

FOUR DEATHS IN IDAHO

A mystery thriller set in the Seven Devils National Park, Idaho, present day.

CHARACTERS –

BETTY LUNDERMAN / CROWFOOT: *Fifty-five, mixed race Native American, though this doesn't have to be obvious at all, High School Teacher.*

VINCENT VIRGO: *Early-thirties, Law Enforcement Ranger, Idaho State Ranger Service.*

BOB LUNDERMAN: *Sixties, BETTY'S husband, former local Police Chief.*

FRANK DEFAGGIO: *Fifty-five, current local Police Chief.*

JACK LUNDERMAN: *Mid-twenties, BETTY and BOB'S son.*

JOSEPH CROWFOOT: *Fifty. Native American, BETTY's Father.*

DANNY PRITCHARD: *Early-thirties, white.*

DEBBIE ADAMS: *Eighteen, mixed race Native American student of BETTY'S.*

ESTELLE EVANS: *Early-thirties, mixed race Native American. Detective, rank of Lieutenant, Idaho State Police.*

DETECTIVE DAVE ROBINS: *Fifties.*

RADIO VOICE: *Young adult, female.*

NOTES: Apart from BETTY, all other roles are divided among three actors. One older male actor should play BOB, FRANK, JOSEPH, DETECTIVE DAVE ROBINS and THE RADIO VOICE. A younger male actor should play VIRGO, JACK, and DANNY. A younger female actor should play DEBBIE, ESTELLE and the RADIO VOICE.

This arrangement is a way to show that the play is primarily about BETTY and her perceptions. Her very humanity is under question as shown by her apparent psychopathy; she begins to see people as if according to the formulae of archetypes. If it can be effectively staged, the blurring of identities, by having one actor play several characters within a single scene, dramatises both BETTY's "madness" and its relationship to the notion of common humanity.

SCENE 1: *A cabin in the mountains.*

BETTY *is sitting on a chair looking straight ahead ... into the audience. There is a gale outside. Then, after a short while, the sound of a vehicle pulling up – blue flashing lights, the whoop of a siren as it comes to a halt. Then a sudden wind noise increasing to a howl that drowns out the other sounds ... then a momentary lull and after a few moments the crack of a tree breaking in the wind ... a crashing sound. Sound of car door opening and shutting ... footsteps in the snow.*

VIRGO: (off) Goddammit! Is there anybody here? ... Hello?

VIRGO *appears in the doorway slightly bedraggled, looking behind him, curses, then enters. He has his gun out as per the convention.*

VIRGO: Hello? ... is there anybody ... ?

BETTY: Hello, come in ...

VIRGO: Who's there?

BETTY: I'm just here.

VIRGO: OK Ma'am ... stay right where you are.

BETTY: Hello Officer.

VIRGO: Ma'am I'm gonna have to ask you to put your hands where I can see them.

BETTY: I'm not running.

VIRGO: Hands where I can see them.

BETTY *holds her hands out forward, palms up.*

BETTY: Like this?

VIRGO: Just keep them where I can see them.

BETTY: Can you see them?

VIRGO: Anybody else here?

BETTY: Why would there be anybody else here? This is the last cabin on the road.

VIRGO: Anybody with you?

BETTY: Apart from you?

VIRGO: Anybody with you?

BETTY: No.

VIRGO: OK Ma'am ... I need you to stand up ...

BETTY: Do I know you?

VIRGO: Stand up.

BETTY: You seem familiar.

VIRGO: Ma'am, I am asking you to stand up.

BETTY: I thought I heard a tree come down ... sounded big. Did you see it? It sounded very close ...

VIRGO: Close enough. Just missed the truck as I came in.

BETTY: You were lucky.

VIRGO: Yeah that's me, lucky as hell. Ma'am do you have any ID?

BETTY: Not on me ... I didn't think I would need it.

VIRGO: Ma'am are you Elizabeth Lunderman?

BETTY: No.

VIRGO: No? The car out there is registered to a Bob Lunderman who was found shot to death this morning in his home ... so I am going to ask you again; are you Elizabeth Lunderman?

BETTY: No.

VIRGO: Then who are you and what are you doing with Mr. Lunderman's car? And why are you in Mr Lunderman's cabin.

BETTY: It's not Bob's it's mine.

VIRGO: What?

BETTY: This cabin; my father left it to me, it was never Bob's.

VIRGO: So you are Elizabeth Lunderman.

BETTY: Was.

VIRGO: What?

BETTY: I was Betty Lunderman – now I am Betty Crowfoot ... You can't kill a man and keep his name now can you?

VIRGO: Elizabeth Lunderman – you're under arrest for the murder of Bob Lunderman ...

VIRGO cuffs Betty ...

BETTY: So you are taking me in ... Oh Gosh, I don't feel at all ready ...

VIRGO: Would if I could. That tree you heard? Right across the damn road – Jesus, how are we gonna get out of here?

BETTY: I don't know.

VIRGO: I wasn't asking you.

BETTY: Shall I make some coffee? Would you like some coffee? – It must have been quite a drive ... and you've had a close call ...

VIRGO: What? No – we're gonna get out of here – right now.

BETTY: Are you sure?

VIRGO: Before it gets any worse ... it's coming in fast.

BETTY: That's how it is up here ...

VIRGO: We're gonna have to go on foot – it's five miles tops to the turn off – can you make that?

BETTY: That's quite a walk in this.

VIRGO: You got any snow shoes, any skis?

BETTY: I don't come up here to ski.

VIRGO: Any snow shoes?

BETTY: In the shed maybe.

VIRGO: Where's the shed?

BETTY: It's probably locked. Bob kept everything locked.

VIRGO: You got a key?

BETTY: Bob kept the keys.

VIRGO: Then how did you get in here?

BETTY: It was open ...

VIRGO looks at the front door ... the latch has been forced

VIRGO: Who did that?

BETTY: ,

VIRGO: You did that?

BETTY points to an axe by the fireplace ...

BETTY: That was on the porch.

VIRGO: I need to call in ...

VIRGO tries his radio – crackling ... faint voices, among them a young woman ... nothing clear ... possibly the name Vincent.

VIRGO: Hello ... who's this? This is officer Virgo ... do you read me? Hello ... can you hear me?

The same faint voices and white noise ...

VIRGO: Goddammit.

VIRGO goes to the window ...

BETTY: Take it easy.

VIRGO: Shit look at it out there ...

BETTY: It's a great view ... when it's clear.

VIRGO tries his radio again ... the same faint voices ...

VIRGO: Hello ... hello ... ?

BETTY: The She Devil.

VIRGO: Can you hear me?

BETTY: Just to the West of the He, like she's looking over his shoulder.

VIRGO: Hello?

BETTY: There's usually a fine view ...

VIRGO: Can't see a damn thing ...

VIRGO is trying the radio dials.

BETTY: You're not looking.

VIRGO: There's nothing to see...

BETTY: Too late I guess ... weather comes in so fast.

VIRGO: Why's it called that anyway – is it meant to scare people?

BETTY: The original people named it.

VIRGO: The Indians.

BETTY: The original people.

VIRGO: Why?

BETTY: Respect.

VIRGO: Fear.

BETTY: Sometimes it is so beautiful the way the sun hits it in the morning or in the evening for that matter ... and then at other times it looks like a place you don't wanna get too close to – from gold to black just like that ...

Indistinct voices on the radio ... then a woman's voice says Vincent ... then Virgo ... then more indistinct words...

VIRGO: Hello, hello ... can you hear me?

BETTY: So what do we do now?

Voice fades to white noise ...

VIRGO: I'm gonna try and cut the tree outta the way – you got a saw?

BETTY: Right there ...

BETTY points to an old bow saw by the fire place.

VIRGO: Is this all you got?

BETTY: That's my father's bow saw.

VIRGO: No chain saw? That's gotta be a three foot trunk – there's no way I'm getting through it with this ...

BETTY: That's all there is – unless there's something in the shed but it's locked ...

VIRGO grabs the axe and goes out.

BETTY: Maybe we should light a fire? There's dry wood out there ... should be.

The door blows open. BETTY sits still. The sound of the wind seems to increase. JOSEPH enters carrying a gun and a back pack. He stands in the doorway... almost a silhouette.

JOSEPH: You don't wanna come up the trail see if we can get us a buck?

BETTY: I can't ...

JOSEPH: Maybe you can take some of it to the Lunderman's – do you think Bobby's folks would like that? The fillet maybe?

BETTY: Sure why not?

JOSEPH: Sure you don't wanna come?

BETTY: I need to study – I'm sorry ...

JOSEPH: Suit yourself – I'll be back around sunset – light the fire – it'll be cold by then.

BETTY: Sure Dad – shall I fix something for dinner?

JOSEPH: I hope you won't have to ...

BETTY: OK. I'll light the fire ready.

JOSEPH: What are you studying?

BETTY: Same as always.

JOSEPH: History.

BETTY: Yeah.

JOSEPH: It doesn't belong in books – you know that right? It belongs in here (*he points to his heart*).

BETTY: Yeah Dad I know that ...

(JOSEPH throws her a zippo lighter.)

JOSEPH: Here use this ... I'll see you later. (*JOSEPH exits.*)

VIRGO returns ... he is carrying some logs and kindling.

