End of scene four.

The Soldier returns
Soldier – Gone. Taking a risk. Lots of bastard soldiers out there.
Ian looks in the bathroom. Cate isn’t there.
The Soldier looks in Ian’s jacket and takes his keys, wallet and passport.

Soldier- (looks at Ian’s press card)
Ian Jones. Journalist.
Ian- Oi.
Soldier- Oi.
They stare at each other.
Ian- If you’ve come to shoot me-
Soldier- (Reaches out to touch Ian’s face but stops short of physical contact).
Ian- You taking the piss?
Soldier- Me?
(He smiles)
Our town now.
(He stands on the bed and urinates over the pillows)
Ian is disgusted
There is a blinding light, then a huge explosion.
Blackout. The sound of summer rain.

Scene three

The hotel has been blasted by a mortal bomb. There is a large hole in one of the walls, and everything is covered in dust which is still falling.
The soldier is unconscious, rifle still in hand. He has dropped Ian’s gun which lies between them.
Ian lies very still, eyes open.
Soldier- the drink
Ian looks around. There is a bottle of gin lying next to him with the lid off. He holds it up to the light.
Ian- Empty.
Soldier (takes the bottle and drinks the last mouthful)
Ian (chuckles)
Worse than me.
The Soldier holds the bottle up and shakes it over his mouth, catching any empty remaining drops.
Ian finds his cigarettes in his shirt pocket and lights up.
Soldier-Give us a cig.
Ian- Why?
Soldier- Cause I’ve got a gun and you haven’t.

*Ian considers the logic. Then takes a single cigarette out of the pocket and tosses it at the Soldier. The Soldier picks up the cigarette and puts it in his mouth. He looks at Ian, waiting for a light. Ian holds out his cigarette. The Soldier leans forward, touching the tip of the cigarette against the lit one, eyes always on Ian. He smokes.*

Soldier- Never met an Englishman with a gun before, most of them don’t know what a gun is. You soldier?
Ian- Of sorts.
Soldier- Which side, if you can remember.
Ian- Don’t know what sides are here. Don’t know where …
(He trails off confused, and looks at the Soldier.)
Think I might be drunk.
Soldier- No. It’s real.
(He picks up the revolver and examines it)
Come to fight for us?
Ian- No, I-
Soldier- No, of course. English.
Ian- I’m Welsh.
Soldier- Sound English. Fucking accent.
Ian- I live there.
Soldier- Foreigner?
Ian- English and Welsh is the same. British. I’m not an import.
Soldier- What’s Welsh, never heard of it.
Ian- Come over from God knows where have their kids and call them English they’re not English born in England don’t make you English.
Soldier- Welsh as in Wales?
Ian- It’s attitude. *(He turns away).* Look at the state of my fucking jacket. The bitch.
Soldier- Your girlfriend did that, angry was she?
Ian- She’s not my girlfriend.
Soldier- What, then?
Ian- Mind your fucking own.
Soldier- Haven’t been here for long have you?
Ian- So?
Soldier- Learn some manners, Ian.
Ian- Don’t call me that.
Soldier- What shall I call you?
Ian- Nothing.
Silence.
The Soldier looks at Ian for a very long time, saying nothing. Ian is uncomfortable. Eventually.

Ian- What?
Soldier- Nothing.
Silence. Ian is uneasy again.

Ian- My name’s Ian
Soldier- I
   Am
   Dying to make love
   Ian

Ian (looks at him)
Soldier- You got a girlfriend?
Ian- (doesn’t answer).
Soldier- Close my eyes and think of her
   She’s
   She’s
   She’s
   She’s
   She’s
   She’s
   When was the last time you -?

Ian (looks at him)
Soldier- When? I know it was recent, smell it, remember.
Ian- Last night. I think.
Soldier- Good?
Ian- Don’t know. I was pissed. Probably not.
Soldier- Three of us -
Ian- Don’t tell me.
Soldier- Went to a house outside town. All gone. Apart from a small boy hiding in the corner. Lay him on the ground and shot him through the legs. Heard crying in the basement. Went down. Three men and four women. Called the others. They held the men while I fucked the women. Youngest was twelve. Didn’t cry, just lay there. Turned her over and – Then she cried. Made her lick me clean. Closed my eyes and thought of-
   Shot her father in the mouth. Brothers shouted. Hung them from the ceiling by their testicles.
Ian- Charming
Soldier- Never done that?
Ian- No.
Soldier- Sure?
Ian- I wouldn’t forget.
Soldier- You would.
Ian—Couldn’t sleep with myself.
Soldier—What about your wife?
Ian—I’m divorced.
Soldier—Didn’t you ever—
Ian—No
Soldier—What about that girl locked herself in the bathroom.
Ian—(doesn’t answer.)
Soldier—Ah. You killed her?
Ian—(makes a move to his gun)
Soldier—Don’t, I’ll have to shoot you. Then, I’d be lonely.
Ian—Course I haven’t.
Soldier—Why not, don’t seem to like her very much.
Ian—I do. She’s …a woman.
Soldier—So?
Ian—I’ve never- It’s not-
Soldier—What?
Ian—(doesn’t answer)
Soldier—Thought you were a soldier.
Ian—Not like that.
Soldier—Not like that, they are all like that.
Ian—My job—
Soldier—Even me. Have to be.
   My girl-
   Not going back to her. When I got back
   She’s dead, see. Fucking bastard soldier, he …

He stops. Silence.
Ian—I’m sorry.
Soldier—Why?
Ian—It’s terrible.
Soldier—What is?
Ian—Losing someone, a woman, like that.
Soldier—You know, do you?
Ian—
Soldier—Like what?
Ian—Like—
   You said—
   A soldier—

Soldier—You’re a soldier.

