

JILL You haven't changed. Still a sneaky sod.  
ANDY Sometimes it was all that was left open to me.  
JILL OK then, let's make a pact. No more games between us. What about a truce?  
ANDY OK. A truce is declared  
JILL Good. That's settled. You haven't told me about the arrangements for tomorrow  
ANDY Not much to tell. The service is at ten at St Michael's  
JILL A church service? Dad wasn't religious.  
ANDY We just thought it was the right thing to do.  
JILL Dad hadn't set foot in a church since he was married.  
ANDY Well he hadn't but...  
JILL But what? Do you think that a few kind words in a nice church would ensure that he goes to heaven, goes straight to heaven and doesn't collect \$200?  
ANDY You wouldn't understand.  
JILL Understand what? The hypocrisy of carting him off to church for his send off.  
ANDY You'd be the expert at that though  
JILL Church?  
ANDY Nah, hypocrisy. Who is it that ignored him for the last God knows how many years and just shows up for the funeral?  
JILL Andrew please, I am trying.  
ANDY Yeah well, maybe you should have tried earlier.  
JILL There is lots of things I should have done even more that I could have done. But I didn't and nothing can change that.  
ANDY Ah forget it.  
JILL I don't want to forget it. We have to remember it all, deal with it all and take responsibility for that we did. Forgetting things won't help, they will come back and bite you. They'll get you in the end, they'll get you.  
ANDY (*Surprised at the outburst*) Well, er... anyway we are having a church service. Mum would have wanted it that way.  
JILL I suppose you are right.  
ANDY We have chosen white carnations for a wreath.  
JILL Carnations are good, does he still grow them out the back?  
ANDY They are still out there, I don't know what will happen to them now though. Everyone knows I have a brown thumb and they won't get the care and attention that he used to give them. Every day he was out there, while I was at the shop. When I came home he would always tell me how they were going, about the aphids and thrips and the fertiliser that they needed.  
JILL You remember how he used to sell them on Mother's day?  
ANDY He never stopped. All the neighbourhood kids would bring their pocket money to him and choose their own flowers, he never turned anyone away. It didn't matter whether they had \$50 or five cents. They all got flowers for their Mum.  
JILL He kept that up? I thought that was all over long ago.  
ANDY Just because you left, it didn't stop things happening around here. They might have missed you, but life went on. We still went to work, came home and lived our lives - just without you that's all. Funny though some people didn't seem to notice you were gone. Hardly seems possible doesn't it?  
JILL Look, is this the way it has to be? Are you going to snap at everything I say? Cos if you are, you can forget it, I'll go to a bloody hotel and we can pretend were not brother and sister, we can pretend we don't have a history and pretend that is not OUR father in that box!  
ANDY Steady on, there's no need to take it like that.

JILL Oh and how am I supposed to take it? Whimpering and crying in the corner, begging for your forgiveness for whatever cardinal sin I have committed? You won't be happy till I completely take responsibility for everything that has gone wrong since I left, will you? Well then here you go...Mia culpa Mia bloody culpa! It's all my fault. Mum's menopause, Dad's grief and global bloody warming! *(pause while she gets her breath and then she turns on him)* Do I get absolution now, or do I have to do some penance first?

ANDY Look...

JILL No you look. Ever since I got here you've been polishing your bloody halo and painting me and the demonic daughter who fled the family just when things got tough. Well you just don't know how tough it was or what it took to get out of here and even worse what it took to come back. You just don't know.

ANDY Have you finished? Strewth, I remember you flying off the handle sometimes but nothing like this.

JILL You remember nothing about me. Nothing important anyway.

ANDY Is that my fault? You were so secretive, no one could get close to you. You never answered a straight question when a bit of evasiveness could be used. That used to piss me off more than anything else you did. Most of the time it was completely unnecessary too.

JILL I had lots of secrets to keep.

ANDY Mum and Dad agonised over what to do with you.. You often locked yourself in that room of yours, for hours at a time. Mum and Dad even got a priest to come and talk to you. The poor bastard had to talk to you through the door. All the time Dad was pacing the floor and Mum was forcing scones and tea down his throat.

JILL I paid for that afterwards.

ANDY We all did.

JILL What do you mean?

ANDY Well just because Dad was mad at you, you don't think he stopped there do you?

JILL I never thought...

ANDY No. You didn't. But we copped it too. Mum took most of it of course, but there was enough left over for me.

JILL I'm sorry Andrew, I never meant for you...

ANDY Forget it. It was him with the temper, you just had a mouth on you. That was enough for him. He couldn't cope with any one who disagreed with them.

JILL He wouldn't have minded so much if I hadn't argued every toss with him.

ANDY Yeah, that was what set him off.