

# **Reasons to Rhyme**

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## Cast

**Danny:**

**Gangster. Not very articulate. Muscle in a drug related gang. Not brains. Dressed in jacket and trousers. Has a gun tucked into the back of his trousers – unseen at start of play. He enters carrying a heavy brief case.**

**Tanya:**

**Entertainment hostess. Dressed in provocative clothing – short skirt, high-necked figure hugging top. Wearing an obvious wig of long hair, bushy and at least shoulder length.**

**Brian:**

**Owner of the Luckless Tart. Dressed as a barman. Jeans T-Shirt and bar Apron.**

**Set:**

**The set is a bar called the Luckless Tart.**

**The stage is divided down into thirds by a drinks bar running from the back of the set to the front. On the left, taking two thirds, is the customer area and on the right is the bar area.**

**The customer side of the bar has two or three tables, plus chairs, on top of the tables at the start. By the bar; two stools. Behind bar; beer pumps, bottles of spirits (on shelves), glasses, boxes of crisps etc.**

**On the far left of the stage is a single glass panelled door with a sign that reads "Open" towards the bar. The door should have a working lock and handle.**

**On the bar is a CD Player.**

**Somewhere behind the bar, a baseball bat is hidden.**

LIGHTS UP

SFX(FADES IN) - SONG "COME TO SIN" BY THE BANANAFISHBONES. THIS IS PLAYING FROM THE CD PLAYER ON THE BAR

TANYA IS SITTING ON A BAR STOOL AT THE END OF THE BAR NEAREST THE AUDIENCE ATTENDING TO HER NAILS.

BRIAN IS BEHIND THE BAR WITH A LARGE TRAY OF CLEAN GLASSES – HE PUTS THE HEAVY TRAY DOWN, WALKS TO THE END OF THE BAR AND TURNS OFF THE CASSETTE RADIO

**BRIAN.** Come on Tanya... Shake a leg, we're open in half hour.

TANYA PAUSES FROM NAIL CLEANING AND MOVING UNSTEADILY ON HIGH HEELS, WALKS TO A TABLE AND TAKES TWO CHAIRS DOWN – THEN RETURNS TO THE BAR STOOL IGNORING THE OTHER TABLES

BRIAN STOPS WORKING AND LOOKS EXASPERATED THAT CHAIRS ARE STILL ON THE OTHER TABLE, MOVES OVER TO DO IT HIMSELF

**BRIAN.** I tell you what? Why don't I finish it for you?

BRIAN TAKES THE REST OF THE CHAIRS  
DOWN

DANNY ENTERS THROUGH STREET  
DOOR CARRYING A LARGE BRIEFCASE

HE LOCKS EYES WITH TANYA WHO  
BREAKS THE LOOK BY TURNING  
AROUND AND MOVING BEHIND THE  
BAR. TANYA'S FACE IS A MIXTURE OF  
CONCERN AND FEAR

BRIAN NOTICES DANNY

**BRIAN.** Oh for f... Sorry mate. Closed. Half hour alright.

BRIAN TURNS BACK TO THE CHAIRS

DANNY WALKS TO THE BAR, PUTS  
DOWN HIS CASE – HE AND TANYA  
STARE INTENTLY AT EACH OTHER

BRIAN TURNS AGAIN, DOES A DOUBLE  
TAKE, SURPRISED TO SEE DANNY  
STANDING BY THE BAR.

**BRIAN.** Oi. I told you. Half hour. Now piss off and come back when we're open. If you're desperate, there's an offy on the corner.

