

Introduction

The Clegg family at the centre of this drama is entirely fictional, but like all families it has its history and habits, its squabbles and secrets. They are in flux, change is upon them and they are struggling to cope, to hold onto their sense of who they are and how to live that out in the context of their very specific time and place. Who are these characters? We see boys trying to become men, a brother trying to be something he fundamentally doubts and a grandmother trying to carry on being herself. They are all imitating, copying, maintaining and deceiving themselves. And during the course of the drama they also toy with letting go of long held beliefs, values, dreams and secrets. A New Jerusalem reveal how complicated, messy and treacherous notions of identity are and how we can both be defined by a single category (mother, brother, English), and yet also still understand ourselves to be so much more than that.

The Characters

NANA Mrs Joan Clegg. Mother of Jack, Jon and Patrick. Mother-in-law to Jacqui. Grandmother of George. In her late 70s

JACK Nana's eldest son. A working man. Mid-40s

TONY Jack's best friend. Physically, a strong presence but over-weight. Mid-40s

JON Nana's second son, though the same age as Jacqui, early 40s

JACQUI Jack's wife. Very attractive. An unhappy woman. Early 40s

PATRICK Nana's youngest son. Boyish looks. 35

GEORGE Nana's only grandchild. Attractive and confident. A young 14

BARRY Tony's son and George's best friend. Strong physically, but insecure about himself. Also 14

Time: the present

The action takes place in a working-class town on the periphery of London and in four locations: the living room of a terraced house, a church, a working class pub and a small stage for a band. The play is played straight through without an interval

ACT ONE

SCENE I

The living room. A radio in the corner is blaring out God Save The Queen by the Sex Pistols. NANA enters the room. She turns the radio off. She hates any kind of noise. Loud music didn't make sense

to her generation. She has lived in this house for her entire adult life. Recently, her son JACK, his wife JACQUI, and her grandson GEORGE have come to live there too.

NANA is wearing black and looks like she's dressed for church, perhaps because of her hat. She is as neat as a new pin and is clearly a woman who prides herself on her deportment. Her black coat is placed precisely over a chair with her black gloves on top of it. She now sits and quietly looks at some old photographs.

After a time GEORGE enters and sits beside her on the floor. He is wearing something 'smart', something that his mother has told him to wear, something in which he feels anything but comfortable. He has been ordered to wear a tie, but isn't. He is also looking through photographs which have obviously come from the old metal box beside him.

NANA reaches for the cup of tea and saucer beside her. She pours some tea from the cup to the saucer and blows across the liquid to cool it, then she drinks it with a slurp; an incongruous habit. At the same time GEORGE is comparing two photographs and studying one in particular

GEORGE: Great, Great? Nan?

NANA: What's that love?

GEORGE: Great, Great?

NANA: No son. Only one.

GEORGE: Just Great?

NANA: That's it.

GEORGE: Because Nanda's just Nanda. Right, I get it. So he's my Great Grandfather. What rank was he?

NANA: Just a regular soldier.

GEORGE: (Other photograph.) And this is him.

NANA: That's him. In Italy, with his unit. Decorated twice. Or once. Once or twice. He was a commando you know.

GEORGE: Was he?

NANA: Doesn't like talking about it. Never did. He's where the brains come from. (Handing GEORGE another photograph.)

And that's Jack.

GEORGE: That's Dad?

NANA: When he was just a bit older than you are now. And that's your Uncle Jonathan sitting beside him.

GEORGE: And that's you. Loving the outfit Nan. Very snazzy.

NANA: Enough of that, you little monkey. (Another Photograph.)

There's your Nana again. At the victory celebration. That's where I met him, when they all came home.

GEORGE: I wish I lived in your time Nan.

NANA: Well them were the days son. All on the same side then. Good looking man in a uniform.

GEORGE: I can see why you fancied him.

NANA laughs. GEORGE looks back at the other photograph.

And that's Uncle Jon?

NANA: I know, I was just thinking the same, you're the spit, aren't you? Peas in a pod you two. Strange how that works.

GEORGE: Do you think you can ever be happy Nan?

NANA: What's that son?

GEORGE: Do you think you can ever be happy? Truly happy I mean? More than just content?

NANA: Where did that come from?

GEORGE: Nowhere, I was just thinking. It's about knowing who you are, isn't it? And what you believe in. And then being okay with it. But just say you feel like, like you've been born in the wrong time or the wrong place even, then you'll never be happy will you? Because you'll always feel like an outsider.

NANA: Is someone giving you a hard time George?

GEORGE: What?

NANA: At school is it?

GEORGE: No.

NANA: Is it Barry?

GEORGE: No!

NANA: Did Jack snap at you again? He's just upset George. About Patrick. We all are. That's all it is. Upset and grief. It's a terrible combination, effects people's tempers.

GEORGE: I still don't see why I have to move out of my room.

GEORGE takes out another couple of photographs.

NANA: It's just for one night George.

GEORGE: Yeah. Suppose. Who's that with the moustache?

NANA: That's Anthony.

GEORGE: That's Tony!

NANA: Oh yes, that's Tony all right. When he was a mod. No, that doesn't sound right. Mod. Mod. Is it mod?

GEORGE: Then whose this?

NANA: That's Tony too, when he shaved his head. What was it he was calling himself at that stage? Well whatever, that man's taste has always been. ..

GEORGE: (Smiling.) Impeccable.

NANA: Oh no son, there's nothing impeccable about Tony. Nothing impeccable at all. That man's always had the taste of a badger.

GEORGE: I don't really like him Nan. I think he frightens me.

NANA: I Know George. I Know.

Enter JACK, dressed in a suit. Having trouble with his tie.

JACK: Do this this up for me Mum, I'm all fingers and thumbs this morning.

NANA: Where's Jacqueline?

JACK: Upstairs. Looking for earrings. What's going on, what are you two at?

NANA: Not a thing. Tidy those away son, we'll look at them later.

JACK: What are they?

NANA: Nothing.

GEORGE: Old photographs. Nan found them in the attic. There's one of you and Uncle Jon.

NANA: (Calling) Jacqueline. Come on love. We'll be late.

JACK: Leave her Mum, or you'll be getting it too. She was tossing and turning half the night. Do this up for me, I can't get it. Where's yours George?

GEORGE puts the photographs back in the box. NANA ties JACK'S tie for him.

GEORGE: What?

JACK: Your tie. You heard what your Mother said.

GEORGE: I don't see why we have to dress up today, the funeral is not until tomorrow.

JACK: Show some respect young man.

GEORGE: (Quietly mimicking.) Show some respect young man,

JACK: Excuse me?

GEORGE: Well it's not about respect is it? It's about Uncle Jon and you pretending that, that. ..

JACK: Pretending what son?

GEORGE: Nothing. I'm smart enough.

JACK: Well not smart enough to do what your Mother tells you. Can you hear her singing up there?

GEORGE: No.

JACK: Exactly.

NANA: You better get your tie Jonathan.

GEORGE: George Nana. I'm George.

JACK: George. Just get it.

NANA: He's all right Jack. Leave the boy alone, he's smart enough? That right George? Aren't you smart enough?

GEORGE: If you say so Nan.

JACK: Fine. Fine. On your own head. Just don't blame me when your Mother sees you.

NANA: (Whispers.) He's okay love. Just leave him.

JACK: You're looking good yourself Mum. I haven't seen you in that hat since don't know when.

NANA: What are you talking about? I always wear a hat.

JACK: Yeah, but not that one.

NANA: Why would I always wear this one?

JACK: No, I'm just saying, you look nice mum, is all.

NANA: Well keep your comments to yourself please.

JACK: What is wrong with everyone today?

GEORGE's phone beeps. A text message. He looks at it and replies.

Enter JACQUI looking for her earrings.

JACQUI: Have you seen my earrings Nana? I set them out last night. The ones that... I thought I left them down here on the... George, where's your tie?

JACK: Told you.

GEORGE: I'm fine. Dad said.

JACQUI: Oh did he now?

GEORGE: Yeah.

JACK: What?

NANA: Take that box upstairs George.

JACQUI: Well thank you very much Jack. One thing. I ask you to do one thing. Today of all days!

JACK: But I didn't.

GEORGE: Yes he did.

JACK: No I didn't.

NANA: George.

GEORGE: You did! You said I was fine!

JACK: I did not!

GEORGE: He's lying! Isn't he Nan, didn't he say I was fine?

JACK: Don't you dare involve your Nana in this!

GEORGE: You said it!

JACK: I didn't!

JACQUI: (Explosion.) Oh for Christ's sake! George go and put your bloody tie on before I get it myself and strangle you with it you little bastard!

NANA: Jacqueline Clegg! That is my grandson you're speaking to, and I will not tolerate language like that in my home. This family has values, and language like that is not one of them, do you hear me girl?

JACK: (Very firm.) Right! Everyone! Crazy people! Can we, can we all just please please just calm down. We're all upset, okay. Now. Now. George. Get your tie, bring it down, and Nana will do it up for you. Jacqui, Jacqui love, you have hundreds of pairs of earrings up the stairs. Wear one of them. Mum. George is Jacqui's son. And this, this is Jacqui's home too. So a little mutual consideration, from all of us, wouldn't go amiss, would it? Would it son?

GEORGE: No.

JACK: No. So what do you say?

GEORGE: Sorry Mum.

JACK: Right.

JACQUI: No. It's me George. I didn't mean... it's just... Sorry.

Exit GEORGE.

NANA: I can do the flowers myself you know. You don't have to come. You know how fussy I get.

TONY: Signing up today, right Jack? (TONY gives JACK a registration form.) Here you go big man. On the dotted mate.

JACK takes TONY's form as the doorbell rings again.

NANA: Who's that now?

GEORGE: Barry. We're going on ahead. See you later.

TONY: Barry is it? Didn't know Barry was coming. He tells me nothing these days. Is he wearing a suit? Big poof.

