

JUSTICE IS NOW DONE.

A man sits down at a table in the garden of a pub. He is following the rules of social distancing. There is no one else to be seen. The weather is really too cold for people to be outside, despite the social distancing rules.

Man: (To himself) **You know, I wonder when everything will get back to normal.**

Pauses.

A woman appears and sits opposite him. She is about twenty five years younger than him.

Woman: **You'll never get back to normal.**

Man: **I'm sorry. Do I know you?**

Woman: **No. But you should.**

Man: (Perplexed by this response) **I'm sorry. What do you mean? Anyway, shouldn't you be keeping your distance?** (Trying to be polite) **I am sure I don't know you, and we're certainly not in the same social bubble!**

Woman: **You should have thought of that all those years ago. You know, back in the days when men standing behind trees wearing masks were to be avoided. Not like now, when we see a man behind a tree with a mask and we say 'Thank you.'**

Man: (Trying to develop a rapport with the young woman, as he feels a little threatened by her). **Yes, I quite agree. 'Great minds think alike' and all that.** (The man forces himself to laugh, even though he doesn't find the situation in the slightest funny)

Woman: (Not smiling and still appearing to be threatening) **It's a pity you didn't stay behind that tree..... all those years ago.**

Man: (Really starting to become very concerned about the direction of the conversation). **I'm sure I don't know to what you are..... Look, if you don't mind, I had better move along. Appointments to keep.....**(Trying to make a joke) **I really must Zoom!**

The man sees that the woman is not amused and tries to downplay his poor joke as he begins to leave the table.

Man: **I'm sorry. That really was not a very good joke. I.....**

He continues moving away.

Woman: **Not so fast, Mr. George Ryan.** (She smiles for the first time as she witnesses the man's obvious discomfort).

Man: **Mr. George Ry..... But how do you know? What..... I'm sure we've never.....**

Woman: (With ice in her voice and her stare) **No, Mr. Ryan, we have never met.** (Pauses) **That is what you were going to say, isn't it?**

The man is now open-mouthed and sits down again, slowly, not believing what he is hearing.

Woman: **What a pity you didn't think about that when you did what you did** (Looking up to the sky and pretending to work out the figure when she is really tantalising him) **all those years ago..... 23 years and 9 months to be precise.**

Man: **What? How?**

Woman: (Even more menacingly, as she runs finger along the table to see much dust there is, continuing to 'play him'). **Well, aren't you going to wish me Happy Birthday? Happy Birthday, my darling, isn't that what you're supposed to say? Happy Birthday, Carol. Isn't that what a father says..... to his daughter?**

Man: (Still in an absolute state of shock) **How do you How did you?.....**

Woman: **But then, why would you? You haven't remembered once in all these years, so why would you remember now?** (She laughs in a fake, but threatening, manner) **How silly of me!**

Man: **Look, I really must....**

Woman: **'How could it happen to me?' It was one of the first phrases I learnt as a child. You know when other children are being taught how to count to ten, all I could hear was my mother saying, again and again, under her breath. 'How could it happen to me?' She loved me, of course, and cared for me, but you had destroyed her.**

The man continues to stare at the woman in shock and amazement.

You know, I shall never forget walking into her bedroom one morning when I woke up early. She was shouting out loud in her sleep, 'It stops at the bedroom door.' She kept saying it, again and again, until the tears ran down her face and she could not shout it any more..... Then one day she died, suddenly.

Children do not remember everything, but I remember that.....

Man: **Look, I can assure you.... There must be some kind of mistake....**

Woman: (Even more menacingly) **Things change. But there are positives to the current situation. 'Track and Trace,' for example.**

Man: (This time he is much more determined in his attempt to leave) **Look, I know what you are implying and I can tell you that I am not putting up with that.**

Woman: (Confirming her power over him with this final comment). **Well, you can explain that to the police..... I have told them everything.** (Said slowly and menacingly with pauses between each element of the website address). **Thank you so much to the Ancestry. co.uk. gene test.**

The play ends with the woman's cackling laugh.