

**Julie by Polly Stenham**

*Kristina has just walked in on Jean, Julie and the chaos they have created in the kitchen.*

**KRISTINA:**

You've made a mess, haven't you?

*(To JULIE)*

I don't want you to 'tell me everything'.

*(JULIE tells her about the restaurant.)*

Do you believe that?

*(She turns to JEAN.)*

Are you insane?

I wanted so badly for you to surprise me. And I went to church with you. To please you.

*(To JULIE.)*

I hold your hair up when you're sick. I pick you up after your abortion. I wash your bloodstained underwear. I get up most days and I serve you. But I tell myself, it's not her fault. She's a nice girl. It could be the other way around.

She treats me well. She treats me like a person. She didn't write history. She's just snared in the story like me. Sometimes she even makes it possible for us to both pretend that we're not hostage to our situation. Sometimes when we're talking in the kitchen we both pretend that it's all pretend.

And that makes the job sort of bearable, that we both have these moments of pretending.

That it all isn't so fucked. That it all isn't so bloody unfair.

You see all I had here, was a tiny bit of dignity. But even that you've snatched, and it wasn't even precious to you.

I don't think you even know I had it. That I need it.

I don't think you know what it's like to need something. Just what it's like to want. And want.

And what.

Because, what you've done, what you've just done, is worse than sex with someone you shouldn't.

That's child's play really. It's ordinary. It's the oldest trick in the book.

What you've actually done is you've turned the light on. When we'd both agreed to sometimes have it off. In what you've done, you've reiterated everything. The taking, the taken. In your action is the whole world.

You are wrong. You are what's wrong.

*(She cuts JULIE off.)*

If I were you I'd go upstairs. Clean yourself up.

You look awful.