

Taken from INHERITANCE - play

*Eight months later. Terry sits at the table chopping a line of coke, smoking a spliff and watching sky news. A key turns in the front door, he looks over as it opens and puts his hand over the coke to hide it as susan steps in with a full sainsburys shopping bag.*

Susan:

Oh. Hi.

Terry:

What you doin' here?

Susan:

I wanted to put out some flowers and stock the fridge for when they get back.

Terry:

Sorry I couldn't pick 'em up. I'm working (tokes)

Susan:

Looks like it. (she takes a potted plant from the bag)

Terry:

Not my fault there's no jobs, I've still gotta be on call.

Susan:

They've had to get an airport taxi.

Terry:

Have they had a good time (laughs)

Susan:

As a matter of fact they've had a wonderful time. They've really bonded.

Terry:

Of all the places. Where d'you wanna go in the world, Dad? What's your dream holiday? Frank puts his hand up. I'll come with you, dad. I bet he was thinking Disneyland, the pyramids, New york. No. Dunkirk. (tokes)

Susan:

If you must smoke that at least open a window.

Terry:

Dunkirk (laughs)

*Terry gets up from the sofa and opens a window. Susan sees the coke.*

Terry:

Oh that, yeah. It's er...

Susan:

I know what it is.

Terry:

Yeah, well , I'm a...

Susan:  
Waste of space?

Terry:  
Addict.

Susan:  
Really? Are you really an addict?

Terry:  
Yeah. A sex addict. D'ya want some?

Susan:  
Excuse me?

Terry:  
Coke. D' you want a line?

Susan:  
No, thank you.

*Terry wipes up the coke with his finger and rubs it into his gums and pockets the wrap. Susan places the plant on the window sill.*

Terry:  
Or the other?

Susan:  
What?

Terry:  
Sex. D'you want some?

Susan:  
Fuck off.

Terry:  
I'm good at it. I've got a good one. Bigger than Frank's.

Susan: How dare you

Terry:  
Nightmare, this credit crunch thing, isn't it? People aren't goin' out. No one's getting taxis. You lot are in the shite, aren't you? Estate agents

Susan: No it's not as bad as it's been painted, actually. We're okay. It'll sort itself out. It's being overdone in the media. We've seen it all before in the eighties. Okay, so the glory days have gone. But they'll be back. It's just tighten your belt time. The love affair with property is just on hold. The end is not nigh.

*(Taxi pulls up)*

Susan:  
There they are

Terry:

Saved by the bell (*Susan goes to the front door and waves.*)