BEIV. We're never going to know.

COLM. But I want to know. I want to know the truth.

BEIV. The only truth we know, is that he thought that he did.

*Silence.*

*Eventually* BEIV *reaches for his plate.*

Are you done here?

*He gives her his plate.*

COLM. I want to get out of here.

*Beat.*

I want to get out of this place and I never want to come back.

BEIV. I understand that.

COLM. The only thing you and I ever had in common was Dad.

BEIV. That's not true.

COLM. Yes it is. You have always loved your – art far more than you have ever loved me.

BEIV. I just found it more satisfying. That's all.

COLM *takes this in.*

BEIV *goes into the kitchen. We hear her put down the plates.*

COLM *looks up at the painting.*

BEIV *comes back in.*

When you got over your fear of boats, and went out sailing by yourself for the first time, I was so proud. So proud. Not for any woolly 'feel the fear and do it anyway' reason. But because for the first time, you were ruthless. The way an artist has to be ruthless – to cut off the rest the world and dig in on what it is they want to say. And you did. You cut the fear right out of yourself that day and you went out to sea, not because the other boys were doing it, but because you knew if you didn't, your life was not your own. And you were right. And I was proud. I *am* proud. Your victories are



all your own. Your father and I made our choices, but they are not yours to carry… I'm not afraid of planes, Colm. I just want you to be free. Free of me, free of your father, free of anything you don't need. You are free.

*He looks at her.*

COLM. And what if I go to the police?

BEIV *stands very still.*

BEIV. …Then that's your choice.

COLM. And what if I walk out that door tomorrow and never come back?

BEIV. I'll know that you made the right one.

*They look at one another.*

*Then* COLM *turns back and stares up at the painting.*

COLM. I still just see splodges.

*He starts to point.*

Splodges of red. And splodges of purple. And splodges of pink. And splodges of green. And splodges of yellow. And splodges of grey. And splodges of blue. And splodges of white.

BEIV *stands in the doorway listening.*

And splodges of crimson. And splodges of magenta. And splodges of turquoise. And splodges of sea. And splodges of land. And splodges of trees. And splodges of tears. And splodges of hair. Splodges of black hair… And a hand…

*He stops.*

*Lights down.*

*The End.*