



LALLY KATZ is one of Australia's most performed playwrights. Her plays display a rare and original voice for the stage in works including *The Eisteddfod*, *The Black Swan of Trespass*, *A Golem Story*, *Starchaser* and *Neighbourhood Watch*. Lally started her career making theatre with director Chris Kohn at Stuck Pigs Squealing wherever they could find an audience and created a strong reputation for their work, winning the 2005 Producer's Choice Award at the International Fringe Festival in New York. Lally has developed new work with the National Theatre in England, was a writer in residence at Melbourne University, won the British Council's Realise Your Dream Award and received a Churchill Fellowship. *Goodbye Vaudeville Charlie Mudd* won the Victorian Premier's Award in 2009 and other work has variously won Green Room awards, Sydney Theatre awards and the RE Ross Trust Award.

Neighbourhood Watch

LALLY KATZ



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Cover shows Megan Holloway as Catherine and Charlie Garber as Ken in the 2011 Belvoir St Theatre production. (Photo: Brett Boardman.)

Contents

NEIGHBOURHOOD WATCH

Act One	1
Act Two	52

Neighbourhood Watch was first produced by Belvoir at Belvoir St Theatre, Sydney, on 27 July 2011, with the following cast:

KEN	Charlie Garber
MUSICIAN, CHEMIST	Stefan Gregory
CATHERINE	Megan Holloway
MILOVA (now JOVANKA)*	Kris McQuade
MARTIN	Ian Meadows
CHRISTINA (now KATRINA)*	Heather Mitchell
ANA	Robyn Nevin

Dedicated to Anna Bosnjak and Robyn Nevin

The remaining roles were played by the company.

Director, Simon Stone
Set and Costume Designer, Dale Ferguson
Lighting Designer, Damien Cooper
Composer and Sound Designer, Stefan Gregory
Dramaturg, Eamon Flack
Stage Manager, Luke McGettigan
Assistant Stage Managers, Mel Dyer and Michael Maclean

* In this revised edition playwright Lally Katz made a number of changes to character names. Please see Note on next page.

PLEASE NOTE

Playwright Lally Katz has made three character name changes in this revised edition: MILOVA is now JOVANKA; DOCTOR VALKER is now DOCTOR WHITE and CHRISTINA is now KATRINA.

CHARACTERS

In Australia:

ANA, an 80-year-old Hungarian woman
CATHERINE, a woman in her late 20s
KEN, a man in his early 30s
MARTIN, a man in his late 20s
KATRINA, a woman in her early to mid 50s
JOVANKA, a Serbian woman in her late 70s
NANCY, a woman from 45 to 65 years old
DOCTOR WHITE, a woman in her mid to late 40s
CHEMIST, a man in his late 20s/early 30s
POSTMAN, any age
POLICEMAN, a young man
DOCTOR'S RECEPTIONIST, any age
SAFEWAY EMPLOYEE, any age
WOMAN WITH SMALL DOG, any age
SAFEWAY DELIVERY BOY, a teenage boy
WOMAN WORKING AT CINEMA, any age
AMBULANCE OFFICER, any age

In Hungary:

ANA'S FATHER
ANA'S MOTHER
ANA'S SISTER
GYPSY
SOLDIER
ARTUR
SOLDIER IN INFIRMARY
RUSSIAN SOLDIER
SOLDIER'S MOTHER
SOLDIER'S FATHER
MEAN GIRL AT ANA'S WORK
POLICEMAN IN HUNGARY

CASTING NOTE

Many of the roles in this play are tiny and any actor can play multiple roles.

The Hungarian roles can be doubled by the actors playing the characters in modern Australia. However, consideration should go into this doubling as it will inevitably bleed into the story of the characters in modern Australia (especially the roles that the actors playing Martin and Ken play in the past in Hungary).

LOCATIONS

The play is set mainly on a street in suburban Australia. In this current script it is in Sydney, Australia, but it can easily be set in the suburbs of Melbourne, Adelaide, Brisbane, Canberra or any other Australian city depending where it is performed. The play has multiple locations, including the outside street, Ana's house, Catherine and Ken's house, the doctor's surgery, the chemist, the cinema, and Hungary during World War Two. It is up to the director and design team to work out the best way to represent these shifts in location and time.

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE

Mary Street. It is dawn. The dawn light is a sort of thin violet colour; similar to evening, but with the feeling of it rising.

The street is still and quiet, not quite woken up yet.

Only CATHERINE is out there. She's wearing pyjamas and is sitting cross-legged on the brick letterbox, on the street, out the front of her house.

She looks out into the street, as though she is a prisoner looking out into the world. Her mobile phone sits beside her. It begins to ring. It rings and rings. She looks at it, heartbroken. But she doesn't answer it.

KEN, her housemate, in his early to mid 30s, comes outside. He's wearing tracksuit pants and an old jumper. He's carrying a laptop computer. He stands behind her, bemused, but also slightly authoritative.

KEN: Happy Kevin '07, my friend.

CATHERINE: Happy Kevin '07.

KEN: You're up very early.

CATHERINE: So are you.

KEN: All-nighter.

CATHERINE: Did you win?

KEN: We killed the monster. But we had to spend a lot of gold.

CATHERINE looks out into the street.

CATHERINE: Do you think the street looks more hopeful?

KEN: Why would it look more hopeful?

CATHERINE: Because Labor won the election?

KEN: Governments schovernments.

CATHERINE: What about 'The West Wing'?

KEN: If Jed Bartlet was our prime minister then I'd be excited.

CATHERINE: I wish something would happen. That would change the whole world.

KEN sits down, on the driveway, next to the letterbox. He begins to play World of Warcraft on his laptop.

Mary Street is starting to wake up now. On the other side of the street, KATRINA, very attractive, well-groomed, in her 50s, comes out the front of her house. She is shaking out a rug, but she is doing it quite feebly.

A head peeks up over the fence. KATRINA doesn't seem to see it. And then, ANA, 80 years old, Hungarian, wearing all maroon, with her golden-tinged hair piled neatly on top of her head, comes out from behind her white picket fence gate, shutting it quickly behind her. She is carrying a bag of leaves. The sound of terrifying dog barking comes from behind the gate. ANA makes a shushing motion at the dog.

ANA: Shht! [*She makes her way over to Katrina's porch, carrying the bag of leaves.*] Katrina, I return these leaves which fall from your tree into my yards.

ANA hands KATRINA the bag of leaves.

KATRINA: Oh I'm sorry Ana, I'll have to get it pruned soon.

ANA: I don't ask for the bother, only return to you what is yours.

You want help with the rug? I can bang it and you hold.

KATRINA: That's alright, Ana, I'm just giving it a little shake. It's not too dusty.

ANA: Is too dusty! Should to bang.

ANA begins to bang the rug, whether KATRINA wants her to or not.

KEN takes his computer and stands up.

KEN: I'm gonna have a nap. What are you up to today?

CATHERINE: I've got a lot of ironing to do.

KEN: Again?

CATHERINE: It gets wrinkly.

KEN: You're a freak.

KEN walks inside.

CATHERINE holds her phone.

Across the street, ANA is still banging on Katrina's rug. She can hit very hard for an 80-year-old lady.

KATRINA coughs and turns her head from the commotion of it. ANA speaks in a very polite voice as she bangs.

ANA: I want to asking you, Katrina, my Doctor White send me to the very big appointment with the stomach bowel specialist next week. They will put me unconscious for the camera. I want to asking you can drive me back home?

KATRINA: Which day?

ANA: Tuesday.

KATRINA: I'm sorry, Ana, I'm looking after my grandchildren on Tuesday. Can you catch a taxi?

ANA: No, I must to be picked up by someone who know me. Doctor said it is the law.

KATRINA: You can hire a nurse for the day, Ana.

ANA: I don't like the nurse. Worst than Gestapo. Ana never like the nurse.

KATRINA: I'm sorry, Ana, I have to stick to my program.

ANA: Ja. I understand. You are busy with the grandchilder.

ANA is walking down the driveway. CATHERINE is walking down her driveway too, onto the street. It looks as if she and ANA will meet in the road.

Just then the POSTMAN arrives. He speaks to CATHERINE.

POSTMAN: I've got a delivery for number three.

CATHERINE: That's me.

POSTMAN: Just sign here.

She signs and then opens the package as she walks inside. KEN watches her.

KEN: What is it this time?

CATHERINE: A kettle.

KEN: Does your mother know that we have two kettles already?

CATHERINE: Yes.

ANA comes out of Katrina's gate, onto the street.

On the street, ANA meets JOVANKA, an elderly Serbian woman. JOVANKA's movements are heavy and laboured. She has been dragging herself up the road. JOVANKA is very excited to see ANA.

JOVANKA: Hello, Ana!

ANA is not so excited to see JOVANKA.

ANA: Jovanka.

JOVANKA: I come by bus here to see if you like to have one coffee.

ANA: You should to call first. I am very busy.

JOVANKA: I was calling you, Ana, but you never answering the phone.

ANA: I am very busy vith many friend. Vith many important appointment.

That is vhy I am not answering the telephone.

JOVANKA: You want to have one coffee?

ANA: No. No coffee. I'm sorry, Jovanka, I must to stick to my program.

JOVANKA: Ja, the program. I will call again tomorrow.

A new day.

CATHERINE *is ironing*. KEN *calls out to her*.

KEN: Do you want to watch a lunchtime ep?

CATHERINE: Not right now.

KEN: I'm making sandwiches, you want one?

CATHERINE: No. I've eaten already.

KEN: What did you eat?

CATHERINE *thinks for a moment before answering, it's obvious she is lying*.

CATHERINE: A sandwich.

KEN: What kind of sandwich?

CATHERINE: I can't remember...

KEN: That's such a pathetic lie. I'm making you a sandwich.

CATHERINE: I hate your sandwiches.

The POSTMAN arrives at the door.

Saved by the bell!

POSTMAN: Delivery. Just sign here.

CATHERINE *signs*.

CATHERINE: Thank you.

The POSTMAN leaves. CATHERINE looks inside the package.

KEN: Now what?

CATHERINE: A food processor.

KEN: Does your mother know that you can't cook?

CATHERINE: You don't need to be able to cook, the food processor does it for you.

KEN: Uh... yeah.

KATRINA is outside, sweeping her porch. ANA approaches.

ANA: Katrina, I just vake up now from stomach bowel specialist.

KATRINA: So you got someone to drive you? Good.

ANA: Ja, I find.

KATRINA: How are you feeling?

ANA: They put camera right in—very far! They look for everyting! [*She holds out some flower cuttings to KATRINA.*] I bring you from my garden.

KATRINA: Oh, thank you, Ana. Lovely.

ANA: You vant me to show you vhere is good to plant?

ANA indicates to the cuttings.

KATRINA: I was just headed inside to make a phone call, Ana. But thank you.

ANA: Ja. The phone call.

KATRINA: Well, I look forward to planting these.

ANA: Ja. Ve vill see vhat grow.

KATRINA hastily leaves. ANA heads back to her house.

JOVANKA comes trudging up the street.

JOVANKA: Ana!

ANA: Jovanka.

JOVANKA: I come on the bus. I was calling you. But again no answer.

Just then, the CHEMIST comes. He's a young man.

CHEMIST: Hi, Mrs Brajovik. I brought your prescription by.

ANA: Ah! Here is my boy!

The Bella, Ana's huge German Shepherd dog, barks and barks, invisibly, from behind the fence.

No how-how, Bella! [*To the CHEMIST*] Tank you. Tank you. You are the very special boy. Very good chem-ist. Make delivery to the old lady. No-von vill do this but you. How much I owving you?

CHEMIST: Just settle it next time you're in.

ANA: Tank you! Tank you! I vill coming next veek. Ana vill never make the robbery.

CHEMIST: Ha ha, I know! How are you feeling?

ANA: Not too good. I all the time got some problem. I am very allergic to the sun. But no matter. Keep going.

CHEMIST: That's a good attitude. You take care of yourself, Mrs Brajovik.

As he is leaving, the CHEMIST sees CATHERINE coming out of her house, carrying her phone. They catch eyes, but then she looks into her phone.

ANA: Vait—you vill leave the broken hearts!

CHEMIST: Pardon?

ANA: Your girl. Look how sad she is looking. She tink you forget her. She all the time love you.

CHEMIST: Who?

He thinks that she means CATHERINE, though they obviously don't know each other.

ANA: The Bella! Look—she vatching you from back garden, through her fence. Poor sveetheart.

Bella barks. The CHEMIST laughs and calls out over the fence at Bella. CATHERINE is gone.

CHEMIST: Sorry, Bella! Hello!

Bella barks threateningly.

ANA: Now she is the happy! She all the time liking you.

CHEMIST: I'd hate to see how Bella acts when she doesn't like someone! See you soon, Mrs Brajovik, see you soon, Bella!

The CHEMIST leaves. ANA looks JOVANKA in the face.

ANA: You see, I am all the time busy.

JOVANKA: Coffee?

ANA: No.

JOVANKA: I come again next week. We miss you on Creswick Street, Ana.

CATHERINE is in the lounge room, rehearsing for an audition. She is reading a script, silently to herself, acting it out. KEN is on the computer. He occasionally looks up at her and laughs.

KEN: What are you doing?

CATHERINE: Rehearsing.

KEN: Did you get a role?

CATHERINE: No.

KEN: An audition?

CATHERINE: No.

KEN: Then why are you rehearsing?

CATHERINE: To stay match fit.

A knock on their door. A middle-aged woman, NANCY, wearing a tracksuit, knocks on the door.

KEN doesn't answer. CATHERINE doesn't seem to notice. NANCY knocks again, KEN just keeps looking at his computer. She keeps knocking. Finally she calls out.

NANCY: Yoo hoo, is anyone home? Hello? Are you in there? Yoo hoo!

KEN groans. NANCY continues to call out through the door.

Hello, Nancy! Neighbourhood Watch! I'm just going around the street making sure people know about the upcoming meeting—

KEN groans and gets up to head to the door.

Outside, ANA looks into her wheelie bin and then looks up, the weight of the world on her shoulders.

ANA: Again! Again vith the dirty nappy! Very illegal. To put the nappy in the bin of the old lady.

KEN arrives at the door and speaks to NANCY.

KEN: I'm sorry. I won't be able to make it.

NANCY: But I haven't told you when it is.

KEN: I'm very busy with my guild. But thank you.

KEN shuts the door.

NANCY starts down their driveway. She sees ANA is outside. ANA is standing over her wheelie bin in anger and despair.

NANCY approaches ANA.

ANA: Nancy, you got the nappies in your bins?

NANCY: Not today, Ana.

ANA: I know who done. Neighbours on the other side. They got the new baby.

NANCY: Would you like a flier for the next Neighbourhood Watch meeting?

ANA: Ja. Very much the flier.

She takes the flier.

You just been across the street. You know dese young people?

NANCY: No, I'm just doing the rounds.

ANA: That girl all the time standing on the street staring the mobil. Strange tings.

NANCY: You're right to keep track of any small changes that occur in our street, Ana.

ANA: That girl too skinny. Also, I never know, who is belonging dis yellow car? You know who is dis yellow car?

NANCY: I don't recognise it. Perhaps it might be a good idea to write down the number plate.

ANA: Ja. I write.

NANCY: Well done! I hope to see you at the meeting.

ANA: I try. I got the vatersmelon coming. You vant von slice, Nancy?

NANCY: Thank you, Ana, but I have to finish handing these out.

ANA: Perhaps later?

NANCY: I'm busy all day, I'm afraid.

ANA waits by her bin, looking disgustedly into it. CATHERINE comes outside, mouthing lines to herself. Her phone begins to ring. She doesn't answer it. She goes back inside.

A young SAFEWAY EMPLOYEE comes up. He is wearing a uniform and is loaded with bags.

ANA: You vork for the Safevay? Home delivery?

EMPLOYEE: That's right.

ANA: This is all you bring? I bought many tings.

EMPLOYEE: I've got more in the truck. This is all I could carry at once.

ANA: Tell me, you got my vatersmelon?

EMPLOYEE: Oh yeah. I've got it right here.

He is tilting to one side because of the heaviness of the watermelon.

ANA: Good!

She goes over to him, puts her ear right next to it. He is struggling to keep holding it.

I pick the very good von. All the time I bang it and listen for the sound.

She lifts her hand and bangs the watermelon. It makes a thumping sound.

Very good. You like to having von slice?

EMPLOYEE: I can't, I've got two other deliveries after this one.

ANA: They don't firing you for having the vatersmelon!