NANA: Anthony, that's enough of that. You're being tactless. Barry is not gay. He's just very thin. (Kiss). Thank you. And don't you be drinking, do you hear me?

GEORGE exits. JACK folds his registration form and puts it in his inside pocket.

And that goes for you too Anthony. I want to get some sense from you at dinner.

TONY: We have to send him off right Joan. Disrespectful not to.

NANA: Well just make sure Jonathan gets home in one piece. Or I'll hold you responsible.

TONY: Why me? Not Jack? He's the responsible one. Upstanding member of the community and all that. Councillor Clegg, isn't that what you'll be?

NANA: Just remember you're representing the family today

Anthony. So don't be doing anything stupid. Promise me.

TONY: Okay Joan. I promise. You can rely on me.

Enter JACQUI in a different outfit.

JACQUI: Hello Tony.

TONY: And you're dressed up too! Oh for Christ's sake why didn't anybody tell me, I'm going to look like a right fucking dickhead. Sorry Joan.

JACQUI: It's only the Brit Tony.

TONY: I know but that's not the point, I'm Jack's what d'ya call it? Wing-man. And I'm not going to let him down. I'll have a pint, or two maybe, or, you know, then I'll go straight home and — anyway, you're looking brilliant Jacqs, a million dollars, swear to God, not a penny less. Isn't she looking brilliant Jack?

JACK: She always does.

JACQUI: Where's George now?

JACK: He's gone with Barry.

TONY: Who's not gay apparently. Just malnourished. Isn't that right Joan?

NANA: That's not funny Anthony. It really isn't. You shouldn't be saying things like that about your own son.

TONY: It's just a gag Joan, I don't mean it. Barry knows that. I'm just tryin' to harden him up a bit. You know what it's like yourself having boys. Tough love they call it. All part of good parenting.

JACK: We're off.

JACQUI: And so are we. Where's my coat?

JACK: See you later love.

JACQUI: And don't be getting too drunk, d'you hear me. We don't want any agro today.

TONY: Don't worry sweetheart, Joan's made me responsible, that right Joan?

NANA: That's right Anthony.

TONY: Have you seen Jack's picture?

JACQUI: What picture?

TONY: For the election. He's signing up today. I done a mock-up, where is it Joan? There, look, it's there, there on the table.

JACQUI: I thought you hadn't decided Jack?

TONY: You're not still giving him a hard time about it, are you Jacqs? This is our future we're talking about.

JACK: Tony please...

TONY: Sorry Jack, I'm not meaning to embarrass you or nothing, but it needs to be said, it's an absolute disgrace what's happening to us and something needs to be done and Jack's the man to do it. Doesn't he look brilliant?

JACQUI: I know you mean well Tony but this is a bit, it's stepping over a line. How'll we face the neighbours?

TONY: It's not about that Jacqui, this isn't a racist thing, it's about us being heard, and restoring the balance— and this is our opportunity to get back the equilibrium. You know what we call him, don't you Jacqs? Do you know Joan, what we all call Jack? The Foreman. Swear to God. That's what all the lads call him. Because that's what he was. What he is. And that's why he has to sign up and go for it. But we all know that, don't we? 'Course we do. And it's the wrong day, I'm aware of that, so, sorry Joan, I'm getting myself all vexed up here and it's the wrong day. Apologies.

NANA: That's all right son.

JACK: We should get going or we'll be late for Jon, come on Tony, you lead the way.

TONY: Okey-dokey, well ladies, we are out of here. And I'm responsible. So you can both take it easy. And if it's easy Joan, take it home.

NANA: Anthony!

TONY exits.

JACK: See you later love.

JACQUI: Just look after your brother, okay. And keep an eye on Tony.

JACK: Yeah. Yeah. See you later.

Exit JACK. JACQUI looks at NANA and suddenly bursts into tears.

JACQUI: Sorry Nana. (Laughs.) It's just... I don't know, I don't know what's happening to us all.

NANA: I know love, I know... Come on girl, that's enough, we're all the same today. Hey now, hey, it's all going to be okay, I promise you love, I promise you.

SCENE 2

The church. An open coffin. JON is pacing. He is not wearing a suit but his casual clothes are very expensive. He has an overnight bag. PATRICK is wearing his army beret and an array of medals on his uniform. He is taking old flowers out of various arrangements.

JON: I saw the minister on my way in. And I don't know what I was expecting but I didn't recognise him. It's completely thrown me, I saw him outside and he knew me instantly. Greeted me like a long-lost friend, hand outstretched, big smile, hello, hello, how are you Jon? Good to see you, good you're home and — and I thought I'd remember everybody, and every tiny detail. But when I saw him suddenly — I just — and I thought I'd remembered it all so vividly.

PATRICK: The name of the, of the man who... who... I'd forget my head if it wasn't attached. Anyway, tell me this. And tell me the truth please. What do you think of the outfit?

JON: Well you were always a fine dresser.

PATRICK: You don't think it's a bit OTT?

JON: Do you really need the knife?

PATRICK: Not at all. It's your Mother — doesn't want it in the house, says it's got blood on it, and, well, I suppose she's right but, but war's war isn't it, and and... there's no good dwelling on it so here it is. And here am I looking like, like this. She says it's nostalgia but it's not, she's showing off, that's what it is, with the beret and the Brag Rags, and don't get me wrong we need to remember this stuff, but, but she's still the boss our Mother, formidable as ever — never stops. It's very good of you to come Jon. Really. I know how difficult this is for you.

JON: (Nods.) Sorry I didn't make the passing out parade.

PATRICK: You didn't miss much to be honest. Have you seen her yet?

JON: Jacqui?

PATRICK: Mum.

JON: No. No, not yet. I wanted to come here first. How is she?

PATRICK: Still slurping away. Gets a bit confused sometimes, not that she'd admit it. This has been very hard. .. so go easy on her.

JON: Yeah. And Jack? How's he?

PATRICK: Good. No, not good. He's okay. And maybe only just, what with having to move back home — losing his job, his position, takes a toll on a man's pride that. Makes forward looking very hard. To tell you the truth, the last time I seen him we had a bit of a row. Politics, as bloody usual... and then there's George, he's acting out.

JON: Is he?

PATRICK: Well he's at that age. Trying to figure out who he is, how to fit in, same as you, listen Jon, you've done very well brother, your life, your career, you've worked very hard, and America's far away but, but you done the right thing. You know that. And I know you know that. It was the best thing your ever did. And this place, well, it was always too small for you, wasn't it. Everyone understands that.

JON: Do they?

PATRICK: We've all been stupid in our lives, all of us, done things we regret, me included, but whatever happened, and whatever happens, it's not what you do that really counts. ..

JON: ...It's what you do after.

PATRICK: It's what you do after. I'm proud of you brother.

JON: I am proud of you too.

JON begins to cry.

And I always will be. No one can take that away from me. Not even you. So don't try. Don't dare.

PATRICK: Can do something for me?

JON: Yes anything, what is it?

PATRICK: Read out this letter.

Patrick hands Jon the letter.

At the end, I mean. It's not for me, is it? It's for you and Jack. And that bonehead Tony if he insists on turning up.

JON: And you think Tony will make the service?

PATRICK: We can all live in hope.

JON: What is it about?

PATRICK: I think it speaks for itself. It's about growing up, facing up to who we are, our responsibilities.

JON: You've got balls, I'll give you that. Fighting the Taliban.

PATRICK: Yeah, I suppose I did!

JON starts crying again as PATRICK climbs back into the coffin. Only now do we realise that he is dead. JON looks at the coffin for a moment, smiles then cries and then tries to pull himself together.

JON: I am sorry Patrick. About... how we left things. I just hope you understand, wherever you are, and that you can forgive me. I'm sorry.

SCENE 3

JON exits the church. During which NANA exits her house leaving JACQUI drinking tea. During which JACK and TONY walk into the pub carrying pints and two bags of crisps. During which NANA crosses the stage carrying flowers and exits. JACQUI at home begins a monologue.

JACQUI: I am not a child, just because I dream at night. And I don't love you. And the way you say my name. It's not a true thing, not even memory. It's just imagining. And I made my choice, and I chose something real. And when I dream it, I'm so unhappy. Running and running. Always running... a little girl. And the way you looked inside me. Luminous, you called me. Luminous the word was... I had to look it up. But did you truly see me? Something hidden? Something pure? Then waking up to normal. Back to ugly life. That's when I dread you most. So if you're decent, you'll understand, you'll know, and leave again, not stay and whisper dream things. Whisper promises. Whisper faithful. Because I am faithful. To my choices, to my home. I've made my bed. I won't betray it. My little boy.

Will he escape? Will he have chances and things I dreamt of, when I was open. And he is open. And sometimes happy. And I was happy. Once or twice. And once with you.

And then in the Britannia.

JACK: Same again?

TONY: No Foreman, you stay where you are. You'll be buying non-stop when you're in the Council. Promise you.

JACK: Right.

TONY: Right absolutely. Now sign the paper son and let's get you elected.

TONY exits to get drinks, JACK takes out the paper and reads it. After several moments GEORGE and BARRY scurry across the stage towards the church.

SCENE 4

The church.

BARRY: It was him that done that too, the poster. I know it was, I feel it. (Excited.) Jesus Georgie, this is fucking creepy.

GEORGE: Barry man. Come on. Let's get out of here.

BARRY: No way. I want to see.

GEORGE: I know but but...

BARRY: No buts George, we're doing this. The boys approach the coffin and look in. They stare, perplexed almost. Weird isn't it?

GEORGE: Yeah. Yeah it is.

BARRY: So that's what a dead soldier looks like. Like himself but like he's not there. Do you think that's how Roy would have looked?

GEORGE: I don't know Barry.

BARRY: Like peaceful. Like... like, what's that word?

GEORGE: Serene.