BETTY: Changed your mind?

VIRGO: No. There's an old chainsaw but no fuel. We're getting outta here somehow but we might as well not freeze to death while we figure it out.

BETTY: Want a hand?

Over the following dialogue VIRGO is setting the fire and trying to light it ...

VIRGO: Why here?

BETTY: No where else left to go.

VIRGO: Your husband hunt up here?

BETTY: Bob shot anything that moved. My Father used to bring me up here. It made him happy – he did a bit of hunting but mostly it was just being away from it all ...

VIRGO: Why are you looking at me like that?

BETTY: Didn't I teach you history Fourth Grade ... ? Riggins High?

VIRGO: I don't think so.

BETTY: No?

VIRGO: I didn't do history.

BETTY: Everybody has to do history in 4th grade.

VIRGO: I don't remember ... maybe it was so boring I blotted it out.

BETTY: It must have been geography then ... I did both ... they are so interestingly connected, explain each other in such extraordinary ways ...

VIRGO: I don't recall ... I didn't spend much time in school.

BETTY: That's a pity.

VIRGO: Not really.

BETTY: You could have been anything.

VIRGO: What?

BETTY: Something you wanted.

VIRGO: What's that supposed to mean?

BETTY: Rather than just what comes at you.

VIRGO: These matches are wet.

BETTY hands him the lighter.

BETTY: Here.

VIRGO: This is army issue.

BETTY: It was my Father's.

VIRGO: Like everything around here.

BETTY: Most of it.

VIRGO: Anyhow, how do you know what I want? – We don't always get what we want. That's life ...

VIRGO seems to notice something at the window, gets up and goes to the window, then the door. He goes outside.

BETTY: What are you doing?

VIRGO: *(off)* Hey, is there anybody there? Hello!

VIRGO returns.

VIRGO: I thought I saw something.

BETTY: Out there?

VIRGO: Someone.

BETTY: Someone? Who?

VIRGO: How should I know? A woman. Maybe.

BETTY: A woman?

VIRGO: No, it can't be.

BETTY: A woman? Up here? In this?

VIRGO: No, it can't be.

BETTY: Better get that fire going.

VIRGO repeatedly tries to get the fire lit with the Zippo through the following dialogue.

BETTY: Everyone's got the ability to go further than they think – something hidden that can come out ... something that needs to be recognised and nourished and brought into the light.

VIRGO: What are you talking about?

BETTY: Potential.

VIRGO: Potential.

BETTY: You know the ability ...

VIRGO: Yeah I know what it is. Besides, that's not what they said.

BETTY: Who?

VIRGO: Nobody – the school, the teachers. I never got the grades.

BETTY: Grades aren't everything. When things get serious in life who cares about grades?

VIRGO: You sound like my Dad. That's not what they said.

BETTY: No I guess not.

VIRGO: Why didn't they tell me? That grades aren't everything.

BETTY: They can't.

VIRGO: Truth is they don't tell you anything. Nothing you can use. It's empty.

BETTY: What?

VIRGO puts the lighter on the table.

VIRGO: The lighter – I can't ... it's empty.

BETTY pulls on the cuff.

BETTY: Is this really necessary? I wasn't running. I was just sitting here, waiting.

VIRGO: Waiting?

BETTY: I knew you'd come – eventually. I mean where else is there to go beyond this?

VIRGO: Makes no difference – you're a fugitive – you have to be restrained.

BETTY: How come it took you so long?

VIRGO: Sheriff said you'd turn up maybe even turn yourself in. When you didn't they said you'd probably headed east – into Wyoming – family there.

BETTY: Buried my mother two years ago. April. Daffodils everywhere.

VIRGO: Then yesterday there's a shooting at the Halfway – young man in the parking lot – that's two in two days – department's going nuts – all the agencies kicking in, County Sheriff, Ranger Service, God knows maybe even FBI – anyhow I was up this way anyhow checking on some possible poaching activity and everyone is looking for the son of a bitch from the Halfway ... so I'm put on tracking you down ... said you had a cabin on the edge of the seven Devils, dead end of the road.

BETTY: So you got the easy job.

VIRGO: Guess I did.

VIRGO tries calling on the radio.

VIRGO: This is Ranger Virgo ... I have suspect Elizabeth Lunderman secured, repeat I have suspect – located at a cabin at the end of Discovery Road ... please acknowledge ... road blocked by fallen tree ... heavy snow coming in ... please advise possible ETA for collection of suspect ... Goddammit.

Pause ... nothing but white noise coming from the radio.

BETTY: So what do we do now?

VIRGO: Nothing.

BETTY: You seem anxious.

VIRGO: I'm not anxious – I just want to get out of here as soon as possible.

BETTY: You got somewhere else to be?

VIRGO: No – this is my job.

BETTY: OK.

VIRGO: ,

BETTY: Wanna talk?

VIRGO: Not really.

BETTY: We could just sit here in silence.

VIRGO: Sounds good.

BETTY: I'm happy with that.

VIRGO: Me too.

BETTY: Good.

BETTY picks up the lighter in her cuffed hands and it lights first time.

BETTY: There's a trick to it.

VIRGO takes it from her and lights the fire.

VIRGO: It's just like any other mountain –

BETTY: What?

VIRGO: The She Devil. Me and my brother climbed it when we were kids. Dougie was only fifteen – I was seventeen – climbed the She and the He, Tower of Babel too, and the Tooth, one after the other – took us three days up and back ... Dad was so mad when we got down ... wanted to beat the shit outta me because we scared Mom half to death ... didn't lay a finger on me in the end though – scared I'd hit him right back – I wasn't a kid anymore – I could take care of myself ... man what a summer that was.

Lights fade to black.

SCENE 2: *VIRGO* is looking out the window.

BETTY: See anything now?

VIRGO: No.

BETTY: Looking out the window won't make them come any faster.

VIRGO: No.

BETTY: ,

VIRGO: People are gonna wonder why.

BETTY: Why?

VIRGO: Why you did what you did?

BETTY: Why Bob?

VIRGO: I mean what did Bob ever do? Nicest guy you'd ever meet ...

BETTY: You knew Bob?

VIRGO: So everybody says.

BETTY: People say that when they don't know or don't want to know or their standards are not too high ... or they'd prefer to forget the bad stuff. Fair enough I guess, I mean, if we all remembered everything we could never forgive because we could never forget and then where would we be?

VIRGO: Who knows?

BETTY: You know I didn't know I could shoot a gun till I put two bullets in Bob ... one in the head, one in the heart. When he said what he said – I walked into the bedroom and fetched his 38 from the nightstand, and went straight back into the family room. He was watching TV, Wheel of Fortune. It was just around six I think – that's when it's on – quarter of to quarter after. Thursdays.

VIRGO: Wheel is 4.30 on Tuesday and Friday.

BETTY: Oh, is it?

VIRGO: I had a girlfriend watched it. It must have been Jeopardy.

BETTY: Then I guess it must have been Jeopardy.

VIRGO: So what did he say? What did he say to make you want to ... ?

BETTY: He asked me to get him a soda.

VIRGO: That was it? That's what he said?

BETTY: He said /Beetle get me a soda.

BOB appears seated in a recliner

BOB: Beetle get me a soda /will ya hon?

VIRGO: Beetle?

BETTY: That's what he liked to call me, Beetle. I said, I'm busy.

BOB: Come on Beetle ...

VIRGO: What, like bug?

BETTY: He thought it was funny.

BOB: Come on Beetle, I'm watching my show.

BETTY: And I said nothing because I was busy doing a painting for my wildlife illustration class at St Saviours, Tuesdays ... and then he said –

BOB: What are you doing?

BETTY: A painting.

BOB: A painting? Why?

BETTY: It's an assignment.

BOB: An assignment?

BETTY: For class, St Saviours?

BOB: What is it?

BETTY: A Robin.

BOB: Show me.

BETTY: I'd rather wait. And then I showed him the picture because I didn't want him coming over and looking over my shoulder.

BOB: Doesn't look like a Robin.

BETTY: It's not finished yet.

BOB: Ain't that the truth, looks more like a chicken with a hole in it. Is that supposed to be orange? – Looks red, looks like ketchup for chrissakes – it's the wrong colour – even I can see that and I'm not an artist, I'm not even taking the class – hey Beetle sweetie, why don't you do something you're good at?

BETTY: I'm learning.

BOB: Too late for that. Can't teach an old bitch new tricks.

BETTY: He laughs and shakes his head – always did that – say some phrase everybody knows like it's just come to him ... And I say I guess you're right – you stay there and I'll fetch you something. And he thanks me.

BOB: Thanks hon.

VIRGO: He just asked you for a fucking soda.

BETTY: Yeah he just asked me for a *fucking* soda.

VIRGO: And you went and got a gun?

BETTY: I went and got the gun.

VIRGO: You must have hated him.

BETTY: Not really.

VIRGO: Did he beat on you?

BETTY: No. What's yours?

VIRGO: What?

BETTY: Your gun.

VIRGO: I have two – two that I carry – the wife and the mistress.

BETTY: What?

VIRGO: Standard Ranger Service issue and my own. The wife is a Glock 22 and the mistress a Smith an' Wesson 500 FIBER OPTIC.

BETTY: Sounds fancy.

