

I've still got all your Clash posters, you know.
Your albums.

Dad wanted to chuck it all after you went, but
I rescued them. I put them in the loft.

BOBBY. He wanted to chuck it all? He loved
them more than I did.

KATHY. You broke his heart, Bobby.

BOBBY. Question Two. What is a group of owls
called?

KATHY. Where did you pull that from?

BOBBY. Mo at work has an owl calendar on her
desk, each month has different facts. That was
this month's.

KATHY. The working days must just fly by.

BOBBY. Question Three.

KATHY. I've got a question.

KATHY.

Question One. The Clash's most famous album
is called *where* Calling?

BOBBY. Okay.

KATHY. Why did you come here tonight?

BOBBY. Kathy.

KATHY. I don't think it's unreasonable to want to know.

BOBBY. We're getting on, don't spoil it.

KATHY. I'm not. I just want to know why after twenty years refusing to darken the doors.

BOBBY. To get you.

KATHY. You knew I wouldn't leave. We've established that.

BOBBY. To see you, then.

KATHY. Why?

BOBBY. You're my sister, do I need a reason?

KATHY. It hasn't been enough of a reason before.

BOBBY. We weren't about to get wiped out before.

KATHY. Dad being wiped out wasn't a reason. Or Mum.

BOBBY. I came to their funerals.

KATHY. You did, yeah.

Sat at the back, didn't say hello or goodbye.

BOBBY. I didn't think you'd want to see me.

KATHY. Why would I not want to see you?

BOBBY. Alright, I didn't want to see you.

KATHY. Why not?

I never did anything to you, Bobby.

BOBBY. You...

KATHY. Yeah? Go on, I'd love to know.

BOBBY. Question Three. What is...

KATHY. Question Three. What did I do to you?

BOBBY. Question Three. What is the biggest...

KATHY. Question Three. What did I do to you,
Bobby?

BOBBY. Stop it. Everyone's looking.

KATHY. Good.

Come on, tell me. Tell me. Tell me.

BOBBY. Stop it.

KATHY. It.

BOBBY. You're being ridiculous.

KATHY. Ridiculous.

BOBBY. Let's just do this.

KATHY. This.

BOBBY. Get it done.

KATHY. Done.

BOBBY. Then we can be annihilated and it's
finished.

KATHY. Finished.

BOBBY. That is so annoying.

KATHY. Annoying.

BOBBY. Stop it.

KATHY. It.

BOBBY. I mean it.

KATHY. It.

BOBBY (*blurts out, frustrated*). I see things, okay.

KATHY. What things?

BOBBY. On Facebook.

KATHY. What things?

BOBBY. You know, the pub's Facebook page.

KATHY. You follow us?

BOBBY. Yeah.

In the photos you're always laughing and smiling. The pub looks fresh and light, it's packed. Everything's rosy.

KATHY. Okay.

BOBBY. I wanted to see it for myself.

Cos laughing-and-smiling photos, they're the lies that Facebook is built on, aren't they?

KATHY. We're hardly going to post pictures of the place when it's dead, of me with bags under my eyes from worrying about paying the suppliers next month.

BOBBY. Are you in trouble?

KATHY. No. But only cos of my hard work. No one helped me, no one taught me.

BOBBY. It's what you wanted, though.

KATHY. Yeah, but some support would have been nice.

Dad would have held your hand through it all. Me, he practically threw the keys at me and never said another word.

BOBBY. That's not my fault.

KATHY. I'm not saying it is.

You're allowed to not want this place – but to turn your back on us all so completely. To turn your back on me.

BOBBY. It wasn't like that.

KATHY. It feels like that.

BOBBY. You and this place, you're the same thing.

KATHY. No we're not.

BOBBY. You're spending your final hours here hosting a pub quiz.

KATHY. Okay, well, yes. Maybe we are the same thing.

Maybe that's the biggest compliment you could give me, actually.