Seven

Shafts of very early-morning light come through the window.

DONAL *is asleep on the armchair. There is no one else there.*

The sound of footsteps, the door opens and COLM, *enters, exhausted.*

DONAL *wakes up.*

DONAL. Hey.

COLM....Hi.

COLM *takes off his jacket. Kicks off his boots.*

DONAL. You were out there all night.

COLM. Yep.

DONAL.... We were worried.

COLM *goes into the kitchen, comes back with a can of beer.*

COLM. Where's Beiv?

DONAL, *still sleepy, looks at the empty sofa across from him.*

DONAL. She was there.

COLM. Done one of her disappearing acts, has she?

DONAL. She's probably gone looking for you.

COLM. Well I didn't see her.

COLM *sits down and opens the can.*

DONAL. Where did you go?

COLM. All over the place. Around the harbour, round all the islands, out to sea. Very tempting to just keep on going, sail right on over to America...

DONAL....And no sign?

Beat.

COLM....No.

COLM *takes a drink.*

It's weird, you know, cos it's a full moon. And the light on the water was so beautiful. Like a huge torch or something – just dancing all over the waves... You'd almost forget why you were out there. And there were a couple of times where I – I swear I saw her up ahead of me. Sitting in a little rowing boat, bobbing on the water. Her hair... And she was like laughing, you know the way she laughs?

DONAL *listens.*

I even called out once or twice, called her name but then... wasn't her. Just buoys or marks or whatever. And then... well then I couldn't help thinking about Dad. Out there on his own in the middle of the night, the waves battering the side of his boat. Wearing him down. And I thought – fuck, must have been lonely. Must've been lonely to die out there like that... with no one knowing.

He takes a swig of beer.

'Cept of course *she* knew. She let him go out, whatever she says. She did... Or maybe he's not out there at all. Maybe the two of you have him buried here under the patio?

DONAL. Don't be fucking stupid.

COLM. You wouldn't tell me anyway.

DONAL. You think she could hide a body for ten years and then when it suits her have it moved to the patio?

COLM. Unless it was there all along...

DONAL. You honestly think she'd be capable of that?

COLM. I honestly think Beiv's capable of anything.

Beat.

You know I'm almost sure I can remember her putting me in a dress and sending me to school.

DONAL. Almost sure.

COLM. Like I can hear her in my head, saying – saying she didn't want to me to be stifled by my gender. Or something.

DONAL. Could be considered progressive now.