VIRGO: Keeps me safe.

BETTY: Ever had to use it?

VIRGO: Not yet.

BETTY: So how do you know it keeps you safe?

VIRGO: I've never had to use it.

BETTY: The gun was just lying there in the drawer next to some old photos. Bob and me, Jacky before he joined up, Jacky in uniform - I rescued from the trash because Bob couldn't stand to look at it. I picked up the gun – it felt so much heavier than it looked – and cold, then I went back into the family room, stood in front of the TV and pointed it straight at him. He just looked right back at me surprised and then, like he had something important to ask, he opened his mouth ... and he just said,

BOB: Betty?

BETTY: Not Beetle – just Betty like that, for the first time in years, and like a question, and I remember thinking “who’s Betty? Is that me? Is that my name?” ... Isn’t that the strangest thing? And then oh yeah so it is. But before he could say another word, like –

BOB: Betty what are you doing? What is this? Don’t be stupid – what are you playing at you stupid? ... What’s this all about? ... Is this about Jack? ... You know damn well I didn’t make him go ... you know damn well there was no stopping him once he ... stubborn son of a bitch ... just like you ... just like his mother ...

BETTY: Before any of that could come out of his mouth I pulled the trigger. Bang. Do you know how loud a gun is? ... Of course you do ... So loud it nearly deafened me – I thought it had exploded in my hand then the second shot – I don’t even know if I heard it at all – just a kind of numb feeling in my finger ... waiting for the blood to come back ... Then I put the gun in my pocket and sat on the settee next to him and watched the last few minutes of the show – what was it again?

VIRGO: Seriously?

BETTY: Sorry you said, Wheel of Fortune ...

VIRGO: No. Jeopardy. I said Jeopardy.

BETTY: Jeopardy.

VIRGO: Was he dead?

BETTY: I think so. There was a line of blood running down his face from the hole in his head. He looked like he was frozen –

VIRGO: And you watched TV?

BETTY: Just til the end. It was a woman from Shoshone Falls – you know, I thought I recognised her – from the centre, Blackfoot. She went all the way – the whole \$20,000. I was pleased for her.

VIRGO: Fuck ...

BETTY: What?

VIRGO: Is that it? You were pleased for some ... on TV ...

BETTY: I just shot my husband – what do you do when you’ve just shot your husband – is there something you’re supposed to do?

VIRGO: How about ... I don’t know ... realise what you’ve done ... I don’t know ...

BETTY: I just shot him so perhaps I did not care for him as much as I once did, or thought I did, for instance on our wedding day, foolish and still ignorant of who he was and, as a matter of fact, who I was. What was I supposed to do in those particular circumstances? Is there something you are supposed to do?

VIRGO: Well no ... I don’t know. How should I know?

BETTY: Maybe you’ve done something really big some time in your life ... something you can’t come back from?

VIRGO: There’s nothing you can’t come back from ...

BETTY: Have you ever seen a dead person close up?

VIRGO: I have.

BETTY: Sitting right next to you I mean.

VIRGO: Not sitting next to me on a sofa watching TV, no.

BETTY: One that you killed?

VIRGO: This isn’t about me.

BETTY: Things look different after that.

VIRGO: I guess.

BETTY: That’s what they say. Things look different after ...

VIRGO: I was in Afghanistan, OK? I know what things look like ...

BETTY: ,

VIRGO: Dead people. I’ve seen them – more than you have for sure. It’s war. But in a fire fight mostly no-one knows who killed who – there are just bodies – a lot of shots fired,

mostly you don't know if you've killed anybody ... After a while it doesn't matter or you tell yourself it doesn't matter. Because it can't. You'd go fucking crazy.

BETTY: You tell yourself?

VIRGO: You tell yourself whatever you have to tell yourself to get through it – it's war, that's what it is. It is what it is.

BETTY: It is.

VIRGO: It's just what it is.

BETTY: ,

VIRGO: It's not the same.

BETTY: ,

VIRGO: What you did ...

BETTY: I would have been just as happy if someone else had done it ... or rather it would have been just the same in the end.

VIRGO: It's not the fucking same.

BETTY: Some part of you – gone forever.

VIRGO: Some part of you? *You* for Chrissakes? A man's dead – Bob ... your husband, Bob.

BETTY: I know who Bob is. Was. Yeah ... and OK I'm not sure he was ever really part of me ... turns out ... I'm fine without him so ... that's just what we are supposed to think ... that we become part of some body else's life ... doesn't make any sense if you think about it.

VIRGO: And you watched TV with Bob, your dead fucking husband bleeding all over the goddamn settee like it was nothing ...

BETTY: I never said it was nothing ... it was something alright. Really something. Don't you want to know what happened after?

VIRGO: You know what? I don't know if I do.

BETTY: After the show finished, I called Frank.

VIRGO: Sheriff Defaggio.

BETTY: Yeah, Frank. They worked together a long time. Bob and Frank. I told him I shot Bob.

FRANK appears at the edge of the stage on the phone.

FRANK: You shot Bob?

BETTY: And I said, yes.

FRANK: Is this Betty? Betty Lunderman. Is this you?

BETTY: Yes Frank, it's me, Betty. How are you doing?

FRANK: What? Oh I'm fine ... thanks fine.

BETTY: Good, that's good to hear.

FRANK: You really shot Bob?

BETTY: Yes I did.

FRANK: Are you joking? 'Cos it's not funny ... Bets are you OK?

BETTY: I am OK and no I am not joking. I shot Bob.

FRANK: What happened?

BETTY: I shot him and he's dead.

FRANK: How do you know he's dead? Are you sure he's dead?

BETTY: I'm pretty sure because he isn't breathing.

FRANK: Oh my God ... was it an accident? Tell me it was an accident.

BETTY: No.

FRANK: No?

BETTY It wasn't an accident.

FRANK: It wasn't?

BETTY: I shot him twice.

FRANK: Twice?

BETTY: Yes.

FRANK: Jesus – Bets.

VIRGO: Bets?

BETTY: That's what Frank used to call me – in high school – we went out in 12th grade – he took me to the prom. He was sweet. And I said you'd better come over and he said,

FRANK: Wait there ... and don't touch anything.

BETTY: Don't touch anything?

FRANK: Nothing.

BETTY: Can I open a window, because it's really hot and stuffy because Bob likes to lie around in his shorts and underwear like he's on holiday some place sunny, even in the middle of winter?

FRANK: Sure, just don't move anything.

BETTY: Why would I want to move anything?

FRANK: Evidence. Jesus, Bets.

BETTY: Evidence?

FRANK: And don't go anywhere ... just stay on the line.

BETTY: And I thought, *where am I going to go?* ... But now that he mentioned it I start thinking where I could go, and all of a sudden it's like a door opening or more like, I don't know, a curtain over a window with an amazing view and I say thank you, Frank, thank you...

FRANK: What?

BETTY: And I am thinking of all the names and the places I could go, in the world ... places I had read about when I was studying, all the places I had taught the kids about, seen on TV and in the brochures ... places he would never want to go to ...

FRANK: Bets are you there?

BETTY: All the beautiful places in the world came flooding into me, and I can go anywhere I wanted now – and I am really happy like I don't remember having ever been ... Does that sound crazy?

VIRGO: Yeah. It does.

BETTY: Then I put the phone down.

FRANK: Bets? Bets?

BETTY: I waited. I wanted to call Jack but – somehow I had forgotten ...

VIRGO: Who's Jack?

BETTY: My son.

BETTY: Frank told me not to go anywhere ... so I didn't and when he arrived and saw Bob, poor guy didn't know what to do with himself. But did he ever? He's only Sheriff because his Dad made him – did you know he wanted to be a priest?

FRANK appears.

FRANK: Jesus, Bets, Jesus.

BETTY: And then the other detective ... Stephens, asks "Have you done this before Mrs Lunderman?" And I am thinking, *what can he mean?* And then he says "it looks like you've got a talent there – it looks like a hit" and I say, *what?* And he says "Professional – the shots – the placement – spooky accurate" ... And meanwhile Frank is standing over Bob shaking his head –

FRANK: Jesus, Bets...

BETTY: Are you OK, Frank? Do you want a glass of water or something? There's a glass in the cupboard above the sink and OJ in the fridge – Florida, smooth like you like it – if you'd prefer, would you like me to? ... And I go to fetch it for him and Stephens says stay right where you are Mrs Lunderman and I say, like it just comes out without even a thought – “Crowfoot.”

VIRGO: What?

FRANK: Who?

BETTY: I am not Mrs Lunderman anymore. I am no longer married. I am Elizabeth Crowfoot.

FRANK: Jesus, Bets ... what happened to you?

BETTY: And I can see a kind of sadness come over Frank like he wants to say something like –

FRANK: That could have been me.

BETTY: And I look at him as if to say, *no, that would never have been you ...*

FRANK: If only I had had the courage to ask.

BETTY: But you didn't –

FRANK: Jesus, Bets.

BETTY: Then I notice Stephens is cuffing me and I can't move my arms and all of a sudden I want to cry – not for Bob or what I did – but because of all the places I could go, how big the world is and how close, if I could just step out there and head towards it and there's nothing stopping me now ... except this guy and Frank with his broken heart and these cuffs – reminding me just then of that bracelet my Mom got from her grandma and gave me for the prom, for protection she said, and Frank saying –

FRANK: What's that?