**TANYA.** It's all right Brian. He's one of Vinny's boys.

**BRIAN.** Oh yeah? (*Beat*) Well he can still piss off. This is my bar, not Vinny's and I say ...

HE TALKS OFF AS DANNY TURNS TO  
STARE AT HIM

**BRIAN.** ... Ah whatever. Make yourself at home, why don't you.

**BRIAN RETURNS TO CLEANING THE TABLES**

**DANNY SITS ON A STOOL.**

**TANYA TURNS AWAY, NERVOUSLY FILING ONE FINGERNAIL.**

**DANNY SITS WITH BOTH HANDS FLAT ON THE BAR. AFTER A MOMENT, HE TAKES OUT A CIGARETTE AND LIGHTS IT.**

**DANNY.** How about a drink?

**BRIAN.** I said we're closed. You mutton or what?

**DANNY.** (WITHOUT LOOKING ROUND AND STILL STARING AT TANYA)  
I wasn't talking to you.

**BRIAN.** Yeah, well I was talking to you and I said we're closed.

**TANYA.** Leave it Brian

**BRIAN LOOKS DISGUSTED BUT HELPLESS. HE SHRUGS AND THEN CARRIES ON WORKING, MUTTERING AS HE WORKS.**

**TANYA LOOKS ON THE BRINK OF SAYING SOMETHING, THEN STOPS AND SMILES A FAKE SMILE**

**TANYA.** What'll it be then sailor?

**DANNY.** Don't take the piss.

**TANYA.** What'd you want here Danny?

**DANNY.** A drink... See you.

**TANYA.** So you're seeing me.

**DANNY.** But I don't have a drink.

**TANYA.** *(Beat) (no smile this time)* What'll it be then sailor?

**DANNY.** Whisky. No ice.

**TANYA GRABS A GLASS AND FILLS  
FROM A BOTTLE AND PLACES IT ON THE  
COUNTER.**

**DANNY STARES AT IT FOR A MOMENT  
BEFORE KNOCKING IT BACK IN ONE GO**

**TANYA.** Back on the booze then?

**DANNY.** Looks like it don't it?

**TANYA BEGINS TO MOVE AWAY**

**DANNY.** I called you.

**TANYA.** I know

**DANNY.** Left messages

**TANYA.** I know.

**DANNY.** (*Beat*) (GIVES A SMALL SAD LAUGH) Probably did about hundred of those fucking text messages.

(MAKES A MOTION WITH HIS THUMB) Me bloody thumbs nearly fell off. Do you know that?

Ah course you do.

**TANYA.** (*Low*) For fucks sake.

**DANNY.** (*Quiet – low and dangerous*) Don't you Fucks sake me.

(*Beat*) You couldn't make one phone call? You couldn't send one shitty little Text?

IN THE BACKGROUND, BRIAN BEGINS TO NOTICE THAT ALL IS NOT WELL – HE MOVES BEHIND THE BAR AND TAKES A BASEBALL BAT FROM SOMEWHERE OUT OF SIGHT

**TANYA.** You know why.

**DANNY.** Why what? Why you couldn't be bothered to pick up the phone? Or why you're a cheap whore?

**TANYA.** Don't do this Danny.

**DANNY.** I'll do what the fuck I like. I'm one of Vinny's boys. Remember?

So what stopped you? Pay-as-you-go card ran out?  
Fingernails not dry? To busy turning tricks in here?

**BRIAN.** All right, all right, let's just calm down eh?

(SLAMS THE BAT ON THE BAR NEXT TO  
DANNY).

**BRIAN.** We don't want any trouble in here.

DANNY PULLS A GUN FROM HIS BACK  
BELT AND PLACES IT ON THE BAR  
BETWEEN THE TWO MEN

**DANNY.** Neither do I.

**BRIAN.** What's that?

**DANNY &  
TANYA.** *(Together)* A gun.

DANNY AND TANYA LOOK UP AT EACH  
OTHER

**DANNY.** In stereo

**TANYA.** Not in mono

DANNY SMILES, TANYA LOOKS SAD

**DANNY.** That bloody radio station. *(Laughs)* Played that jingle over and over until it drove us mad. Christ knows why I didn't just go buy some CD's... You remember when it rained and then roof of that cottage...

**TANYA.** *(Dryly)* ...Yeah, happy times Danny. Happy times.

**BRIAN.** Listen, I know it's a gun, but what the fuck is it doing on my bar?

**DANNY.** It was a good weekend Tanya. You can't say it wasn't. You can't pretend it wasn't.

**TANYA.** Yeah lovely. Crap weather, shit food and Sunday I get to sit for 6 hours in causality.

*(Beat)* Like you said. Happy times.

**DANNY.** What do you want from me Tanya? Okay, I stepped out of line, but I apologised for that. I said I was sorry.

**TANYA.** And that makes it okay?

**DANNY.** I said I was sorry. You know I always mean what I say. Always.

**TANYA.** Yeah, I know Danny. You're a man of your word. But know you what? Sorry doesn't make your fist in my face hurt any less. It didn't put less stitches in my head and didn't make the bruises go away any quicker.