EMPLOYEE: I'd better not. But thanks. So these just go in here?

He goes up to the house—a huge sound of barking from the Bella. The EMPLOYEE jumps back.

ANA: No matter. I lock her. Then you come.

KEN and CATHERINE are in their lounge room.

KEN: Lunchtime ep?

CATHERINE: I can't. I'm in character.

KEN: You can't be in character if you're holding the script in your hand.

CATHERINE: No, I am. I really feel this one. I think I'll get this part.

JOVANKA is knocking on Ana's door. There is no answer.

JOVANKA: Ana? Ana, hello, Ana? It is Jovanka.

KEN: That weird lady is always knocking on that door.

JOVANKA: Ana? I come for one coffee. Ana?

No answer. ANA goes into the chemist shop. She gives the CHEMIST some carefully counted-out change.

ANA: You see—I tell you I vill not make the robbery.

CHEMIST: Ha ha, good on ya, Mrs Brajavik!

KEN: When I make my film, then I'll give you an audition.

CATHERINE: For what part?

KEN: The 'you' part.

CATHERINE: Shouldn't I just automatically get it?

KEN: I can't risk it. There could be a lot of actresses out there who do a very good version of you.

CATHERINE: Can you make it a period drama? I've always wanted to be in a period drama.

KEN: No. Any other requests?

KATRINA comes out onto her porch, in her wig and lovely clothes. She speaks to herself.

KATRINA: What perfect weather. For everything.

The POSTMAN comes through.

POSTMAN: G'day! A letter from your daughter. [*Reading the back of the envelope*] Wow, Hong Kong!

KATRINA: Yes. They're very international.

The afternoon. ANA is at the reception counter at the doctor's surgery, speaking with the RECEPTIONIST.

ANA: Four o'clock. I got the appointment with Doctor White.

RECEPTIONIST: I'm sorry, Mrs Brajovic, but we don't have you booked in for today.

ANA: But I make the appointment. By telephone.

RECEPTIONIST: Are you certain you made the appointment for today?

ANA: I tell you very nicely, I is not the stupid.

The RECEPTIONIST looks through the appointment book.

RECEPTIONIST: You've got an appointment for next Thursday at four p.m. Mrs Brajovic. Not today. You've made a mistake.

ANA: I have no made the mistake. Ana never make mistake on such important tings.

RECEPTIONIST: Well, I don't have you in the system for today.

ANA: I wait.

RECEPTIONIST: We're fully booked, Mrs Brajovic.

ANA: I see. Please, give the Doctor White my regard. [*She turns to go. Then to herself*] White.

KEN and CATHERINE are in the lounge room. CATHERINE is ironing underwear.

KEN: It's good you're ironing your underwear—it'll definitely impress all those men you date. Oh sorry, that's right, you don't date anyone.

CATHERINE: It's for myself.

KEN: Imagine if you actually went out on a date, went home with the guy and then took your clothes off and your underwear was unironed? The shame.

The POSTMAN arrives.

POSTMAN: Hello. Delivery.

CATHERINE: Hello.

Stepping outside, she takes the package from him and signs for it.

Thank you.

She goes back inside with the package as the POSTMAN leaves.

KEN: Your mother is insane.

CATHERINE: This one's for you.

KEN: Yes! [*He opens the package.*] Shit man.

CATHERINE: What?

KEN: Now my mum's sending me stuff.

CATHERINE: What is it?

KEN: A low GI cookbook.

CATHERINE: Oh—could I have a look?

KATRINA is outside, sitting on her porch. ANA steps outside. She sees KATRINA.

ANA: Hello, Katrina!

KATRINA ducks back inside. The SAFEWAY EMPLOYEE comes up to Ana's house.

EMPLOYEE: Home delivery.

ANA: Thank you.

He looks warily at the door.

No matter. The Bella is lock in backyard.

They go inside.

Deep in the evening, CATHERINE is sitting on the letterbox. The street is quiet again. KEN comes out.

KEN: How was your audition?

CATHERINE: Oh, it got cancelled.

KEN: But you were working on that for like three weeks!

CATHERINE: How's your script going?

KEN: Touché. Wanna watch a dinner ep?

CATHERINE: I'm not really hungry.

KEN: You okay?

There is a flapping sound from high above. CATHERINE looks up, into the sky.

CATHERINE: Yeah. Hey, Ken, look up.

KEN looks up.

KEN: Bats. Cool.

CATHERINE: You haven't seen them before? Hundreds of them fly over here. Every night.

KEN: That's really pretty cool.

CATHERINE: Do you think they're vampires?

KEN: Probably.

KEN *goes inside.*

CATHERINE *is still sitting there, looking at the sky. Her phone begins to ring. She looks at it, achingly, looks away and doesn't answer.*

ANA: Again with the mobil.

Her head peeks up over her picket fence. She watches CATHERINE. ANA is wearing rose-tinted seeing eyeglasses. She peers through them at CATHERINE. CATHERINE's eyes meet ANA's.

Come over here.

CATHERINE *isn't sure if ANA means her. She sits up, unsure of what to do, on the letterbox.*

You. Girl. Come. Over. Here.

CATHERINE: Me?

ANA: Vhat, you idiot? No-von else on the street.

CATHERINE *gingerly steps off the letterbox. She stands at the curb. It seems as though crossing the street will be like crossing a river.*

Yes, yes. Here. On my gate. I showing you something very important.

CATHERINE *begins to cross the street. When she is halfway across, Bella's barking begins—very vicious. CATHERINE stops in the middle of the street, unsure.*

No more, Bella! Listen to mummy. No how-how. No how-how! Ja, come girl. Bella! No how-how!

CATHERINE *walks up to the picket fence. ANA is short, her head barely reaches over it.*

How long you been on the Mary Street?

CATHERINE: I've been here for a year.

ANA: Me too! The very same. Von year. I come here from my old street.

After my husband die. Von years ago.

CATHERINE: Oh, I'm sorry.

ANA: Yes. He had the cancer. Poor tings.

Vicious barking.

Bella! No how-how! Ja, she vant to kill you. Very dangerous. If the gate do not stop her—she vill be killing you!

CATHERINE: Can she jump the gate?

ANA: Oh, yes. You live here with von husband?

CATHERINE: No, I'm not married.

ANA: Von boyfriend?

CATHERINE: No.

ANA: Then who is this man I see you vith on the drivevay many time?

CATHERINE: Ken. He's my housemate.

ANA: Housemate?

CATHERINE: My friend who I live with.

ANA: You live vith the man, vith the Ken as friend? Friend?

CATHERINE: Yes.

ANA: But you is attractive girl. Skinny. Good legs. Like Ana vas.

CATHERINE: Who's Ana?

ANA: Who you tink? I am all the time Ana.

CATHERINE: Oh, hi Ana, I'm Catherine.

ANA: Ja, I vas very attractive young girl. You vill see vhat I showing you.

This vas Ana.

She holds out and old, framed, black-and-white photograph. A young, determined-looking woman stares out. Handsome.

CATHERINE: Beautiful.

ANA *nods.*

ANA: Vhy you always on the street, staring your mobil? You got some secret from the Ken?

CATHERINE: Oh no—the reception is just better outside.

ANA: Should to be careful who you ansver the telephone to. Perhaps is your enemy.

CATHERINE: My enemy?

ANA: I have many enemy.

CATHERINE: Really?

ANA: Ja. I have many sad story. Von time three men do the pee-pee on my legs.

CATHERINE: Why did three men pee on your legs?

ANA: Because I am the refugee with infection—only vay!

CATHERINE: The only way for what?

ANA: Not for talking on the street. You come inside leetle bit?

CATHERINE: I'm sorry, I can't right now. I'm busy.

ANA: Vith vhat?

CATHERINE: Ironing.

ANA: Good. The ironing important. [*She holds up the picture of herself.*]

You see, Ana vas all the time very good dress. *Szervusz* [cheerio], Katerina. Mummy coming, Bella.

SCENE TWO

Inside Catherine's house. It is sort of like a sitcom house. It is all mauve. CATHERINE is ironing tea towels. When she finishes ironing each one, she folds it, and then irons it folded. And then adds it to a pile of ironed, folded tea towels, which is alongside many, many other ironed items. A lot of ironing has been going on. On the ironing board, sits Catherine's mobile phone too.

KEN is sitting at the dining room table, on his laptop. He is staring right into it. He is playing World of Warcraft.

KEN: I got you a job interview.

CATHERINE: What?

KEN: I'm not trying to push you.

CATHERINE: I'll pay you back the money I owe you.

KEN: I don't care about that.

CATHERINE: I'll start selling Tupperware again.

KEN: You were the only one who ever bought any.

CATHERINE: And now look how organised our cupboards are. I'll probably get a role soon, and then I'll have money.

KEN: My aunt is looking for a waitress at the café she's opened. Fox in the Box. They want to interview you on Friday.

CATHERINE: You don't have a job. Why don't you want it?

KEN: I do have a job. I'm working on my film. I don't know how to waiter anyway. And it's my family. I wouldn't work for my aunt if she paid me.

CATHERINE: Usually no-one works for anyone unless they pay you.

KEN: But I wouldn't. Even if she did. It'll be good for you, Catherine.

CATHERINE: Okay, Ken. I'll do the interview.

KEN: Good. I'm gonna have some insulin now. Do you want some?

CATHERINE: Just a little bit.

KEN: Okay. And then let's watch an ep.

CATHERINE: It's eleven a.m.

KEN: That's lunchtime.

KEN prepares his insulin. CATHERINE looks into his computer.

CATHERINE: You've got a dragon now.

KEN: Yup.

CATHERINE: It wouldn't be easy to get a dragon.

KEN: I had to work really hard for it.

CATHERINE: How's your film going?

KEN: Okay.

CATHERINE: Yeah?

KEN: Yeah. Just waiting to hear about money. Still.

CATHERINE: You should tell the investors that you have a dragon. That would really impress them.

KEN: I hadn't thought of that. That's a good idea.

KEN brings out some sandwiches. He gets a DVD of 'The West Wing' TV series out.

We're up to a good one. God, you don't even know what's coming.

Oh, man, some shit goes down.

CATHERINE: What happens?

KEN: You think I'm gonna tell you? You have to watch, you little cheat.

I will tell you this, though, things aren't looking good for our friend Josh.

CATHERINE: Ohhh...

KEN: Be afraid.

CATHERINE: What does he do?

KEN: You know, normal Josh stuff, but he takes it too far. That's all I'm saying.

CATHERINE: I don't know if I have time.

KEN: Just know that you're only halfway through Season Two. And there's another five seasons after this. You have a lot of work to do. Remember, if you get through to the end of this season by Friday then you can watch at least one episode at my monthly State of Union eps night. Jonathan and Marg are coming.

CATHERINE: I've got aerobics on Friday night.

KEN: That's important. You are starting to look a little fat.

CATHERINE: You think so?

KEN: Don't be an idiot. What are you eating?

CATHERINE: I'll eat after.

KEN: Sure.

She stands there with the ironing. KEN puts the DVD in the player.

Get ready for the world how it should be.

Catherine's phone starts to ring.

CATHERINE: Actually, do you mind if we take a raincheck?

She takes the phone with her out of the house. Dejectedly, KEN takes the DVD out of the machine.

KEN: And the world how it really is.

SCENE THREE

CATHERINE steps out into the street, holding her ringing phone. The first thing she hears is a screaming and ANA crying out.

ANA: Bella, inside! Inside, Bella!

A very shaken WOMAN is cradling a small dog wrapped up in her jumper. ANA is at her gate.

WOMAN: Your dog is a monster!

ANA: I told you—put your dog on the lead!

WOMAN: Why do you have that killer dog in this neighbourhood?

ANA: My Bella was on the lead—all the time she was on the lead. I yell to you—my Bella will eat your Piccolo if he run on her—but you no listen—you don't put your white Piccolo on the lead and he run on my Bella—

WOMAN: You should have that monster put down!

The WOMAN rushes away, cradling her small dog. ANA calls out after her.

ANA: My Bella was right here—by my side—you should to walk your dog on the lead!

ANA leans back against the fence, very upset, her wrist dramatically up against her forehead. CATHERINE rushes over to her.

CATHERINE: Ana, Ana, are you okay?

ANA: She want to kill my Bella.

CATHERINE: Ana, can I help you?

ANA: But should to be on the lead. Piccolo should to be on the lead.

Just then JOVANKA arrives, coming down the street.

JOVANKA: Ana! I see! I see what happen.

ANA speaks under her breath to CATHERINE.

ANA: Of course she see. Bastard. Ve must to hurry. Inside now.

ANA and CATHERINE disappear into Ana's. ANA shuts the door in JOVANKA's face.

SCENE FOUR

Inside Ana's home. It is beautiful. Everything is water blue and green. There are pictures of frogs hanging up in subtle places all around. The bathroom is blue and green tiles. The back wall of the house is one big, clear window. Out the windows you can see Ana's backyard. Full of flowers. And a huge tree overhanging everything. On the decking there is a cage full of tiny parrots. Sometimes, when the breeze blows, you can hear them singing.

CATHERINE: It's so peaceful here.

ANA: I am upset. I am very upsetly. The Jovanka catch it. All the time she vatching. All the time spying me. When I live on same street with her, never still the drape of the Jovanka. Why she tink I move here? Now always coming on the bus. To spying. She will be saying that the Bella must to be put down—bastard Jovanka. Oh, the poor little Piccolo. I am sorry for the white Piccolo.

CATHERINE: I better get going. Will you be okay, Ana?

ANA stops for a moment.

ANA: You want von coffee?

CATHERINE: Are you having one?

ANA: Of course. You make how you like. I make how I like. Final. Final?

CATHERINE: Okay. Final.

ANA: You take the milk?

CATHERINE: What kind of milk?

ANA: What you mean? Only von kind of milk.

CATHERINE: Is it skinny milk, or whole cream?

ANA: What you mean the skinny? The milk is the milk.
 CATHERINE: Oh, I don't really need milk.
 ANA: Von sugar. You take the sugar.
 CATHERINE: Oh, no. I don't have sugar.
 ANA: Listen. You make how you like and I make how I like. Final?
 CATHERINE: Final.
 ANA: And vith it ve take some biscuit. I 'ave the very good biscuit. Softly,
 softly from the Anzac.
 CATHERINE: Oh, I'll just have the coffee. I had a very big lunch.
 ANA: Lunch? But the Anzac is not the lunch.

She sits down and leaves CATHERINE to prepare their coffee.

Pardon me, madam. Sorry for asking, but I vondering very much, vhy
 you don't love the Ken who you live vith? He's nice boy, isnit?
 CATHERINE: Ken's my friend.
 ANA: You vant von other man. Don't lie me.
 CATHERINE: I don't know...
 ANA: Oh, ho ho. And this von you love, where is he? If he love you, where
 is he?
 CATHERINE: He left.
 ANA: And you vaiting for him. Like idiot! Ana never chase the man,
 Kitty-kitty. Ana run from the man! Always. You must to be busy. What
 is your job?
 CATHERINE: I don't have one right now.
 ANA: You is the bludger?
 CATHERINE: No.
 ANA: Then vhat?
 CATHERINE: I'm an actress.
 ANA: You are in the television?
 CATHERINE: No.
 ANA: You are in the film?
 CATHERINE: No.
 ANA: You are in the tee-at-re?
 CATHERINE: No.
 ANA: Then vhat?
 CATHERINE: I'm going to get a new job soon.
 ANA: Good. Ana have three jobs.
 CATHERINE: Three?

ANA: Every day for thirty year I am vorking in the Commonwealth bank.
 Evenings the babysitting. Veekends cleaning the rich houses.
 CATHERINE: Wow, you were busy.
 ANA: Ja, must to be. Live your life. The man is not so important. Better
 never to marry.
 CATHERINE: But you've been married.
 ANA: Twice!
 CATHERINE: Twice?
 ANA: That is how I know.
 CATHERINE: You didn't love your husbands?

As CATHERINE makes the coffee, ANA begins her story.

ANA: The second von, Vladir, I love vith all my hearts. He vas the Serbian,
 but ve click.

She looks at CATHERINE making the coffee.