BETTY: Because it had a bear's tooth charm and it spooked him ...

FRANK: Sorry Bets, we have to, it's procedure ... I mean you just shot Bob ... Jesus, Bets ... why?

BETTY: I don't rightly know Frank. Because I don't. And then I ask to go to the bathroom. And no-one moves for a moment. And then Frank says –

FRANK: Sure Bets.

BETTY: And Stephens looks at Frank as if to say “are you sure this is a good idea?” And Frank says –

FRANK: It's Bets for Chrissakes. Let her go to the bathroom.

BETTY: So Stephens takes the cuffs off ...

FRANK: We'll be right here.

VIRGO: You gotta be kidding.

BETTY: And as I am walking away I hear Frank back in the family room.

FRANK: Where's the gun? Jesus where's the gun?

FRANK fades into darkness

VIRGO: He let you walk?

BETTY: And I remember it's still in my pocket ... and I feel like it's mine now ... and I want to keep it ... and I don't want them taking it from me. Not now. Not now I have it in my hands. Not after all this. So I start walking down the corridor to the bathroom, open the door close it again ... like I'd seen in that show ... and carry on through to the front door – and this nice policewoman I don't recognise steps aside to let me pass – smiling and saying excuse me Ma'am and I say, *no excuse me*, and I carry on walking out past the police cars, the blue lights flashing off the trees and the sun going down over the mountain and I carry on straight to my car and I get in it and the keys are there because I always leave them in it – never had a thing stolen in thirty years living at the Hollow – and the next thing I'm on the 95 at White Bird heading south ...

VIRGO: Jesus. The gun.

VIRGO pulls his police pistol and *points* it at **BETTY**.

VIRGO: Get up.

BETTY: What?

VIRGO: Get up. Right now. Hands where I can see them.

BETTY stands.

BETTY: Now you're not to use what I said about Frank against him in any way.

VIRGO: Turn around.

BETTY: ... I mean to make him look bad.

VIRGO pats BETTY down over the following dialogue

VIRGO: He fucked up.

BETTY: He thought I was going to the bathroom – I deceived him.

VIRGO: He fucked up.

BETTY: He's a good man. Promise me.

VIRGO: What difference does it make to you?

BETTY: Frank's a good man.

VIRGO finds the gun in her front trouser pocket and carefully removes it.

VIRGO: Either way it's death row for you, you know that right?

BETTY: I got away from Bob.

VIRGO: You killed him.

BETTY: Like I said, I got away from Bob.

VIRGO: And now you're here ...

BETTY: There's a door.

VIRGO: So?

BETTY: Every place has doors. Even a jail, and doors open – that’s why they’re doors – there’s one just there – it’s how I got in here so it’s a way out ...

VIRGO: There is no way out from this.

***BETTY** tries to get up and run towards the door. **VIRGO** tries to stop her. She is screaming and trying to hit him with her free hand ...*

VIRGO: What are you doing? What the fuck are you doing?

BETTY: Get out of my goddamn way!

***VIRGO** slaps **BETTY** in the face. She is stunned for a moment. He manages to get her back to the table ... and cuffs both her hands.*

VIRGO: Now fucking sit there and don’t fucking move.

***BETTY** weeps – a long low moan of despair and anguish.*

SCENE 3: *Later ... VIRGO and BETTY have cups of coffee taken from a flask ...*

VIRGO: That's all I got ... nothing in the cupboard.

BETTY: I can't drink it. My hands.

VIRGO: It's cold now anyway. Want me to heat it?

BETTY: No, thank you. I like it cold.

VIRGO: Try that again and I'll shoot you. You understand?

BETTY: It'll warm up once it's in you – that's what my father used to say.

VIRGO: Did he now?

BETTY: Why shoot me? Like you said I wouldn't get far.

VIRGO undoes her cuffs then reattaches one link to the chair leaving her left arm free. BETTY takes a drink of coffee.

BETTY: Yeah I like it cold.

VIRGO takes a sip of his own coffee and spits it out.

VIRGO: Jesus, it's disgusting.

BETTY: You made it.

VIRGO: Forgot the goddamn sugar ...

BETTY: Don't worry, I'll have yours. I don't like sugar. Not for a while now.

VIRGO: Does that help?

BETTY: What?

VIRGO: The door thing – the thought you can leave even though you can't. What's the point?

BETTY: It means there's a future.

VIRGO: We make it ourselves.

BETTY: So they say.

VIRGO: That's why you're there and I'm here – same place, opposite sides of the table.

BETTY: Right now you look like the lucky one, me the loser. But things can change.

VIRGO: When I was a kid me and my brother, Dougie, Jimmy Macfarlan, and Slug, we went looking for treasure down the abandoned shaft at old Golden ... and we got lost. We were so scared. Torch batteries dying on us, no idea where we are. Dougie sitting there in the dark crying his eyes out, Slug shaking with fear, Jimmy shouting at me like, "Fuck you, Vince, look what you've done making us come down here" and I'm like, "I never made you do anything you dick" and I'm real scared too ... But then I feel this breeze on my face ... almost nothing more than a breath but there it is and I figure it has to be coming from the outside ... so I take Dougie's hand and he holds on to Slug, and Jimmy following after on his own, and we crawl out of there back into the light ... Never told our folks. Jimmy's a lawyer now – real estate – Slug's ... no idea what happened to him. I've always been lucky – always found a way. Dougie was the smart one – the one with all the future – at least that's what my Dad thought ... not smart enough to dodge the first mortar that came his way in Kandahar. In action less than two days – 48 goddamn hours and boom his hundred mile an hour pitching arm and his straight A's brains all over the fucking street ... Me, the fuck-up – I survive three tours without a scratch ... Luck of devil he called it. Don't much matter whose luck if you ask me –

BETTY: I guess not.

VIRGO: I believe you make what you can out of this shit-show. How far did you think you'd get anyway?

BETTY: Far enough.

VIRGO: Time you go through that door the next one'll be the back of my truck, then after that the sheriffs office, right? Then county jail, then your cell, then the court house, then the state pen, then the door to the last room you'll ever see ...

A pause. VIRGO puts his cup down and sits staring at BETTY.

VIRGO: Bob was good man.

BETTY: He wasn't a bad man.

VIRGO: He helped people.

BETTY: Helped people?

VIRGO: That's what they said – kids who got in trouble – like me.

BETTY: He helped you?

VIRGO: No ... it's just what they said.

BETTY: Yeah. He helped people like that. People like you.

VIRGO: What do you mean *people like me*?

BETTY: His kind.

VIRGO: Yeah well people have to stick together.

BETTY: People are stupid.

VIRGO: That's something you learn in the army – you're stronger when you're together – the guys who don't follow, don't stay close – they're the ones who come back in a bag – time after time.

BETTY: So all the dead ones deserve it.

VIRGO: That's not what I said.

BETTY: Everything falls apart in the end ... you know that right? That's history – what it tells us over and over ... families, armies, nations ... it all falls apart in the end ... it's meant to fall apart in the end ... and there's nothing you can hold on to, nothing at all – even the things you love the most ... maybe especially those things, are taken away ...

VIRGO: Goddammit, listening to you it's a wonder Bob didn't shoot himself ...

BETTY: Like Jack.

VIRGO: Jack?

BETTY: My son – I told you.

VIRGO: Oh yeah right. Wait. He shot himself?

BETTY: He came back in a bag.

VIRGO: Shit.

BETTY: Afghanistan – 2011.

VIRGO: So why try to call him?

BETTY: What?

VIRGO: You said you tried to call him after you shot Bob.

BETTY: Can you believe that? I wanted to tell him ...

VIRGO: What?

BETTY: I don't know ... I talk to him.

VIRGO: What?

BETTY: I talk to him from time to time – check in, you know?

VIRGO: No.

BETTY: No?

VIRGO: No, I don't.

BETTY: Maybe you met him out there?

VIRGO: I don't think I did.

BETTY: You don't think you did?

VIRGO: I mean we didn't ...

BETTY: No-one called Jack?

VIRGO: No.

BETTY: No-one?

VIRGO: Well yeah there may have been but I don't know ... there were a lot of guys out there you know?

BETTY: Any called Jack?

VIRGO: What? Maybe.

BETTY: Maybe?

VIRGO: Hell I don't know.

BETTY: What about from school?

VIRGO: I told you I didn't go much – I don't remember – there were a lot of kids – must have moved in different circles.

BETTY: You never met anyone out there called Jack?

VIRGO: No. I don't know. I don't remember. There's thousands of guys ... it's like going some place far away and meeting some guy and saying where you from? Boise. Boise? I have a friend called Dave in Boise, you know him ...? Dave? You know Dave? ... Course he doesn't fucking know Dave.

BETTY: He was marines.

VIRGO: I was artillery, there you go.

BETTY: Friendly fire.

VIRGO: It happens. It's war. Sorry. Sorry.

BETTY: You would have liked him. Everyone liked him. Like you said nobody knows who killed who – except when ...

VIRGO: I meant ... yeah, OK ... that's not what I meant exactly ... it doesn't matter ... it's a mess. War is a mess. I'm sorry about your son.

