

Alex CB

GEORGIE. Should I go and buy some? I love porridge.  
*(She leaves. He watches her go. He starts crying. He stops crying. He puts some music on.)*

*(She comes back. She's got a bar of extremely expensive chocolate with her.)*  
This is all I could find. In the whole house.

ALEX. Yes.

GEORGIE. You've got a really big house. Especially for a man living on his own. An unnecessarily big house in fact. And I looked in the fridge and all the cupboards I could find, and all I could find was this.

ALEX. Chocolate!

GEORGIE. I'm really disappointed.

ALEX. How can you be disappointed by chocolate?

GEORGIE. Right.

ALEX. Seriously. I'm tremendously enthusiastic about chocolate. This is very, very good as well. It's got ginger in it. Try it.

GEORGIE. Ginger?

ALEX. It's good isn't it?

GEORGIE. I was hoping for something a bit meatier.

ALEX. Hmm.

GEORGIE. From a butcher! I was hoping for like a black pudding at least.

I think you might need to take me out and buy me something a bit more substantial. Like a big sandwich or something. Some kind of egg-based breakfast. And we can sit in a cafe eating egg-based breakfast things and you could read the newspaper to me in your Irish voice.

You have a very, very fucking sexy voice. It's sonorous.

"I'm tremendously enthusiastic about chocolate."

What's this music?

ALEX. It's Johann Sebastian Bach.

GEORGIE. Is it?

ALEX. The Sonata for Violin and Piano. In B Minor.

GEORGIE. Is it?

ALEX. It is. Yes.

GEORGIE. Great. I'm starving. It's very plinky-plonky.

ALEX. You're not listening to it.

GEORGIE. I am.

ALEX. You're not. You can hear it. That's not listening to it. That's different from listening.

You need to follow it. The melody. Try to predict what will happen to it next. It will completely take you by surprise.

Start

That's the secret that nobody knows about music.  
Music doesn't exist in the notes. It exists in the spaces between  
the notes.

*(She rests a finger on his nose.)*

GEORGIE. Your nose.

When was the last time you spoke to your sister?

ALEX. When you went out of the room.

GEORGIE. Really?

ALEX. Really.

*(She looks at him.)*

GEORGIE. She was ten.

ALEX. That's right.

GEORGIE. And when you talk to her now how old is she?

ALEX. She's older than ten.

GEORGIE. I should think so.

ALEX. She was two years older than me. So she still is. She's always  
two years older than me.

GEORGIE. Do you just make up what she looks like? Do you  
imagine it all? And her voice and things like that?

When you imagine her, face does it ever change between imaginings?  
Or is it incredibly consistent?

ALEX. It's consistent.

GEORGIE. What were you talking to her about?

ALEX. I asked her about you.

GEORGIE. Right. What did she say?

ALEX. She didn't say anything.

Whenever it's a decision that probably I need to make for myself  
she just disappears. It becomes very hard to focus on her any more.

GEORGIE. What decision do you need to make?

What's the decision that you need to make Alex?

ALEX. I'm a bit scared.

GEORGIE. What are you scared of?

ALEX. I have a horrible feeling, I'm afraid that there is a bit of me  
that's ...

GEORGIE. Spit it out.

ALEX. That's falling in love with you and I don't want that to happen.  
I won't let that happen. In no sense is that allowed to happen. I'm  
stopping it from happening. Here. Now. Right now. I'm going.

GEORGIE. This is your house.

ALEX. I know.

end