

Going Home

By Rosanna McGlone

## Characters

ABBIE, 25

ZARINA, 24

**Thorpe Fendykes. Present.**

*'Goin' home. Goin' home. I'm a-goin' home.*

*Quiet-like some still day, I'm just goin' home.'*

*Song - <https://youtu.be/iJFhTb1gi6Y>*

ABBIE: Have they gone?

ZARINA: Yeah.

ABBIE: Thank God. I swear if I had to spend a single second longer with Auntie Nora

ZARINA: She left a carrot cake.

ABBIE: Grandad's favourite...But y' know what? I hate it.

(She bins it.)

ZARINA: You, ok?

ABBIE: I'm just glad it's over.

ZARINA: I didn't know what to expect. I've never been to a funeral before.

ABBIE: Death? It's just part of life, isn't it? I remember my first death. It was a cow birthing in the middle of the night and the calf got stuck. We called the vet to do an emergency caesarean. There was blood

everywhere. And the noise...I'll never forget it. All the other cows started bellowing, like they knew. They both died. I was 9 years old.

ZARINA: Yeah, but this was your grandad.

ABBIE: Did it/

ZARINA: It went well.

ABBIE: He's dead, what could go wrong?

ZARINA: Someone could drop the coffin.

ABBIE: Half a dozen mistresses and a love child turn up? I don't think so somehow.

ZARINA: I didn't know if you'd have changed. It's been a long time.

ABBIE: I haven't slept for days...It's quite a journey for him. He hardly ever left the farm. Never even had a passport. 'A passport? Why would I be wanting a passport?' he'd say. 'I've got everything I need right here. I was born here, and I'll die here.' And then he did. Right there, where you're sitting.

We had some laughs, didn't we? Remember when we took the old bugger to Mablethorpe? The furthest he'd ever been.

ZARINA: Yeah. We couldn't get him out of that amusement arcade. Bobby's? Billy's?

ABBIE: Bibby's. Mr Bibby's.

ZARINA: They had those big gold tokens with 'Mr B' in fancy letters as if they were trying to be something they're not.

He was going crazy when they just touched a line and he lost.

Then the chippie.

ABBIE: And the beach. He kept saying it'd all changed. 'It weren't like that in my day.' But that was his day too. I don't know why people say that, cos they're all their days, aren't they?

We finally got him to the shore, but he wouldn't take his shoes off.

ZARINA: Kept complaining about the sand getting in them. He did in the end.

ABBIE: He rolled up his trousers, still wouldn't take his socks off though!

He stood there teetering on the water's edge stretching his arms out in front of him.

ZARINA: Only the waves didn't stop.

ABBIE: If you hadn't grabbed him, he'd have fallen in.

ZARINA: Oh, I remember that bit. He pulled away from me as if I was filth.

ABBIE: He didn't mean it. It's just the way he was.

ZARINA: It's the way they all were, back in the day. Probably still are? People are scared of change. They don't understand what they don't know.

You don't know what it's like. When dad came to work at the hospital people would stare at me like I was some exotic creature. Kids would point and their mums would mutter, dark words I didn't want to hear.

Then later, after 9/11 they looked at me like they thought I was about to throw a bomb at them or slit their throats or blow myself up right in front of their eyes. And inside, it was me who felt scared. I was just a kid.

ABBIE: You came. I didn't know...

ZARINA: Billy told me.

ABBIE: That'd be right.

ZARINA: I was always going to come.

ABBIE: It's a long journey.

ZARINA: Yeah, a long, bumpy journey. It was like driving to the world's end- someone'd tuned the satnav into an Ozzie voice, and it kept telling me to watch out for the seagulls on the barbie...

Why didn't you write?

ABBIE: I didn't know, about your letter...I thought you'd just upped and gone.

ZARINA: It took guts to put myself out there... to acknowledge.

ABBIE: Did it? You still can't even say it, can you?

ZARINA: I thought you knew.

ABBIE: Yeah, I thought I knew.

ZARINA: I waited. Every day I waited for your reply.

ABBIE: I only found the letter after he'd died.

ZARINA: He said he'd seen the way I looked at you, that it was disgusting, and he wouldn't let me corrupt you, if I really cared about you, I'd go.

ABBIE: I thought you'd abandoned me. All that time I thought you didn't care.

But now he's dead and everything's changed.

ZARINA: Has it?

ABBIE: Are you happy? There must be things you miss?

ZARINA: Yeah, loads. I miss the seals at Donna Nook, eating ice-cream on Skeggy beach in January.

ABBIE: You could...

ZARINA: Could what?

ABBIE: Grandad's gone...He was the only  
thing stopping us. Now there's nothing to stop  
us being together. Isn't it time to come home?

*'Goin' home.'* (See beginning)

THE END