners down to the bar. Then head for the Jacuzzi.

STEPH: Hey, don't spoil my romantic image.

ADRIAN: You do know the Austrians tend to do the spa naked don't you?

STEPH: You should have got yourself into better shape then! It's going to be alright you know.

ADRIAN: No it isn't. But we'll have a damn good time in the meantime!

STEPH: *(Looking around the flat)* Can't believe I'm saying this but I think I preferred that hotel you know.

SCENE 4

Takes place at Adrian and Steph's home and at the surgery, with Mum's story interjecting.

MUM: It's not that he was an odd child. A little lonely perhaps.

ADRIAN: Oh here we go. You always did like telling this story. Spare us the embellishments Mum.

MUM: Loneliness, maybe that's why he embraced it so much, but from the first moment he laid eyes on her we knew it was serious. He was only ten, but Estelle was most definitely the first love of his life.

Adrian enters through the front door. Steph comes to the hall to see him. This is some time after but their relationship has been almost non-existent since the hotel argument.

STEPH: Alright?

ADRIAN: Alright.

STEPH: Home early.

ADRIAN: Yeah. No traffic.

STEPH: I've heated some lasagne. Are you having it in there?

ADRIAN: Sure.

STEPH: You don't have to.

STEPH: No, that's fine.

Adrian exits (to a piano, in another room). Steph looks like she wants to say more but returns to the kitchen. Adrian plays piano underscoring Mum's story.

MUM: Over that Summer he would visit her every single day. He completely stopped seeing his friends and doing the after-school activities. People said "isn't it a bit odd? He's infatuated." But I just thought whatever makes him happy. He loved to see her and Estelle seemed to like the attention. They formed a bond.

ADRIAN: (SONG) I wanna talk with you, I wanna laugh with you
and tell you how I feel.

But I know that it just won't happen anymore.

MUM: Perhaps I should have been more concerned. But it's
not many mothers who can say that their son is in a
relationship with an Orangutan.

*The phone rings. Steph comes through to the hall.
Piano underscores.*

STEPH: I've got it. Hello? Dr Spiers, hello. Fine thank
you, no it's all fine. Takes a bit of getting used
to but.....I haven't missed a follow-up appointment
have I? Oh? Oh right, he is back but I think
he's...not free...just now. Right.....

ADRIAN: (SONG) I wanna talk at you, I wanna laugh at you and
have you laugh at me.

But I know that it just won't happen, anymore.

MUM: I saw it as one of the perks of living so close to
the zoo. Goodness knows there were enough
disadvantages. Obviously he had a season ticket,
they all knew him, but once the keepers realised he
was visiting for one reason only...well, they took
him on as Estelle's new play-buddy. He had to pull
his weight obviously - feeding and cleaning out and
such - it was a nightmare to get the smell out of
his clothes I can tell you. But it's not every
visitor who can say they were able to play in the
cage with the animals.

STEPH: I see. Is it something serious then? No, of course
you can't. Yes, we'll come straight away.

ADRIAN: (SONG) But I know that you'll be watching me, got to
believe

I know that you'll be looking over me, got to
believe.

I know that you'll be judging me, got to believe.

I know that you'll be looking after me.

MUM: Then Estelle died. No long drawn out illness, she just....died. I wouldn't say he led a mollycoddled childhood but this was definitely the worst thing that had ever happened to him up to now. It was a shock for all but Adrian took it so badly. He needed something, some coping strategy.

Adrian leaves the piano. He sees Steph standing beside the phone.

ADRIAN: You alright?

STEPH: That was Dr Spiers.

ADRIAN: Oh?

STEPH: You didn't tell me you were having tests.

ADRIAN: You didn't tell me Dr Spiers was a woman.

STEPH: She wants to see you, as soon as possible.

ADRIAN: Now?

STEPH: I said we'd go straight away.

ADRIAN: We?

STEPH: Do you not want me to?

ADRIAN: Up to you.

Adrian and Steph move to sit as if in a Doctor's waiting room

MUM: Life after death. Those closest to you never really leave you. You cannot see them anymore but this doesn't mean they can't see you, can't hear you. I encouraged this thought, this belief. Why can't those that have gone to another room not still be able to be with you, even if you cannot see them?
(to Adrian) You're being called.

They both stand

ADRIAN: What are you doing?

STEPH: Oh, do you not want.....

ADRIAN: It's me she's asked to see.

STEPH: Right.

Steph sits as Adrian goes in to see the Doctor.

MUM: So he believed. And he saw and conversed and Estelle lived on. An imaginary friend as many saw her, but to Adrian she was real and this comforted him. Now surely that's a good thing.