BARRY: Yeah, serene. Serene. But Roy never had the chance — did he? — To look like that, couldn't have, could he? He never had the chance... Wow! Look at this!

BARRY has reached into the coffin and taken Patrick's knife.

GEORGE: What are you doing Barry, put that back!

BARRY: This is quality man. Look at it.

GEORGE: Come on Barry, that's not funny. Put it back.

BARRY: This is for killing George, for killing fucking Nazis. For slitting fucking Nazi throats. (Playing with knife and singing.) "Ten per cent luck, twenty per cent skill, fifteen percent concentrated power of will, five percent pleasure, fifty percent pain, and a hundred percent reason to remember his name... "

GEORGE: Put it back! Barry, are you mental?! Stop It! This this this this is a church, show some respect, it's sacrilegious, that's what you're being.

BARRY: What you going do about it Georgie? Come on, have a go.

BARRY threatens GEORGE with the knife. GEORGE grabs BARRY's arm and tries to wrestle the knife from him.

BARRY: Fuck you and your little girl's dick.

The knife falls. GEORGE quickly grabs it and puts it back.

They're absolutely right, aren't they, all of them, you are nothing but a spineless fucking coward George. A spineless fucking coward!

GEORGE: Well at least I'm not fucking gay!

BARRY lamps GEORGE, a messy wrestle ensues ending with

BARRY on top of GEORGE threatening to break his fingers.

BARRY: Try playing your guitar with no fingers you two-faced fucker...

GEORGE: Barry NOOO! Please please no no no no no, I'm sorry I'm sorry I'm sorry, I didn't mean it I didn't mean it, don't, please please.. ..

There is a sudden noise. Both boys shit themselves.

GEORGE escapes BARRY

BARRY: What the fuck was that?

Both boys are now standing, frozen with fear.

George. Did you hear something?

Another sound as PATRICK sits up in his coffin. BARRY sees him,
GEORGE cannot.

GEORGE: Barry, let's get out of here! This place is haunted man. It's haunted!

But BARRY is transfixed by Patrick.

PATRICK: Think about this Barry. Don't do this to yourself. Think forward.

GEORGE: Barry this is wrong, this is so wrong! B! B! Come on man, let's get out of here!

BARRY takes a couple of steps towards the coffin.

BARRY: (To Patrick) the time for thinking is over. I know what I have to do.

PATRICK: Come on think, you're making your future here. This won't let you go. Not ever.

GEORGE: Barry!

BARRY: (Still looking at Patrick) Wipe your nose George.

You look like a girl.

GEORGE: (Panic.) Fuck this! And fuck you!

GEORGE exits running.

BARRY: Absolutely.

BARRY takes the knife, stuffs it in his jacket and exits.

The Britannia Pub. JON enters. Sees TONY who does not at first see him. JON looks around the pub and sees it hasn't changed at all. TONY looks round.

TONY: Well fuck me sideways and call me a sandwich. The prodigal has returned! Come here my son!

TONY hugs JON.

You haven't changed a bit son. Not so much as a morsel.

TONY hugs JON again and lifts him up. JACK enters and watches them.

TONY: Union Jack! Look who it is! Junior fucking Jon and not changed a fucking nugget.

JON: Hello Jack.

JACK: Hello Jon.

TONY: Union Jack, his Junior Jon and Tony — love God — Curtis reunited at long fucking last. Put those down mate, come on, remember this? The fucking Clash. This is our history lads, our heritage! It's our fucking anthem, is what it fucking is!

TONY does a dance to London Calling, singing along loudly. He keeps it up for about ten seconds, which completely exhausts him. Fuck me.

JACK: Sit down Tony before you damage yourself. Let me get you a drink Jon.

JON: I'll get it.

JACK: No you won't, you're the guest here, here, take this one.

And for Christ sake don't let Tony do any more dancing.

Exit JACK.

TONY: What you on about? Don't listen to him Junior, I've still got the moves. It only seems like yesterday I was doing that all fucking night. Where did the last ten years go?

JON: Only ten Tony?

TONY: Well fifteen maybe, same difference. Fuck me. Remember Pikey Ken? He taught me the Ska. Fucking Pikey Ken. Dead now. Ate a bad fish finger. Fucking Asda. Can't believe it. And can't believe you're back. Just look at you, you look brilliant, loaded, that's what you look, fucking loaded — are you loaded? — know you are, wanker fucking loaded banker, 'course you are, fucking brilliant. So how are you Jonnie? Tell me everything.

JON: I'm not bad Tony, I'm not too bad. How are you?

TONY: Oh, struggling on mate, you know how it is, hand to mouth, same as — Can't fucking believe it. Seems like only yesterday, or the day before, one of those.

Enter JACK with a Pint.

Fifteen years Jack, and will you look at us, have we changed? Have we fuck. Not a pebble. Not a — what's smaller than a pebble? Well whatever it is, fucking that. Apart from the tash, which I'm actually thinking it's about time to, but fuck it, different conversation. Because here we are, I'm fucking speechless. Sad though. Sad occasion. Has to be said. Not going to dwell, but it should be you know so look, I'm sorry deeply about your Dad Jon. About your loss. And Jack. Goes without. Patrick was one of the good — Great in fact. And fair. Always fair, proper. Outstanding, that's what he was, out-fucking-standing. So... commiserations. To both of you. And I mean that. From the bottom, you know, so — To absent friends — To our comrade Patrick. May he rest in peace.

ALL: To Patrick.

TONY: So how are you Jon? Sit! Sit here and come on, everything — are you married? Are you? And kids, lots? Lots of kids and loaded, remember suck-off Suzy? Seven girls. Swear to fuck. Seven. And just like their Mum. All sluts. What you driving? A Porsche? No — a mustang! Bet you're driving a fucking mustang! God bless America!

(Holds up glass.)

JACK: Welcome home Jon.

TONY: So how is it over there? Brilliant, yeah? Just like the movies? Fuck me, class. We always knew, always said — didn't we Jack? — Jon's the fucking one, the geezer, he escaped, brilliant, and here you are, back again and not changed a fucking particle. Not like this place, right Jack?

Right absolutely, just wait till, beyond all — telling you, all fucking different, I mean not the Brit. Obviously. Not the Brit, the Brit's the Brit, always has been, always will. Except you can't smoke. But you can't smoke anywhere so that doesn't count. (Pats his pocket checking he has his cigarettes.) I mean the town, the plant? The good old days, yes Jack? No. Gone. The brickworks? No. You know where they make them now Jon? Bangla-fucking-desh. The new Crescent's all fucking Paki-bricks. Unbelievable. The churches? African. Every one. And the shops, all Polish, serious, dobshe fucking dobshe all the way. It's as bad as fucking Spain. And have you seen the Mosque?

JACK: Will you give the boy a minute Tony, he's only just arrived.

TONY: 'Course he has, 'course you have Jon but just wait till you see. Massive. I mean, what's bigger than massive? Well whatever it is it's fucking that. And what they get up to in there, right Jack? All fucking sorts, that's what. It's fucking frightening.

JON: So you didn't like Spain then Tony?

TONY: No mate. Terrible place. Treat you like an immigrant.

(Finds his cigarettes.). Anyway, home's home and there's no place like. I'll have one in a minute. Trying to cut down. Helen's at me day and night.

JON: Helen! How is she?

TONY: Brilliant. Helen's brilliant. Better than brilliant. But listen to your Uncle Tony boys, there are five secrets to a perfect relationship, and I'm serious about this, one: it's important to have a woman who helps at home, cooks, cleans, has a job, all of that. Two: it's important to have a woman who can make you laugh. Three: it's important to have a woman you can trust and who would never lie. Four: it's important to have a woman who is good in bed and likes being with you. And five: it is absolutely fucking vital that these four women don't know each other.

Despite himself JON laughs.

JACK: That's terrible Tony.

TONY: What you on about? That was brilliant.

JON: And the kids, how are the kids?

TONY: Yeah yeah, good good, you know, Barry's... nearly a man now, you wouldn't believe it, wait till you see him. Still running round with George, isn't he Jack?

JACK: Yeah, thick as thieves those two.

TONY: Yeah always in trouble. Brilliant. Everyone's brilliant.

JON: And what about little Roy? Not so little now I bet, he must be, what? Twenty? More?

JACK: Another boys? My round. Same again Jon, Tony?

TONY: Absolutely, yeah yeah, same again Jack. No. No, going out for a smoke. So yeah, no, yeah absolutely, absofuckinglutely get them in, same again, back in a minute lads, back in a minute.

Exit TONY

JON: What was that all about?

JACK: What?

JON: Tony. What just happened?

JACK: It's just, you know, Tony's always had a strange relationship with words. Same old, you know, it's good to see you Jon.

JON: Yeah. You too Jack. You're looking well.

JACK: Not as well as you. Mum's chuffed you're back. Really. Over the moon. So's Jacqui.

JON: Yeah?

JACK: Yeah. Just don't be too hard on Tony. You know what, he's been through... he's been very good to us since been very good to Mum.

JON: I keep seeing him in short trousers. Putting shit through Mr Jones's letterbox. Do you remember that?

JACK: Yeah, sort of. Listen, I wanted to eh... to say thanks for the, for looking after Dad, you know, with his care and all, we couldn't have done it without you.

JON: It was the least I could do. Do you need... You know if you ever need some money or anything Jack all you have to do is say...

JACK: No.

JON: Really, if I could help in any way...

JACK: No. We're fine. Honestly, and something's just... or about to. Which will loosen things up a bit... Well if you ever do, or, or Jacqui, or whatever, George...

JACK: Did you not hear me Jon. I said no. (JACK looks at his brother.) Roy was killed last year.

JON: What?

JACK: Roadside stabbing. Fatal wounds. They left him on the side of the road bleeding to death. Tony and Helen still haven't recovered. It was all over the news here. Didn't you hear about it in the US?