BETTY: Jack.

VIRGO: I am sorry about/ Jack.

BETTY: Yeah everybody's sorry/ about Jack.

BOB: I can't stand it ... all the goddamn sympathy – sorry for your loss, sorry for your loss, sorry for your loss – Jesus – I am not going to another funeral – not another ever – the next funeral I go to will be my own and that's that.

BETTY: But it's my Father's – I mean I know you didn't get along but you gotta come Bob.

BOB: Not another – not after Jack – dammit if you hadn't given him all those ideas about getting out and seeing the world – he would have stayed here – you know that right? He would have stayed right here in God's own country – joined the Ranger service or the Sheriff's department – and he'd still be alive – still be alive – Goddammit.

VIRGO: So why did you do it?

BETTY: Are you really expecting an answer to that?

VIRGO: Why did you shoot Dad?

BETTY: I'm still trying to figure that out for myself ...

VIRGO: There's gotta be a reason.

BETTY: I used to think so ...

VIRGO: Nobody does anything for no reason.

BETTY: That's what they say isn't it?

VIRGO: Nobody.

BETTY: Wait, what did you say ...?

VIRGO: What?

BETTY: Just now?

VIRGO: Just now?

BETTY: Just then.

VIRGO: Nobody does nothing ...

BETTY: No before that.

VIRGO: Before?

BETTY: Before, just now you asked me ...

VIRGO: Why did you shoot Bob?

BETTY: No you didn't, you said "Dad". You said, *why did you shoot Dad?*

VIRGO: What?

BETTY: You said "Dad".

VIRGO: Why would I say "Dad"?

BETTY: You said "Dad", I heard you.

VIRGO: I said Bob.

BETTY: Did you?

VIRGO: Yeah, why would I say "Dad"? I said Bob ... why did you shoot Bob?

BETTY: ,

VIRGO: So why?

BETTY: Are you really expecting an answer to that?

JACK: Why did you shoot Dad?

BETTY: Jacky?

JACK: Mom ...

BETTY: Jacky, where have you been?

JACK: You know where I've been, Mom.

BETTY: I know, honey, I missed you so much.

JACK: It's a long way back – thought I'd never make it.

BETTY: You look great, beautiful.

JACK: I feel better than I did – the pain has mostly gone now.

BETTY: That's good.

JACK: Just a kind of ache right here (*points to his chest*) – but that'll clear up soon.

BETTY: I hope so ...

JACK: Look, I can't stay.

BETTY: What? You only just got here ...

JACK: I know, I'm sorry.

BETTY: It's OK – you're here now.

JACK: I can't stay.

BETTY: What?

JACK: I can't stay.

BETTY: Can't I fix you something?

JACK: I'm not hungry.

BETTY: Coffee?

JACK: No, thank you.

BETTY: Water?

JACK: No, thank you, I'm not thirsty.

BETTY: You look cold. Are you cold? It's terrible out there.

JACK: I'm not cold.

BETTY: Why not stay until it blows over ...

JACK: You haven't answered my question.

BETTY: What question?

JACK: I need to know.

BETTY: It's so good to see you ...

JACK: I need to know.

BETTY: What? What do you need to know?

JACK: Why did you shoot Bob?

BETTY: Bob? You mean Dad.

VIRGO: Why did you shoot Bob?

BETTY: Bob ... yes, Bob. I'm still trying to figure that out myself.

VIRGO: You'd never thought about it before?

BETTY: What?

VIRGO: You must've done.

BETTY: Done what?

VIRGO: Thought about it before.

BETTY: What difference does it make?

VIRGO: Isn't that obvious?

BETTY: The guys who killed my son didn't mean to – it would have been easier if the enemy, the people who wanted to kill him had done it ... but somebody had to die out there right? – Because it's war – Jacky was surrounded by people who wanted other people to die – he was serving a country that wanted to beat another country and make them hurt – and everybody in the war wanted somebody to die – so Jacky died because somebody wanted somebody to die and they fired off rockets or bombs or mortars or whatever it is they use and one of those killed him. If no-one had wanted to kill anyone in Afghanistan Jacky would be alive so does it make any difference? Accident? Deliberate? – What difference does it make?

VIRGO: You shot your husband in cold blood – that's capital right there.

BETTY: Poor Bob, watching TV – getting fatter and less ... alive ... like he was hoping to just roll over into the grave one day ... or pull back the recliner into the flat position and just be carried off ... We weren't going anywhere – nothing was going anywhere. Like the world had stopped turning and when it stops you have to get off it – that's the moment to step off. Do you know what I mean?

VIRGO: Not really.

BETTY: It was an opportunity ...

VIRGO: An opportunity?

BETTY: When the door opens, my Father used to say.

VIRGO: He said a lot of things, sounds like.

BETTY: When the door opens you gotta go through it.

VIRGO: How'd that work out for you?

BETTY: I'm here, with you.

VIRGO: Yeah.

BETTY: You seem like you wanna be somewhere else.

VIRGO: Are you surprised?

BETTY: What is it, where would you rather be right now?

VIRGO: None of your business. I'm fine right here doing my job.

BETTY: Is it a date?

VIRGO: No.

BETTY: Then what?

VIRGO: None of your goddamn business.

BETTY: OK – but it's eating you up – maybe if you tell me?

VIRGO: Shit – I'm not telling you OK? It's something I do every year on this day – every year – every fucking year without fail except when I was in Afghanistan – OK?

BETTY: Every year? A birthday?

VIRGO: Not a fucking birthday. I visit someone. OK?

BETTY: A relative?

VIRGO: Fuck you ... that's enough OK? – That's enough.

***BETTY** tries to take his hand ... lights fade down to a single spot, she reaches into the light and takes **VIRGO's** hand. Lights fade to black.*

SCENE 4: *as the lights brighten we see BETTY is holding DEBBIE's hand.*

BETTY: Come, sit.

DEBBIE: Thank you.

BETTY: Are you OK?

DEBBIE: Fine ... it's just I'm so nervous ... about tomorrow. I just wish it could be now ...

BETTY: You're going to do great – and there's a lot of pressure on you right now but it's gonna be fine.

DEBBIE: Thanks Mrs Lunderman.

BETTY: So your essay for the Stanford application ...

DEBBIE: Yes.

BETTY: What do you think of it?

DEBBIE: What do I think of it?

BETTY: Yes, what do you think of it?

DEBBIE: I think it's OK – it was a lot of work – but the subject – I am just really interested ... in where I, we come from ...

BETTY: That's a very important thing.

DEBBIE: Yes, it is, thank you.

BETTY: You have a real talent – and you've obviously done your research. And who'd have thought Siberia?

DEBBIE: Some people say it is where we are from ... our people were part of the Athabaskan people when we first came here.

BETTY: So I read ...

DEBBIE: Sorry, you must know all this already.

BETTY: Not at all – I am learning a great deal.

DEBBIE: They were an ancient tribe from Siberia.

BETTY: Yes, I had no idea until I read your paper.

DEBBIE: Yes, of course.

BETTY: How fascinating.

DEBBIE: It is. It really is.

BETTY: There's a lot in this.

DEBBIE: Maybe too much?

BETTY: Not at all.

DEBBIE: I want to find out more ...

BETTY: Me too.

DEBBIE: Thanks. That's cool.

BETTY: Well you must. And I am sure you will. I have to say I am disappointed though.

DEBBIE: Oh? Did I ... I know some of the references may have got messed up ...

BETTY: No, no, nothing to do with references ... I am disappointed I can't give you a better grade.

DEBBIE: Oh.

BETTY: A+ is as far as the scale goes and what you have written here is beyond that, in fact, way beyond, so congratulations ...

DEBBIE: Thank you Mrs Lunderman – thank you ...

BETTY: You have a bright future.

DEBBIE: I want to study paleoanthropology.

BETTY: Wow. I think you would be the first from Riggins High to take that particular path.

DEBBIE: My Mom and Dad want me to go to college but they want me to study business or economics, so I can come back and take over the hotel.

BETTY: The Halfway?

DEBBIE: Yeah, and the hunting lodges at Old Golden.

BETTY: It's not their decision.

DEBBIE: No, but it's hard.

BETTY: It's hard moving away from what you're used to ... and it's hard seeing others moving away too, especially your kids – it makes you question whether you are doing the right thing holding on ... what we have left here are the remnants of a world long lost, long taken from us – But you have to go where you are called even if it is Siberia – you know how cold it is over there right?

DEBBIE: Worse than here?

BETTY: Much worse. Anyhow – your essay is exceptional and they are gonna love it at Stanford.

DEBBIE: Thank you, Mrs Lunderman.

BETTY: Are you going to the graduation party?

DEBBIE: What? Oh yes ... me and some of the others are going down to the bridge ...

BETTY: Debbie, I want you to have this.

BETTY holds out her arm and takes off a bracelet with a bear's tooth charm.

BETTY: Here.

BETTY hands the bracelet to DEBBIE.

BETTY: It belonged to my great grandmother.

DEBBIE: But Mrs Lunderman, I can't ...

BETTY: Yes you can – I can't think of anyone who I'd rather pass it on to ...

DEBBIE: Thank you, it's so beautiful, thank you.

BETTY: Well, you take it easy tonight OK? It's a big day tomorrow, remember ...