Adrian comes out into the surgery, expressionless

STEPH: Well?

ADRIAN: The doctor will see you now.

Steph goes into the doctor's room as Adrian leaves. Mum becomes Dr Spiers.

MUM: Mrs Garside, do take a seat. Naturally this is a lot to take on board and I'm sorry to talk to you about it but we do need to look at options as soon as possible. Your husband understandably didn't seem able to listen to them himself at this stage.

STEPH: What options, options for what?

MUM: Well I'm afraid we can't reasonably look at eliminating it at this advanced stage but we can look at treatment to give a longer life expectancy and quality of...

STEPH: No hang on Doctor, what are we talking about exactly?

MUM: Has Mr Garside not talked with you at all about this? He has an advanced case of bowel cancer. Without any medication, or possible surgery if deemed worthwhile, he is only looking at having another four to six months to live. I'm so sorry. When he asked me to speak with you about next steps I hadn't anticipated he wouldn't have told you.

STEPH: He hasn't told me anything.

MUM: Mrs Garside, this is obviously the worst possible news for you to take in and my thoughts are very much with you. But I am concerned that your husband seems to have no interest in the next steps and without the right medical support he could

deteriorate very quickly indeed. I would encourage him to consider a full course of chemotherapy in the first instance and further consultation as to whether surgery may be of some benefit.

STEPH: I need to talk to him.

MUM: I'd like to make an appoint...

STEPH: *(cutting her off)* Thank you Doctor.

Steph leaves despite Dr Spiers wanting to talk further.

ADRIAN: *(to Mum)* Is that how it went?

MUM: Probably.

(SINGS) You know that I'll be watching you, got to believe

You know that I'll be looking over you, got to believe

You know that I'll be judging you, got to believe

You know that I'll be looking after you.

Though I can't tell you anymore, anymore

Though I can't tell you anymore, anymore that I love you.

SCENE 5

Steph finds Adrian, sat at his piano. She puts a hand on his shoulder and he stops playing but keeps his back to her.

STEPH: So. What now?

ADRIAN: I thought a holiday!

STEPH: It's not something to run from Ade. Have you talked to anybody about it?

ADRIAN: Nope.

STEPH: Apart from Mum.

ADRIAN: She doesn't exist.

STEPH: Why didn't you...

ADRIAN: Talk to you about it?

Long pause. Adrian starts to play again. Stops as Steph speaks again.

STEPH: I went to check because of Mum. My Mum. She told me she'd had a mastectomy and that I should have the test. Turns out my Gran had cancer when she was younger. One of the few to get through it back then. Then Mum's sister got it, again caught it early. Mum was taking no chances.

ADRIAN: I didn't know.

STEPH: They were private about it. They were embarrassed. And it didn't seem appropriate to tell you as your Mum didn't, well, didn't win her battle.

ADRIAN: It's not a battle. It's hardly a fair fight. It's shit that happens. You just deal with it the best way you can.

STEPH: And that's how I felt about my op. I was looking at a ninety per cent likelihood. I didn't want either of us to go through that. So I dealt with it the best I way I could. I should have told you earlier. I wanted to, I just.....felt embarrassed.

Pause

STEPH: And I know that there's more I can do, there's reconstructive surgery and help groups and counselling and...and I know I should have accessed some of that before now... and I should have asked for your support but I just had to deal with it my way. Even if that was the wrong way. You get sick of hearing women saying how liberating it is, how it's such a weight off their minds. I've been in mourning Ade. And I haven't been able to include you because...because I now feel guilty on top of everything else...guilty that I've done it behind your back. And then I find myself in situation where the one thing I want more than anything is to be held by you but... but I know I can't give you what you're wanting...and that only compounds the guilt. I'm sorry Ade, I'm so sorry.

Adrian holds and comforts her.

ADRIAN: I haven't helped you. I've made it more painful. And I've made this more painful.

They hold each other for a long time.

ADRIAN: I vowed when Mum died that I wouldn't be seen to deteriorate like that, in front of people, if I could help it. I don't care about my dignity; I just don't want to do that to others. I'm not interested in treatments to draw out the inevitable. If I could have prevented it in some way then brilliant, I admire your courage more than you could know. But now it's a matter of time and I don't want to spend that time stretching out the suffering. I wasn't joking about a holiday, I want to make the most of our time that's left. But I need to have you with me. I need your support with this.

STEPH: Depends.

ADRIAN: On?

STEPH: Where you're thinking of taking me!

ADRIAN: Skiing.

STEPH: What? That's always terrified you.

ADRIAN: What have I got to lose? Then at the end we can head to a Dignitas clinic.

Steph can't hide her horror at this suggestion.