Von sugar, and for me, very much the milk. [*She goes back to the
 story.*] First time I meet him, forty-eight year ago, he say, 'Hello,
 Parishka'. You know who dat?
 CATHERINE: No.
 ANA: Parishka is the Hungarian name of the little von vith the red hood
 riding. You know dat von.
 CATHERINE: Little Red Riding Hood.
 ANA: He call me it only twice in the life. You catch it?
 CATHERINE: Yes.
 ANA: My Vladir is the good man. The very much gentlyman. Never-
 never let me to vash his undervears. He tell me, 'No! Vhy should you
 to vash the popo?' He say to me, 'How I find you? How I find Ana?
 Out of von million? How I find you?'
 When he is in hospital dying, I never leave his side, not for no von
 moment. I viping his overhead. I holding his hands.
 And the time come. Doctor say to me, 'He is going'. I lean to
 Vladir. I whisper to him. Doctor say, 'No, he cannot hear you, never
 anymore'. But still Ana say to him, I say to my husband, 'Do you
 know who I am?' And he open his eye. Both of. And he say, 'Yes. You
 are... my sweet Parishka.' And then he die. I close his eye. Both of.
 Vith my hand. Twice in the life he call me that. Parishka.
ANA leans back in the chair. CATHERINE is engrossed.

CATHERINE: The first time he saw you. And the last time he saw you.
 ANA: Ja. Then.
 CATHERINE: What happened in between?
 ANA: Later. I will tell later. First I must to ask you, you do me von favour?
 CATHERINE: What?
 ANA: My bird's cage on back verandah terrible dirty, and vith my old back is very hard to clean all of. You is the young. Vill not hurting you to go, clean leetle bit?
 CATHERINE: You want me to clean your birdcage?
 ANA: Just leetle bit. Then ve talking more story.
 CATHERINE: I've never cleaned a birdcage before.
 ANA: You is not the stupid, you can learn.
 CATHERINE: Um...
 ANA: Sorry to be asking, but you don't got the job and you is not the bludger, you must to have no money?
 CATHERINE: I'm okay.
 ANA: No money for the rent. For the bills.
 CATHERINE: I'm fine.
 ANA: I hire you. You is my assistant.
 CATHERINE: Better if I'm your friend.
 ANA: I give to you von hundred dollar.
 CATHERINE: No.
 ANA: But you got noting and you vanting some nice dress to catch the man. I give to you von hundred dollar to clean my birdcage.
 CATHERINE: No.
ANA takes out a hundred dollars. She tries to hand it to CATHERINE.
 ANA: Please. Take it. You killing me.
 CATHERINE: Don't be silly, Ana.
 ANA: You don't vant my money?
 CATHERINE: No.
 ANA: But everyone vant my money. Is for this I is hiding. Many people vant to kill me for the money. They tink, rich old lady who never got the childer—
 CATHERINE: You never had children?
 ANA: Don't be sticky nose, Kitty-kitty. Must to clean the birdcage. Then ve talking. Is your payment instead of the hundred dollar. But must to clean good.

SCENE FIVE

KEN is on the computer, playing World of Warcraft. CATHERINE comes out and stands before him. She is dressed nicely.

CATHERINE: How does this look?
 KEN: Great! My aunt is excited about meeting you. I told her she's just setting herself up for disappointment, of course.
 CATHERINE: Of course.
 KEN: Seriously, you look great.
 CATHERINE: Thanks, Ken. This was nice of you.
 KEN: Ironic, isn't it? That I should do something nice for you when I hate you so much. Anything to keep you from bringing more Tupperware into the house.
 CATHERINE: See you later.
 KEN: Later.

As she's walking out he calls out, really meaning it:

Good luck!

SCENE SIX

CATHERINE walks out onto the street. Her telephone rings. She holds it in her hand, not answering. It stops. On the street, there is ANA.

CATHERINE: Hello, Ana!
 ANA: Kitty-kitty! I glad I see you. You got the time?
 CATHERINE: It's half past twelve.
 ANA: No, I mean, you, got, the, time?
 CATHERINE: What time?
 ANA: You got time for helping me leetle bit?
 CATHERINE: I've got a job interview.
 ANA: Vhat time?
 CATHERINE: Three o'clock.
 ANA: You got two and a half hours.
 CATHERINE: It's on the other side of town.
 ANA: Vhy you vorking so far? I give you the job. Only across the Mary Street. You got the time to come to chemist vith me?

CATHERINE thinks about this.

CATHERINE: I don't know.
 ANA: You is catching the bus?
 CATHERINE: Yes.
 ANA: Chemist is next to the bus.
 CATHERINE: Okay.
 ANA: Good girl.

SCENE SEVEN

ANA and CATHERINE go into the chemist shop together. The young CHEMIST from before is working there. He looks up happily when he sees ANA and CATHERINE.

CHEMIST: Hello, Mrs Brajavik.
 ANA: Hello.
 CHEMIST: Who's your sidekick?
 ANA: This is the Kitty-kitty. She is the neighbour.

The CHEMIST is warm towards CATHERINE.

CHEMIST: That's nice that you're hanging out with Ana.
 CATHERINE: Oh, thanks. It's nice that she's hanging out with me.
 CHEMIST: Do you live on Mary Street too?
 CATHERINE: Yes—

ANA stage whispers out the side of her mouth to CATHERINE.

ANA: Shht! Don't jump.
 CATHERINE: I live nearby. Do you?
 CHEMIST: I live in Box Hill.
 ANA: Ja, very good the Box Hill. Like Europe. Very Europe the Box Hill. What you find there, you got nowhere. Nowhere in the Austral!
 CHEMIST: Here's your refill, Mrs Brajavik.
 ANA: Tank you. Tank you.
 CHEMIST: It's nice to meet you, Kitty-kitty.
 CATHERINE: It's actually—

ANA hisses out the side of her mouth again.

ANA: Don't jump!
 CATHERINE: Nice to meet you too.

ANA and CATHERINE walk back out onto the street.

ANA: He is the very good boy.

CATHERINE: Yes.
 ANA: Very intellygent. Eyes like computer.
 CATHERINE: Yes.
 ANA: You should to marry von such a man.
 CATHERINE: Ana!
 ANA: Oh, yes! You will be lucky if he take you. Never tell him you live vith the man as friend. No-von should to know. Don't con-fess. Final. Yes, my sweetheart. Only yesterday I am tinkng of you vhen I am vatching the 'Doctor Phil'. Many tings you be learning from him. Many tings. Oh, the stupid girl who chase the man. He leave her for her sister. And she cry and cry and say, 'I just vant him back!' But he no vant to come! Ja. She is the stupid. Like you.
 CATHERINE: Ana, you don't know me. I'm not stupid.
 ANA: No—not your fault! No, no, no! It is the nature. Is the nature making you stupid. You got the good nature. Too good. Should to learn to see the trouble. Like Ana. Come. I teaching you.

They walk back towards Ana's house. CATHERINE seems to have forgotten she was catching the bus.

SCENE EIGHT

Inside Ana's house. They have made Hungarian doughnuts. ANA is eating one.

ANA: Very special. Very good. Ve make the very good Hungarian doughnut. Why you no eating?
 CATHERINE: I'm not hungry.
 ANA: No! Must to eat. Must to!

ANA holds out some doughnuts to CATHERINE. CATHERINE is very nervous about eating doughnuts. But she picks a little piece off one and puts it in her mouth.

CATHERINE: Delicious.
 ANA: Now vhen the Doctor Vhite come, you must to tell her that you—you are for the doughnuts. You. She should not to know. What business of hers if I should to eat someting? They are for you. You has made them for the boy you live vith.
 CATHERINE: But he's diabetic.
 ANA: Shh-shh-shh! The Vhite don't know dat.

The doorbell rings.

She is here! Quickly! Quickly!

ANA races to the door. She opens it. There is JOVANKA, smiling pleasantly at ANA.

JOVANKA: Hello, Ana. I come for one coffee.

ANA: Jovanka. You is not the White.

JOVANKA: You want one coffee?

ANA: I don't got the time.

She shuts the door in JOVANKA's face.

Why the White always late?

CATHERINE: I'm sure she'll come if you have an appointment.

ANA: You is the naïve girl. She is no the doctor I can trust on, the White.

CATHERINE: Maybe you should change doctors.

ANA: I cannot. Because the White was my husband doctor. She is the pretty woman, but she is the secret vasp. You know who she look like?

CATHERINE: Who?

ANA: The Palin. She look like the Sarah Palin. And both of as intellygent as the other. Ja, I have known many Whites. In the camps, many Whites.

CATHERINE: What camps?

ANA: When I is in detention. Many people. Like to keep the powers over Ana. Pushing me down with the rules. Never mind. I fix her. Ana will be all the time winner.

CATHERINE: I don't think you should be in competition with your doctor, Ana.

ANA: No, is no competition. Is the var. You understand nothing. You have never been for the world. You is never even marry. You should to love this boy you live with. Is it because he is the de-a-bet-ic? You don't want the sick boy? Better you is marry the Ken.

CATHERINE: But I don't want to marry the Ken.

ANA: Ana is like you. Live with the man who was not my husband—and he lock me!

CATHERINE: Lost you?

ANA: No! No! He lock me! In the rooms. No tea. No milk. No von biscuit.

He lock me! Every night. Very dangerous.

CATHERINE: What did he do to you?

ANA: Is terrible. Was very terrible for Ana. I am the young woman. He don't speak the Hungary. I don't speak the English. But both of us speak the Italiano.

CATHERINE: When was this?

ANA: When I first arrive to the Austral I got noting. Noting. No von cent. No friend. No family. No good clothings. But I is still very glamour. That's Ana. I get the job with the very big Catholic doctor. I nursing his dying wife. Then she is dead, and he keep me still. He whisper—he pray—in the Italiano outside my bedroom all through the nights. I is frighten.

CATHERINE: What did he do?

ANA: Nothing. Nothing. Dis was the problem. He no want to make the sex. Only to lock me.

CATHERINE: Was he your boyfriend?

ANA: No! No! My bossy. Like the Ken.

CATHERINE: Ken's not my bossy.

ANA: My bossy was very big Catholic. Very big. Too much Catholic to use the sausage.

CATHERINE: Catholics can't eat sausage?

ANA: Why you so stupid? The sausage. The sausage of the man.

CATHERINE: You wanted him to use his sausage?

ANA: I am no sure. Sometimes my mind wanting von ting, the heart wanting the other. And the sausage and pussy cat want tings all their own. My pussy cat don't know what she want. But my mind do not like Ana to be locked anymore in the room.

CATHERINE: How did you escape?

ANA: I go secretly early morning and get the new job. With the nuns. Always the Catholic bugger. The Catholic ruin Ana many time. When I go home, he is waiting for me. He know. He know that I will be going. He take me, for first time, he take me drive in his car. We are not talking. He drive only short distance and then back onto his street. And then he say in the Italiano, 'Ana street'. And then he say to me, 'Ana car'. And then he stop at his home. And he say, 'Ana house'. I say, back on the Italiano, 'No. Not Ana's.' And he say, 'Solo una Ana. Solo una Ana.' And I say back on him, 'No. Many Ana. Everywhere Ana.' He crying now. And he say, 'Solo una Ana. Solo una Ana.' And he is right. Only von Ana. And that night, Ana lock her own door. And in the morning, she is going.

ANA is back from the story. She looks at CATHERINE.

You see. Very complicated to live with the man who is not the husband. If there is no the sex, you is the prisoner. [*She considers this.*] And sometime with the sex you is the prisoner too.

SCENE NINE

CATHERINE *gets home. KEN is sitting in front of the computer screen. CATHERINE is carrying their mail. KEN is eating jellybeans. He doesn't look up at CATHERINE.*

KEN: Hey.

CATHERINE: Hi.

He still doesn't really look at her:

What's wrong? Are you having a hypo?

KEN: Just a little one. I'll be okay in a sec.

CATHERINE: You okay?

KEN: Yeah, yeah. I said I'll be okay in a sec.

CATHERINE watches him. He checks his insulin levels.

Back on track.

He looks at the mail in her hand.

Any interesting mail?

CATHERINE: Only bills.

KEN: Don't worry, no-one expects payment during recession.

CATHERINE: That's a relief. Pretty generous of the gas company.

KEN: Everyone does their bit.

CATHERINE senses KEN is being distant.

CATHERINE: Did you hear back from your producer?

KEN: Nobody does anything they say they're going to do in this country.

CATHERINE: Then fire them.

KEN: I can't fire them when I don't pay them.

CATHERINE: Killed any monsters?

KEN: As a matter of fact, I'm in the middle of a raid right now. How come you didn't go to your job interview?

The realisation that she forgot hits CATHERINE.

CATHERINE: Shit.

KEN: You actually forgot?

CATHERINE: I'm sorry.

KEN: My aunt called me. They waited for you all afternoon. How could you forget, Catherine? You left here to go to the interview. What happened?

CATHERINE: I got busy.

KEN: Doing what?

CATHERINE: Talking to a neighbour.

KEN: Talking to a neighbour? Which one?

CATHERINE: How many of our neighbours do you know?

KEN: None of them.

CATHERINE: If I described one of them, would you know which one I meant?

KEN: No.

CATHERINE: Then why do you ask which one?

KEN: Alright, who is it? Tell me about our neighbour.

CATHERINE: Why do you always need to know where I am?

KEN: I'm just wondering which neighbour was so important to talk to that you missed the interview I set up for you.

CATHERINE: I said I'm sorry.

KEN: I think I liked you better when you used to eat.

CATHERINE: I eat all the time.

KEN: Yeah, you eat carrots all the time. Do you know you're actually starting to turn orange?

CATHERINE: No I'm not.

KEN: Your hands are orange.

CATHERINE: It's my natural skin tone.

KEN: You look like a 'Simpsons' character.

CATHERINE: You're just being mean.

KEN: You weren't really with a neighbour, were you?

CATHERINE: You think I would lie?

KEN: I'm sorry. But it is strange, Catherine.

CATHERINE: Why are you so concerned about where I am?

KEN: Because I'm your friend.

CATHERINE: I don't think that's it.

KEN: What else would it be, Cathy?

CATHERINE: Don't call me that.

Being called Cathy has upset her. She turns away, trying to hide this. But KEN can see.

KEN: Do you wanna start over?

CATHERINE: What do you mean?

KEN: Start the whole thing over. You come back in the door, and say:

CATHERINE: Hey.

KEN: Hey, Catherine.

CATHERINE: Are you having a hypo?

KEN: Just a little one. I'll be okay in a sec. [*He checks his insulin levels.*]

Back on track. You wanna watch an ep?

CATHERINE: Okay.

Catherine's phone begins to ring and ring. She doesn't answer.

SCENE TEN

ANA answers the door to CATHERINE. Inside Ana's house, the telephone is ringing. ANA looks at CATHERINE.

ANA: Ansvr dat.

CATHERINE: What do I say?

ANA: Nothing! You say nothing!

CATHERINE looks confused, but answers the phone.

CATHERINE: Hello, Ana's house. [*She listens.*] Hello, Jovanka.

ANA starts giving her frantic 'No! No! No!' motions. But it is too late.

Uh yes, Ana's right here.

ANA takes the phone and speaks icily to JOVANKA.

ANA: Hello, Jovanka. I cannot speak. I am very busy. I have the visitor.

No. No coffee. Goodbye. [*She looks at CATHERINE.*] Vhy you ansvr dat phone?

CATHERINE: Because you told me to.

ANA: But I never tell you to tell the Jovanka I is here. You should to be more smart behaving.

CATHERINE: But what was I meant to say to her?

ANA: Nothing. You should to have said nothing.

CATHERINE: But then what's the point in answering the phone?

ANA: Ja, Ana is teaching you. Kitty-kitty I am in the bad. I feel it vith my ultrasound.

CATHERINE: Ultrasound?

ANA: Like the x-ray, but more feely. It is the sixth sense. Always tell Ana vhen she is in the bad. It all the time tell me vhen coming someting sad. For example, vhen it vas var in Hungary. I live in the house vith my mummy, my daddy, two sister and my brother. And von night, the gypsy come to sing beneath our vindow. Everyone know that vhen gypsy come to sing, he have been sent by von young man to sing love song to the girl he love.

A GYPSY begins to sing beneath the window. In Hungarian.

The lounge room shifts slightly into Hungary. CATHERINE feels it, sees it, she is half in the lounge room, half in Hungary watching ANA, who suddenly seems younger. Like a young girl.

My daddy is angry on me. He say:

ANA'S FATHER appears in Hungary.

FATHER: Ana, you did not tell me there is young man who love you.

YOUNGANA: There isn't. Not von, Daddy. [*She looks back to CATHERINE.*]

My daddy don't believe me. But I know no young man love me. And I feel it. Strong vith my sixth sense. I feel the gypsy is singing for my daddy. Not me. But for him.

FATHER: The gypsy don't never get sent to sing love song for old man! Only for the young girl.