DEBBIE: When a door opens ...

Lights fade to black.

SCENE 5: BETTY is examining her wrist ... VIRGO is dozing ...

BETTY: If you could go some place far away where would you go?

VIRGO: Nowhere.

BETTY: That's not an option.

VIRGO: They'll be here soon. Why don't you try getting some rest?

BETTY: I don't need rest. Not yet.

VIRGO: Whatever.

VIRGO sits back in his chair, closes his eyes ...

BETTY: I need the bathroom.

VIRGO: Now?

BETTY: Yes now. It's been a while. All that coffee. It's just through there.

VIRGO: Here?

VIRGO checks through the door and then uncuffs BETTY from the chair.

VIRGO: OK ... I'm right here ...

BETTY: Where do you think I am going to go?

VIRGO: Nowhere.

BETTY: I'm nearly done anyhow.

VIRGO: What do you mean?

BETTY doesn't answer and exits through the bathroom door ... VIRGO sits back in his chair and waits. The seconds tick by and BETTY doesn't come out ...

VIRGO: Are you OK in there?

There is no response. VIRGO's radio starts to crackle ...

RADIO VOICE: Vincent? Vincent? Is that you? Where are you?

VIRGO: Hello? Hello? This is officer Vincent Virgo can you hear me?

RADIO VOICE: Where are you?

VIRGO: I told you, at the end of Discovery Road – a cabin, the last cabin on the track.

RADIO VOICE: Where are you?

VIRGO: Can you hear me?

The Radio goes dead ...

VIRGO: Hey can you hear me? Hey! Can you hear me?

VIRGO realises BETTY has been in the bathroom a while. He goes to check ... as he reaches the door it opens and BETTY comes out drying her hands ...

BETTY: What's with all the shouting?

VIRGO: Nothing.

BETTY: Are you OK?

VIRGO: I'm fine. Sit down.

VIRGO cuffs BETTY to the table.

BETTY: We need more wood.

VIRGO puts another log on the fire.

BETTY: I didn't come straight here you know.

VIRGO: What, you stopped for donuts and coffee?

BETTY: Something happened on the way. Something I wasn't expecting.

VIRGO: They gave you raspberry when you ordered chocolate, who cares? You came up here. I found you. It's over. Now sit down.

***VIRGO** cuffs **BETTY** to the table.*

BETTY: I took the 95 over the Snake at Wildhorse, headed up to Homestead then hung the first left, not sure where I was headed – just needed to think, get my bearings – after a while – I don't know how long, except it was dark, I stopped at the motel.

VIRGO: Like I said, stopped for donuts and coffee.

BETTY: Fell asleep in the car park – woke up in the dark – just a few street lights and the sign saying Halfway Motel – then this young man, looks familiar, comes walking toward the car. He has a limp. He knocks on the window –

DANNY: Ma'am you can't sleep in the car park you have to get a room or else I'm gonna have to ask you to move on.

BETTY: And then I recognise him – Danny Pritchard, Eva's boy – I taught him geography in 4th grade – not the smartest kid but always did his homework –

DANNY: I'm sorry Ma'am but it's policy here at the Halfway and if there's anything else I can help you with please just say ...

BETTY: He was crazy about Debbie ... But she had her mind on higher things of course until she drowned in the river at Old Golden.

DANNY: Ma'am can I help you, Ma'am?

BETTY: ,

DANNY: Ma'am?

BETTY: There was a whole bunch of kids down there that night but no-one knew what happened, no-one saw anything – everyone said it was a terrible accident – death by misadventure, officially ... misadventure? What is that exactly? Misadventure ... Bob was in charge of the whole investigation but apparently there was no sign of foul play. Just a terrible tragedy they said ...

DANNY: Excuse me, Ma'am, are you OK?

BETTY: And of course everyone felt sorry for Danny – having such a crush on her and all – I thought he'd gone into mountain rescue – but it was nice to see his face through the glass, a kind face, a face I recognised there in the dark, and my, how he had grown – and I smiled – and he smiled back but then I remembered I was supposed to not be there – I was supposed to disappear –

DANNY: Mrs Lunderman?

BETTY: What?

DANNY: Is that you?

BETTY: No, no it's not, I'm not – and I try to look away like that will make me invisible but there was nothing to look at in the dark except the lights on the 95 junction – and I still haven't put the window down and it's all steamed up. And I say nothing and then he says.

DANNY: Mrs Lunderman it's me Danny – Danny Pritchard – you taught me history in fourth grade. Remember? What are you doing down here? Don't you live up in Orofino?

BETTY: And I remember thinking why does it have to be him here, why now? Why Danny?

DANNY: Mrs Lunderman is Bob with you? No? How's he doin'?

BETTY: And I feel Bob's gun, my gun now, pressing, digging into my hip – hurting like hell and I've not even noticed till now ... and I shift to relieve the pain –

DANNY: I guess you're on your way up to the cabin huh?

BETTY: And I reach into my pocket.

DANNY: Take it easy though cos there's some weather coming in tonight ... you don't wanna be out next couple of days ...

BETTY: And I am looking at my feet and feeling the gun with my hand – and it's like I can breathe again knowing it's there – and he starts tapping on the window bang bang bang bang bang bang bang – just a little bit too hard you know?

DANNY: Mrs Lunderman? Are you Ok?

BETTY: And I just want him to go away – somewhere safe – but he keeps tapping on the window – and it’s getting louder – and I can’t just sit here ignoring him forever so I wind it down and I can see his face now – and he really has become a man – a lot older than I expected – still got his Mom’s eyes – and I say “Hi, Danny – I thought you went into mountain rescue”.

DANNY: Yeah I did that. I had a fall though, broke my leg real bad – that’s why I walk funny now. How’s Bob?

BETTY: I’m sorry to hear that Danny.

DANNY: It’s OK I’m getting used to it – I can still do some stuff OK ... doctor says it’ll never be like it was ... so anyways, can I help you Mrs Lunderman? – Is everything OK? What are you doing out here this time of night? Did you break down? Do you want to come inside? Do you need to make a call? I got my cell right here ... do you wanna use my cell?

BETTY: And it occurs to me he never asked a single question in school, not one the whole time he was in my class – and now he can’t stop. And I say “No, Danny, thank you, I’m just fine” and I pull out the gun and point it right at his chest.

DANNY: Mrs Lunderman? Is that a gun? Oh my God, Mrs Lunderman what are you doing with that?

BETTY: I am not Mrs Lunderman, Danny, not any more – and for some reason he asks again ...

DANNY: Where’s Bob?

BETTY: What? He’s at home watching TV with Frank.

DANNY: What’s going on Mrs Lunderman?

BETTY: Crowfoot ... I am using my old name now, Danny, my original name because Bob and I are no longer together.

DANNY: What?

BETTY: My old name – my real name ...

DANNY: Sorry, Mrs L ... I don’t understand.

BETTY: And I say no you don't, but that's OK, it's not your fault, and I pull the trigger and he stands there for a moment looking like he wants to cry but there's no sound coming out and a patch of red on his chest opens, like a flower in one of those fast forward things on TV, and he falls.

VIRGO gets up and picks up the bow saw.

BETTY: What are you gonna do with that?

VIRGO: I'm gonna cut that tree ...

BETTY: With that?

VIRGO: That's all we got. Cut the tree, drive as far as we can, walk the rest – I am not staying another minute here with you – you shot Danny.

BETTY: Did you know him?

VIRGO: You fucking shot Danny.

VIRGO starts to uncuff BETTY.

BETTY: What are you doing?

VIRGO: I am not leaving you in here alone – you're gonna sit in the truck while I cut the tree.

BETTY: OK.

VIRGO: Are you gonna behave?

BETTY: I'm not the one with the gun.

VIRGO: OK let's go.

VIRGO leads BETTY outside ... the wind gets up. The sounds of a car door opening and closing. The gale starts to howl drowning out all other sounds ... then a crack of a tree breaking in the wind ... A cry of pain ...

SCENE 6: Darker outside.

BETTY is sitting on the same chair. There is blood on her hands. **VIRGO** enters bleeding from a cut on his head.

BETTY: Are you OK?

VIRGO: No I'm not fucking OK.

BETTY: You were lucky ...

VIRGO: Lucky?

BETTY: It could have been a lot worse – my Dad always kept that saw sharp – there are some bandages I think under the sink ... do you want me to?

VIRGO: No, fuck no – what? Are you kidding?

BETTY: I didn't mean to ... I was just sitting there – the wind took the door and you ...

VIRGO: Yeah I know ... I fucking slipped, goddamn saw, I fucking knew that ... Jesus how are we gonna get out of here now? And where the fuck are they?

BETTY: How about some more coffee?

VIRGO: No fuck no ... we're getting out of here soon. They're coming and we are getting out of here...

BETTY: Of course we are, one way or another. Well I'd like some coffee – then we can take it easy and talk. Anything left in that flask of yours?

VIRGO pours **BETTY** a cup.

BETTY: Holds more than it looks.

VIRGO: I'm done talking to you ...

VIRGO tries his radio ... but there is only white noise ...

BETTY: I thought you were interested ... Don't you want to know? Why ... this all happened ... I am interested too, you know? Because I don't completely understand it myself ...