JON: Roy?

JACK: Yeah.

JON: Roy? But... but I used to baby-sit... Roy was just... a kid. I... I didn't know. Roy was in the army?

JACK: He was a Fusilier. Look Jon I just told you because... because, it's knocked Tony sideways, so just take it easy and don't be, don't be saying nothing... And he's right, a lot of things have changed round here since you've gone.

JON: Yeah, of course. But but...

JACK: No buts Jon. No buts. Just leave well alone okay, I'm asking you, please, just leave well alone.

Enter TONY with GEORGE.

TONY: Look who I found loitering outside like a wannabe gangster, lost his wing-man haven't you son? Come on in George and say hello to your Uncle Jon.

JON stands.

SCENE 6

The church. NANA is replacing old flowers with new. Working with secateurs and nattering with her son.

NANA: Few will remember the fallen. And fewer still for long. Isn't that the way of it Patrick? And what seems so very serious to us today, in time, will be completely forgotten. The trouble is, we have no way of knowing what will be thought important and what will seem silly, do we?

PATRICK: No. No we don't Mum.

NANA: This is what happened to your father. Of course he made it back home but he was a shadow of his former self

PATRICK: You know what you should do Mum. You should marry again.

NANA: Patrick, I'm too old!

PATRICK: You should, Winston's a good man and he's done very well for himself, and I bet you he'll be good to you

NANA: Patrick Clegg! Stop that right now! I married your father and that's quite enough, I'm not going through all that again just because I might feel lonely sometimes. And where would we live? And isn't the house full? And what am I saying? Stop it Patrick!

PATRICK: I love you Mum.

NANA: It should have been me that went first Patrick. I'm no good with change. You know that, it doesn't sit well with me.

PATRICK: Change happens Mum. Then we cope with it. And sometimes, things can even change for the better.

NANA: (Touching Patricks face.) You look so. .. so. ..

PATRICK: Young.

NANA: Peaceful.

PATRICK: I am Mum, but I still worry about you.

NANA: Stop worrying about me son.

PATRICK: Whatever you say Mum, you're the boss.

NANA: And don't you forget it.

PATRICK: I've left my records to George. Will you see that he gets them?

NANA: I thought you were going to give them to Jon?

PATRICK: No. George should have them. He understands better.

NANA: You loved your music didn't you Patrick?

PATRICK: It kept me going, over there, when things were down, when I missed you I plugged in my earphones and forgot about the horror of it all. The night terrors, the flash backs. It transported me back home. A safe place, where no harm would come to anyone.

NANA: Transported you? I wished it had brought you home. I wished it had.

NANA gets back to her flowers. Unseen by NANA, PATRICK gets out his coffin and starts gently playing the guitar next to the coffin.

PATRICK: George understands that there's a freedom in music. Of styles, of cultures, borrowing and reinventing, connecting and redefining all at the same time. If only we could learn from its fluidity the world would be a calmer place. We wouldn't be a war with each other.

NANA: And he's playing the guitar a lot now. George. Driving his Mother mad mind you. I just turn the hearing aid down and never say a word. I suppose that's one of the few benefits of getting on. Do you know what came through the door yesterday? Something from a witchdoctor. A witchdoctor! I mean, what... I just don't know anymore, I'm starting not to recognise the place.

Everything moves too fast these days. I can't keep up with it. I really can't. But it's nice to have Jack home. And Jon's coming. And and...

NANA loses her train of thought. Then it comes back to her.

Did you ever wonder Patrick, what you'd do if you could do it again? With the knowledge you have now. Like if the first life was a sort of try-out and the next one was the main one, the proper one, do you ever wonder what you'd do? It's a stupid thought really but my mind's travelling to strange places these days. I think I'd have a rule. Never, ever to repeat myself. Doesn't that sound strange coming from me? But I think that could be my rule Patrick: No repetitions. But I would have had you all again, I would have all my children again.

NANA smiles and turns round to look at PATRICK. But PATRICK has stopped playing and is back in his coffin.

PATRICK: I love you Mum.

Eventually NANA returns to her flowers in tears, she places them in the sequence of colours. She stands back and regards her work finished.

NANA: There we are. That's more like the thing, isn't it? Yes, it should have been me that went first. No mother should have to have to bury her child.

She looks up at the stained glass windows, where the light has begun to stream in.

SCENE 7

The Brit. Enter TONY with drinks.

TONY: Rescue me lads, quick! There we go. Now here, what do you call a bus load of bankers going over a cliff? A good fucking start! Brilliant.

JON: Trader.

TONY: What's that?

JON: I'm not a banker Tony, I'm a trader.

TONY: Well whatever the fuck, it's all the same isn't it, all fucking maths. Fractions, Jesus, remember them? (TONY shivers at the memory.) Anyway lads, glug it down, let's get messy. Here Jack, yours is on the table. And sign this fucking paper son, will you? What are you fucking about for?

JACK: Give me that Tony.

JACK takes the paper and puts it in his inside pocket.

JON: What is it?

TONY: Your big brother's on the road to Westminster, or the Council at least. I'd be standing myself but like me old mucker George said: "Too many parties, too many girls."

GEORGE: What did I say?

TONY: No not you, you muppet, Clooney, George Clooney, you know, the doctor, does movies and shit.

JON: You're standing in the elections?

JACK: Maybe. It's a long story.

TONY: But you're still enjoying it Jon, the Big Tomato?

JON: Yeah. Sometimes. No, mostly. It's great. I mean it's a great city. You should go, both of you, take George Jack. You'd love it there George, you would, it has this, this amazing energy about it, a positivity, makes you think that anything's possible, it's, it's, it's... (Suddenly sees who he's talking to.) you know, yeah, yeah, it's good, good, interesting.

TONY: So you don't miss home at all then?

JON: No I do but, well the world's a smaller place now isn't it, global village and all that, even get the BBC, all the football, everything.

TONY: Brilliant.

JON: Yeah. And what are you up to yourself Tony?

TONY: Yeah, bits and pieces, you know how it is. Still got the old van. And we do a bit of plastering, don't we Jack?

Help the Robinsons out, remember the Robinsons Jon, the identical twins? Still exactly the same. Was with them in Stoke last — you'd have loved it — just like the old days when we made the blues run, all the flags, the chants, just like an England game, except back then Paki-bashing was fucking promoted wasn't it — (Chants.) "I'd rather be a Paki than a Turk, Yes I would.. !" Now you can't even say the word without getting fucking arrested, and this is the country that invented free fucking speech. I don't know where England's fucking gone Jon, I really don't, except, I'm fucking lying to you, because I do, I know exactly where England's fucking gone. Essex! That's where England's fucking gone. To fucking Essex. But! As the man said: "No woman, no cry." Jacqueline! Fuck me, still a looker, right Jack? Ageing extremely fucking well. Remember what we used to call her Jon, Up The... you know! Fuck me! Sorry George, forgot you were here. Anyway, all I'm saying is, I wouldn't throw your Mum out of bed for eating biscuits, that's all I meant.

JACK: I'm sure she'll be thrilled to hear that Anthony.

TONY: Jack, you know I didn't I mean to say, you know that I would never, ever, like, you know that, don't you Jack? I'm a very happily married man. Oh fuck, fuck, forgot to call Helen. (Taking out mobile and dialling.) And even if I wasn't I wouldn't. Cardinal rule. Never nob your best mate's bird. Know what I mean Jon, that kind of behaviour stretches the limits of civilized society. Oh fuck this. Not again. (Dials helpline.) Hello. Hello? Yes. / I'm having problems with this phone again. Dialling out. Dialling out, it's okay to receive but...

JON: And what are you up to George?

GEORGE: What do you mean?

JACK: He means what are you doing with yourself son, at school and stuff.

GEORGE: Oh right, yeah. School and stuff.

JON: And you like it do you?

GEORGE: What? School?

JON: Yeah.

GEORGE: (Of course not you idiot.) No.

Enter BARRY. He is wearing a different top.

JON: And you don't have any hobbies or anything like that?

GEORGE: Mmm, no, not really.

BARRY: Yes he does. Right Georgie?

JACK: All right Barry.

BARRY: Right Jack.

JACK: Jon this is Barry, Tony's lad. Barry, this is my brother Jon.

JON: Hello Barry.

BARRY: Right.

JON: Do you want to sit down Barry?

BARRY: No. You're all right thanks.

JON: So George, you do have hobbies then.

GEORGE: No.

BARRY: Yes he does! Your music you nonce. He plays the guitar. Old shit. But but he's brilliant. Aren't you Georgie?

TONY: All right son, where the fuck have you been? I've been fucking - (Into phone.) OUT! OUT! mailing OUT. Fucking call centres. They stay over there and take our jobs. Here, make yourself useful and get a round in. (Holding out some cash.) Barry! Round! (Into phone.) OUT! OUT!

BARRY exits to get drinks.

JACK: Jon used to play a bit himself.

GEORGE: Did you?

JON: Yeah, but I was never any good, didn't have the patience.

JACK: He's good. Barry's right. Going to be a rock star, aren't you son?

JACK ruffles GEORGE's hair, GEORGE shrugs him off.

TONY: Oh fuck this for a game of soldiers! Mum-fucking-bai. Jack can I borrow yours? Remember Mr Jones Jon?

(Laughs.) Course you do, how could you forget old Winston, thanks Jack (Phone.). Still at the school, deputy fucking head now, swear to God, teaches Barry and George history.

GEORGE: English.

TONY: English is it? We'll that's fucking what d'you call it — "this sceptered isle, this earth of" — what's the word I'm looking for?

GEORGE: Ironic.

TONY: Ironic! Fucking yes George, you should see where he lives now Jon. Fucking mansion. Oh hello love, it's me. Me. Anthony. Your husband. (To room.) Fuck's sake. (Back to phone.) Yeah, mine's on the blink. Jack's. Are you all right? Yeah. Just thought I'd check in...

