

2. Wednesday

Lara is typing, her fingers pounding the keys. Mr Johnson is standing at her desk holding out a photograph

Mr Johnson Lara

Lara continues to type

Mr Johnson Our wedding day

Lara types

Mr Johnson October 2nd 1963

Lara types

Mr Johnson Look

Lara Mr Johnson. So sorry, didn't see you standing there

Mr Johnson I brought you something

Lara Have you decided about the holiday?

Mr Johnson It's a photograph. We were so young. Look, look at us

Lara takes the photograph

Mr Johnson You can't keep it but I wanted you to see it

Lara glances at it and is about to hand it back

Mr Johnson To see her. Please

Lara studies the photograph

Mr Johnson Fifty-five years. Fifty-five years of bliss

Lara Apart from the night in the hotel

She laughs

Mr Jonson You get to know everything. To sense everything. She breathes and I know, I know how she's feeling. I come in to the room, look at her, see the outline, what's lying inside, beneath the dip of her head, without a word. Words as well

Lara She looks lovely

Mr Johnson She was

Lara And look at you. You look so different

Mr Johnson The hands of the clock

Lara You were very attractive

Mr Johnson *(Straightening himself up)* Don't scrub up too badly

Lara It's a lovely photograph

Mr Johnson Keep it

Lara I couldn't do that

Mr Johnson I want you to have it

Lara No. You need to...your wife

Mr Johnson I've got another one. We had two sets made. Every time. We've got them all

Lara I feel a bit weird, having your -

He takes the photograph

Mr Johnson *(Placing it against the computer)* You could have it on your desk, see me while you work

Lara You're here everyday I don't need -

The photograph falls

Mr Johnson *(Placing against the top of the computer)* You could stick it here with tape or something. I'll bring something tomorrow, glue, or a frame, a frame with a little leg so you can set it at the right angle

Lara I can't

Mr Johnson No more no's. Who knows where we'll end up?

He gets up

Lara What about the trip?

Mr Johnson Ask me tomorrow my love

He leaves

Lara Fuck sake

She picks up the photograph, looks at it, turns it over and reads something on the back. Lara picks up her phone and goes to the window, she looks out.

Lara Hi Babes. Fine, yeah. Do you think Matt could do me a favour?

Music: Frank Sinatra's Fly Me To The Moon begins and rises through her speech into set up for next scene

Lara The police have access to mental health records right? What about other stuff?
I've got an address