CATHERINE asks across the lounge room, her voice reaching into Hungary:

CATHERINE: Ana? What are the words to the song? In English?

The GYPSY changes from singing in Hungarian to singing in English.

GYPSY: [*sung*]

Never anymore vill the star to shining in the sky above this roof,
All the vindows on this street are open,
But von vvhich is close,
Never to open,

Never anymore vill the flowers grow beneath this vindow,
 Von person I love from this house has gone,
 Never to come,
 Never, never anymore.

CATHERINE: That's a love song?

ANA: In the Hungary, yes. And coming the next day...

ANA, as a young woman, watches her parents arguing.

FATHER: I am not going to the vork today.

MOTHER: You must to.

FATHER: I am the tire. I vant to stay. I stay home vith you and the childer.
 Just von day. Just today, I am at home vith you and the childer.

MOTHER: The childer is starving. Not today for the lazy. You must to go
 to the vork. Or ve is all dying. Ve got no food. Nothing. And you vant
 to staying home. You must to be the good father.

FATHER: I am the good father. I just no vant to go. Von day. Just von day,
 I vant to stay home.

MOTHER: Vhy? Vhy?

FATHER: I just vant to. In my stomachs.

MOTHER: Vhy I marry the lazy man? Who no care his family starving?
 Cold? Vhy I should to marry?

FATHER: I go. I go.

ANA'S FATHER storms out.

ANA: And the day passing. A knock come on the door. My sixth sense tell
 me vhat it vill be.

ANA'S SISTER hears the knock too.

SISTER: I get Mummy.

YOUNG ANA: No. Don't get Mummy. Ve answer.

*ANA opens the door. There is a SOLDIER there. When ANA and her
 SISTER stand before him, he takes his hat off.*

SOLDIER: Hello. Your mummy is home?

ANA: [*young*] No. My mummy not home. Vhat has happen?

[*Back in the present*] And the soldier he tell me. Going to the vork,
 bomb coming. My daddy was blown to pieces in the street. Killed.
 After officer go, I take my sisters into the toilet and say, 'Don't tell
 Mummy. Don't tell Mummy. She vill be too sad. Don't tell Mummy.'

So ve hide in the toilet to cry. And don't tell. Not for whole day. My
 brother in army, he go to pick up the pieces of our daddy on the street.
 Ana go vith him. And after all is picked up, then ve tell Mummy. You
 see, Ana knew. The ultrasound. Dat song vas for my daddy.

*ANA begins to sing the song. In English. The GYPSY joins her. And
 ANA'S FATHER, back in Hungary, all that time ago.*

ANA, GYPSY, ANA'S FATHER: [*sung, together*]

Never anymore vill the star to shining in the sky above this roof,
 All the vindows on this street are open,
 But von vvhich is close,
 Never to open,
 Never anymore vill the flower grow beneath this vindow,
 Von person I love from this house has gone,
 Never to come,
 Never, never anymore.

CATHERINE: Never anymore.

*CATHERINE looks at ANA, as Hungary swirls around them, and
 then disappears.*

SCENE ELEVEN

*CATHERINE arrives home. The house is in that semi-darkness with a
 tinge of blue that occurs when there's no light but for the television and
 computer screens.*

*KEN has fallen asleep in front of his laptop. A 'West Wing' episode has
 ended on DVD, and now just theme music on the DVD options is playing
 over and over again. The house is a mess. KEN has left plates and cups
 all around. CATHERINE begins to clean up. She wipes the table. She is
 softly singing the 'Never Anymore' song to herself while she does it. KEN
 does not wake up.*

*Her phone rings. CATHERINE stops singing. She thinks about it. She holds
 it in her hand ringing, finishes the song. And then she answers.*

CATHERINE: Hello.

*She stands there with the phone to her ear. The whole world is
 different now.*

SCENE TWELVE

CATHERINE *steps outside. There's no-one there.*

CATHERINE: Hello?

No answer.

She looks around, half relieved, half bitterly disappointed. She turns to go. And then a young man steps out. MARTIN.

MARTIN: Hey, Cathy.

She lets him call her Cathy—it seems as though this is his usual nickname for her.

CATHERINE: Hey.

MARTIN: Long time no see.

CATHERINE: Two years.

MARTIN: Is it that long?

CATHERINE: Lost track of time, have you?

MARTIN: A little bit. You know me.

CATHERINE: Not really.

MARTIN: You do, Cathy.

CATHERINE: Why have you been calling me?

MARTIN: For the same reason that you answered. Because I miss you. All the time.

CATHERINE: I'm finally getting my life together. Since you left.

MARTIN: I'm so glad to hear that.

CATHERINE: Are you?

MARTIN: Of course. You must know I want what's best for you.

CATHERINE: Then why are you here?

MARTIN: Cathy, I promise you—I'm getting my life together too.

CATHERINE: Don't say that.

MARTIN: This time is different. I know that sounds like a cliché, Cathy.

But this time I'm going to make it work. With you.

CATHERINE: I'm so angry at you...

MARTIN: I know. [*He takes a step towards her.*] How about how you look exactly the same? How about how you haven't aged since the day I met you?

CATHERINE: Neither have you.

MARTIN: Maybe neither of us age while we're away from the other one. That's kinda cool. But kinda sad too. Like time doesn't count when we're not together.

CATHERINE: I've felt like that. I've felt like I've fallen out of time since you left.

MARTIN: I still want you. My whole body, Cathy. My whole body still wants you.

CATHERINE: Don't say that.

MARTIN: It's true. Look at me.

CATHERINE: It always ends the same.

MARTIN: Not this time. Look at me, Cathy. Not this time. This time it can end however you want it to.

CATHERINE: But—why does it have to end at all?

MARTIN: It doesn't.

CATHERINE: You should go. I've got ironing to do. And I'm in the middle of cleaning the cupboards.

MARTIN: That's what you said when we first met. Do you remember? You said you couldn't go out with me that night because you had to go home and iron. Remember?

CATHERINE: Yes.

MARTIN: That was so cute. But then you came anyway. Remember?

CATHERINE: Yes.

MARTIN: We went out to dinner and you ordered exactly the same meal as me.

CATHERINE: I get ordering anxiety.

MARTIN: And then you teased me about my cologne. But I wasn't wearing any. It's just the way I smell.

CATHERINE: You smelled like the pews in a church. You smelled like wood. Do you smell like that now?

MARTIN: Smell me.

CATHERINE: I'm scared.

MARTIN: Come here. Smell me, Cathy.

She doesn't move. He speaks softly.

Come here.

She walks and stands in front of him.

No. Here.

He stands right up close to her, almost touching.

She breathes in deep.

CATHERINE: Yes. The same. You smell exactly the same.

MARTIN: Give me a chance.

CATHERINE: I can't. I promised myself.

MARTIN: Please. One more chance.

SCENE THIRTEEN

ANA sits in the Neighbourhood Watch meeting, amongst other neighbours. She is looking around for CATHERINE. A POLICEMAN is standing up before the group, speaking. He is fairly young.

CATHERINE slips quietly into the meeting, and makes her way to sit down next to ANA. ANA speaks to CATHERINE as the POLICEMAN speaks.

ANA: You is late.

CATHERINE: Sorry.

ANA: Very bad. The lateness very bad. You was rude to the police gentlyman by being the late.

CATHERINE: Sorry, Ana.

ANA: Good.

She watches the POLICEMAN speaking.

He is the young. Like you.

CATHERINE: Yes.

ANA: Everyone else the old bastard. Must to be he is your boyfriend.

CATHERINE: Ana!

ANA: You no like the police gentlyman? Very dignity. Ja, should to be in the luck if the police gentlyman your boyfriend!

POLICEMAN: Thanks very much for having me here to speak to you this evening. I just wanted to start off by saying that already, just by attending a Neighbourhood Watch meeting, you're making my job easier. By knowing your neighbourhood, by being a part of your community, you are the best ones to spot signs of trouble, and you can keep each other informed. A close community is the best way to make sure that individuals stay safe. If we know our neighbours, we can look after our neighbours. And if we look after our neighbours, then our neighbours can look after us. The best way to fight crime is

to prevent it from happening in the first place. Now the first step to a safe street is to be familiar—

ANA interrupts in a sweet, polite voice.

ANA: Excuse me, Mr Police Gentlyman. May I to ask you von question?

POLICEMAN: Um, certainly, ma'am. Did you want to ask it now or in question time at the end?

ANA: Better now. If I am valking on the street. On the Mary Street. Vith my dog Bella. Who is the German Shepherd vith leetle, leetle bit the Doberman Pincher. But on the leads—always on the leads—I never for no von moment take my Bella off the leads.

POLICEMAN: That's good.

ANA: So I am no breaking any law?

POLICEMAN: Not so far.

ANA: And I valking the Bella on her lead and coming down the street von lady and vith her von leetle, vhte Piccolo. And this Piccolo is no on the leads. Is this lady breaking any laws?

POLICEMAN: She should have her dog on the lead in a residential area.

ANA: And I catch it—I see—I know the animal—and I know that leetle Piccolo vill be running on my Bella. I scream on the lady—'Put your dog on the lead! Put your dog on the lead!' I scream on her. But she listen too late. And already vhte Piccolo running, jumping on my Bella.

POLICEMAN: It sounds like the Piccolo had a suicide wish!

ANA: Ja! Crazy! He jump on the Bella! And my Bella put leetle Piccolo in her mouth and shake like rags. Lady scream on me—but always my Bella vas on the lead. Bella drop the Piccolo and lady pick up in her arms and run. Now I ask you, Mr Police Gentlyman. Is my Bella in the bad?

POLICEMAN: No, you did the right thing. Your dog was on the lead.

ANA: You vill not be coming to put von bullet in my Bella?

He laughs.

POLICEMAN: No. I won't be coming to shoot your dog, ma'am.

ANA: Tank you! Tank you!

POLICEMAN: Have I answered your question?

ANA: Oh, yes—very much the ansver! Very much!

As the POLICEMAN continues to talk to the meeting, ANA stage whispers to CATHERINE. Everyone can hear her.

POLICEMAN: / By paying attention to what your street looks like normally, to the people who are usually on your street/

ANA: / You hear that? I ask him—Is my Bella in the bad?—and he say, ‘No!’ He say Piccolo was the suicide—Piccolo broke the law!

POLICEMAN: / To the cars that are usually parked on your street—you can tell when something is different or suspicious. Now I’m not saying that you should be paranoid—because that doesn’t help anyone. I’m just saying that the first step to safety, is being aware/

ANA: / I ask the police gentlyman—your boyfriend—have I broken the laws? And he say, ‘No!’ You see the Jovanka spying from her vindow vant to put me in the bad. But now I got the proof. You are learning from Ana, Kitty-kitty?

The end of the Neighbourhood Watch meeting. KATRINA is passing by ANA. ANA spots her.

Katrina! You hear, I make the very big question on the police gentlyman.

KATRINA: I heard.

ANA: He says I am not in the bad.

KATRINA: Well, it certainly sounds like things will be fine. [*She turns to CATHERINE.*] Hello, my name’s Katrina.

ANA: This is the Kitty-kitty.

KATRINA: You live on Mary Street, don’t you?

CATHERINE: Yes.

KATRINA: I’ve hardly seen you there. Strange. I suppose now, we’ll run into each other all the time. That’s how it works, isn’t it? Once someone comes into your life, they stay there.

ANA: Not always.

KATRINA: That’s a good point, Ana. I don’t know what I was saying. Most times people are gone before you can remember their name. Ha ha. I’m not good with names. I’ve never been. And now I’m worse.

ANA speaks to CATHERINE.

ANA: Katrina got the very nice house, Kitty-kitty.

KATRINA: Thank you, Ana.

ANA: She got the many television.

KATRINA: They’re security screens. I’ve got cameras all around the outside of my house and in the spare bedroom. And they can see in the dark, these cameras. So I always know if I’m safe.

ANA: They go everywhere?

KATRINA: Everywhere.

ANA: I like very much these camera and television. But I don’t need, I got the Bella. She all ting. My daughter, my security camera and my veapon. Tell me, Katrina, you got the two childer. The grown daughter and son. You don’t vant von of them live here vith you?

KATRINA: No!

ANA: You don’t get lonely?

KATRINA: I’m alone. But I’m never lonely. I like it this way. It certainly beats when I was married. [*She smiles at CATHERINE.*] Never listen to older women talk about their husbands, Kitty-kitty. You’ll never get married.

ANA: She is not for the husband.

CATHERINE: I’m not?

ANA: Ana know. She like her freedom. Too much.

They begin to walk home together.

KATRINA: Keep your freedom, Kitty-kitty. It’s so nice. My time is all my own now. Would you like to see what I’m making?

CATHERINE: Sorry?

KATRINA takes from her bag a small, knitted doll wearing a dress that is half-made. She takes another couple of doll dresses and hands them to CATHERINE, and then, as an afterthought, for ANA too, to have a look at.

KATRINA: I make these for charity. They give them to the children.

CATHERINE: How nice.

ANA: These dresses, someting very special.

KATRINA: I used to make more. But I get so tired now with the chemo.

CATHERINE: You’re getting chemo?

KATRINA: Oh, yes.

ANA: Don’t be sticky nose, Kitty.

CATHERINE: You look so well. And you have all your hair—

KATRINA laughs.

KATRINA: Thank you, Kitty. But you know this is a wig.

CATHERINE: I didn’t. I didn’t know.

ANA: My husband had the cancers. Died. Poor tings.

KATRINA: Yes. Well, thanks for walking me home, ladies.

KATRINA *goes to walk into her drive, but then stops suddenly. Frozen.*

ANA: What? What you see?

KATRINA: I thought I saw something.

ANA: Von man?

KATRINA: Yes. For a moment I thought it was a man. Outside that house.

ANA: The Kitty's house. I get the Bella.

KATRINA: No. No, that's not necessary, Ana. My eyes make mistakes now—especially in the dark.

ANA: Better I get the Bella. Ve all going into the home, checking everyting for safety.

KATRINA: I'm sorry, I just need to go to bed. I just need to go to bed.

ANA: Remember police gentlyman said if ve see anyting unusual—

KATRINA: Goodnight, Ana. Nice to meet you, Kitty.

KATRINA is making her way back to her house.

CATHERINE: Next time, to the next meeting we'll bring Hungarian doughnuts. Ana makes them. I'm her assistant.

KATRINA: Well, that sounds lovely. Goodnight, ladies.

CATHERINE: Goodnight!

ANA says nothing. KATRINA goes inside. It is just ANA and CATHERINE now.

ANA: You know vhat you done wrong?

CATHERINE: No.

ANA: Don't be the baby horse.

CATHERINE: The baby horse?

ANA: The baby horse all the time try to run in front of the mummy horse.

But is stupid. Go wrong vay.

CATHERINE: When? What did I do?

ANA: Vonce you jump is too late. Cannot to go back.

CATHERINE: When did I jump? When was I the baby horse?

ANA: Tink. Use your brain.

CATHERINE: What?

ANA: The doughnuts.

CATHERINE: The doughnuts?

ANA: You should never to say ve make the doughnut. If come next Neighbourhood Vatch meeting and ve make, then ve make. Surprise. But ve

don't know. Ve don't know vhat happen before then. And now ve have the responsibility.

CATHERINE: I'm sure no-one will mind if we don't make—

ANA: Ve vill be in the shame. Better not to jump. Don't be the baby horse.

CATHERINE: Okay. I won't be the baby horse.

ANA: You vant I getting the Bella? Check your house?

CATHERINE: It's okay, Ken's there.

ANA: Good. Vhy you late tonight? You is vith the man?

CATHERINE: Yes.

ANA: You make the sex vith this man. Tell me the truth. I know if you lying me.

CATHERINE: No.

ANA: You lying me.

CATHERINE: I swear we didn't make the sex.

ANA: He try?

CATHERINE: No.

ANA: Sure?

CATHERINE: Sure.

ANA: What is wrong vith this man? You try?

CATHERINE: No!

ANA: Good. Never hang off the man. 'Bye 'bye, Austral pie.

CATHERINE: 'Bye 'bye, Hungarian pie.

They part.

SCENE FOURTEEN

CATHERINE comes into the house. KEN is there. He is playing World of Warcraft.

KEN: Where have you been? That's right. I'm not meant to ask.

CATHERINE: It's okay. I've been at the Neighbourhood Watch meeting.

KEN: What? No you haven't.

CATHERINE: It was really interesting.

KEN: You mean to tell me you really, actually went to a Neighbourhood Watch meeting?