JACK: So what happened your eye son?

GEORGE: Fell over.

Enter BARRY with four Pints and a coke.

JACK: Over what?

GEORGE: Just tripped. Didn't I Barry?

BARRY: What?

GEORGE: Dad's just asking what happened to my eye, and I'm telling him I tripped.

BARRY: Yeah, bow-legged twat, sorry about your loss Jack. Jon. Sad day.

JACK: Yeah. You all right son?

BARRY: Who? Me? Yeah. Quality Jack. All good, all good.

GEORGE gets up.

Where you going Georgie?

GEORGE: Toilet.

TONY: The Brit! Yeah. Got to go love. Right. Well just make sure you eat something.

JACK: What happened Barry?

BARRY: What?

JACK: To George's eye? Tell me the truth son.

BARRY: No. No nothing. Just what he said Jack. Just what — tripped over. He's clumsy like that.

TONY: (Handing phone back.) Thanks Jack. (Reaching for a Pint.) Whose the coke for?

JACK: (Firm.) George.

BARRY: Can I have a word Dad?

TONY: Well thank fuck you didn't dress up son.

BARRY: What do you mean?

TONY looks at his son and laughs.

BARRY: This is pucker man.

TONY: Have you met my gay son Jon?

BARRY: Fuck you Dad.

TONY: Fuck you Dad! Come on son, I'm only playing! Fucking young ones Jon, take every word you fucking say seriously, don't they? And watch yourself son, you're spilling that pint fucking everywhere.

BARRY: Sorry.

TONY: Yeah Junior, you should see where Mr Jones lives now. You wouldn't believe it. Fucking palace. I'm telling you, gy-fucking-normous, not like the old — no no no, not at all not at... (Starts laughing. ToJON.) Do you remember the night, when you put shit through his letterbox? You remember Jack, don't you, when Junior put shit... (Laughter has taken over.)

JACK: (Laughing.) I do Tony. I do.

BARRY: You put shit through his letterbox?

JON: No.

Enter GEORGE

TONY: (Laughter.) Oh yes you did my son, oh yes you fucking did. George, George come and hear this one, when your Uncle Jon here put shit through Mr Jones's letterbox.

JON: You made me do that Tony.

TONY: (Laughter.) And not just any shit, was it Jack?

JACK: (Laughter.) No it wasn't Tony.

TONY: (Laughter.) No it fucking wasn't. Because it was his own shit! (Nearly in hysterics.) That he snuck out from your

Nana's toilet in his fucking jacket! I'll never forget that night as long as I live.

JON: Because you made me...

TONY: (Impression of Nana.) "What's that smell? Jonathan, Anthony, do you smell something funny?" "No Mum. Must be the drains." In his fucking jacket!

JON: It was in newspaper...

GEORGE: What did you do that for?

JON: Because... Because...

TONY: Good fucking question Georgie, what the fuck did you do that for? Because Mr Jones was fucking black, that's what!

BARRY: Good man Jon!

JON: What? No...

TONY: Yeah good on you, you racist fucking bastard!

JON: Fuck you Tony.

TONY/JACK/BARRY: Wooooooo!

JON: No I'm serious. It's not funny. You made me do that Tony. Fucking thug.

TONY: Fucking thug is it? (TONY catches JON in a headlock. Baby voice.) Look Jack, Junior's starting on me, he's calling me names, don't let Junior call me names!

BARRY: Go on Dad!

JON: Let go of me Tony. Let go of me!

TONY: Not till you say you're sorry. Come on Junior, tell Uncle Tony you're sorry..

JACK: Come on Tony, let him go.

TONY lets JON go, ruffling his hair.

TONY: Only gagging around son. Fucking hell, in his fucking jacket! I'll never fucking forget — The poster Barry? Did you see it? The bill-board?

BARRY: Yeah. On the way up, didn't we George?

TONY: It's a disgrace George — int'tit son?

GEORGE: Yeah.

TONY: Absolutely. A fucking disgrace. Think they own the place. Fucking rag-heads. They're worse than the Pakis, aren't they Jack? Much worse. And we know exactly who did it don't we son?

BARRY: We do. Don't we George?

TONY: A fucking soap advert Jon. Imperial fucking Leather of all things.

BARRY: Dove.

TONY: (Camp.) Oh is it for Dove is it Barry?

BARRY: Yes it fucking is actually.

TONY: Anyway whatever the fuck, a fucking soap advert, couldn't believe it, have you seen it yet Jack?

JACK: No, not yet.

TONY: Do you know what the bastards done Jon, I'll tell you, they ripped it right down the middle, all the way, they must have got ladders and shit especially. And why, why? Because it had naked women on it and because it was next to their fucking mosque! Swear to fuck, that's the reason. And they weren't fucking naked at all. They had a logo in front of them, it is Dove, you're quite right son, Dove's exactly what it is, and they had the fucking Dove logo in front of them, covering their bits like, and they still ripped it, from their necks to their feet. And why? Offensive. Isn't that what they said son? They said it was fucking offensive.

BARRY: Yeah.

TONY: It's a fucking soap advert. For fucking Dove of all fucking things. And they call it offensive. Well we know who's the ones being fucking offensive, don't we, and it's not fucking Dove soap.

JACK: All right Tony, that's enough, sit down.

TONY: Sorry Jack but it vexes me, it really does, gets right on my tits. You can't come and live over here if you're not going to play by the rules, you know what I mean? I mean. .. this is fucking England. (JON gets up and exits.)

Where's he going? Jon, where you going? Has he just taken the hump?

JACK: No. Just... tone it down a bit mate, he's not used to it. And this day's for Patrick, you know, he's upset.

TONY: Right. Course he is. Wouldn't anybody be. Hasn't his brother just died for fuck sake, course he's fucking upset.

BARRY: Can I have a word Dad? Please now. Outside.

TONY: Yeah, all right. (TONY gets his cigarettes from his pocket.)

Need a fag anyway. Come on. In a minute lads. Just don't tell your Mum you saw me smoking son, do you hear me?

TONY and BARRY exit.

JACK: You all right George?

GEORGE: Yeah.

JACK: You're a bit quiet over there.

GEORGE: No. I'm fine, just thinking. I might head on in a bit, see how Mum's doing. Are you really going to sign up with Tony and all?

JACK: I don't know son. I don't know, but we gotta do something and and. .. What do you think?

GEORGE: Granddad didn't like the idea, did he?

JACK: No. No he didn't. But his was a different world, he didn't really understand.

GEORGE: I think... I think they're a bit extreme.

JACK: Yeah, maybe, but it's extreme times we're in son.

GEORGE: Yeah I know that but that's not what I meant, I mean... they're all just so certain, aren't they?

JACK: Look George, don't say nothing to your Uncle Jon about this. He's been away for a long time and he doesn't really get what's going on. Right?

GEORGE: Yeah.

JACK: Good lad.

GEORGE looks up as JON enters.

JACK: Sorry about that Jon. Tony can go a bit far sometimes.

JON: Has he gone?

JACK: Outside.

JON: I'm not sure I can take much more of him Jack, he's a bigot. Always was. Sorry George, I know Barry's your friend but... I don't like him Jack. And neither did Dad, he'd be disgusted.

GEORGE: (Standing.) Right. I'm off.

JON: No George. Stay. Please. I'm... I'm sorry. I'm just upset, that's all. I'm being too, too sensitive. Stay and have a drink with us.

JACK: Come on son, sit down.

JACK looks up at his son. GEORGE sits. He looks at JON.

JON: So how's Mum? Is she coping okay?

JACK: Yeah, yeah, hanging in, you know.

JON: Yeah?

JACK: No, really, she's fine.

JON: She called me Jack on the phone the other day.

JACK: Did she?

GEORGE: She called me Jonathan this morning, didn't she Dad?

JACK: Yeah she's getting on Jon. And this has taken a lot out of her. She's looking older. You might be a bit shocked.

Enter TONY talking to BARRY

TONY: Just don't you worry son is all I'm saying. Right Georgie? Nothing at all to worry about, Uncle Tony here'll look after you. Always has, always will, and that's a promise.

JACK looks at GEORGE then at TONY

JACK: Look after what?

TONY: After. ... you know, look after. Like we always have, right Jack?

JACK: What the fuck's going on?

TONY: No. Nothing. Fuck me Jack, keep your knickers on, all I'm saying is, is that we have to watch each other's back, that's all, right son? Good lad. Because we have to, you know, that these days, in

the times we live, that, that it's our our, that it's our society, our home, and that we're responsible for — Fuck, I've lost my train now you've put me under pressure Jack... thanks very much.

JACK: All right!

TONY: No. No I'll get it. Hold on. That's it, exactly, that it's our society and we have to defend it, our community. Because if we don't defend it then no one else is fucking — and that... are you listening to me Barry, because I hope you fucking are because this is what I was trying to say before Jack distracted me, and you too George, because it's your future we're talking about, yes that's it, absolutely, it's their future Jack, George and Barry's, they're the next — and if we don't fight for them then no one fucking will and we just all need to consider that, and very fucking seriously, because we were here first and all them, the fucking rag-heads and all the other fucking immigrants — and we'll back you up all the way. Me and Jack, even Jon, because this is your roots, and that's what we're talking about here, roots, and that's what we have to fight for, what we have to defend, and I'm very serious about that. Very serious indeed.

JON: Yes Tony. Very serious.

TONY: Excuse me?

JON: Nothing.

TONY: Didn't sound like nothing to me. Are you taking the piss?

JACK: Jon.

TONY: No. No Jack. If your little brother there has something to say to me then let him speak his fucking mind. Man to fucking man.

JON: It was nothing Tony.

TONY: Oh I see, same as fucking ever, there he is ladies and gents, the one and only spineless Junior Jon.

JON: Okay Jack. I've had enough of this. I'll see you at home.