**DANNY.** Do you think I don't know that?

**BRIAN.** For fucks sake, you listening to me, I can't have a shooter in my place.

**DANNY.** I stepped out of line. I went too far. I know that.

**TANYA.** So did my face Danny. So did my face.

**BRIAN.** Come on don't mess about. I could go down for this.

**DANNY.** Tanya, you gotta ease up. You gotta give me a break.

**TANYA.** Or what? Vinny's right hand man gonna hit me again?

**BRIAN.** Look you two, I don't care what's going here but I want that fucking gun off my bar and I want it off right fucking....

**DANNY PICKS UP GUN AND POINTS IT AT BRIAN**

**DANNY.** Brian will you shut the fuck up. This better. (*Beat*) it's off the fucking bar. The gun is off the bar! That's what you wanted, right?

**COCKS THE GUN AND POINTS IT AT BRIAN'S FACE**

Anything else you want... Brian?

**TANYA.** Don't Danny.

**DANNY.** Shut the fuck up.

**TANYA.** Listen, you wanted to talk? Put the gun away and...

**DANNY.** ...I said shut up

**(POINTS GUN AT TANYA)**

(*Beat*) You

**(POINTS GUN AT BRIAN)**

Go. Lock the door.

**BRIAN.** Fuck you.

**DANNY.** No Brian, this gun says; fuck you.

**TANYA.** Brian. Just do has he says.

**BRIAN.** Like fuck I will  
**DANNY.** The gun's a problem Brian? Okay.

SLIPS IT ON HIS HAND AND OFFER THE  
BUT OF THE GUN

Take it. Go on. You want it? Take it.

PAUSE WHILE BRIAN LOOKS BETWEEN  
GUN AND DANNY

DANNY PUTS GUN ON THE BAR

Go on my son. Take the fucking gun. Show me you got some balls.

BRIAN BACKS AWAY AND PUTS THE  
BAT DOWN

**BRIAN.** I'm not touching that thing.

**DANNY.** (PICKS UP GUN) Then Brian. Go. Lock the door. There's a good boy.

**TANYA.** Just do it Brian.

BRIAN LOOKS FROM TANYA TO THE  
GUN. EVENTUALLY HE PULLS SOME  
KEYS FROM HIS POCKET (BIG BUNCH),  
AND WALKS TO THE DOOR.

FIDDLES NERVOUSLY WITH THE KEYS –  
AFTER AN AGE, HE MANAGES TO LOCK  
THE DOOR.

DANNY PUTS OUT HIS CIGARETTE AND  
TURNS ROUND TO STARE AT BRIAN.

TANYA LOOKS AWAY.

BRIAN SEEMS SURPRISED THAT DANNY  
IS STARING AT HIM, SO HE REACHES  
OUT AND SHAKES THE DOOR TO SHOW  
THAT IT IS LOCKED, THEN SHRUGS AT  
DANNY

**DANNY.** Brian... Lock the door, with you, on the other side.

BRIAN GOES WIDE EYED, SCRAMBLES  
FOR THE KEY AGAIN, UNLOCKS THE  
DOOR, EXITS, THEN LOCKS THE DOOR  
ON THE OTHER SIDE AND RUNS OFF.

What a wanker.

DANNY SLIDES HIS EMPTY GLASS TO  
TANYA WHO IGNORES IT

**TANYA.** What the fuck was that about? You know he'll call the police.

**DANNY.** You think he's got the balls?

TANYA SHRUGS – THEY BOTH STARE AT  
EACH OTHER – DANNY BREAKS IT BY  
PULLING THE CD PLAYER TOWARDS  
HIM

**DANNY.** Yours? What you listening too?

**TANYA.** Songs

DANNY PRESSES THE PLAY BUTTON  
AND THE BANANAFISHBONES SONG

PLAYS – AS IT DOES HE REACHES FOR  
THE BOTTLE AND POURS HIMSELF A  
DRINK.

AS HE DOWNS IT, TANYA TURNS OFF  
THE SONG

**DANNY.**     *(Beat)* How many times did we listen to that song?

**TANYA.**     A hundred million?

**DANNY.**     Guns. Sarcasm. No one tell a girl like you they don't mix?

**TANYA.**     A girl like me gets told lots of things. You should know that.

TANYA REACHES FORWARD AND  
TAKES A CIGERATE FROM DANNY'S  
PACKET AND LIGHTS IT

**TANYA.**     It's funny, 'cause I can actually still remember when you  
used to make me laugh, saying stuff like that.