CATHERINE: Yeah.

KEN: Why?

CATHERINE: You know, if we all knew our neighbours, our neighbourhoods would be real communities.

KEN: Who are you? Do you know why people move to the city?

CATHERINE: Why?

KEN: Because in small towns everyone knows everything about everyone else. And everyone minds everyone else's business.

CATHERINE: What business do you have that you want to hide from the neighbours?

KEN: Lots of stuff.

CATHERINE: Like what? I mean, is it really so terrible if they know you just sit here at the table and play World of Warcraft? I mean, what are they going to see, you hardly even leave the house.

KEN: You're being pretty uppity for someone who's been to just one Neighbourhood Watch meeting. I don't know if you can really talk as though you're 'Miss Involved with the World'. And I don't have to justify myself to you—but I'm going to. World of Warcraft is a community. It's a global community. Tonight I went on a raid with members of my guild—one is a housewife from Toronto, one is a high school student from Wales, one is a computer programmer from Miami, Cathy—

CATHERINE: Catherine.

KEN: Catherine. The point is, World of Warcraft introduces me to people I normally have no access to in life. And I get to know them.

CATHERINE: Listen to yourself. You just said people who you have no access to in life. This isn't life. Just sitting at the table, looking into that screen.

KEN: Catherine, stop picking fights with me.

CATHERINE: I have to be honest.

KEN: If we were both honest about one another's lives, I don't know if we could be friends.

CATHERINE: What do you mean?

KEN: Don't ask.

CATHERINE: What?

KEN: Don't ask unless you're ready to hear the truth. Because once I say it, I can't take it back.

CATHERINE looks ill at ease for a moment. She realises she doesn't want to hear it.

CATHERINE: Okay. Don't then.

But KEN says it anyway.

KEN: You have to get over him.

CATHERINE: I said don't say it.

KEN: You do. You have to get over Martin.

CATHERINE: You don't know anything about me.

KEN: I know everything about you. I'm like your Neighbourhood Watch.

CATHERINE: Well, stop watching.

KEN: I can't. It's my job.

CATHERINE: It's not your goddamn job. Leave me alone.

KEN: Catherine—

CATHERINE: Get fucked.

KEN: Did you just tell me to get fucked?

CATHERINE: Get fucked! Get fucked!

CATHERINE leaves.

KEN sits by himself. In front of his laptop.

KEN: I need a minute to think about that. That was quite full-on. I just need to be on my own for a bit, actually.

SCENE FIFTEEN

CATHERINE runs out into the street. MARTIN is there.

MARTIN: Cathy.

CATHERINE: What are you doing here?

MARTIN: Ken really hates me, huh?

CATHERINE: Martin!

MARTIN: I came over to ask you something.

CATHERINE: What?

MARTIN: Will you come on a picnic with me?

CATHERINE: It's too late.

MARTIN: It's a night picnic.

CATHERINE: Martin...

MARTIN: Please? If you say no, then I'll have to have one by myself and that will be so depressing.

CATHERINE: Where?

MARTIN: Here in the dark woods. Your favourite place.

CATHERINE: I don't play The Woods anymore.

MARTIN: That's a shame. Because I brought your favourite trail mix.

CATHERINE: I don't like trail mix anymore.

MARTIN: Wow. You used to eat the whole bag in the first two minutes.
 CATHERINE: See, I've changed. [*She thinks for a moment.*] Does it have chocolate chips in it?

MARTIN: Yup.

He pulls out a little bag. And holds it before her.

CATHERINE: There'll be bears.

MARTIN: It's okay, I'm armed. I've brought honey. Honey always stops bears right in their tracks.

CATHERINE: But I want to eat the honey.

MARTIN: You want everything! You can have one spoonful.

He lays out a picnic blanket. He sits on the blanket and pats beside him, motioning for CATHERINE to sit next to him. She hesitates, and then does. MARTIN lays out picnic items.

One Quiche Lorraine. One thermos of French onion soup. That's just for starters.

They sit beside each other silently. Not eating.

Is it because of me you're not eating?

CATHERINE: I am eating.

CATHERINE looks down.

MARTIN: I adore you.

CATHERINE: Shut up.

MARTIN: Have you been seeing anyone? Since me?

CATHERINE: No.

MARTIN: At all?

CATHERINE: Two dates. But they were weird.

MARTIN: What was weird?

CATHERINE: It made me think about you.

MARTIN: Good. What about Ken? How is he?

CATHERINE: Fine. He's still waiting to make his film.

MARTIN: Still?

CATHERINE: It seems to take a while.

MARTIN: Tell me what else. Tell me what's been going on in your life.

CATHERINE: Not all that much. I moved into this house. I quit four jobs.

I was fired from one.

MARTIN: Have you been doing any acting?

CATHERINE: No. I did a voice and movement workshop.

MARTIN: Show me what you learned.

CATHERINE: No!

MARTIN: Please!

CATHERINE: I'll just do one line for you—that's all.

She thinks for a moment. She stands up, and begins a movement with it:

Out, damn'd spot! out, I say!—One; two: why, then 'tis time to do't.—Hell is murky.—Fie, my lord, fie, a soldier, and afeard?

He laughs. She does too.

MARTIN: What else? Tell me what else.

CATHERINE: I have a new friend. Her name is Ana and she lives across the street. She's Hungarian.

MARTIN: I think I saw her. Earlier.

CATHERINE: When?

MARTIN: When I was on your doorstep. She's got a big dog?

CATHERINE: Yeah.

MARTIN: And she's your new friend.

CATHERINE: Yeah.

MARTIN: Perfect.

He touches her hair.

You're still cutting your own hair.

CATHERINE: Does it look really bad?

MARTIN: Beautiful.

CATHERINE: Why did you leave?

MARTIN: Don't ask that.

CATHERINE: Tell me what I did.

MARTIN: Nothing. Cathy. Nothing. [*He looks up at the sky.*] Hey, look up. Bats.

His phone beeps with a text message. He takes the phone out.

CATHERINE: You've still got your old phone.

He reads the text message.

MARTIN: Shit. Cathy, I'm so sorry, I'm gonna have to run.

CATHERINE: But we just got here.

MARTIN: I completely forgot. I was meant to be meet someone.

CATHERINE: Maybe we can meet later?

MARTIN: Sorry, this is gonna take a while.

CATHERINE: Oh.

MARTIN: Next time we'll stay here all night. Promise. Hey, you keep the food, in case you want a snack later.

CATHERINE: I don't want it—

He gets up to leave, then turns back around.

MARTIN: Want me to walk you home?

CATHERINE: I'm going to stay here.

MARTIN: I'm sorry about this, Cathy. I'll make it up to you. Next time. Catch you soon.

He leaves.

SCENE SIXTEEN

CATHERINE arrives in Ana's house. ANA looks her over:

ANA: You has been chasing the man.

CATHERINE: No I haven't.

ANA: Don't lying me. I can no help you if you is lying me. You chase? And he no vant you?

CATHERINE: It's complicated.

ANA: He don't vant. Tell the truth and I know if you lying me, this boy you love, you make the sex vith him?

CATHERINE: No. He was just interested in the quiche he made for the picnic.

ANA: Oh, my sveetheart. My poor sveetheart. Oh, how you is the stupid. This boy you love—vith the quiche. He is the secret homosexual! Ja, it is the vay. All the time vith the quiche. Very softly and nice, but never the sausage for you. Even in the picnic! You is the attractive young girl. Good legs. He should to be pushing you onto the blanket! Don't be sad, no, no, no. Better you is know.

CATHERINE: Will you tell me another story, Ana?

ANA: First I like to testing someting. Take off your shoes. I like to veighing you.

CATHERINE: Let's not...

ANA: Take. Off. Your. Shoes.

CATHERINE reluctantly takes off her shoes. ANA points her towards the scale.

Stand on.

CATHERINE steps onto the scale. Even though it is daylight, ANA leans down with a very small torch and looks into the scale.

Ja. Should to go up leetle bit.

CATHERINE: Really?

ANA: Ja, when I vas young I vas all the time skinny, but not too skinny. Not the skinny of the crazy. You vant story, you must to eat the chicken in my frigider.

CATHERINE: That whole chicken?

ANA: Okay, half of. Half for you. Half for me. Deal or no deal?

CATHERINE: Deal.

ANA: Final. Now I tell...

Just then, a knock on the door:

Who coming now?

She stalks up to the door. She calls out suspiciously and cautiously:

Hello?

A VOICE answers back.

VOICE: Hello? Ana?

ANA opens the door and there is JOVANKA.

ANA: Oh. It is you. Jovanka.

JOVANKA: We was worried about you, Ana. You never answering your telephone.

ANA: I been in the Budapest.

JOVANKA: Would you like to have one coffee?

ANA: I very busy now. I got some important company.

JOVANKA: Maybe next week?

ANA: I vill again be in the Budapest. *Ciao.* As the Italiano say. *Ciao.*

She shuts the door, then turns to CATHERINE.

You see. Coming. Spying to laugh on me. Same ting she done when my husband vas dying. She try to make she is the big nurse, helping Ana. Calling all the time to hear some bad news. Always standing over the bed of my dying husband. She tink because she vas the Serbian she got more right to him than Ana. I fix her.

CATHERINE: Do you think maybe she's just trying to be your friend, Ana?

ANA: You do not know the Serbian. And you do not know the Jovanka. She acting very nicely: 'Hello, Ana. Hello Ana.' But she is the snake. I have known many Jovanka. I like you. I like your nature. But I worry that you must to be so stupid. Is hurting me, this stupidity. Is because you are so trusty you do not see Jovanka is the nasty.

CATHERINE: But, Ana, do you think that you're maybe seeing a nasty that isn't there?

ANA: Listen. Before the war, when I am young girl and my daddy is still in the life. My mummy call to me.

ANA'S MOTHER walks in, calling to her.

MOTHER: Ana, you must to go into the Budapest. And don't come back without the fabric. You know which fabric I talking.

ANA is still ANA, but seems like a little girl.

ANA: But, Mummy—is so hard to find von such fabric—

MOTHER: Do not come back without. [*She turns to leave, but then turns back.*] And don't talk to no von stranger in the Budapest. Look only after the fabric.

ANA'S MOTHER leaves. ANA turns to CATHERINE. Like a young girl, she speaks to CATHERINE.

ANA: Is most beautiful fabric anyone can find—but is very hard to find—nearly impossible. Here I am, but I am the young girl. Long hair. Pretty. I was like you. I did not know then I was pretty. Walk with me. I show you Budapest. Look, many people. You see, the street busy in the Budapest.

CATHERINE: Yes.

ANA: Nothing is blown in pieces yet. All is perfect still. Look, the people is happy. All except for little Ana, who can nowhere find the fabric.

Something like time passes.

Very tired, the feet. Looking for hours and no fabric. Mummy never let me to come home, never anymore.

A man, ARTUR is standing there.

ARTUR: Hello, Ana.

ANA: Oh, is you! Artur. I did not recognise you. My mother's godson! I should to know you, straight away!

ARTUR: I am looking different.

ANA speaks to CATHERINE.

ANA: Now for you, we is speaking the English. So you can understand. But then it was Hungarian we was speaking. He speak the English now even though he do not know it.

CATHERINE: That's nice of him.

ANA: But he do not see you.

CATHERINE: He doesn't?

ANA: No.

CATHERINE: Okay.

ARTUR: What you doing in the Budapest, Ana?

ANA: Artur, I am in the bad. My mummy send me to find von fabric. Von very special fabric. I can no find. And you know Mummy.

ARTUR: Ja. I know your mummy. You is in the bad.

He winks at CATHERINE.

CATHERINE: Ana—you're wrong. He can see me.

ANA: Is no you he see. He think you are me.

ARTUR speaks to CATHERINE now, as though she is the young ANA. The real ANA steps slightly away.

ARTUR: Ana, you was in the bad, until you met Artur. I will put you in the good.

CATHERINE doesn't say anything.

ANA: Answer him.

CATHERINE: What do I say?

ANA: Use your brain. You want to be the actress.

CATHERINE speaks to ARTUR.

CATHERINE: How can you help me?

ARTUR: I have this von. This fabric you wanting. I got.

CATHERINE: You have it?

ARTUR: Metre and metre. I got. Of the very special blue. Ink like midnight. But no star. Only butterfly. With the wings more big than your hand. Silver wings. On the butterfly.

CATHERINE: [*to ANA*] Is that what your mother wants?

ANA: Exactly! Exactly what want my mummy!

ARTUR: Come. I take you. I sell to you for half price. Because your mummy is my godsmothers.

ANA is speaking to CATHERINE as ARTUR leads her through Budapest.

ANA: Go. Go. I go vith him. Mummy vill be so happy on me. Ve go valking, valking. Through the Budapest. People everywhere, but like shadows, because are strangers. You can no touch the stranger. Not anywhere, my Kitty-kitty. Oh, Ana know this. You can no touch the shadow on the street no matter how is your lonely.

ARTUR speaks only to CATHERINE. He no longer sees ANA.

ARTUR: Is lucky for you I find you.

CATHERINE: Yes. Very lucky.

ANA: Here coming the tram.

ARTUR: Ve get on dis tram.

ANA speaks to CATHERINE.

ANA: You know tram. Like in the Melbourne. But open. No glass on vindow. Open, all of. And tram full of people.

CATHERINE sits down. ARTUR sits next to her.

ARTUR: And how is your father?

ANA: Good. At that time he vas.

CATHERINE: Good. He's good.

ARTUR: And your two sister?

CATHERINE: They're both good.

ANA: But von is little bit fatty.

ARTUR: And your von brother?

CATHERINE: Good too.

ANA: But he have the ugly girlfriend. Terrible ugly.

ARTUR: It's been too long since I vas in the town. Since I see your mummy.

ANA: Too long.

CATHERINE: Too long.

ANA: Ve miss him.

CATHERINE: We miss him—you.

ANA: Tram leaving city centre. And people get off.

CATHERINE: Do we get off here?

ARTUR: No, no, Ana. Soon.

ANA: Tram is now empty. How dat? Middle of the day and tram, empty, all of—and that when I hear it.

CATHERINE: Hear what?

ANA: You cannot hear? The voice?

CATHERINE: No. I don't hear any voice but yours.

ANA: That is very bad.

And suddenly, faster than CATHERINE can tell what is going on, ANA jumps off the tram. And she is gone. CATHERINE stands up, panicked, to look for her.

ARTUR: No, Ana. Ve going further.

Not knowing what else to do, CATHERINE sits down next to ARTUR again.

I miss the town, Ana. Sometimes is so lonely here in the Budapest. Many people, but vhen you can no touch them, talk them, they is only shadows on the street. I am glad I see you, Ana.

CATHERINE: You should come back home, to the town, Artur.

ARTUR: No. Is too late.

CATHERINE: Too late to come home?

ARTUR: For me. What can a man like me do in the town? But here I is lost in the city. Where vill I go, Ana? Come. Here is our stop.

They get off the tram. They walk down a shadowy street.

Is getting dark. Your mummy vill be vorry. I should to have told you to come back morning.

CATHERINE: Mummy will be happy. Because I will bring back the fabric.

ARTUR: Yes. Only a little further. Ve go to von factory. Only place is big enough to store such a lot of this fabric.

CATHERINE: These factories look very empty.

ARTUR: Many lose the business. Here ve are, Ana.

CATHERINE: But it's so dark in here.

ARTUR: Vhen ve are inside, the silver butterfly make the everyting light. Come.

They walk down the long, dark stairs.

I remember you vhen you is even littler girl, Ana. You always playing vith the froggy. You always catch and your mummy scream on you.

CATHERINE: I've always loved the frog.

ARTUR: Ja. I don't love the frog.

CATHERINE: No?

ARTUR: I hate it. I hate the frog.

CATHERINE: Why?

ARTUR: Because is so noisy. And eat all of the butterfly. Sit down, Ana.

CATHERINE: Where is the butterfly fabric, Artur?

ARTUR: You didn't catch it? Frog ate. Frog ate all of. Ana's frog.

CATHERINE: I have to go.

ARTUR: No, Ana. You will not be going.

CATHERINE: Mummy will worried.

ARTUR: Ja. She should to be. She will not be seeing Ana never anymore.

[*He has an axe.*] This is no because I don't like you, Ana. You was always the good girl. I just don't have nowhere else to go.

He begins to walk towards her, the axe raised.

CATHERINE: No—no! Help!

ANA's voice:

ANA: You see now why you must not to be so trusty?

CATHERINE: Ana! Ana!