JON grabs his jacket

TONY: Yes boys, there he is at fucking last, finally showing his true fucking colours. Still thinks he's so much better than all the rest of us. Fucking right. Run-away Junior. Isn't that what we called you? Your Dad would be spinning in his fucking grave if he could see you now.

JON: You know nothing about my father you pathetic little man, now get out of my fucking way.

TONY: Or you'll do what Junior? Come on, or you'll do what?

JON looks at TONY then at JACK, he is dumbstruck

JON: Perfect. Absolutely perfect! Do you know Jack (Laughs.), do you know I was actually scared of coming home today. On the train. On the same train that I've taken a thousand times before I was suddenly frightened. And not because things might have changed, the town, the people, no, not because of that, I was scared in case it was going to be the same. The same little small-minded, parochial place full of the same little small-minded parochial people. And you know what, surprise surprise it is, it is! Except it's worse. It's so much worse. Because in case you haven't noticed Tony — we're not kids anymore. And I don't have to stay here and listen to you and your your unbelievable

assumptions, just because you're bigger than me. "Or you'll do what Junior?!" Wake up and smell the coffee Tony, no, no, even better, wake up and make me coffee! Take a leaf out of the "fucking immigrants" book, get yourself a travel card and go to Zone I, if you can find it, they have a map you know, and do something, do anything, something that makes me think you're not going to stab me when I turn my back. Listen. I'm sorry Tony, about Roy, I truly am, I have no idea what that must feel like, but it doesn't give you licence to, it doesn't give you permission to... ugh, this is totally pointless. I'm going home now Jack. To see our Mum. You stay here if you want to and play with your little Nazi friend.

BARRY suddenly lunges at JON, TONY tries to grab him and falls, JON protects himself as JACK jumps up and pulls BARRY off his brother.

BARRY: Fuck you! Fuck you! Fuck you!

TONY: Barry!

JACK: Stop it! Barry! Stop it now! (BARRY desists, but is seething, TONY pulls him behind him.) Right. Right. Let's just all calm the fuck down. Barry, Tony! We're all on edge today, we're all upset, so let's just — Right Jon? Come on, we're all friends here.

TONY: I don't know that we are Jack. (To JON.) You have no idea, you. .. you patronising. .. no fucking idea, you lost the right to your opinion when you fucked off out of here, and now you swan back and dare fucking lecture me and in front of, Nazi, you're all the fucking same, I swear to fucking God if you ever ever mention Roy's name again, either in front of me or behind my my fucking back I swear to fucking Christ Jon, I'll, I'll, I'll...

JON: (Smiling.) You'll do what Tony? Set your son on me!

TONY: Fuck you!

JACK jumps in between TONY and JON

JACK: Enough! That's enough! Now come on Jon, apologise.

JON: What? What did you just say?

JACK: I said apologise Jon. I told you, I asked you, one thing, one thing and you couldn't even... Tony has a point and you don't live here anymore. It's not a racist thing he's saying, it's not.

TONY: That's right Jack, that's right.

JACK: But when it's, when it's anybody else Jon.

TONY: Yes Jack, that's it.

JACK: When it's an ordinary person that's trying to be heard, then we're treated like — like you've just done. Every day people like you, people like you tell us what we are, well we're not, so stop treating us like a bunch of fascist scum!

JON: People like me?

TONY: Exactly Jack, exactly!

JON: People like me Jack?

JACK: Now God knows I don't agree with everything Tony here says, I don't, and most of the time I don't like how he says it but you don't know what it's like here anymore, tempers are running very high.

BARRY: They don't even have to learn fucking English!

The fucking Rag-Heads!

TONY: Right son.

BARRY: Like when you're invited into somebody's house you don't come in and start moving the fucking furniture do you? Like when you go to France /you're French...

TONY: You're French, and when you go to Spain you're Spanish but when you come fucking here you can be any cunt you fucking like!

BARRY: Baby Killer! That's what they called him — burn in hell! George tell him! At Roy's funeral. That's what they fucking shouted, int'it George?

GEORGE: I don't know Barry.

BARRY: They wouldn't even arrest them! Tell him Jack! Tell him!

JACK: We're being robbed here Jon — of our jobs, our homes, our doctors, schools, everything, everything you and I took for granted.

TONY: Yes Foreman — say that in the election when you're giving your speeches, because that's exactly what it is, we're being fucking robbed!

JON: Who are you standing for Jack? And please don't say the three letters running through my mind, because I know that can't be right. Not them, please tell me this isn't true!

JACK: I'm standing for me Jon! For Tony, for Mum, George, all of us, for all of... the same market that's made you rich, has flooded us, has flooded our home with with... We're being crushed here and no one's listening!

TONY: Fucking right Jack!

JON: I'm very sorry you feel like this Jack, I really am. But I've worked hard for what I have. And I'm not going to stand here and be guilted into an apology just because I've managed to make something of myself.

JACK: Of course you're not Jon. Of course you're not, because now you're entitled, aren't you? To your comforts, to your money, to your life-style and to any flippant fucking privileged opinion you want. But what are we entitled to Jon? What are we entitled to? People used to be proud of us, the working people, they used to be proud, but now we're not even acknowledged, it's like we don't exist. We've become an embarrassment, worse, an insult! That's what we've become, an insult. But the thing is, the problem is, we do exist, we do exist, right here right now, and we need some help, we need some... those foreign workers living in squalor, they all have PhDs', you think I'm joking don't you, but I'm not, they're educated way beyond anything we could dream of, way beyond — it's us whose on our knees now and the pressure's crushing — we're on the bottom now, because they know why they're here. To give their kids a better life. That's it, that's why. But why am I here Jon, why is Jacqui here? And George? Where's the place I can send George for a better life, to give him

what he's entitled to? Tell me Jon and I'll send him there tomorrow! Where can I send my kid for a better life, just tell me that before you get on your high horse and run away home?

TONY: Well certainly not to fucking Malaga, I can tell you that for nothing!

JACK: Tony. Not helpful.

TONY: Sorry Jack but I'm talking from personal fucking experience here. Spain. Fucking shit-hole.

JACK: This is where I come from Jon. It's my community, it's my family and it's my home. For better and for worse, for richer and poorer, this place is who I am. So do not come in here and say what you're saying and expect to leave without a fight. Because we will stand up for it, Tony's right about that, we will, because this place is the only thing we've got left.

JON: So what do you want me to say Jack? Nothing? Is that it? You want me to just stand here and watch you piss away every single value our father fought for, and say nothing. Well I can't do it Jack. I won't do it. Because this is my home too.

JACK: But it's not Jon, is it? It's not! Home's what you live, day in day out, and you don't live what we live anymore, do you, do you?

JACQUI: (Off.) GEORGE! GEORGE! (Enter JACQUI in total panic.) Where's George? Where is he? Jack! Where's my son? Where's my son?

She finds herself standing face to face with JON and suddenly stops.

JACK: He's there love, right in front of you, he's there. What's wrong? What's happened?

JACQUI: George! George!

GEORGE: Mum?

JACQUI: What have you done? What the fuck have you done?

JACQUI hits GEORGE, then she hugs him, then she hits him, she is out of control. JACK, with difficulty, pulls her off.'

ACT TWO

SCENE I

The church. JACQUI is pacing, talking to herself. She cannot see PATRICK standing, leaning on his coffin

JACQUI: What am I doing here Patrick? I should be at home, I should be waiting for... not for... God forgive me, I hit him Patrick — and he's so vulnerable, so sensitive. I've never seen a boy as sensitive. Or only one. What am I hoping for? What am I dreaming? Barry that little bastard, like father like son, and Jack's changing Patrick. He's changing. And George doesn't deserve any of this. He deserves so much better, so much more, so much more than me.

PATRICK says nothing

JACQUI: You know Patrick, I don't think I ever understood a single word you said to me. I liked you, loved even, because you always seemed so very happy in yourself. But I don't think I ever understood — I keep dreaming. And it's always the same. Always running. Last night it was school. And homework, for God's sake. I hadn't done my homework. And didn't that girl always do her homework.

And always on time. And Jon's there, even though I never sat beside him, wasn't even in my class, but there he is, right beside me, where Jack should have been, and when Mr Jones came to my desk it was just so — I couldn't even look him in the face because I hadn't done what I'd supposed to do, is that what it is, is that why I keep dreaming? And Mr Jones started shouting and I couldn't look, and I couldn't take it, so I just got up and bolted, I did, bolted straight out of the room, along the lockers, out of the doors, running and running as fast as I could, across the playground, over the road, past the Brit, the back of the house and then that was it, that was it, except that wasn't it, was it Patrick, that wasn't it at all because I ran here didn't I, I ran here to the church. Because I knew Jon would know, and I knew Jon would find me, and he did, he did know and he did.

Enter JON. They look at one another. This happens in her mind.

JON: Hi.

JACQUI: Hi.

JON: Are you okay? Well, I can see that you're not okay but are you all right?

JACQUI: I knew you'd find me here.

JON: Did you?

JACQUI: This is our place, isn't it? What? Do you think I've put on weight? Because if you do, you know, you're wrong, I haven't. I'm exactly the same as I was.

JON: You're luminous.

JACQUI: (She smiles like a teenager.) Am I?

JON: All the way to light.

JACQUI: You're drunk.

JON: A bit.

JACQUI: What are you doing here Jon? Why did you come home? And don't tell me it was for the funeral. Don't lie to me Jon, I couldn't bare it.

JON: They've taken George and Barry to the police station. Jack's gone with them. It's going to be fine Jacqui. I promise you. It's all going to be fine.

JACQUI: But it's not. It's not.

JON: Jacqui.

JACQUI: I'm so unhappy, I am so unhappy to see you. I couldn't even find the earrings. I searched. But I couldn't find them. Do you remember the earrings Jon? The ones you gave me before you... You said they were for my birthday but I knew what they were for. I knew. And I kept them, I did, all this time, like treasure, and I wanted to wear them today to let you, to let you see that I, that I...