(IMPERSONATES DANNY) Guns and sarcasm don't mix.

Somehow it was funny then, listing to you coming out with  
crap you think makes you look clever.

**DANNY.**     And now?

**TANYA.**     Now? I don't even know who you are. Honestly, I don't even  
think you know.

**DANNY.**     I'm the same man you spent that weekend with.

**TANYA.**     Yeah? That's a real shame. 'cause I don't like that man.  
Not anymore.

**DANNY.** Don't say that Tanya. Don't say it to me.

**TANYA.** Why not?

**DANNY.** Because I don't like to fucking hear it.

**DANNY POURS ANOTHER DRINK**

**DANNY.** I've changed Tanya.

*(TANYA laughs)*

I have. Don't fucking laugh at me. I've changed. You changed me.

**TANYA.** Me? For fucks sake. It was one weekend. One crappy little weekend in a shitty little cottage by the sea. That's all it was. It wasn't life changing. Just face changing.

**DANNY.** Yeah that cottage was shit alright. No heating, no hot water, but all the rats you could eat.

And the weather was shit. Told you we should have gone to Spain.

**TANYA.** Well we could have done if it weren't for the fact you're not supposed to leave the country.

**DANNY.** Yeah there was that I suppose.

So we ended up in the rain, listening to a radio that could only get one station and they only ever seemed to play the same bloody song.

*(TAPS GUN ON CASSETTE PLAYER)*

That song. So what's that then? One of them cosmic coincidences you talk about once you've snorted enough coke to kill an elephant?

(TANYA LOOKS AWAY)

Tell me Tanya, look me in the eye. You look at me and tell me that weekend meant nothing to you.

TANYA LEANS OVER THE BAR AND LOOKS HIM DIRECTLY IN THE EYE.

**TANYA.** (*Speaks Slowly*) It meant nothing to me.

DANNY PICKS UP HIS GLASS AND THROWS IT BEHIND THE BAR

**DANNY.** You're a fucking liar.

**TANYA.** Woah... I can see how much you've changed. Cool demonstration of anger management.

**DANNY.** Alright, for fucks sake shut up.

I'm sorry. All right? I was out of order. It's just...

I'm a little stressed right now and I need to talk to you. I need to tell you something. Something important.

**TANYA.** Look at me Danny? Do I look like I'm even remotely interested? If you didn't have that gun, do you really think I would give a fuck what you got to say?

**DANNY.** Five minutes? Just five minutes. That's all I'm asking. Five minutes and then I'll go. And if you don't like what I have to say, I swear you'll never see me again. And you know, I always mean what I say.

TANYA STARES AT HIM FOR A MOMENT,  
THEN PICKS A FRESH GLASS AND FILLS  
IT FOR DANNY

**TANYA.** Five minutes?

**DANNY.** That's all I'm asking.

**TANYA.** (*Looks at her watch*) Five minutes!

DANNY KNOCKS BACK THE DRINK AND  
LIGHTS ANOTHER CIGARETTE

**DANNY.** That weekend

TANYA LOOKS EXASPERATED.

**DANNY.** No, listen to me. Listen.

Something happened. I don't know what, but it happened and now...

Now, all I know, is I can't stop thinking about you. I can't stop wanting you to be near me. To be just... there. Like when I wake up and...

**TANYA.** (Breaks in) ...for Christ sake. Will you just listen to yourself?

That weekend wasn't supposed to be anything but a dirty weekend by the sea. It wasn't about romance. It wasn't about anything, it was just sex, sea and sand, with some cockles. That's all.

For fucks sake Danny, you even paid me.

**DANNY.** I didn't pay you (*beat*)

All right, I gave you a bit money to get yourself some clothes. But that's all. I don't pay for sex.

**TANYA.** Oh okay, whatever... You know what? Your five minutes is up. I can't talk to you. I don't think anyone can talk to you.

**DANNY.** But...

**TANYA.** ...Just go Danny. Just go. Just walk out of here, don't look back. Go get yourself a cheap whore from Vinny's stable and in the morning. You'll thank me.

