

WOMAN 1.
Everything

WOMAN 2.
marked

WOMAN 1.
with a number.

HATTIE.
(Off. Calls out.) Mr. Livingston?

WOMAN 1.
Hattie?

WOMAN 2.
Hattie?

HATTIE.
(Off. Calls out.) Mr. Livingston!
(Hattie enters running.)
Your wife! Your wife!

WOMAN 1.
What happened, Hattie?

WOMAN 2.
Tell us what happened!
(Hattie tries to catch her breath.)

HATTIE.
When she arrived...!
At the warehouse...!
Olive was with her...!
When they saw the fuel trucks
lined up at the warehouse
they fell to their knees
and started to wail.
The crowd of women
fell to their knees, too

and wailed with them,
two hundred women
kneeling at the gate and wailing
until the night air was filled
with the cries of the Women of Lockerbie.
And then...!
The fuel trucks *stopped* their engines!
The door to the warehouse opened.
Mr. Jones stepped outside.
He ordered the fuel trucks to begin.
But the drivers got out of their trucks!
Mr. Jones marched over to the drivers
and ordered them again.
But they folded their arms
and refused to move!
And then ... the cameras started flashing!
The reporters called out his name!
The women wailed even louder!
And then ...
suddenly!
Mr. Jones
turned
and walked to the gate!
When he saw Olive and your wife
kneeling on the ground
he just stood there
and looked at them
for a long, long time.
And then ...
he reached in his pocket,
pulled out a *key*
and unlocked the gate!
He lifted the two women from the ground
and threw open the gates for the others to enter.
And then, with television cameras flashing all around him
he led all 200 women into the warehouse!
When they got to the Shelves of Sorrow,
Your wife searched
for a bag with your son's name.
But there was none.

She searched through the boxes.
Nothing.
When she got to the shelf marked "Unidentified Remains"
your wife ripped open the bags
the bags full of bloody scraps
looking for a scrap of your son
and still, she couldn't find one.
And then, she went wild.
She stormed through the warehouse
pulling items from the shelves.
She knocked down a stack of dinner trays
and the passenger seats.
She threw down the overhead bins too
and a television monitor.
She punched through the television monitor!
And then, she fell to her knees
and started to scratch herself.
She scratched her arms
and her chest
and her breasts
until they were bleeding ...

SEVENTH EPISODE

Madeline enters walking slowly. Her chest, arms and neck are covered with blood from scratching herself. She stops and stands very still, looking out over the hills.

MADELINE.

There is nothing of Adam's
on the Shelves of Sorrow ...

(Pause.)

The day he was born
his feet were as long as my little finger.
Do you remember Bill?
Remember how little they were?

I spent *hours* looking at his toes ...
so
tiny ...
And then
suddenly!
he was *sixteen!*
One morning I went to his room to wake him for school.
His foot was sticking out from the covers.
It was big.
And there was hair
on his big toe ...
Three
little
hairs
that announced
his arrival
into manhood.
(Olive enters with a bag of clothing.)

WOMAN 1.

Olive ...

WOMAN 2.

The clothes...?

OLIVE.

Yes. We've got the clothes.
All this time
I've been trying to turn their hatred into love.
But the hatred I needed to turn
was my own.

HATTIE.

I'm full of hate, too.

OLIVE.

Are you, love?

HATTIE.

Aye. I hate the men who did this.