

25/07/09

Inter-rogation

Do you

Know

Why

You are

Here?

If I did would that be incriminating?

Just a

Yes

or

No

Answer would

Suffice.

No, then.

So you

Think

We just

Detained you

Without

Reason?

I think if there is a reason, you certainly don't need me to tell you what it is...unless...

Silence

Ah, I get it...

Do

You?

No, because that's precisely what you want me to say.

Let's go back

To

The beginning.

I didn't know there was one?

There's always

A

Beginning.

If it pleases you-

-it

Does.

When did

You first

Meet?

Two years ago-

-be

Specific.

The fourteenth of December, two thousand and seven, at twenty minutes and forty-four seconds past the twentieth hour-

-Where did

You meet?

The Lloyds TSB cash machine, Division Street, between the Forum Bar and the Common Room – I was standing on the second paving stone from the West of the main road, she the fourth paving stone, operating the cash machine-

What were

The

Circumstances?

Is it really necessary?

Just answer the

Question

Clumsy and cold.

Describe

Sighs. Silence.

As she backed away from the machine, a little uneasy on her heels, she trod on my foot.

Silence

You need more?

Silence

...she stumbled, whilst trying to apologise, and dropped her purse on the floor. I bent over to pick it up – she did also. We banged heads. She fell over, creased up laughing, holding her head. Her friend – Lilly – came back to pick her up, without much success. I pulled her up from the floor.....we came face to face.The inside of my head was aching with that sort of...precisely located pain that you can only get from knocking your head against someone else's – it was causing me to squint...to squint at her...

Pause

Go

On.

...Well she'd had enough alcohol that night to tranq' a cow, and she was still giggling away, probably completely unaware of the pain. Lilly was pulling on the straps of her top...No, it was a dress...it was green – a faded, light green, I remember. She wouldn't move, still holding my hand....As I said, I was squinting through the pain, but...I don't know. Even then our eyes locked.

Pause

Then

What?

What then? Well she went.

How did

She

Leave?

What? What do you mean how did she..?

Leave.

She turned and walked away.

How

Though?

By pivoting her torso to face the direction her feet were about to walk – placing one foot in front of the other and supporting the forward motion of her body as her legs carried her in the opposite direction to me-

Did she

Look back?

Long Pause

Yes

Did you

Follow?

No

Why

Not?

I....I don't know.

Did you

Want

To?

Did you

Think

About

it?

I can't remember

Did

you want

to

think

about it?

I just said I can't Re-

Did you

Have

an

Urge?

Look-

-was

there something

that urged

you

forward

Perhaps

A feeling

Maybe

What

Was

the

feeling?

How can I recall a feeling I'm not even sure I had?

Butterflies?

Yes, fucking butterflies.

Where was it

located?

Located? Manchester!

In your

arm?

Your

head?

My toe.

Your

chest?

My tongue

Your

hip?

My fucking middle finger.

Your

heart?

MY COCK!

Long Silence

We're only

Trying to

Help.

Bloody likely.

Whether you

Believe us

Or

Not, is entirely

Irrelevant.

There is nothing for you to help. I'm gone. I've disappeared, and nobody has, or will, come looking – you're wasting your time; whatever it is you're trying to find – because I have no fucking idea – you won't find it in me.

Give it

Time.

Well seeing as though that's the one thing I *do* have, but have nothing to spend it on, you're welcome to it. Maybe you can find some use for it, because I certainly haven't.

Pause

When was

The

Last time

You saw her?

...You know all this...

Remind

Us.

Sigh. Silence.

Six months ago-

-Please be

Specific-

-Christ – the seventeenth of July, two thousand and nine, twenty-nine minutes and six seconds past the hour of ten, in the morning.

Where?

Fourth table on the right, chair facing the window, in the little cafe-

Name

Please.

ALLESANDRO's.

What was

the

weather

like?

Pissing it down.

How did

This

affect

You?

I was wet.

And?

Pissed off.

And towards

Her?

Silence.

Answer the
Question, please.

Long silence.

...Foreboding.

Why?

I don't know.

Did

She

See

You?

No.

Sure?

No.

You were

Meeting her.

Was that a question?

No.

Silence.

You didn't

Keep the

Appointment.

Appointment. Appointment? That's cold even for you bastards. *No.* I didn't keep the *Appointment.*

Why

Not?

Is this fun for you? Torturing me via my own memories and insecurities?

It's our

Job.?

Pay well?

That's

Irrelevant

Irrelevant. IRRELEVANT. What is relevant?!

The answers to

Our

Questions.

Oh, I thought they might be.

The

Appointment:

Why?

*Because I'm an emotional **masochist** – and you're my fucking fix.*

Let's go

Back.

Wonderful.

The second

Meeting.

Would you like the time and date, to the nearest nano-second, and the precise GPS coordinates of myself and "her"?

Rough estimates

will

Do.

...