**DANNY.** (*Pours another drink*) So tell me Tanya. If that weekend meant nothing to you, why do you listen to that song? That song. Why did you even buy it?

**TANYA.** I like it. It makes me smile.

**DANNY.** You're a liar.

**TANYA.** Yeah, I am. A lying whore, to be precise. One of Vinny's whores and you're one of Vinny's paid thugs. So I guess we both sell our arses for him.

**DANNY.** Fuck you.

**DANNY MOVES TO STRIKE TANYA, BUT  
STOPS HIMSELF**

**TANYA.** No, go on. It's what you want to do isn't it? Hit me. Well go on then. Do it. You've done it before. It's what your good at. It's what you get paid for.

**DANNY.** I said I was sorry.

**TANYA.** And I said that doesn't make it all right. It never makes it all right.

**DANNY.** (*Beat*). Christ what am I doing here? This was stupid.

**TANYA.** Darling, it's what I've trying to tell you.

**DANNY.** Come away with me Tanya.

**TANYA.** What? Now?

**DANNY.** Yeah, right now. Let's do what we talked about, let's just go away. You know, escape to the sun. Buy a bar and grow old somewhere warm. Somewhere along way from here.

**TANYA.** (sighs) That was just talk Danny. Just talk. Pillow talk. Talk after fucking. Talk to make it seem like we care about each other.

It wasn't meant to be serious.

**DANNY.** I was serious. When I said I can make you happy. I meant it. And you know I always mean what I say.

Come away with me, I can take care of you.

**TANYA.** Take care of me? Me?

No. You don't want to take care of me. You want to take care of Tanya. You don't want me.

**DANNY.** Tanya is you. You are Tanya.

**TANYA.** You know that isn't true. Tanya is a whore. She works here because she's got nothing better to do. But she aint me. It aint even my real name. And it aint who I am.

TANYA BEGINS TO TAKE OFF THE WIG

**TANYA.** This is me Danny. This is who I really am.

**DANNY.** What you doin`?

**TANYA.** What I should have done that weekend. What I should have done when you first walked in this bar.

TANYA PULLS OFF THE WIG AND  
THROWS IT ON THE BARDANNY LOOKS AWAY

**TANYA.** What's the matter Danny-boy? To real for you? Don't like to look at me when I'm who I really am?

I'm a man Danny, a man who dresses like a woman. I'm not a real woman and I never will be. That seems to be something you've forgotten.

Hey, you're not looking. What's wrong? Don't you like the show?

**DANNY.** (STARES AT HIS GLASS) I know what you are. I slept with you, had sex with you. That proves I don't care. It proves I want you. You the person you are.

If I didn't, I wouldn't be here. I wouldn't be asking you to come away with me.

**TANYA.** Sounds good, but you are still not looking at me. You can't can you. Not when I look too much like a man. That's too much for you take isn't it.

PICKS UP WIG

That whole weekend you wouldn't let me take this off. I even had to shower in it. I wasn't allowed to take off my makeup.

You remember that?

How fucking ridiculous is that?

And when you caught me peeing standing up... Now, that was the real reason I ended up in causality, wasn't it.

**DANNY.** It wasn't like that. It was just the way it happened. I didn't...

**TANYA.** ... What? Didn't mean to fuck a transsexual? Yeah sure, I know, bad day. Can happen to anyone.

Admit it. You didn't have "feelings" for me. It was all for Tanya.

*(SHAKES WIG)* All of it was for this thing. 19.99 from Woolworths.

How fucking sad is that?

**DANNY.** That's a lie. I don't just want... That. I want you.

**TANYA.** Then why aint you looking at me?

*(Shouts)* Look at me!

This is me. Tanya is just a wig and some pretty dresses and that's something your macho brain can't relate to.

How can you say you care for me when you can't even stand to look at me?

**DANNY.** (LOOKS ROUND AND STARES AT TANYA) I can stand it.

**TANYA.** Danny. I am telling you now. There is nothing here for you. Go home. Sleep it off.

**DANNY.** You don't get it do you. I don't just want sex. I could....

**TANYA.** What? Get it anywhere. From any of Vinny's whores?

**DANNY.** If I wanted.

**TANYA.** Then why don't you?

**DANNY.** 'cause I... 'cause I care for you... And... I ... I...

**TANYA.** Ah no. No, no, no, don't say it. Danny. Please Do-Not-Say it.

**DANNY.** I love you.

SILENCE BETWEEN THEM

**TANYA.** Oh Shit.

TANYA WALKS OVER TO THE BAR, GETS  
A SECOND GLASS AND POURS A  
GENEROUS MEASURE. THROWS IT BACK  
IN ONE GO AND THEN MAKES A FACE.

