

(rather formally) Thank you for everything, Uncle Val. I probably will return a lot of things to you because you've given me so much. But if I could keep the mobile phone and the dishwasher for starters, that would be great.

VAL: Anything you want, girl.

SASHA: (hugging him tightly) Thank you.

VAL: No. Thank you.

He prises her gently away from him and opens the door.

Bye bye Sash. Take care.

SASHA: Bye.

VAL: And keep away from that bastard downstairs, he's a very bad influence.

VAL goes out, closing the door.
Alone, SASHA gives a little wail to herself.
CHLOË comes on from the bedroom. She is limping slightly from her accident.

CHLOË: I woke up just now, I thought I'd fallen asleep inside a polar bear's arse. Who were you talking to?

SASHA: The window cleaner. I was just paying him off.

CHLOË: Really? (Looking at the windows) He didn't do a very good job, did he?

SASHA: No.

CHLOË: Presumably that's why you're crying.

Slight pause.

(sitting) You know, I slept surprisingly well. Maybe that bed's alright. The sheets are so loud they sing you to sleep. Is there any tea?

Pause.

I'll make some in a minute, then.

Pause.

Who was that just now? Val?

SASHA: (muted) Yes. He just – came to say good-bye. We decided it was time to stop. He was – getting to be a bad influence.

CHLOË: Oh. Does that mean you've got to give everything back?

SASHA: Some of it.

CHLOË: We can keep the table, I hope? That works rather well just there. And the sofa?

SASHA: I thought you hated everything?

CHLOË: Some of it. I loathe the pictures. I could maybe live with some of it.

SASHA: You're staying then?

CHLOË: Do you mind? I just don't think I can stand another bijou hotel.

SASHA: I'm sorry I shouted.

CHLOË: We both shouted, didn't we? We're sisters. That's what sisters do.

SASHA: Half sisters.

CHLOË: Well, half the time they do, anyway.

Slight pause.

Do you know, I phoned Zack from the hospital, to tell him what had happened. To me. He'd gone home to his mother. She answered his mobile. His bloody mobile! Can you believe that? She said he was too upset to speak to me. When I think, when he was in hospital, I rushed to his side, didn't I - ?

SASHA: Forget him. You really must.

CHLOË: Yes.

SASHA: (scowling) You're never to mention his name again, do you hear? Every time you do, you know, you frown.

CHLOË: I do?

SASHA: It's bad for your complexion, for one thing. What's more, it makes me very angry, too. I'll make the tea.

CHLOË: Oh my God! No. Let me. I'll do it! Anything to keep you happy.

CHLOË goes off to the kitchen. SASHA
studies herself in the mirror.

SASHA: (to herself) God! Do with an early night myself.

CHLOË'S mobile phone rings.

(calling) Chloë -

She checks herself and studies the display.
After a second she answers it.

(into phone) Hallo ... no, Zack, it's me, Sasha ... No, she's - busy
at the moment ... She's too upset to talk to you ... yes ... Listen,
Zack, I'm glad you called, I wanted a word with you. Listen, I think
you should stop seeing Chloë, I really do, I don't think you're good
for her ... no, I don't frankly ... well, she's my sister for one thing ...
no, listen ... Zack ... listen to me ... I'm only going to say this once
... Are you listening? Now, I'm sorry to hear about your unfortunate
episode with those two gentlemen ... I'm glad you got your phone
back safe ... but I promise if you don't leave my sister alone, Zack,
I'll arrange for them to meet you again and this time it won't just be
your mobile, next time it'll be your whole fucking lap top, you hear
me? (Savagely) Now piss off, you pillock!

She disconnects and tosses the phone back
on to the chair. She smiles to herself.
CHLOË re-enters from the kitchen.

CHLOË: Was that my phone?

SASHA: No.

CHLOË: Oh. Only I thought it might be ... (Catching SASHA'S expression)
Sorry. Forget him. Yes. Smile. (She smiles) New life, yes?

SASHA smiles and holds out her hand to her
sister.

SASHA: Yes. For both of us.

CHLOË takes her hand. A moment, as they
stand and smile at each other.

(briskly) Now where the hell's that tea? Come on, girl! Tea! Tea!
Tea! Tea!

She pushes CHLOË in front of her and slaps her affectionately on the rump and drives her sister squealing indignantly into the kitchen.

CHLOË exits. Sasha remains briefly. She surveys the room.

(to herself) New Life!

As she leaves, a blackout.

End of play.