You spend your whole life being somebody's wife, somebody's teacher, somebody's mom, always part of somebody else's life and you don't pay attention and you get lost in all that ... all those ideas about who and what you are ... and when you get lost you get scared, like being out there in the wilderness and you don't know how to be on your own, you don't know how to survive without the protection of others ... you don't know how to be at all ... because you don't know yourself, not really – not deep down – right in here ... you forget that you are a mystery and when you suddenly realise that you are not all those things that you are called – all the names good or bad ... for a moment that is terrifying and then it becomes something else, a kind of power that rises up inside and – it becomes what you want to be – something, somebody who is not like anything you can touch or think ... Danny was there and he said my name and that was enough ... I can't explain it any better than that ...

VIRGO: I'm not interested in why. Who cares? It's just darkness after this – you know that right? Nothing in it, nowhere to go. No fucking God or Jesus ... welcoming us into his open arms like that asshole priest said at Dougie's funeral ... Life is a fucking dream and then we wake up and it's just darkness right? – And there's nothing in the darkness either ... no stars ... nothing ...

BETTY: How do you know?

VIRGO: I just know.

BETTY: How?

VIRGO: I've seen it.

BETTY: I see – you have.

VIRGO: What?

BETTY: It's in you – I see it in you.

VIRGO: In me?

BETTY: It's in me too – it's in all of us.

VIRGO: Nobody knows what happens after this – that's why we gotta make the most – get what you can when you can. If there is anything after this, nobody knows what it is anyhow so best forget and get on.

BETTY: If nobody knows how do we know there's really nothing?

VIRGO: Atoms – maybe ...

BETTY: Atoms.

VIRGO: That's what it is – science – we go back to atoms – what we're made of.

BETTY: So you did make it to science class.

VIRGO: Floating around – that's all.

BETTY: Floating around. Sounds nice ...

VIRGO: Maybe it is – maybe it's just nothing – I don't know – either way best not get your hopes up.

BETTY: Best not.

VIRGO: I thought your people believed in something.

BETTY: My people?

VIRGO: The great spirit or whatever the fuck it is – don't they believe everything goes back to something – like a world – a spirit world?

BETTY: I'm a Catholic, from a long line of Catholics – they believe in heaven and hell, the life after, sure. The spirit – the holy ghost or something in a bottle, take your pick – anyhow I'll find out for sure one way or the other when the time comes ...

VIRGO: Thought you were Blackfoot.

BETTY: Do I look like Blackfoot?

VIRGO: I don't know.

BETTY: Blackfoot Catholic.

VIRGO: I don't know what that's supposed to look like.

BETTY: Nobody does.

VIRGO: Nowadays who the hell knows who came from where? Who even gives a damn?

BETTY: The original people.

VIRGO: Whatever ... that's all history.

BETTY: It is. It is history.

VIRGO: Everybody's got to move on –

BETTY: Yes they do. Things die.

VIRGO: Put it all behind.

BETTY: Some things though ... they just keep coming back ... because they're part of you and you can't forget them ... because that's what we are ... who we are ...

VIRGO: Who we are what?

BETTY: What we are, you and I – pieces of history we can't unmake or change – walking and talking pieces of the past, you and I ...

DEBBIE: You and I, flesh and blood stories, mudpie mixtures of truth and lies but stories still being told here and now, this very minute their 'once upon a time' going way back before we can even remember ...

VIRGO: Is that Blackfoot?

BETTY: “You don't have to know what the story is just that it is a story and it started before you and it will carry on long after you're gone ...”

VIRGO: Atoms – that's what happens – atoms.

BETTY: No it's not Blackfoot, it's Debbie – that was what she wrote – I'll never forget it.

VIRGO: Debbie?

DEBBIE: It's scary.

VIRGO: Scary?

BETTY: What?

DEBBIE: Not knowing where you fit in – not knowing your place or if you even have a place. We live in the most beautiful country in the world. But imagine being a pioneer in 1849 – a traveller exploring a new world, a prospector hoping for a chance of gold, or even a refugee, running from poverty or persecution, looking for a home. It would have been hard to stand in the middle of the Seven Devils with the Snake winding way down below and just let yourself be embraced by its awesome beauty. The first thing you have to do in a wild country like this is make your mark; it's natural, every animal, including us, wants to leave their scent on a tree or a rock to let everyone know I am here in this place, and I claim it as mine. But the refugees, the prospectors and the adventurers took it further, because leaving a mark that can be washed away by rain or buried under snow is not enough. All around them the land seemed to go on forever, so they put up fences to capture some piece of it because if they didn't they'd be lost. Tired of travelling, they built their homes out of exhaustion and bitterness, and fenced their fields with anger and fear.

So you who are their descendants, I urge you to take a look at where you are and how you got here. Go and take a look at the country you drive through everyday mostly without even noticing how fierce and beautiful it is. Go stand somewhere deep inside it and allow yourself to be humbled by its power, admit that you can't handle its beauty because it stirs you too deep. But you won't be able to, at least not for long. You will have to go inside and close the door on the view because it'll bring you to your knees if you don't – and who wants to be on their knees? That's not what you came here for, that's not what your ancestors came here for – to bow down or to be embraced – No. You came here, as my grandfather said “to take possession and to curse the wilderness, and hide from her in case she withdrew her permission to let you live.”

And now imagine even further back to the time of the very first people, my people, who came here from their original home on the other side of the world, driven by climate, or hunger or by the sheer desire to keep moving, keep discovering. Did they have the same fear? Did the wilderness and the wolves make them circle their wagons? – I doubt it – the first people to come here, the original people, didn't have wagons or wheels or ships or horses or guns. It took them generations to arrive. They moved slowly on foot, “slow enough to let their souls catch up” as my grandfather said, “slow enough to take it all in, step by step, season by season, and so the power and the beauty and the danger and the abundance all became part of them – they did not choke on the feast, like the greedy and the desperate who would follow them thousands of years later, they absorbed it into their bodies bit by bit and it became the same as who they were ... /they did not live in this land, they were this land ...”

DEBBIE fades into darkness. VIRGO is holding his radio which is producing white noise ... He turns it off.

VIRGO: I need to get some air.

BETTY: Close the door.

VIRGO exits and leaves the door open – fade out.

SCENE 7: VIRGO re-enters. Howling wind.

BETTY: Are you OK? You've been a while. Take a walk in the dark?

VIRGO: Is that why you changed your name? To get back ...

BETTY: Back to what it always was.

VIRGO: Your roots?

BETTY: Roots go back longer than names. What do you know about roots?

VIRGO: Not much. I had a girlfriend way back. She was half and half. Does that count? I remember a guy asking me at school "Which half? Does she think like an Indian or fuck like an Indian?" I told him to go to hell. Turned into a fight.

BETTY: Did you win?

VIRGO: Not really. Broke his fucking nose though.

BETTY: So which half?

VIRGO: Her Mom. Shoshonne. She was real smart – times I didn't know why she wanted to be with me – she was real proud of her family, where she came from.

BETTY: So it was love.

VIRGO: What? Who knows? We talked a lot – I mostly listened – it was strange – we couldn't stop wanting to see each other.

BETTY: What happened?

VIRGO: She's gone.

BETTY: Gone?

VIRGO: Yeah like that.

BETTY: Do you still think about her?

VIRGO: I don't wanna talk about it ...

BETTY: You already are.

VIRGO: Go to hell.

BETTY: Have you ever felt like you're living someone else's life? I mean did you want to be a Ranger?

VIRGO: All I wanted was to climb ... get up high.

BETTY: You don't do it any more?

VIRGO: Not really.

BETTY: Why not?

VIRGO: I don't know.

BETTY: Sure you do.

VIRGO: Maybe if I went back up there I wouldn't wanna come down – and then where would I be?

BETTY: Up there.

VIRGO: I got responsibilities. No time.

BETTY: Yeah there's always that.

VIRGO: There's consequences – always consequences ...

BETTY: Consequences? I mean when do the consequences ever stop? What leads to what ... everything leads to everything else ... so what is the real origin of anything? ... It's a total mystery. Long and short. It's all connected ... You know, it was only after Danny that I remembered,

VIRGO: Remembered what?

BETTY: Debbie.

VIRGO: Debbie? Why do you keep talking about Debbie?

BETTY: I can't forget her. The best student I ever had ... one of those kids who makes it all worthwhile.

VIRGO: Is that why you shot Danny, because of Debbie? What did Danny have to do with her?

BETTY: I don't know.

VIRGO: You don't know? What are you talking about?

BETTY: Memory is a funny thing – it has a life of its own.

DEBBIE re-appears briefly at the window as if looking in.

BETTY: Just comes when it wants ... and all you have to do is be ready... that's what my Father used to say...

VIRGO: Wait, did you see that?

BETTY: What?

VIRGO: That.

BETTY: I didn't see anything.

VIRGO: I thought I saw someone.

BETTY: It's too dark now for people to be wandering up here ...

VIRGO: Maybe it's the back up ...

BETTY: It's not the back up.

VIRGO goes to the door and goes outside leaving it open. JOSEPH enters and stands in the doorway – he is drunk –

BETTY: Dad?

JOSEPH: Lizzie.

BETTY: Did you get anything?

