

Lloyd  
side # 7

start

Lloyd grabs the chalk. He circles his eyes on the outline of his body.

LLOYD

LOOK. My eyes... My eyes is my house in pieces. Windows gone. My front door, lying in shambles. Eyes because you can feel it—y'know, too close to the blast—you can feel your eyes sucked from their sockets.

He moves lower on his body, creating a map, corresponding to each body part as he describes each scene.

LLOYD

LOOK.

LLOYD (cont.)

My... arse is the railway goods yard in Stepney. Tilbury shelter, excrement and margarine on the floors. The crypt we stayed in one night that shuddered.

Another bomb. Katrin continues to back away.

KATRIN

Forty-five.

LLOYD

My liver's South Hallsville school. Where 600 stayed five nights ago. The official's attempt to evacuate Canning Town. The night an 800 kilo bomb struck the school. And 600 people of Canning Town perished. Just waiting for adequate shelter!

KATRIN

No.

LLOYD

See.

KATRIN

No.

LLOYD

LOOK

KATRIN

Fifty.

LLOYD

LISTEN.

My boots. They're the officials not listening. Not listening. NOT listening. I'm A.R.P, but they're not listening! Except a bloke, he's offering to take Tabitha out to the country, God knows where. Fuck. Not in a million years—not after bloody Operation Pied Piper whisked her off for two bloody months. Seven years of age, alone. See my gut; it's where Tabitha's come back from a nice home in the country with bruises.

Katrin stops.

LLOYD

See the space between my gut and heart. It's their weight. Mary, the Cockney girl I married at eighteen, extra heavy in her bridal gown with Tabitha inside her. My veins are the tubes, thousands of people lined in the tubes, crushed against the walls. Tabitha and Mary crushed against my veins. There's a map. See. So, now you know the whole of me.

Lloyd draws on her outline.

KATRIN

What did you mark on me?

LLOYD

I made your bladder Buckingham Palace's vestry.

(Beat.)

Katrin, a tube was hit. Earlier tonight.

8 pm. While I was on patrol.

1400 Kilos exploded at the cross passage.

At Balham tube. That could have been Blackfriars. That could have been Mary and Tabitha.

They don't know how many are dead.

The tube's aren't safe.

There's nowhere safe.

There's nowhere safe.



The all clear sounds.

From the stairs, Katrin watches Lloyd.