JON: We should go home Jacqui. They'll all be worried.

JACQUI: That I love you Jon.

JON looks at JACQUI.

JACQUI: Did you hear what I said Jon. I still love you.

JACQUI looks pleadingly at JON. JON looks at JACQUI. JON shakes his head.

JON: I shouldn't have come. I know that, but I had to Jacqui. I was so scared about seeing you.

JACQUI: I know.

JON: Terrified.

JACQUI: Whisper.

JON: And what's happened to everyone Jacqui? They've all got so hard.

JACQUI: Tell me Jon. whisper.

JON: (Whispers.) Come with me.

JACQUI smiles and almost imperceptibly nods her head.

JACQUI: That's it. Whisper.

JON: (Whispers.) You and George. Both of you. Come with me.

JACQUI: (Whispers.) Yes.

JON: (Whispers.) We'll be happy. Just us together.

JACQUI: (Whispers.) Yes.

JON: (Whisper.) Because I love you. And I was wrong. I tried. I tried so hard. But I can't fight it. Because I love you and you alone... (His whisper dies to a breath and then silence.)

JACQUI stares at JON for some time. Her imagination turns into reality.

I knew you'd be here.

JACQUI: Did you?

JON: This was our place, wasn't it? What? Do you think I've put on weight? Because if you do, you know, you're wrong.

JACQUI: Put on weight?

JON: No. I haven't. I'm exactly the same as I was.

JACQUI: Are you?

JON: Yes. But you. You're even more than I remember. You're amazing.

JACQUI: Exactly the same.

JON: And I still love you.

JACQUI: Oh shit! (She smiles then bursts out laughing.) Oh shit! Shit!

JON: Did you hear what I said Jacqui?

JACQUI: Oh Junior! Come on. I have to get home. And you should do the same. Oh shit!

JON: What do you mean?

JACQUI: It's very good to see you Jonathan. I mean that, I really do. To see you after all this, after — you're looking older but still very very like yourself. The exact same boy.

(She starts laughing again.) Oh shit!

JON: Jacqui...

JACQUI: And just look at me Jon! Will you just look at the woman I've become! (Smiling.) What is she like, this woman? What the hell is she like!

She looks at him, laughs then turns and exits, running. JON looks after her.

JON: I was in Chicago last year. Just for a weekend. Work and, and I was sat down in this, some diner somewhere, I don't know exactly, it was pissing with rain outside and I was looking for somewhere warm, you know, to eat, and I came in and sat down and suddenly, suddenly I felt this terrible pain and I didn't know why for a moment and then I realised, sitting in that crappy diner just felt like I was home. And I looked around me, at the people, and they were all just ordinary people and I could have been back at Ned's eating shepherds pie with Jacqui. We used to go there sometimes, just the two of us, Jack was, I don't know, somewhere, and it was just the two of us, just for an hour. I don't think I've ever been as happy as I was back then with Jacqui eating shepherds pie at Neds.

PATRICK: She gets lonely too I think. Jacqueline. Ends up talking to herself. Jack says she's turning into Joan, and George thinks his Mother's going mad. Maybe she is. (Laughs.) Who knows, maybe she is. But listen, you should do what she says.

JON: (To himself.) Go home.

PATRICK: And just remember it's not what you...

JON: Yeah brother, I know. I know.

Exit JON.

PATRICK: He's gone Barry. If that's what you're waiting for. You can come out now.

TONY emerges, looks around.

TONY: He's gone. Come on, let's get this done.

BARRY emerges from behind TONY. He is holding Patrick's knife, bloodied and badly wrapped in his original top. Once again BARRY is transfixed by PATRICK. TONY neither sees nor hears PATRICK.

PATRICK: I'm sorry son, I don't know what to say to you. This is going to haunt you now. It's going to follow, wherever you go.

TONY: Barry! Snap out of it. Come on son, give it to me.

BARRY: It's got blood on it Dad, it's got blood.

TONY takes the knife and top and stuffs them into the coffin.

TONY: Don't you worry, where it's going no one's ever going to know.

BARRY: Am I going to hell Dad?

TONY: No. No way. You did the right thing, you're not the one's going to hell. Look at me Barry, look at me.

TONY has taken his son by his shoulders. BARRY looks at his Dad.

There's nothing for you to worry about. I have your back, we all do. And George won't say a word. He's a good boy, won't say nothing, I'll make sure of that.

BARRY: Yeah.

TONY: And no one saw you?

BARRY: He called Roy an infidel, an infidel, didn't he Dad? He said he'd burn in hell! He said it at the funeral, I remember him shouting, I... Didn't he Dad? I remember... You heard him Dad, you must have heard him...

TONY: Your brother made a sacrifice. And that must never be forgotten. And it must never be humiliated, ever. And you son, you have made sure of that. And I am proud of you. Proud son, do you hear me? And your brother would be proud too. I promise you, Roy'll be singing now. Singing. So listen to me, and listen very very carefully. Because you and I can never ever talk about this again. Do you hear me Barry?

BARRY: Yes.

TONY: This is something that has to be kept. Between us, you and me. Father and son.

BARRY: Right.

TONY: Right absolutely. Good lad. Now wait for me outside. Go on. And don't let anyone see you. Go on Barry. Now.

Exit BARRY. With some considerable effort, fuelled by some considerable anger, TONY Picks up the coffin's lid.

What's that Patrick? No words of wisdom now? You aren't the only heroes around here. We are protecting the home-front, so that may you rest in peace, you sanctimonious bastard.

He places the lid and fastens it down and then exits.

SCENE 2

The house. NANA is knitting something red. Enter JACK with GEORGE.

NANA: There you are. Where were you? I came home expecting you all to be here and there was no one. Where's Jonathan and — George, what happened? Look at you, are you all right, look at your face!

JACK: He fell over. Didn't you son?

GEORGE: (Mumbles.) Yeah.

NANA: Where were you?

JACK: Some boy from the Mosque got stabbed. The police had all the young ones in. At the station.

NANA: Someone got stabbed? Who Jack?

JACK: I don't know.

NANA: And you were at the station. Why were you at the station George?

JACK: Go and get out of those clothes. (Exit GEORGE.) And hang them up you'll need them in the morning.

NANA: Jack what's going on, why was George at the station?

JACK: They lifted half the town. Mum watch, you're trailing wool.

Enter JACQUI, she looks at JACK.

Upstairs. Getting changed.

NANA: Jacqueline? Jacqueline? Running running, always running. ..

JACQUI has exited upstairs. Enter JON. NANA looks at him.

NANA: Jonathan!

JON: Hello Mum.

NANA: Jonathan! Jonathan! Well don't just stand there. Come here you little bugger and give your old Mum a hug.

JON does as he's told.

JON: It's lovely to see you Mum.

NANA: You too pet. You too. But what's being going on, tell me, were you at the station too, are you okay?

JON: Yeah, I'm fine Mum, really, it's all okay.

NANA: Is it? My God, my God, Jonathan.

She hugs him again, JON looks at JACK, JACK smiles.

JACK: Do you want a drink Jon?

NANA: No he does not. I can smell you both from here. Now sit down the pair of you and tell me please what the hell's been happening.

JACK: Give him some tea at least Mum.

JON: Yes. Some milky tea Mum. That would be brilliant.

NANA: Milky tea.

JACK: I'll get it. Jon will you give me a hand?

NANA: No. Stay where you, you won't do it right. I know how he likes it, don't I son?

JON: You do Mum, yes. You're the boss.

NANA: And don't you forget it.

Exit NANA.

JACK: A kid's been stabbed.

JON: Yes.

JACK: Someone saw a boy with an army la-life.

JON: An army knife? (Suddenly understands the implication.) Oh

Jack, you're joking.

JACK: No.

JON: Was it, no, it wasn't George? Barry?

Enter NANA.

NANA: Kettle's on. And the dinner's ruined.

JON: Sorry Mum.

NANA: Jonathan! We've missed you, haven't we Jack? Haven't

JACK: Yeah. Yeah we have.

NANA: (To JACK.) That's right son, that's exactly right! (To

JON.) We've all missed you. All of us. And you're in your old room. George has moved out for the night, hasn't he?

Where is he? Where's George?

JACK: He's upstairs Mum.

NANA: Upstairs? What's he doing upstairs?

JACK: He's with Jacqui Mum. He's fine.

JON: It's very good to see you Mum.

NANA: Yes. Yes it is Jack, isn't it?

JON: Jon Mum.

NANA: Yes. You too son. Very good to see you too son. We've all missed you.

Enter JACQUI

JACQUI: George needs to speak to you Jack. Now.

Exit JACK.

NANA: Right. Tea Jacqueline? I'm making the boys some, isn't that what I'm doing?

JON: That's right Mum.

NANA: Yes, yes, that's what I'm doing, I'm making the boys their tea. Oh Jacqui, here, look what I found, your earrings, and right where you said, sitting on the side there. Here you are love. Look Jon, aren't they pretty?

But he isn't concentrating because he has seen and picked up TONY's leaflet. JACQUI looks at the earrings which have now lost all their power for her.

JON: Yeah. Lovely.

NANA: Yes, they are, they're lovely. Now, now, I was about to, I was. .. Have you seen that Jon? The picture of your brother. Anthony did it. Doesn't he look handsome? Noble.

That's what Anthony called him. And I don't often agree with young Anthony but I think this time he's right. Your Dad would have been terrible proud. A banker and now a politician. Yes he would, terrible proud.

The doorbell rings. JACQUI looks up, is it the police?

Who's that at this time?

JON: It's okay Mum. I'll get it.

Exit JON.

NANA: Why am I standing here Jacqui? I was going to do something, wasn't I? What was it I was going to do?