ARTUR: Yes, Ana.

ANA: You have learnt now the lesson?

CATHERINE: Yes! Yes!

ANA: Promise?

CATHERINE: I promise! I promise!

Just then ARTUR lunges with the axe and ANA pulls CATHERINE away. They run, disappearing together. ARTUR's voice calls desperately after them:

ARTUR: Ana? Ana? Ana?!

CATHERINE and ANA run down the street, holding hands.

CATHERINE: Ana—you left me—

ANA: I teaching you the sixth sense, Kitty-kitty. I hear a voice when I still on the tram. [*Her voice booms out:*] 'Go back! You must to go back! Do not go with the Artur. You will die! Go back!' And Ana jump from the tram. But Kitty-kitty do not hear this voice because Kitty-kitty is too much the trusty. Trusting the Artur like she trusting the Jovanka. I teaching you.

CATHERINE: Artur was sick—

ANA: Ja. He was the serial killer. He was hang. In front of town. Mummy very sorry she was his godsmothers.

CATHERINE: You left me with a serial killer?

ANA: Ja. Teaching. To save your life von day.

CATHERINE: But he wanted to kill me.

ANA: Many people will want to kill you. Better you is ready.

CATHERINE stops running. She looks around. ANA stops with her:

CATHERINE: Ana—where are we?

ANA: We are on the Mary Street. In my lounges room. Where you tink?

CATHERINE: It's so different... It's so different to Hungary. Mary Street is so different to Budapest.

ANA: Ja. Too different.

CATHERINE: You were there. And now you're here. Ana.

ANA: Ja. Ana is here.

They are quiet for a moment.

You will stay here tonight. It is very late.

CATHERINE: Oh no, I better go home.

ANA: Dangerous. I don't want the policeman come knocking on my door, say, 'Did you know dis girl?' I will collapse.

CATHERINE: I won't get killed going across the street.

ANA: Don't be the trusty. Ja. I got the very good pyjama.

ANA takes out some satin pyjamas, hands them to CATHERINE.

CATHERINE: Where will I sleep?

ANA: With the Bella, in dis room. You sleep with the Bella. Very safety.

ANA puts CATHERINE to bed.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

SCENE ONE

An infirmary, Hungary, just at the end of World War Two.

YOUNG ANA *is working in the infirmary. Tending to the injured soldiers. With a handkerchief tied over her face.*

A SOLDIER *is lying on the floor. It looks as though he is dead. He is lying on his back, on the floor. A blanket up to his chin. YOUNG ANA leans over him. She touches him lightly—thinking he is dead. She is about to pull the cover up over his face, when he grabs her arm, from the beneath the blanket where he lies.*

SOLDIER: Young girl. Young girl. Lift your handkerchief, young girl. Show me your face.

YOUNG ANA *hesitates. And then lifts the handkerchief.*

You is the beautiful young lady. Why do you hide your face?

YOUNG ANA: Mummy say better the soldier do not see I is the young girl.

SOLDIER: Tell me... Var is finish?

YOUNG ANA: Yes.

SOLDIER: Young lady. Beautiful young lady. Please...

YOUNG ANA: Yes?

He is in terrible pain.

SOLDIER: Please. Hold my legs. Hold my legs. Please. Hold my legs.

She lifts the blanket. But then stops.

YOUNG ANA: I cannot. Your legs is gone.

SOLDIER: Gone... My legs is gone...

YOUNG ANA: Gone.

SOLDIER: But I feel them. Hurting. Show me.

YOUNG ANA: No. Don't look.

She touches his arm.

Tell me. Vhat happen.

ACT TWO

53

SOLDIER: I vas standing, at end of var. Standing vith von German soldier. In the snow. German soldier tell me to shoot into von town. I say, 'No. My mummy and daddy live in this town.' So German soldier turn and shoot me. All over the legs. And leave me to die in the snow. Coming von Russian soldier. He find me bleeding to death in the snow. And he carry me. On his back. I don't know how far. But vas for nothing.

YOUNG ANA: Not for nothing.

He grabs her hand.

SOLDIER: I feel it. My blood is gone.

A stern voice calls out.

VOICE: Girl. Girl. Come.

YOUNG ANA: I must to leave you. I am sorry.

VOICE: Girl!

SOLDIER: Please. I ask you. Go to my mummy and daddy. You must to travel far. Go to my mummy and daddy. And tell them I has died.

YOUNG ANA: You vill not dying.

SOLDIER: Young girl. Vhat is your name?

YOUNG ANA: Ana.

SOLDIER: Ana. You must to promise. To tell my mummy and daddy their son has died. Please.

VOICE: Girl! Ve going!

YOUNG ANA: Yes. I promise.

She has to leave.

Time and distance pass.

YOUNG ANA *arrives at a river. There is a RUSSIAN SOLDIER there with a gun and a raft. He holds the gun up to her. Right up to her head.*

Don't shoot. Don't shoot. Don't shoot.

RUSSIAN SOLDIER: Vhat you vant, Hungarian girl?

YOUNG ANA: This raft vill cross the river?

RUSSIAN SOLDIER: Da.

YOUNG ANA: Take me on your raft.

RUSSIAN SOLDIER: Is only to take Russian soldier across.

YOUNG ANA: You must to take me.

He still has the gun pointed at her.

RUSSIAN SOLDIER: I take you on raft, I don't need to shoot you. You will drown.

YOUNG ANA: No. Not Ana.

RUSSIAN SOLDIER: You are swimmer?

YOUNG ANA: No. Never.

RUSSIAN SOLDIER: Then you are crazy.

YOUNG ANA: You will take me?

RUSSIAN SOLDIER: Da. But if you falling, girl, you is lost.

YOUNG ANA holds onto the raft. They sail across the raging river. YOUNG ANA is nearly thrown from the raft, but her face has all the determination of ANA now, and she never lets go. They get to the other side.

Where you going?

YOUNG ANA: To find the parents of von young man I know vonce.

RUSSIAN SOLDIER: He is dead? You cross this river for a dead man? You is brave Hungarian girl. Or maybe stupid. I see you when you come back this way.

She walks on. More time and distance pass.

YOUNG ANA arrives at a door. She hesitates for a moment. And then knocks. A woman, the SOLDIER'S MOTHER answers.

SOLDIER'S MOTHER: Hello?

YOUNG ANA: It has taken me too long to come. It took me too long to get the permission. You have waited too long to know. I have come to tell you, your son is died.

The SOLDIER'S MOTHER looks deeply into YOUNG ANA.

SOLDIER'S MOTHER: Come inside.

YOUNG ANA enters their home. The SOLDIER'S FATHER is there.

She know our son. She come to tell us he has died.

SOLDIER'S FATHER: Did you sit vith my son while he die?

YOUNG ANA: No. I want to. But I am moved to different infirmary. I don't want to go. But I must to. I want to stay vith your son while he is dying.

SOLDIER'S FATHER: You is a good girl.

SOLDIER'S MOTHER: You will stay for dinner.

YOUNG ANA: Tank you.

The table is already set with three places. The MOTHER begins to set a fourth.

You got three already.

SOLDIER'S MOTHER: Ja.

The MOTHER sits. The FATHER sits. YOUNG ANA sits. And then a clomping sound on the floor. The Hungarian SOLDIER comes, walking very slowly on two heavy, iron legs. And he sits down with them, to dinner.

YOUNG ANA looks up at him. She loses her breath.

YOUNG ANA: You're in the life...

He and YOUNG ANA stare at each other. But then he looks down at his place and will no longer make eye contact.

The evening has passed. And YOUNG ANA and the SOLDIER are alone. He still won't look at her. She sits, looking right into him.

I thought you vas died.

SOLDIER: Same Russian soldier that carry me on his back in the snow give me transfusion of his own blood. It keep me in the life. He should to have kept his blood.

YOUNG ANA: He save your life.

SOLDIER: Now he ferry the people across the river. He take me across when I come home.

YOUNG ANA: He ferry the people...

SOLDIER: He only meant to ferry the other Russian soldier. But he take many Hungarian too. He vill do this until he drown.

YOUNG ANA: He is the good man. What he has done.

SOLDIER: His good blood is vaste on me. I am sorry you come here for nothing.

YOUNG ANA: No. Not for nothing. Before I coming for nothing. Now I got someting.

He won't look at her. She sits, looking into him. Finally he takes something from a pocket and hands it to her.

She takes it. It is a photograph.

SOLDIER: It is me. Before the var.

YOUNG ANA: Yes.

SOLDIER: You see. You see me with the legs?

YOUNG ANA: Yes. I see you. [*She stands up. She walks over to him, holding the photograph.*] You are not so different now.

SOLDIER: Ha. My mummy and daddy is very happy. That I am in the life. But what for? What for I lose my legs, and what for I am still in the life? I just want to know. For who I lose my legs? For who?

YOUNG ANA *looks at him. She reaches down, and touches his face.*

YOUNG ANA: Maybe for me. Maybe for me you lose your legs.

She kisses him. He sits there, and then pulls back.

SOLDIER: Don't be sorry for me.

YOUNG ANA: I'm not. I have fallen in love on you.

SOLDIER: Why you say that?

YOUNG ANA: Von hundred percent. I fall in love on you.

She kisses him again.

I never kiss the man before. You is the first. You will be my first for everything.

SOLDIER: How can I...? Without the legs...

YOUNG ANA: You will see. We learning together.

They kiss.

YOUNG ANA *is leaving. By the river. The SOLDIER is there with her. This time, instead of the RUSSIAN SOLDIER standing by the raft, it is ANA from now. She watches them.*

You will come to see me?

SOLDIER: Yes.

YOUNG ANA: You promise?

SOLDIER: Yes.

They kiss.

YOUNG ANA, *now CATHERINE again, gets on the raft beside ANA. They sail away, both watching him on the shore. He whistles sweetly, the sound drifting out to them, as they float away. CATHERINE speaks to ANA, as they stand on the raft together.*

CATHERINE: Did he come to see you?

ANA: Oh yes, my sweetheart. He come. I am working at the church, with many other young girl. When I hear him, coming on his iron legs—I

am so, so happy—you believe me, my sweetheart—I am so happy—my heart is jump!

They get off the raft. CATHERINE, as YOUNG ANA, begins to work at the church. And in the distance there is a whistling sound and the sound of iron legs slowly clomping up, along the path. She looks up—recognising the sound. It is the SOLDIER. They smile at each other. He is coming, he looks so hopeful, towards CATHERINE on his iron legs, whistling. CATHERINE whistles back at him. They laugh.

One of the other girls working at the church looks up and sees CATHERINE and the SOLDIER about to meet each other. She laughs and says loudly:

GIRL: Ana, how is it you cannot find von man with the legs?

The SOLDIER stops. He and CATHERINE look at each other. He looks down. And then begins to hobble, slowly, away.

CATHERINE goes to run after him.

ANA: No, my sweetheart.

CATHERINE: I'll follow him—

ANA: No, my sweetheart. He is too shame to speak.

CATHERINE: I'll go to his house—

ANA: No. I never see him. Never anymore in the life.

CATHERINE: How come you didn't tell him? You didn't tell him that girl was an idiot—and that you loved him—

ANA: It don't matter what I tink. It matter what he tink of hisself. And of hisself, he was forever in the shame.

CATHERINE: You should have gone after him.

ANA: Ana know. Ana know the man.

CATHERINE: How do you know, Ana? How do you know when you should run after a man? When he needs you?

They are back in Ana's lounge room.

ANA: You just know. I play to you von song. Is only song I keep in the English. Very good. Very artistical, the Vynette.

ANA puts on an old record. Tammy Wynette's, 'Stand By Your Man' begins to play.

A knocking on the door.

White?

ANA opens the door. And there is KEN.

The de-a-bet-ic. Kitty-kitty, it is the sick boy you live vith.

KEN comes inside.

KEN: Hey, Kitty-kitty. So this is where you've been. Nice music.

CATHERINE: What are you doing here?

KEN: I thought you should know my diabetes has gotten a bit bad. I've been having some really full-on hypos.

CATHERINE: I didn't know that.

KEN: You haven't been home. Have you been staying here?

CATHERINE looks sheepish.

I had a really big hypo last night. The worst one yet. I wasn't in my head. I called my mother. And she called the police.

CATHERINE: She called the police?

KEN: Yeah. Because when I called her, I was driving.

CATHERINE: Oh, no.

KEN: She told them my number plate and the make of the car. When the police found me, I was parked, just sitting there, eating a muesli bar.

CATHERINE: You could have died.

KEN: Or I could have killed someone. Either way, we wouldn't have gotten to the end of the 'West Wing' together.

CATHERINE: That would be terrible. Are you okay now?

KEN: Yeah. I'm okay.

ANA steps between them.

ANA: Kitty-kitty, you no make the introduction?

CATHERINE: Ken, this is Ana. Ana, this is Ken.

ANA: Is my pleasure to meet you finally, Ken.

KEN: Likewise. It's great to finally meet Catherine's new best friend.

ANA: The Kitty-kitty talk about you all the time.

KEN: She does?

CATHERINE: I do?

ANA: All the time the Kitty say she love you. She love you. Ja. She tell me many time. I only want to look after the poor, sick di-a-bet-ic.

CATHERINE: Ana—

ANA: She love you. She all the time love the de-a-bet-ic. Ja, she tell me many time. She. Love. You. I get the three coffee.

ANA walks out of the room. It is just KEN and CATHERINE now.

KEN: Hey, Catherine?

CATHERINE: Yeah?

KEN: Did you really tell Ana that you love me?

CATHERINE: Of course not.

KEN: I didn't think so.

CATHERINE: I don't know why she did that. Usually everything she says makes sense. But as if I'm in love with you.

She suddenly senses that he is hurt. She looks up.

I didn't mean it like that—

KEN: That's okay, I find you repulsive too.

CATHERINE: Really?

KEN: Yeah, you're pretty fat now that you eat. And you still have orange skin. As if I'd love you.

CATHERINE: As if!

KEN: Of course I love you.

CATHERINE: I can't.

KEN: Why?

CATHERINE: You're my friend. I need you to be my friend.

KEN: Right. Kind of like a butler.

CATHERINE: Like a butler?

KEN: Hanging around, waiting on you—organising your life—you don't even notice me. I'm the invisible hired help.

CATHERINE: Well, you're not hired. I don't pay you.

KEN: I'm not joking.

CATHERINE: I'm not laughing. Stop feeling sorry for yourself because you set up a situation where I would need you. Because you need to feel like you're running my life. And then feel sorry for yourself because I'm not in love with you. I never moved in here under the premise that I was in love with you.

CATHERINE looks anxiously into her phone.

KEN: Feel sorry for myself? You're one to talk.

CATHERINE: What?

KEN: Why are you staring into your phone, Catherine? Who do you hope is going to call you?

CATHERINE: I don't know.

KEN: You're waiting for him to call you, aren't you?

CATHERINE: No.

KEN: You are, Cathy—

CATHERINE: Don't.

KEN: You're not moving on with your life.

CATHERINE: I am.

KEN: You're not. Look—after all that's happened—and you're waiting for him to call you. It's not normal. I'm here, Catherine. I am right here.

CATHERINE: No you're not. You're in there. In the World of Warcraft or in the 'West Wing'—but you're not here. So you can't tell me to be here.

KEN: I would be if you were.

CATHERINE: Why does everyone want the one thing that's impossible?

KEN: You're waiting for Martin. And he's never coming.

CATHERINE: Why can't you just be my friend?

KEN: Is that really what you want?

CATHERINE: Yes.

KEN: Then I have to move out.

CATHERINE: What?

KEN: Well, I can't live with you like this.

CATHERINE: Oh, great—so I move in here with you—and you're meant to be my friend—and you make it okay to need you—and then the minute that you find out your fantasy isn't going to work, you give up on me.

KEN: I'm sorry you see it that way.

CATHERINE: I don't want you to move out.

KEN: You're never there anymore anyway, Catherine. You're always here. Hiding out with this old lady.

CATHERINE: I'm not hiding.

KEN: The thing is, it actually makes sense for me to go and stay at my mum's for a bit. She's really worried about my hypos. She keeps talking about me slipping into a coma.

CATHERINE: Are you going to slip into coma?

KEN: No. But I might lose a leg or two.

CATHERINE: I guess you can work on your film from there.

KEN: Yeah, sure.

CATHERINE: Or play World of Warcraft.

KEN: I've got a lot of people depending on me for a big raid coming up.

CATHERINE: You won't let them down.

KEN leaves.

Ana!

ANA comes back in, with the tea trolley.