DANNY REACHES FOR THE BOTTLE, BUT  
TANYA SNATCHES IT OUT OF HIS  
REACH, POURS ANOTHER GLASS, THEN  
SLIDES THE BOTTLE BACK TOWARDS  
HIM

**TANYA.** Why the fuck did you have to say that for?

DANNY SHRUGS & TANYA DOWNS  
ANOTHER SHOT

So... Danny... You love me?

**DANNY.** That's what I said didn't I? You know I always mean...

**TANYA.** ...What you say. Yeah, thanks. I think I've got bit that already.

**TANYA DOWNS ANOTHER SHOT**

So, what's next then? Marriage? A house in the country?  
Kids? A cute little puppy dog?

**DANNY.** Don't take the piss.

**TANYA.** Someone has to Danny, 'cause you clearly stepped off the wrong fucking cloud today.

**DANNY.** We could have that you know. It's not so crazy.

**TANYA.** (TAKES ANOTHER DRINK) Oh no I think you'll find it is very crazy.

**DANNY.** Okay, fuck, all right, not marriage, but you know, a house, living together. That's do-able.

(*Beat*) Not a dog though. I hate fucking dogs.

**TANYA.** Oh well, let's just have kids then.

**DANNY.** Yeah, why not?

**TANYA.** (CHOKES ON DRINK, COUGHING AND GAGGING)  
Why not?

**DANNY SHRUGS**

**TANYA.** Darling, why not is because between the two of us, we don't have a single ovary.

**DANNY.** We could adopt.

**TANYA.** Adopt?

The gangster and the transvestite whore? This might come as a shock to you Danny, but we are probably not that high on Social Services list of preferred parents.

**DANNY.** Things can be arranged.

**TANYA.** Oh for fucks sake... This isn't a kneecapping we're talking about. You can't lay your hands on a baby in the same way you get a shotgun down the Old Kent. That doesn't happen in the real world.

You remember the real world? It's where you used to live.

**DANNY.** We could buy a baby. You know, on the internet from China. Smithy read me something about in the Sun.

**TANYA.** All right-ey, let's just stop there shall we because you are clearly out of your fucking mind.

**DANNY.** Yeah. I know. All right. I know.

TAKES ANOTHER DRINK

But it's... (*laughs quietly*) It's been fucking bad day Tanya

DANNY POURS HIMSELF A LARGE  
DRINK AND DOWNS IT, FLICKING THE  
TAPE RECORDER ON HE LISTENS TO THE  
SONG AGAIN – TANYA TURNS IT OFF.

**TANYA.** What's gone on Danny? What happened today? What's in that case?

**DANNY.** Money. Three hundred grand.

**TANYA.** What?

**DANNY.** That's enough for you and me. We could go anywhere, be whoever we wanted to be.

We could be together.

**TANYA.** Where did you get that money?

**DANNY.** It's Vinny's.

**TANYA.** Vinny's? And what happens when Vinny misses three hundred grand?

**DANNY.** (TAKES ANOTHER DRINK)  
He won't.

*(beat)* Vinny won't be missing anything ever again.

**TANYA.** Oh shit, what the fuck have you done?

**DANNY.** He diss'ed me. Slagged me off in front of the others. Called me a fucking queer.

**TANYA.** Danny, you are fucking a man, that makes you a queer.

**DANNY.** I'm not a fucking queer.

(STARES AT TANYA LOOKS TO THE WIG)

Okay, fuck it, maybe I am, but that doesn't make a difference, he shouldn't have said it. He shouldn't have called me it in front of the others. He made me look bad, he made me...

**TANYA.** ...What did you do?

**DANNY.** Went back when he was alone. He's in his office now; his brains are on the wall.

**TANYA.** Oh my god.

**DANNY.** But no... Don't you see. This good.

**TANYA.** Good?

**DANNY.** Yeah, we've got 300 grand; we can leave this shitty life. We can do stuff. Together.

**TANYA.** No.. No.. No.. We aint doing nothing together.

We aint even ever going to be seen together. Ever again.