JACQUI: You were going to make tea Mum.

Enter TONY and BARRY

NANA: Anthony it's you. And Barry. Hello son, are you all right, you're as white as a ghost? What did they do to you?

Are you all right?

TONY: He's fine, aren't you son? Been with us all day, him and George, weren't they Jon? Weren't Barry and George with us all day?

JON: Yeah, yeah Mum. They were. All day. I...

TONY: Damn right they were. Bloody coppers Joan, they'd lifted every white boy in town, I'm telling you, sorry for the language but I'm a bit disturbed is all.

NANA: That's okay son, it's been a bad day all round. Do you want a cup of tea, that's it, I was about to make some for the boys here?

TONY: No you're all right thanks Joan. We just popped in to see — is Jack here?

JACQUI: He's upstairs Tony. We'll tell him you called.

TONY: Would you give him a shout there Jacqs, just need a quick — forgot to get his signature. That's all it is. Forgot all about it Joan, with all the drama.

JACQUI: It's late Tony.

NANA: You can get him tomorrow after the service.

Enter JACK.

TONY: There's the Foreman now. All right? Just called by to see everything was — can I have a quick word? Won't take long.

JACK: Why?

TONY: Just saying, need a quick word, that's all, shall we pop outside?

JACK: No Tony, not tonight.

TONY: Won't take a second Jack, just need to...

JACK: I said no Tony.

TONY: Right. Right. Course. Okay Jack. I'll get you tomorrow after the — okay, okay, that'll do. We'll see you in the morning. Sleep on it, all that. You seen Jack's leaflet Jon, doesn't he look good? Noble. Isn't that what I called him Joan? Noble?

From upstairs we hear a guitar. GEORGE is playing.

JACK: You should take that with you Tony.

TONY: What's that?

JACK: And this.

JACK takes the form from his pocket and gives it to TONY who opens it and studies it for a second.

TONY: I don't understand — it's not signed.

JACK: No it's not. I've had a good think about it, after today, you know, after all that's been said and all that's been done. And, I talked it over with George. You know what he said? He said, maybe you lot are all a bit too certain. ..

NANA: Yes that sounds like Patrick. Doesn't it? A bit too certain. Is that what George said Jack?

TONY: You lot, Jack?

JACK: Yes. And he's right. Jon, would you mind passing Tony that leaflet please.

JON does so.

TONY: Right. Well. Right words Jack.

JACK: Well there you go.

JACQUI: Good night Tony. Well, huh, I'm lost for

TONY looks at JACQUI then back to JACK.

TONY: Are you sure about this Jack? Is this really what you want to do — because if it is Jack then that would be a terrible — you'd be disappointing a lot of people Jack. You know that, don't you?

JACK: I do know that Tony but. .. it's something I'm going to have to live with.

TONY: And you think you can Jack?

JACK: I know I can Tony. The question is, can you?

TONY: Oh is that what the question is? Right. Right. I didn't realise that. Well, you know me Jack, I'll struggle on. That right son? Won't we struggle on? Is that George I can hear up there? You're right son, he's brilliant, isn't that what you said? That George was brilliant?

BARRY: Yeah.

TONY: Yeah, very talented. Very smart kid George. Very smart. Like his old man. I didn't get to say goodnight to him, George, so, will you give him my best Jack. And I'll be seeing him tomorrow won't I? Course I will. Anyway, tell George I'll be seeing him around. Come on son, let's leave these good people in peace, it's been a long old day Joan, and you know what Helen's like since, well, you know, she worries... So, good night folks, sleep tight, and don't let the bed bugs, you know. Well, course you do, don't you Jack? Yeah. I know you do. Come on son, let's get out of here.

Exit TONY and BARRY. GEORGE's guitar music plays on.

ACT THREE

SCENE I

The church. Music. Enter JACK. He places a St George's flag on the coffin and unfolds it.

JACK: I only read your letter, your speech last night. I've been avoiding it to tell you the truth, well, I've been avoiding a lot of things, including you Dad. I know you know that, wherever you are. And I

know you know why. I didn't mean to let you down, I was just — Got myself boxed into a corner, and, and ran out of — Caught between a rock and a hard place. But this is our home, this is our home. (JACK collects himself.) Listen, I've asked George to read the speech this morning. I'm not running away from it, it's just, I don't think I'd get through it. And... and I think that George should do it. He's the future after all, and and he should have a connection that he can remember. I think so. I do. Anyway, I just wanted to tell you and and say thanks. Don't worry about us, we'll be all right, we will. I'll look after them. And we'll all be okay. I promise you.

JON and GEORGE enter. JACK looks at them.

JACK turns to JON, eyes wide open. What? No way.

JON: The Sex Pistols

JACK: You're fucking joking? Is this what he wanted?

JON: His musical DNA apparently.

JACK: Have you told Mum? She's going to go postal when she hears this.

Unseen by JACK and JON, NANA has entered with JACQUI. She has a walking stick.

NANA: What the hell is... Stop it. Stop it! It's a disgrace. A disgrace! Have you no respect at all? Have you no idea? This is a church not some school disco. It's a man's funeral we're at. A man's funeral. Does that mean nothing to you? Honest to God, what has become of the world? (NANA stops, seeing her sons looking at her.) He didn't?!

JON: I'm afraid he did Mum.

NANA: Patrick Clegg. You silly bastard! God forgive me, but really, really, there's a time and a place, isn't there, and this is neither! This is bloody Henry Mark's fault — The man who saved your brother's life. Took a bullet for him. Shattered his leg. And he deserves our thanks for that and all but he is also the reason that your fool of a father spent so much money buying his funny music. I know he said he liked it but I'm telling you, like had nothing to do with it, it was guilt. Over Henry and his shattered leg. I mean, how could anybody in their right mind like music like that?

Enter TONY and BARRY

JACK: Come on Mum we should sit down. Up you go son.

JACK nods to GEORGE who goes and stands at the pulpit.

GEORGE: It really should be Dad reading this but, but he asked me to do it so em, so...

GEORGE opens an unsealed envelope. PATRICK stands beside him.

"It's a strange thing to write this, as I'm sure you can all imagine, but as I've got you all back together at last I think even Nana will let me have the last word on this occasion that's a joke Nana by the way, you're the boss love and nobody here forgets it! And apologies for the song, but it's a goody and it's for the boys really, and somehow the energy of it reminds me of you. Anyway, you won't believe that Nana but it's true".

"First of all, I wanted to say sorry. Because I'm not leaving you with much peace. I think that every man probably dreams of leaving his family with peace, I know I did, but that just wasn't to be and I'm sorry about that. And I think that most men dream of leaving their family happy. But that wasn't one

of mine and I'll tell you for why. In my experience happiness comes and goes and so I think somehow, and I believe this, if you make happiness your ambition then you're always going to be disappointed. And that's why my dream was to leave you all just being content. And that may sound pretty uninspiring but I don't mean it to, because I think that being content is the hardest thing of all to achieve. Because it means being still. And you can only really ever be still with yourself if you're doing the right thing. And that means doing right by other people, and that means making sacrifices... and showing compassion".

PATRICK: Yes George. That's it.

GEORGE: So then it is about what you do.

PATRICK: Yes. I suppose it is son. When you can help it. But, but sometimes you can't help doing something, because, because you have to do it, or because you just did, and then, then it can only ever be about what you do after. It's, it's... (Unconsciously touches his medals. He looks haunted.) It's just something to hold onto, when the world starts falling apart. Something to help get you through. It helped me anyway. That and the old music.

GEORGE: Last thing...

PATRICK: (Coming back.) Yes. Last thing.

GEORGE: (Reading on) "I don't want any of you dwelling. Please. Promise me that. Because dwelling's not where the life is, and it's just not the same thing as remembering. Do you hear me Nana? Because it's you I'm really talking to. But you know that, don't you? Yes you do. I know you do. So that's it and that's me. So come on. Rally yourselves. Pick me up, carry me out, and then away and bloody well get on with it! I love you all to bits. Far too much for words. Thank you for everything. If I could, I'd do it all again tomorrow."

And then, then he signed his name. "Patrick George Clegg."

GEORGE closes the envelope and waits as NANA looks at his family, smiles then gently exits. JACK stands and nudges JON who also stands.

They both go to the back of the coffin.

GEORGE: What do we do now Dad?

JACK: We carry the coffin son.

GEORGE: But there's only three of us.

JON: We'll manage George. We're strong enough. Aren't we Jack?

TONY: On your feet Barry, come on, let's give the lads a hand.

JACQUI: No Tony. You've done enough. Stay where you are. This is a family thing.

JACQUI goes up and helps her husband with the front end of the coffin. Not a word Foreman. You and your old-fashioned manners. Right, are we all ready? Jon, George, you okay there? Right. Come on Mum, up you get. You're leading. Come on. Do what I tell you and none of your agro.

They stand there, shouldering the coffin, JACK and JACQUI facing the audience. NANA gets up.

NANA: Is that the way of it Jacqui?

JACQUI: It is Mum.

NANA: Well then. You're the boss love.

JACQUI: And don't you forget it.

NANA: Me love? No way. I won't forget it. Don't you worry. I won't forget.

NANA walks to the head of the coffin and turns to face the audience. The congregation stands to sing Blake's Jerusalem (Nana's choice).

NANA rallies herself and slowly they begin to walk the coffin out of the auditorium.

And did those feet in ancient time

Walk upon England's mountains green?

And was the holy Lamb of God

On England's pleasant pastures seen?

And did the Countenance Divine

Shine forth upon our clouded hills?

And was Jerusalem builded here

Among these dark Satanic Mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!

Bring me my arrows of desire!

Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!

Bring me my chariot of fire!

I will not cease from mental fight,

Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,

Till we have built Jerusalem

In England's green and pleasant land.

TONY and BARRY look at them for a time then exit in another direction. The Procession continues until they too exit.

The end