ANA: [*very innocently*] Ja?

CATHERINE: Why did you tell the Ken I love him?

ANA: No!

CATHERINE: You told him I love him!

ANA: Ja. Like friend. Friend.

CATHERINE: You didn't say it like friend.

ANA almost looks sheepish for a moment, and then rallies.

ANA: Is my broken English!

CATHERINE: Ana—

ANA: You should to run after him.

CATHERINE: You don't understand.

ANA: Ana understand. But perhaps Kitty-kitty no understand why Ana cannot follow this young soldier without the leg?

CATHERINE: Sometimes it's just impossible. Is that right?

ANA: Many time. But then you find the right. I find Vladir. Who you find? The homosexual? I joking! I joking. I like to ask you von very important favour. Because you are my friend. And I got no-von.

CATHERINE: Yes?

ANA: You is free tomorrow?

CATHERINE: Yes.

ANA: I like you coming with me to the appointment with the Doctor White. Very important. You will come?

CATHERINE: Yes.

ANA: You promise you will not be late?

CATHERINE: I promise.

ANA: I will be in the shame if you cancelling.

CATHERINE: Ana, I won't cancel.

ANA: Should to be here tomorrow morning, no later than ten o'clock. Ve catching the bus.

SCENE TWO

CATHERINE *walks outside. There is MARTIN, with a suitcase.*

CATHERINE: Where are you going?

MARTIN: I'm catching the train to Brisbane.

CATHERINE: Why?

MARTIN: It's just for a little while.

CATHERINE: But why Brisbane?

MARTIN: It's more that I feel like going on a really long train ride.

CATHERINE: Don't do this.

MARTIN: Do what? You always get so dramatic. See the bigger picture.

I'm just going to Brisbane.

CATHERINE: I can't stand it if you go again.

MARTIN: Before, you didn't even want to see me.

CATHERINE: I was wrong. Don't go.

MARTIN: I could use some help packing. Can you help me iron? I've got this idea, that I'd like to iron my suit. So that when I show up in Brisbane, it's like I'm a new man. Like anything's possible, you know? Would you iron my suit, Cathy?

CATHERINE doesn't answer him.

Please, Cathy. I need your help.

CATHERINE doesn't answer.

She begins to iron his suit.

Meanwhile, ANA is by herself waiting on the street. JOVANKA walks down the street towards her.

JOVANKA: Hello, Ana.

ANA: Jovanka.

JOVANKA: I hear the movie *Mamma Mia* very good. We go sometime together and have one coffee?

ANA: I don't like such silly tings.

JOVANKA: Where you going now?

ANA: To see Doctor White. The Kitty-kitty take me there. She is the very good friend.

JOVANKA: Ja, good.

JOVANKA begins to head towards Katrina's house.

ANA: And where you going?

JOVANKA: To the Katrina's.

ANA: You know the Katrina?

JOVANKA: Ja! I meet her on the street many time when I come to visit you, but you is busy. She invite me for the coffee.

ANA: She invite you for the coffee?

JOVANKA: Ja. Very nice voman. Many good recipe she lend me.

ANA: Go then to see her recipe.

JOVANKA: I call you later?

ANA: I will not be home.

JOVANKA goes inside Katrina's house. ANA remains on the street.

KEN begins to come out to his car, carrying boxes.

CATHERINE is slowly ironing the suit.

CATHERINE: Do you like creases in the pants?

MARTIN: Not really. But maybe it's better. Like more proper, you know?

CATHERINE: You don't have to be proper.

MARTIN: It's good sometimes. For a man to stand up.

CATHERINE: Help me iron.

MARTIN: How?

CATHERINE: Stand behind me.

He stands behind her.

MARTIN: Like this?

CATHERINE: No. Like this.

She runs his hands over her. She guides him to stand close behind her, with his hands over hers on the iron. They iron slowly.

You can be whatever kind of man you want. Just don't leave.

MARTIN: It's just Brisbane.

CATHERINE: What did I do? What did I do to make you go?

MARTIN: Nothing. You think too much, Cathy.

CATHERINE: I'm going to come with you this time.

MARTIN: What will you do there?

CATHERINE: I love Brisbane. We can go to Sea World. I don't need to pack. I'll just come. Now.

MARTIN: The train isn't until tonight. I'll meet you at the streetlamp just before the woods. You know, the flickering one.

CATHERINE: Yes. The flickering one. And we'll go from there?

MARTIN: Yeah.

She turns around and kisses him.

CATHERINE: Kiss me back.

MARTIN: I was.

CATHERINE: Kiss me like you're not somewhere else.

They kiss.

That's right—like you're here.

They kiss again.

It's not going to end this time.

They kiss, holding each other so tight. They continue to be wrapped up tightly in each other.

ANA is standing on the street. Still waiting. KEN is packing his car. He drops his 'West Wing' DVDs.

KEN: Shit!

He bends down and begins to pick them up, checking if they are scratched. He looks up and sees ANA, waiting on the street.

Hi, Ana.

ANA: Hello, Ken.

KEN: What are you doing? Do you need a lift somewhere?

ANA: The Kitty-kitty coming. Ve going very important appointment.

KEN: I can give you a ride.

ANA: No. Kitty coming.

KEN: Okay, see you later.

KEN leaves.

CATHERINE and MARTIN make love.

ANA is still standing out on the street. JOVANKA and KATRINA bring their coffees out onto the street.

ANA hears them. JOVANKA sees ANA is still out there.

JOVANKA: Ana! You is still waiting for the Kitty?

ANA: No. I is going.

ANA walks off.

SCENE THREE

ANA sits across from DOCTOR WHITE, in her surgery.

DOCTOR WHITE: And how is Bella, Ana?

ANA: The Bella very good, Doctor White. And your three daughter?

DOCTOR WHITE: My daughters are fine, Ana.

ANA: The youngest? How is the youngest?

DOCTOR WHITE: She's very well.

ANA: She is the bastard.

DOCTOR WHITE: Pardon me?

ANA: No, not badly. Just the way she is born. After you is already divorce.

Ana remember. Hard life for the bastard.

DOCTOR WHITE: And how is your garden, Ana?

ANA: Too good.

DOCTOR WHITE: You must give me your gardener's number some time. I would love to have him look at my roses.

ANA: He is very expensive. Is hard for divorced lady like you to pay for something so much. Better he is not looking after your roses.

DOCTOR WHITE: As you wish, Ana.

ANA: No, no, it is not me who wish it. I am looking after you. My husband—you remember the Vladir?

DOCTOR WHITE: Yes. Of course. I was his doctor for fifteen years.

ANA: He tell me all the time, look after the people. He never know you are my doctor now.

DOCTOR WHITE: I'm sure he'd be very happy.

ANA: I don't tink so.

DOCTOR WHITE: I see.

ANA: He was the private gentleman. Very serious.

DOCTOR WHITE: Yes.

ANA: All the time he looked good bugger. Never show his age. Even when dying.

DOCTOR WHITE: It's easy for men.

ANA: Ja! Easier for the man. You are better for the divorce, Doctor White. You are better now to be alone. You got the three daughter. They can help with this, carry dat. You vill never be too lonely. Ana never had the childer.

DOCTOR WHITE: I know.

ANA: Ana only had Vladir. You know what he calling me—?

DOCTOR WHITE: His sweet Parishka.

ANA: He tell you dat?

DOCTOR WHITE: You did. After he died.

ANA: Don't keep the secret over me forever, Doctor White.

DOCTOR WHITE: What do you mean?

ANA: You got the secret. Ana know this. Right now you are the secret vasp, because you got the secret sting for Ana.

DOCTOR WHITE: I don't understand.

ANA: Ja. You know. You is not the stupid, Doctor White. My husband, he always say, what a pretty, intellygent voman is the White. He all the time taking the showver before he come for the appointment. Why he take the showver before visiting the doctor? My husband never do that when the doctor is the man. Ja, Ana know. Don't keep anymore the secret over me.

DOCTOR WHITE: What do you want to know, Ana?

ANA: Don't worry Doctor White. Ana only want to know the news. The news of what you got written on your papers. The news of what happen now vith Ana.

DOCTOR WHITE looks down at the medical papers. She looks back up and speaks to ANA.

DOCTOR WHITE: The cancer has spread. It's in your stomach. It's in your liver. And it's in your lungs.

ANA: I vill dying?

DOCTOR WHITE: Yes, Ana. I'm afraid it doesn't look good. Why did it take you so long to come and see me?

ANA: I vas too busy in the life to be hearing your bad news.

ANA stops. She rights herself. She will not show emotion in front of DOCTOR WHITE. She begins to collect her bag, her coat.

Tank you, Doctor White. Tank you for your time.

DOCTOR WHITE: I'm sorry, Ana. I suggest we book you into a hospice as soon as possible.

ANA: That vill not be necessary.

DOCTOR WHITE: I won't be making any house calls, Ana. You'll need a hospice.

ANA: Vhat for? To be under the control? All her life Ana been the prisoner, and now Ana should to be the prisoner even in her death? No. Not

Ana. Ana stay vith the Bella. Good afternoon, Doctor White. You should to be proud. You deliver first the news of my husband's death and now of Ana's. You kill us both, White. Good. Better I go vith him.

SCENE FOUR

ANA walks alone, back to Mary Street. She talks to her husband Vladir as she walks.

ANA: You vas the lucky Vladir. You all the time had Ana. When you is sick, when you is dying, you got Ana. Ana got no-von. Solo una Ana. When you is dying and I is bathing your overhead, kissing your hands, carrying you on my shoulder, vashing your kaka, drying your pee-pee, you is very grateful. You is very grateful that I never say it. That I never say, 'Where are your other ladies now? Where is your doctor prostitute now?' No-von do that for you. No-von but Ana. Solo una Ana. You is very grateful, Vladir.

She gets back home.

No matter. Ana vill fix. Keep going. Solo una Ana.

CATHERINE is just getting home too.

Hello, Kitty-kitty.

CATHERINE: Hi, Ana.

ANA: You forget.

CATHERINE: What did I forget?

ANA: Oh, ho ho ho.

CATHERINE: The doctor's.

ANA: No matter.

CATHERINE: I'm sorry, Ana.

ANA: I am very sad.

CATHERINE: I really am sorry.

ANA: You come inside. Have von coffee.

CATHERINE: I can't right now. I have to get some stuff ready.

ANA: Oh, you is the busy?

CATHERINE: Yes.

ANA: Ah, good.

CATHERINE: Good what?

ANA: I catch someting.

CATHERINE: What?

ANA: Ja. You is getting fatty.

CATHERINE: Where?

ANA: The bum. Pulling you. Grown very much. And you has been vith the man. When I vas needing you.

CATHERINE: I'm sorry, Ana. But it was very important.

ANA: Very important to be vith the dead boy.

CATHERINE: What?

ANA: You tink I don't see vith my ultrasound, Kitty love, the dead boy? Like idiot she vaiting for the ghost.

CATHERINE: Shut up.

ANA: Shut up... You tell Ana to shut up... You don't tell Ana to shut up. You shut up. Again, Ana can trust no-von. I should to know better. That you is the stupid young girl—making the sex vith the ghost. Vhy I tink you understand anyting? It is Ana who is stupid. But coming the change. Go, Kitty-kitty. Never come here. Never anymore.

CATHERINE: Ana—

ANA: Go! Go or I tell the Bella to killing you—go, Kitty-kitty!

CATHERINE runs from ANA, back into her own house, where there is no KEN.

Meanwhile, ANA is speaking to herself. Speaking to Mary Street. Speaking to the world.

Ana is all the time Ana. Solo una Ana! Solo una Ana. Solo una Ana. Solo una Ana. Solo una Ana. Solo una Ana. Solo una Ana. Solo una Ana. Solo una Ana. Solo una Ana. Solo una Ana. Solo una Ana.

SCENE FIVE

CATHERINE stands under the flickering streetlamp. MARTIN is nowhere to be seen.

She takes out her mobile phone. There is nothing on it—no message, no ringing. She looks around for him. She dials the number. It rings out. She dials again. She dials again and again. Finally she leaves a message in his voicemail.

CATHERINE: Martin? Martin! Martin! Where are you? You can't do this—you can't do this—

She hangs up. Dials again. Again. Message bank.

I hate you. I hate you.

SCENE SIX

The neighbourhood begins again.

ANA stands out on the street. She is very feeble. Her illness has come upon her, quite suddenly. She looks in her wheelie bin.

ANA: Again vith the nappy. Terrible cruelty.

KATRINA is out on her porch. ANA waves eagerly.

Hello, Katrina!

KATRINA: Hi, Ana.

KATRINA goes back inside.

The SAFEWAY DELIVERY BOY shows up with bags.

ANA: Safevay home delivery?

DELIVERY BOY: That's right, ma'am. You don't have as much as normal.

ANA: I lose the appetite.

DELIVERY BOY: No watermelon?

ANA: No. No vatersmelon.

He is gone. NANCY comes along, handing out flyers.

NANCY: Hi, Ana? Flyer for the next Neighbourhood Watch meeting?

ANA: No. I can no come.

NANCY: Really? I heard you were going to make Hungarian doughnuts.

ANA: Bastard baby horse.

NANCY: Pardon?

ANA: No. I vill not make it.

It is night. ANA is at home, all alone. She is coughing. It is so obvious now, that she is very ill. A knock on her door. She stands, and moves slowly to go and answer it.

Kitty?

But when she opens it, there is KATRINA.

KATRINA doesn't look well. There is blood dripping down her face.

Katrina.

KATRINA: I'm sorry. Sometimes I drop things. Sometimes I drop things and make a lot of noise.

ANA: You got the blood.

ANA helps her inside.

KATRINA: You see they took a hole—the size of a golf ball out of my head. And now sometimes I drop things and sometimes I forget people's names. Because of the cancer. It was in my brain. So sometimes I drop things... And sometimes I forget people's names...

KATRINA doesn't notice the blood dripping into her eye. ANA reaches up, softly, and wipes it away with her sleeve.

ANA: You felled down.

KATRINA: Sometimes I drop things. Sometimes I put things where they shouldn't go. Don't tell my daughter. Don't tell my son. I hope the cameras didn't catch it.

ANA: Now, Katrina, ve must to sit you down.

She goes into the bathroom, and takes out a small medical bag.

Ana can fix.

She gently tends to the wound on KATRINA's forehead.

Both you and me, Katrina. Ve are in the trouble bastards. But you is the younger. I am sorry for you.

KATRINA: Ana? What happened?

ANA: You felled down, Katrina.

KATRINA: I better go home. To bed.

ANA: Ve must to be strong, Katrina. Never let the world see ve is crying. That ve is sorry for ourselves. To be dying. My husband's funeral—I stand over his coffins. Never to sit. Not for entire funeral. I must to stand guard over his coffins.

KATRINA: I really have to go to bed, Ana.

ANA keeps talking.

ANA: The priest is talking. He say many vise ting. And the people—many peoples—many of my husband's countrymen—the Serbians—who never like Ana—because I am the Hungarian—because I am never belong to no von—they looks—all of them vith their eyes strong to my back. Strong to see—does she cry? All of them, vonder—does she

cry? And oh ho ho! How the people are surprise—how they admire me when no von tear come down.

KATRINA: Are you so sure they admired you?

ANA: I sallow the frog. Ja, like Ana, you vill sallow the frog. No-von see your pain.

KATRINA has stood up. Feebly. Both she and ANA look so feeble.

KATRINA: But you're wrong, Ana. You just don't seem to understand. I'm not like you at all. I can't listen to you talk anymore. Thank you for helping me. But I have to go to bed.

KATRINA feebly leaves. ANA stands all alone.

SCENE SEVEN

Some time has passed. CATHERINE comes into the chemist, wheeling a small suitcase. She has a prescription. The CHEMIST, the same young man as before, comes out.

CHEMIST: Hi, Kitty-kitty.

CATHERINE: Hi.

CHEMIST: You don't look so good.

CATHERINE: Thanks.

CHEMIST: No problem. It's my job.

CATHERINE: I thought that was a doctor's job.

CHEMIST: Details, details. What's wrong with you?

CATHERINE: I've been staying at my parents' house.

CHEMIST: What have they been doing? Poisoning you?

CATHERINE: No. I got sick. And they were taking care of me. How come you're sunburnt?

CHEMIST: I went to Sea World.

CATHERINE: No way? I love Sea World!

CHEMIST: You do?

CATHERINE: Who doesn't? Did you swim with the dolphins?

CHEMIST: No. They were getting their vaccinations when I was there. I had to swim with the sharks.