This is drug money. 300k doesn't just go for a ball of chalk and never get seen again. People will look for this. They will look for you.

*(Beat)*

Fuck, they're gonna look for me too. I gotta get out of this city. I gotta do it tonight

**(TANYA GRABS COAT FROM UNDER THE BAR).**

Thanks Danny. Thanks a fucking lot.

**DANNY.** What you doing?

**TANYA.** Getting away from you.

**DANNY.** You can't.

**TANYA.** Watch me.

**DANNY.** Don't do this. Don't walk out me. Don't walk away from us.

**TANYA.** Will you get it through your head? There isn't an us...

There never was an us. Never. Don't you get it? It was always about you... it was about you and it was about...

Ah fucking forget it, why am I even wasting my breath.

Listen, okay... Listen. Tanya isn't walking out on you okay.

**(THROWS THE WIG TO DANNY)**

Look, you get to keep her. Have fun. Colin, that's me by the way, is walking out of this bar before he is killed in the crossfire of the people looking for you.

**DANNY.** Don't go. It doesn't have to be like this. We can go away together. If they come looking for you, you'll be safer with me anyway.

**TANYA.** Safer? I was already safe before you came along and fucked up my life.

**DANNY.** Seriously, Tanya. Do not do this. Do not walk away from me. I can't do it without you. I can't live without you.

**TANYA.** No? Well I wouldn't worry about it darling, because from now on life is gonna be a luxury commodity for you.

OUTSIDE THE DOOR SIRENS CAN BE HEARD, THEN BLUE LIGHTS FLASH THROUGH THE GLASS WINDOWS OF THE DOOR.

**DANNY  
& TANYA.** The Police.

**DANNY.** In stereo

(LOOKS AT TANYA WHO SAYS NOTHING – DISAPPOINTED HE SAYS)

Not in mono.

WALKS OVER TO THE WINDOWS, LOOKS OUT, RETURNS TO THE BAR AND POURS AND DRINKS ANOTHER DRINK.

**DANNY.** Looks like Brian has some balls after all.

**TANYA.** Haven't we all darling. Haven't we all.

DANNY & TANYA SHARE A LONG LOOK.

THEN TANYA GETS A KEY FROM UNDER THE BAR, GOES TO THE DOOR AND UNLOCKS IT

**DANNY.** Hey. Don't forget your hair. Girl doesn't want to get arrested half dressed.

**DANNY OFFERS THE WIG, TANYA LOOKS FOR A MOMENT TO THE DOOR AND THEN THE STREET, THEN WALKS BACK AND TAKES IT OFF HIM, AND QUICKLY PUTS IT ON.**

**TANYA THEN TURNS FOR THE DOOR AND DANNY GRABS TANYA BY THE SHOULDERS AND PULLS THE TWO OF THEM TOGETHER, HOLDING THEM BOTH IN AN EMBRACE FROM WHICH TANYA STRUGGLES BUT CANNOT ESCAPE**

**TANYA.** Let me go.

**DANNY.** I meant it you know. When I said I couldn't live without you.

**TANYA.** I don't care, I can't help you.

**DANNY.** Are you sure? (*beat*) Are you really sure?

**TANYA.** Just let me go Danny, please, just let me go.

**DANNY.** I love you Tanya.

**TANYA.** But I don't love you Danny...

**A GUN SHOT RINGS OUT AND TANYA DOUBLES FORWARD IN PAIN.**

COLLAPSING, DANNY HELPS HER  
SLOWLY FALL TO THE GROUND.

HE ENDS CROSS-LEGGED WITH  
TANYA'S HEAD IN HIS LAP.

**TANYA.**     (*GASPING*) You bloody idiot.

**DANNY.**     Shhhhhh. It's okay... It's okay. I'm sorry.... I'm sorry....

*TANYA DIES*

**DANNY.**     I told you Tanya. I said I couldn't live without you.  
                  (*beat*)  
                  And I always mean what I say.

DANNY PLACES UNDER HIS THROAT –  
LIGHTS DOWN AND A SHOT IS HEARD

End

Word count – 4,500

Rough performance time of 35 – 40 minutes