Ian—I haven’t—
Soldier—What if you were ordered to?
Ian—Can’t imagine it.
Soldier-Imagine it.
Ian-(imagines it)
Soldier- In the line of duty. For your country. Wales.
Ian- (imagines harder)
Soldier-Foreign slag.
Ian-(imagines harder. Looks sick).
Soldier-Would you ?
Ian-(nods)How.
Ian-Quickly. Back of the head. Bam.
Soldier-You think ?
Ian-Yes.
Soldier-You never killed anyone.
Ian-Fucking have.
Soldier-No.
Ian-Don’t you fucking-
Soldier-Couldn’t talk like this. You’d know.
Ian-Know what?
Soldier-Exactly. You don’t know.
Ian-Know fucking what?
Soldier-You think- (he stops and smiles) I broke a woman’s neck. Stabbed up between her legs, on the filth stab snapped her spine.
Ian-(looks sick)
Soldier-You couldn’t do that.
Ian-not like that
(...)
Soldier-You haven’t got a clue. (…)
Col, they buggered her, cut her throat. Hacked her ears and nose off, nailed them to the front door.
Ian-Enough.
Soldier-Ever seen anything like that?
Ian-Stop.
Soldier-Not in photo?
Ian-Never.
Soldier-Some journalist, that’s your job. Proving it happened. I’m here, got no choice. But you. You should be telling people.
Ian-no one’s interested.
Soldier-You can do something for me-
Ian-No.
Soldier-Course you can.
Ian-I can’t do anything.
Soldier-Try.
Ian-I write … stories. That’s all. Stories. This isn’t a story anyone wants to hear.
Soldier-Why not?
Ian—(takes on the newspapers from the bed and reads)
Kinky car dealer Richard Morris drove two teenage prostitutes into the country, tied them
naked to fences, and whipped them with a belt before having sex. Morris, from Sheffield,
was jailed for three years for unlawful sexual intercourses with one of the girls, aged
thirteen.
(he tosses away the newspaper).
Stories.

Soldier—Doing to them what they have done to us, what good is that? At home I’m clean.
Like it never happened. Tell them you saw me. Tell them … you saw me.
Ian—It’s not my job.
Soldier—Whose is it?
Ian—I’m a home journalist, for Yorkshire. I don’t cover foreign affairs.
Soldier—Foreign affairs, what you doing here?
Ian—I do other stuff. Shootings and rapes and kids getting fiddled by queer priests and
schoolteachers. Not soldiers screwing each other for a patch of land. It has to be …
No joy in a story about blacks who gives a shit? Why bring you to light?

Soldier—You don’t know fuck all about me. I went to school. I made love with Col.
Bastards killed her, now I’m here. Now, I’m here.
(He pushes the rifle in Ian’s face).
Turn over, Ian.
Ian—Why?
Soldier—Going to fuck you.
Ian—No.
Soldier— Kill you then.
Ian—Fine.
Soldier— See. Rather be shot than fucked and shot.
Ian—Yes
Soldier—And now you agree with anything I say.

He kisses Ian very tenderly on the lips. They stare at each other.

Soldier— You smell like her. Same cigarettes.

The Soldier turns Ian over with one hand. He holds the revolver to Ian’s head with the
other. He pulls down Ian’s trousers, undoes his own and rapes him—eyes closed and
smelling Ian’s hair. The Soldier is crying his heart out.
Ian’s face registers pain but he is silent.
When the Soldier has finished he pulls up his trousers and pushes the revolver up Ian’s
anus.
**Soldier**- Bastard pulled the trigger on Col. What’s it like?

**Ian**-(tries to answer. He can’t)
**Soldier**- (withdraws the gun and sits next to Ian)

Saw thousands of people packing into trucks like pigs trying to leave town. Women threw their babies on board hoping someone would look after them. Crushing each other to death. Insides of people’s heads came out of their eyes (…). Gun was born here and won’t die. (…). Sure you haven’t got any more food, I’m fucking starving.

**Ian**-Are you going to kill me?
**Soldier**- Always covering your own arse.

*The Soldier grips Ian’s head in his hands.*
*He puts his mouth over one of Ian’s eyes, sucks it out, bites it off and eats it.*
*He does the same to the other eye.*

**Soldier**- He ate her eyes.
   Poor bastard.
   Poor love.
   Poor fucking bastard.

*Blackout.*
*The sound of autumn rain.*