CATHERINE: Really?

CHEMIST: Only the small ones.

CATHERINE: What a shame! I loved swimming with the dolphins there.

CHEMIST: You swam with them?

CATHERINE: Yeah. It was amazing.

CHEMIST: Can I show you something?

CATHERINE: Sure.

He takes out a photo from behind the counter. It is a picture of him superimposed on a dolphin, as though he is riding it.

Oh, my God, you rode the dolphin!

CHEMIST: No, no, it's fake.

CATHERINE: Oh—so it is! What a great idea, though. If you can't swim with 'em, ride 'em.

They smile at each other.

CHEMIST: How's your neighbour?

CATHERINE: Ana?

CHEMIST: Who else?

CATHERINE: She's good...

CHEMIST: Yeah. She's pretty cool. She gets around pretty well for such a sick old lady.

CATHERINE: Sick? Ana's sick...

The CHEMIST realises he's overstepped a bit.

CHEMIST: You didn't know?

CATHERINE: How long has she been sick for?

CHEMIST: I shouldn't have said anything.

CATHERINE looks at his face.

CATHERINE: Is she going to be okay?

The CHEMIST doesn't say anything.

She's dying. Isn't she? Oh, shit.

CHEMIST: Well, the good news about Mrs Brajavik is, she only lives just down the road.

SCENE EIGHT

ANA and CATHERINE arrive at the mall. This is the first time we've seen them together since the fight. ANA inspects CATHERINE.

ANA: You looks good bugger. They vill be raping you.

CATHERINE: Thank you, Ana. You look good too.

ANA: I wear this red coats. Is only for special occasion. My husband's funeral and now the *Mamma Mia*.

ANA reaches into her handbag and pulls out two fifty-dollar bills, and holds them out to CATHERINE.

CATHERINE: Ana! No!

ANA: I don't give to you. I vant you to handly my money. Today, I pay for everyting, but I never should to reach into my handsbag to handly the money in front of the Jovanka. Jovanka tell me she meet us in front of the Baker Delight downstair.

CATHERINE: Is this it?

ANA: Is it the Baker Delight?

CATHERINE: Yes.

ANA: Then she should to be here.

Just then, JOVANKA comes creeping along.

There! There is the Jovanka! Ve catch her!

CATHERINE calls out.

CATHERINE: Jovanka!

ANA: Shhh. Don't jump!

CATHERINE: /Jump. Yeah, yeah, I know.

ANA: She should to see us and come. Don't be the baby horse.

JOVANKA sees them and walks over.

JOVANKA: Hello, Ana. Hello, Kitty-kitty. I walk all the vay from my house.

She is quite out of breath.

CATHERINE: Oh, you must be exhausted.

ANA: She only live in the Bondi.

JOVANKA: I go fast. I did not want to be late.

CATHERINE: Don't worry, we've got forty minutes until it's on.

ANA: Kitty-kitty—you go to get the tickets [*whispering out the side of her mouth*] vith money I give you. Do not be taking no money from the Jovanka—and ve be sitting here.

ANA sits with her lips pursed, on one of those park benches that are kept inside shopping malls. JOVANKA sits down heavily next to her.

CATHERINE: Okay. Back soon, ladies.

She arrives at the movie ticket booth. She speaks to the WOMAN working there.

Hello, I'd like three tickets to *Mamma Mia* for the one p.m. session please.

WOMAN: I'm sorry, there is no one p.m. session.

CATHERINE: What? What time is it on?

WOMAN: The only session today is at seven p.m.

CATHERINE: Seven p.m.! Listen, this is actually a very big problem. I have two old ladies with me—one of them is Hungarian, and the other is Serbian—she walked here—and they've come to see the one p.m. session.

WOMAN: Well, that is a problem because there isn't a one p.m. session.

CATHERINE: I need to speak to your manager. Because, I'm sorry, but that just isn't acceptable. I called just the other day and the message said *Mamma Mia* is on at one p.m. So something is going to have to be done about this.

WOMAN: First of all, I am the manager. Second, did you happen to listen to the part of the message that says the recording with the session times changes each Thursday?

CATHERINE: Um...

WOMAN: Well, today's Thursday.

CATHERINE: I see.

WOMAN: Yes.

CATHERINE: I'm very sorry about that.

WOMAN: Okay.

CATHERINE: What should I say to the old ladies?

WOMAN: Ask them if they want to see the seven o'clock session.

CATHERINE returns to ANA and JOVANKA. Neither of them have moved. They sit side by side, but with a big space between them on the indoor park bench. JOVANKA is still mildly out of breath and ANA is staring ahead, looking stoic.

ANA sees CATHERINE coming.

ANA: Ah. Here is my girl.

CATHERINE: Uh, Ana, could I have a word with you?

ANA: What? Sit down.

CATHERINE sits between the two ladies on the bench. JOVANKA is listening too. CATHERINE looks extremely nervous.

CATHERINE: Um, there's been a bit of a problem. With the tickets.

ANA: Problem. What problem?

CATHERINE: There was a mix-up. The movie isn't until seven p.m...

ANA pauses for a moment. Considers this. And then says:

ANA: Then ve vill come back seven p.m. [*She looks challenging at JOVANKA.*] Vill you be coming back for the *Mamma Mia* seven o'clock, Jovanka?

JOVANKA: Ja. I come back.

ANA speaks only to CATHERINE, who is in the middle of ANA and JOVANKA.

ANA: I got a surprise. When she say she be coming back seven o'clock. I got a surprise! I never tink she be coming back, no, no, no. But now carefully, she vill be inviting us to her home for von coffee. But ve vill not be going.

ANA has been speaking quite loudly. Loud enough so that JOVANKA could easily hear. CATHERINE looks at JOVANKA nervously, but she appears to have heard nothing.

CATHERINE: We won't?

ANA: No! Why? Why should I to sit vwhile she make herself very important, never offer no von biscuit, give the cold coffee, her husband laughing on me. No: Ve vill not be going to her house for von coffee.

JOVANKA: You come to my house for one coffee?

CATHERINE: Uh...

JOVANKA: Come for one coffee?

CATHERINE: Uh, Ana... Jovanka wants to know if we'd like to go to her house for one coffee.

ANA: No. No. Ve vill not be going.

ANA stares proudly, straight ahead. CATHERINE turns back to JOVANKA.

CATHERINE: Uh, Jovanka, Ana says we're busy and can't come for the coffee.

JOVANKA: You come for one coffee?

CATHERINE: Um, Ana...

ANA: No.

CATHERINE: Uh, we can't make it for the coffee, Jovanka, but we'll meet you here later for the *Mamma Mia*.

ANA and CATHERINE walk together along the street.

Ana, I'm really sorry that you're dying.

ANA: Who tell you dat?

CATHERINE: I'm not telling you.

ANA: Good. You is learning.

CATHERINE: Let me teach you something too. Sometimes, Ana, if you look for the good it's there too. Your sixth sense saved you from the serial killer. It's saved your life many times. I know that. But sometimes, it would be better not to listen to it so much.

ANA: You mean I should to shut up sometimes.

CATHERINE: You know you should to.

ANA: I have had the very hard life.

CATHERINE: I know you have, Ana. You're still at war. In your mind, you're still at war.

ANA: Yes. I am still in the war.

CATHERINE: Your next-door neighbours who put dirty nappies in your bin aren't trying to kill you. Jovanka's not the Gestapo.

ANA: She is more vorse—

CATHERINE: You're a good person, Ana. A kind person.

ANA: Ja, ja.

CATHERINE: But your sixth sense sees the bad in people and you can't leave it alone.

ANA: I am the foxy!

CATHERINE: Too much you are the foxy. You would be happier if you were a little stupider.

ANA: Ja. Vould to be.

CATHERINE: You're my best friend, Ana, but you need more friends. You need some old bastards.

ANA: Ja. I need the old bastard.

CATHERINE: Give Jovanka a chance.

ANA: Even now I dying?

CATHERINE: Especially now that you're dying.

ANA: I like to tell you something, my sweetheart.

CATHERINE: Yes?

ANA: You ask von time. And now I like to tell you vhy I never had the childer. You vant to know?

CATHERINE: Yes.

ANA: What you got to understand, my sweetheart, is that in life I got the two husband. Vladir and the first von. I marry first time very young.

CATHERINE: Did you love him?

ANA: No. But tings are different. Var just finish. Ve got nothing. I hardly know him. But ve marry.

Hungary begins to form around ANA.

You see, Kitty-kitty. Ve live together this small house. More like hut. Is cold always. You feel dat?

CATHERINE: Yes. It's so cold.

ANA: And you see, he is not home.

CATHERINE: Where is he?

ANA: This man I marry, he is gone from home, very much.

CATHERINE: Do you miss him?

ANA: It hurt me. It hurting me that he gone for so much. And you know Ana. You know the sixth sense that Ana got. Pulling me. That something is not in the right.

CATHERINE: What is it?

ANA: Look in his coats pocket. Here.

She hands CATHERINE a man's coat. CATHERINE puts her hand in the pocket and takes out a piece of paper. She hands the piece of paper to ANA.

Von address. I vill find. Must to travel to the next town.

She begins to travel.

I am five month pregnant, at this time. But I don't have the money for the train. Ve got nothing. So I follow the train track ten kilometre to next town.

ANA walks, pregnant, along the train tracks. CATHERINE follows her.

Finally they get there. ANA approaches a house. She leans against the rail, then straightens herself. She knocks on the door.

A young man answers. A POLICEMAN.

POLICEMAN: How may I help you?

ANA: I am looking for Moric Csazar.

POLICEMAN: He is not here.

ANA: You know where I find him?

POLICEMAN: He is vith my sister. On the holiday.

ANA: Vith your sister? Together?

POLICEMAN: Ja. He is her boyfriend.

ANA looks ill. He looks at her.

ANA: That boyfriend of your sister, is my husband. [*She begins to walk back.*] You see? That police gentlyman? He is sorry for me?

CATHERINE looks back at him, then nods that yes, he is.

I valk back. Ten kilometre on the train track. I have no money for the train.

CATHERINE follows her along the train tracks, but there is some distance between them. ANA is the ANA she was then. As she walks along the train tracks, she speaks.

I tell to my mummy everyting. She take me to von man. Ve don't tell him that pregnancy is five month. Say two month. Or he never do. It cost von hundred egg.

He got no anaesthetic. He tie my arm up and my leg apart and vith his tools he do the abortion. I am bleeding to death. My mummy and sister take me out and lay me in the sun. They tink I vill be dying. But not Ana. Ana don't die. Keep going. My mummy say, better now, to leave the Hungary.

I leave. And they catch me on the border of Yugoslavia. And so I am the prisoner in the camp. And five year later, vhen I escape there, I am the prisoner in the Italiano camp. They keep me in the camp six-year there, because of my divorce, and they are the Catholic bugger. I escape again, to France. And two year later, they send me to the Austral. And then again the camp. Fourteen year, the camps for Ana.

CATHERINE: That's why you never had children.

ANA: I could not. My vomb, it vas finish in the abortion.

ANA and CATHERINE walk along the train tracks. ANA sings.

[*Sung*] All it cost von hundred egg, to cut you free from me,
All it cost von hundred egg and, sweetheart, you are free.

Five month from my heart, to delivery,
Five month from my heart, to delivery.

All it cost von hundred egg and, my sweetheart, you are free,
All it cost von hundred egg, to cut you free from me.

All it cost von hundred egg, and sveetie, you are free.

Five month from my heart,
To delivery.

All it cost von hundred egg and, sveetie,
You are free.

ANA stops. She looks at CATHERINE.

Kitty-kitty, this dead boy you love, he is no yours anymore. He is everybody's boy now. You must let him go free final and live your life. You understand?

CATHERINE: Yes, Ana. I understand.

ANA: Here ve are. Back for the *Mamma Mia*.

They look up at JOVANKA who is sitting all by herself. She sees them, her face lights up.

JOVANKA: I tink you were not coming.

ANA speaks to CATHERINE.

ANA: Quickly. Vith my money, you go to make the purchase. Three ticket. Von for you. Von for me. And von for Jovanka—bastard. Shh-shh-shhh.

They all sit watching the film. ANA talks all the way through it.

Oh! Very artiscal! She—the Streep—she is the very artiscal! Oh, you hear vhat the boy say? Ho, ho, ho! You should to find von such a husband, Kitty-kitty. Very artiscal, the *Mamma Mia*.

After the movie, as they come out of the cinema, holding their ice-creams, JOVANKA speaks to ANA.

JOVANKA: You come for one coffee?

ANA pauses for a while. She looks at CATHERINE. Then she looks back at JOVANKA.

ANA: Ja. I come for von coffee.

ANA and JOVANKA sip their coffees. CATHERINE sits with them. ANA finishes her coffee. She smiles at JOVANKA. Smiles at CATHERINE. She collapses. CATHERINE jumps up.

CATHERINE: Ana.

JOVANKA rushes to ANA's side.

JOVANKA: Ana! Ana!

CATHERINE *kneels down beside her. Holding her. JOVANKA is still calling out to her:*

Ana! Ana!

The ambulance arrives. Two AMBULANCE OFFICERS—man and a woman. CATHERINE is still sitting, cradling ANA. JOVANKA is kneeling over her, crying.

The AMBULANCE OFFICERS bend down, check ANA's breathing, her pulse. They lift her up onto the stretcher. CATHERINE sees that one of the ambulance officers is MARTIN.

CATHERINE: Hi.

MARTIN: Hi. I'm so sorry about your friend.

CATHERINE: Martin. Why did you kill yourself?

MARTIN: It was years ago now, Cathy.

CATHERINE: But why? Why did you do it?

MARTIN: I was so unhappy.

CATHERINE: What should I have done to make you happy?

MARTIN: You did everything you could do. You were a real friend.

CATHERINE: You and I, we'll never see each other again.

MARTIN: No.

CATHERINE *kisses him on the cheek.*

CATHERINE: Look after her. Look after Ana.

MARTIN: I promise.

MARTIN *and the other AMBULANCE OFFICER begin to carry ANA away.*

CATHERINE: Ana. Ana. Parishka. Don't worry. He'll look after you.

And they are gone.

SCENE NINE

Some time has passed. CATHERINE sits on the letterbox. She stares out into the street.

KEN *comes and stands next to her.*

KEN: I'm back.

CATHERINE: Thank God.

KEN: They cured my diabetes.

CATHERINE: Really?

KEN: No, you idiot. But my blood sugar level is way better.

CATHERINE: That's so great. I deleted Martin's number from my phone.

Any news on your film?

KEN: Roadshow have come on board and we start filming early next year.

CATHERINE: No way! You're lying.

KEN: It's true.

CATHERINE: How are you going to fit that in with World of Warcraft?

KEN: I had to delete it from my computer. It hurt. But in a good way.

CATHERINE: That's so great.

KEN: My aunt still wants to interview you. And I still want to be your friend. And possibly give you a screen test for my film.

CATHERINE: Really?

KEN: Yeah, of course. No promises.

CATHERINE is quiet. Then she smiles at KEN.

CATHERINE: We're in the life, Ken.

KEN: In the life?

CATHERINE: Yeah.

A barking sound comes from their house.

KEN: We even have a dog now. That's really being part of life.

CATHERINE: Do you mind?

KEN: No. At least with Bella I'll know my collector's edition of the entire 'West Wing' series will be safe. Speaking of which, I've got some spare time. In fact, I've got exactly forty-two minutes spare.

CATHERINE: Hey, isn't that the length of a 'West Wing' episode?

KEN: You have been paying attention.

They go to walk inside.

Hey, happy Obama, my friend.

CATHERINE: Yeah. Happy Obama.

THE END

Neighbourhood Watch

Lally Katz

And God said:
'Thou shalt love thy neighbour'.
He obviously hadn't reckoned on Ana.

A battle hardened, Hungarian-Australian, World War-survivor, Ana's bark is as ferocious as her German shepherd's. Catherine is her neighbour: twenty-something, curious and hopeful that a better world is on its way... but in the meantime watching episodes of *The West Wing* with her housemate. From each other, Ana and Catherine gain a new understanding of friendship, and forge an alliance that carries them to war-torn Hungary and back again.

From the writer of the award-winning plays *The Black Swan of Trespass* and *Goodbye Vaudeville Charlie Mudd*, this is a glorious comedy about hope, death and pets. Lally Katz's giant spirit of curiosity turns optimism into an art form in this play where, in the midst of the ordinary, extraordinary things happen.



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Neighbourhood Watch

LALLY KATZ

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