BEIV. Do I have to do it now?

Beat.

COLM. Donal says I don't remember what he was like. That he was – harder or darker than I remember him.

BEIV. We're all selective about our dead.

COLM. But was he ever… like did he ever do anything to you that I didn't know about?

BEIV. Like what?

COLM. I don't know. Donal seemed to think he was violent.

BEIV. No.

COLM. He was violent with me.

BEIV. That time you came down here? He was beside himself.

COLM. But was he ever violent with you? You had some almighty rows. He never hit you or hurt you or –

BEIV. Did anything to give me a motive to kill him? No. He did not.

Beat.

He was my very best friend.

COLM. But is there anything I don't know?

BEIV. About Michael? I'm sure there's lots.

COLM. But is there anything I *should* know? I'm getting on a plane in a few days, I might not be back till –

COLM START

BEIV. I'm dead? You wish.

COLM. I don't know is the point. I don't know when I'll be back. Cos I'll go back to my life there with Bonnie – I hope – and work and that will consume me and this will recede and…

He takes a breath.

You don't know what's it's like when you've lived somewhere else for a long time. The place you came from just stays as it was in your head. Exactly as it was when you left. And you

COLM

come back years later thinking it'll all be the same. I mean you know it won't, rationally, but you also think it will. People will be the same, food will be the same, the same shops will be in the same places and when they're not – it's kind of a shock… Sometimes people have died. Sometimes shops have changed or been knocked down and it's stupid cos you were the one who left in the first place, but suddenly you feel – unmoored. Like you don't know who you are any more. Like everyone you love has just gone and moved house and no one has told you. It's like a – a grief. Or something – I fucking dread that feeling… So if there's something that might help me feel – not so left behind, next time, I'd be grateful if you told me. If there's something about Dad I don't know – and I think there is, I really think there is, Beiv… I'd like you to tell me. Now.

END

BEIV *looks at him for a long time.*

BEIV. He thought he killed someone.

COLM….Dad?

BEIV *nods.*

BEIV. When he was a child.

COLM. He thought – who did he think he killed?

BEIV. Nuala O'Neill's little boy.

COLM (*shocked*). What?

BEIV. I don't remember his name. Isn't that strange?

COLM….how?

BEIV *shrugs.*

BEIV. They were out in some boats one day fishing and the little boy was drowned.

COLM. And Dad thought – he did it?

BEIV. Michael was around twelve I think. The O'Neill boy was a year or so younger. He was a spoiled kid. Only child. Michael and his friends didn't like him. They didn't like the way he tagged on or told tales or squealed or whatever. You know, kids. But they were always made to play with