ADRIAN: OK *that* was a joke.

They hug like they haven't hugged for ages.

SCENE 6

MUM: *(lights and holds a candle)* The pure constancy of light. And warmth. Reassuring. Unwavering. Must come to an end.

Adrian joins his Mum.

ADRIAN: So.

MUM: So.

ADRIAN: You're not talking to me.

MUM: What would you have me say?

ADRIAN: This could be when I need you most.

MUM: I'll always be here for you as long as you want me to be, but only in the capacity you choose to imagine.

ADRIAN: So you don't exist. There is no life beyond.

MUM: Who knows! Not you, therefore not me.

ADRIAN: I will soon enough.

MUM: You will. And then you'll watch over Steph?

ADRIAN: If I can. But only really if she wants to think that. I've always been comforted by the thought that people are still there, after they've gone. I'm struggling to think that I might not be.

MUM: Come on, you're working it out my love. Why have I lived on?

ADRIAN: Because of me.

MUM: And how have I lived on?

ADRIAN: In the way you have affected who I've become.

MUM: Good. Then you know I'll never leave. But you have no further need for me.

Steph enters the space.

STEPH: Ade. You ready?

ADRIAN: Yep. Love you Mum.

Steph and Adrian leave the stage. Mum lights candles, sets up the scene as scene 1. Takes a moment to look around, perhaps to consider addressing the audience, and then leaves the stage.

SCENE 7

Steph and Adrian enter the room with their bags.

STEPH: Is it a squat?

ADRIAN: He said it was basic. It's kind of him to offer it.

STEPH: Yeah.

ADRIAN: And it's only for a night. Not even a night. (*Adrian sees a piano and begins to play the same snippet of tune from scene 3. Stops as Steph speaks again.*)

STEPH: How far to the airport?

ADRIAN: Fifteen minutes at that time in the morning. Sorry, I just didn't dare book a hotel room.

STEPH: Well this is hardly going to change my opinion of Coventry, but I appreciate that. Come on; brochure time.

Steph gets a skiing brochure out of her bag and throws herself on the inflatable bed.

ADRIAN: In a bit.

STEPH: Sure.

Adrian sits and stares at a candle. Steph notices him deep in thought.

STEPH: I guess the candlelight makes it romantic.

ADRIAN: Really? I can't help thinking about it going out. The time running out.

STEPH: I thought they reminded you of your Mum.

ADRIAN: Only because she liked them. Put them everywhere.

STEPH: Is she.....with us now?

ADRIAN: Only in me. The parent lives on in the soul of their child. Shame I don't have a child through which I can live on.

STEPH: I don't suggest we start a family now! You still believe in life after death though?

Pause. Adrian considers a response.

STEPH: Tell you what, you can only answer that after you have fought me.

Steph assumes a battle position.

STEPH: En Garde!

ADRIAN: What?

STEPH: Come on. En garde!

ADRIAN: *(reluctantly assuming position)* En Garde!

They battle and collapse in giggles as scene 1

STEPH: So?

ADRIAN: Soooo?

STEPH: Do you still believe?

ADRIAN: Oh. I don't know. I thought I did, but I was wrong. I see that now. That being said can you do me a favour? Talk to me occasionally on the off chance that I can hear you.

STEPH: You've not gone yet.

ADRIAN: Look I don't want to put a dampener on the holiday but I want you to promise me things.

STEPH: Go on.

ADRIAN: Promise you'll move on. Promise me you'll meet someone else, have children, not dwell on mourning for me. You haven't got time to dwell. Don't let any feeling of loyalty to me get in the way of future happiness. I want you to move on, have a family, I don't want any worries of what I might have thought to ever stop you doing and getting everything you deserve. OK? Though if you do have a girl I've always quite liked the name Estelle.

STEPH: You're stupid, you know that? What makes you think I want any of that?

ADRIAN: Obviously I've been reflecting. I am my mother's son. I've missed that opportunity to pass on a bit of myself to another individual, a child to continue my evolving family line, but...

STEPH: Just because your genes stop here it doesn't mean you do. The way we're cursed with hereditary illness it's probably just as well there's no flesh and blood between us. But you'll always live on in me. And then in whoever else I'm lucky enough to influence. You don't have to be a blood relative to shape who a person is Ade. Now I can't guarantee you'll always agree with my decisions, and you won't have a say because I'm not going to imagine conversations with you. But Ade.....you're a part of me. Now shut up or I'll have to fight you again.

They start to kiss. This gradually becomes more passionate. She places his hand on her breast. He reacts as if it's something he has done by accident but she holds his hand there and stares into his eyes. They blow out the candles and kiss passionately as the lights fade.

CURTAIN