

3.

Home - Day

Martin sits at the table playing with a cork, there is blood on his fingertips.. He stands the cork up, presses it hard. He topples it over, then rolls it backwards and forwards under his palm

Ryan enters. He watches Martin for a moment

Ryan Who are you?

Martin I'm me. Who are you?

Ryan What's your name?

Martin Don't you know my name?

Ryan No.

How did you get in?

Silence

Did you break that window?

Martin No that was a blackbird

Ryan A bird?

Martin A blackbird

Ryan Broke the glass?

Martin Yes

Ryan Where is it?

Martin The blackbird

Ryan Yes

Martin Dead

Ryan Where?

Martin I buried it in the garden

Ryan In our garden

Martin Yes

Ryan Why?

Martin I don't have a garden

Ryan Was it bleeding?

Martin No

Ryan But the glass

Martin It couldn't have seen it,

Ryan Didn't it have any eyes?

Martin It had eyes

Ryan It saw it then

Martin Maybe

Ryan It must have

Martin Maybe it wanted to die

Ryan Why would it do that?

Martin Some people do

Ryan It's a bird

Martin Was

Ryan Still a bird even if it's dead

Martin It was fed up with being a bird, being black, a blackbird It was on a suicide mission.

Ryan How do you know that?

Martin I'd been following it for a while

Ryan Why?

Martin Thought it was special, that it was going to bring me luck.

Ryan Did it?

Martin Don't know yet

Ryan It brought you here

Martin That's lucky

Ryan Is it?

Martin Yes

Ryan Why?

Martin Cos I met you

Ryan *smiles*

Martin It flew into the garden.

Silence

I waited, waited on the other side, seemed like ages. There was no sign of it so I climbed the wall, just by the compost, and there, right in the middle of the grass, looking at me, as if to say about time mate, there it was. It lifted out its wings, full span, took a couple of steps, a little gallop, flung itself into the air, seemed to just shoot straight up like a rocket, started circling, faster and faster, I didn't know birds could fly that fast, its wings were like, like... beating up and down. It dived towards the house, the door, the glass. *(Pause)* Straight for it. There was a ... a horrible sound as it hit the glass and it sort of dropped to the floor. The glass didn't break straight away, there was a silence, then, it shattered. Tiny pieces. Probably still there some of them, I picked most of them up.

Waves his fingertips at Ryan

Ryan Is that yours?

Martin What?

Ryan The blood. Is it yours?

Martin I think so

He tastes it

Yes