JOSEPH: No. There was nothing there. Everything is hiding today ...

BETTY: Dad are you OK?

JOSEPH: What? No – I'm fine.

BETTY: Where's your gun?

JOSEPH: It's right here. (*JOSEPH hands BETTY a pistol identical to VIRGO's regular issue.*)

BETTY: Is this it? Isn't it kind of small for hunting?

JOSEPH: I'm gonna sit under the stars. It's not so cold after all.

JOSEPH exits. After a few moments VIRGO re-enters.

BETTY: Why do you never close the door?

VIRGO: I could have sworn.

BETTY: What?

VIRGO: I shouldn't be here. I shouldn't be up this fucking mountain. I should be down there like I promised –

VIRGO tries his radio again ... white noise ... He sits and stares at it listening hard... Lights fade.

SCENE 8: Night.

VIRGO: When you're going up a mountain there's this moment where you look back, and you're pretty high, on a ridge or at the tree-line, but you can still see the world down below, the tiny houses, tiny cars maybe, going along the highways, like threads, everything real small, you know? And then you go on further into the range, right into the heart of it ...

DEBBIE appears and we realise VIRGO has been speaking to her.

VIRGO: ... and all that's gone and you can't see where you've come from, and everything looks closer than it is and it's like you can reach out and touch it, even though you can't – it's like it's right there – and you feel real different to what you are when you're down at the bottom, in amongst it all. A different person.

BETTY: Do you know who you are?

VIRGO: What? Of course I do – I'm me – who the fuck else would I be?

BETTY: You're very lucky.

VIRGO: Now I'm not so sure.

BETTY: About who you are?

VIRGO: Being lucky.

BETTY: Why not?

VIRGO: I'm stuck here with you.

BETTY: You can leave any time you want. Go up one of your mountains.

VIRGO: No, I can't. I really can't.

DEBBIE: Will I see you later?

DEBBIE disappears. VIRGO is left alone.

SCENE 9: *Night. VIRGO is asleep in his chair. A Tilly lamp is on the table. BETTY picks up the lighter and lights the lamp.*

Suddenly there are discernible voices coming through the radio ...

RADIO VOICE: Vincent are you there? Are you there? Where are you?

BETTY: You need to wake up.

VIRGO wakes up.

VIRGO: I wasn't asleep.

VIRGO grabs his radio.

BETTY: You were out like a light.

RADIO VOICE: Are you there? This is Control calling Ranger Vincent VIRGO do you read?
This is Control calling Ranger Virgo. We are on Discovery Road heading to
your location, do you read?

VIRGO: Hello ... hello ... Vincent, I mean Officer Virgo here ... can you hear me?

BETTY: I need to tell you something.

VIRGO: Can you hear me? Hello?

BETTY: I need to tell you something.

VIRGO: Hello?

BETTY: There's someone else.

VIRGO: What?

BETTY: Apart from Bob and Danny.

RADIO VOICE: We hear you Ranger, what is your status?

VIRGO: This is Ranger Virgo speaking ... I have the fugitive Elizabeth Lunderman
here ... Where the fuck have you guys been and what is you ETA – ?

RADIO VOICE: ETA three minutes ... repeat ETA three minutes.

BETTY: That doesn't give us much time.

VIRGO: They're on their way.

BETTY: Too late.

VIRGO: What? What are you talking about? They're coming right now – we're done.

BETTY: Almost.

VIRGO: Wait ... Did you say someone else? What do you mean someone else? Another victim?

BETTY: I am not sure I would call them that.

BETTY, her hands free, gently pulls VIRGO's police weapon from her lap and points it at VIRGO who pulls his other weapon from the holster under his arm and points it at BETTY.

VIRGO: Put the gun down!

BETTY: Maybe you're right about it just being atoms – why do we all need to know *why* when that's a question that can never really be answered ...

VIRGO: Betty you don't want to do this – put the gun down! They're on their way. There is no way out. Listen I can hear them ... they're coming right now.

BETTY: They're not coming.

VIRGO: No, really they are ... look, the lights ...

BETTY: The answers are all on the other side of the next bullet.

VIRGO: What?

BETTY: This side is only questions – that's how it works – and I don't know about you but I am kind of tired of it, the not knowing ... Now, before you shoot me Vincent, you should maybe remind yourself that you've only ever killed people by accident – or maybe from a great distance ... you are not a real killer – you're just a guy caught up in it all – everyone I have killed is on purpose and right in front of me –

VIRGO: Put the gun down.

BETTY: I can't.

VIRGO: You don't want to do this.

BETTY: No I don't.

VIRGO: So put it down.

BETTY: But I have to.

VIRGO: No. You don't have to. You really don't ...

BETTY: No, I want to ... I do want to.

VIRGO: Don't make it worse.

BETTY: Worse? It can't get worse.

VIRGO: Jesus.

BETTY: You know, I do believe in Providence – the great spirit – whatever you want to call it.

VIRGO: What?

BETTY: And I want to do this.

VIRGO: What?

BETTY: That's the funny thing, I do believe –

VIRGO: Put the gun down, please.

BETTY: That there is an arrangement.

VIRGO: What?

BETTY: Sometimes what happens and what you want are the same – everything – all of it – however it turns out – Jack getting blown to bits in some dirty ravine on the other side of the world – Debbie floating face down in the river in her party dress ... everything

just like it is – any idea how good that feels? It's like no-one can mess with you – or take anything away or hurt you because you're already there – whatever terrible direction they push you in, you recognise it because you got there first – and you were waiting all along ... and you say hello to the darkness ... what took you so long? You greet it like it's a friend because you've met it before, been there before. I've only just figured that out right now as we're here looking at each other – I chose this and so did you – this is the best time, really, the best time.

VIRGO: Don't know what you're talking about. Betty, put the gun down. Nobody needs to die.

BETTY: They do, yeah I really think they do.

VIRGO: Jesus, Betty ...

BETTY: No, I really do and I think you do too. You said you'd seen the darkness, well here it is again looking right back at you ...

VIRGO: No, please ...

BETTY: You knew Debbie.

VIRGO: What?

BETTY: Debbie.

VIRGO: I didn't.

BETTY: What did you do?

VIRGO: I didn't do anything.

BETTY: Where were you?

VIRGO: It wasn't me.

BETTY: Where were you?

VIRGO: I wasn't there.

BETTY: You swear?

VIRGO: I swear. I wasn't there.

BETTY: You weren't?

VIRGO: It was an accident, Goddammit. She slipped and fell ... that's what they all said ... My Dad, Bob too, the police, that's what everybody said ...

BETTY: Well, you know what? It doesn't matter. Like I said, accident, deliberate, cold blood, hot blood.

VIRGO: What?

BETTY: It doesn't make much difference.

VIRGO: What do you mean?

BETTY: I mean you're close, huh?

VIRGO: Close? ... What are you talking about, close? What the fuck do you mean, close?

BETTY: We're all connected right? We're a community. It takes a village to raise a child – they say – so it must be the village that lets them die. Makes sense, right? I'm sorry Vincent. Do you think the wind chose which tree to blow down? – It just blew – the tree doesn't matter. You're a tree Vincent, and I'm the wind – I don't care if you did or you didn't do anything ... because this isn't about you or me ... Besides you were at the funeral.

VIRGO: What?

BETTY: Debbie's funeral. I saw you. Standing at a distance. Like you wanted to be there but weren't invited.

VIRGO: I wasn't.

BETTY: I saw you.

VIRGO: I wasn't invited.

BETTY: You looked sadder than everybody.

VIRGO: Yeah. OK, OK – I knew Debbie.

BETTY: I know you did.

VIRGO: I knew her really well and she knew me, even better, you know? Like really knew me, like better than I knew myself. She got inside me, you know? She turned me inside out. She was the best thing that ever – the best thing – like a fucking light in the dark, and I loved her. Love her still. Never stopped. Not even now. It's like she's what I'm looking for whenever I open my eyes ... the way I'm heading wherever I go ... even when I think it's something else ... I was supposed to meet her that night fifteen years to the day, can you believe that? ... Of course you can. You knew that right? ... That today was the day? I was supposed to meet her on the bridge but I got caught up ... because I could never step away from a fight ... I just couldn't fucking let it go ... Danny's fucking brothers start a thing and I got caught up and I left her there alone ... That's why I go to the grave every year – without fail – and I gotta keep that promise, you see? – To be there on the day ... but now I can't because I'm here with ...you ... and it's just like then ... and I'm not there where I am supposed to be and something happened and she fell and the whole world went to shit ... and there's like this great big fucking hole where she was ... and everything is dark, darker even than before she came along and I can't stand it, you know?

BETTY: I do.

VIRGO: That's why I went into the army, just like my dad wanted to see the back me and because that's how I could end it ... get myself blown to fucking pieces in a desert somewhere surrounded by people who wanted me dead.

BETTY: Like Jacky.

VIRGO: Yeah like Jacky except he wanted to come home right? Dougie too ... it just doesn't work out does it? I'm the one who wanted to die and here I am.

BETTY: Here you are.

VIRGO: I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

BETTY raises the gun and points it at VIRGO. VIRGO turns to face her, lowering his gun.

BETTY: You're sorry?

VIRGO: Go ahead. Just fucking do it.

BETTY pulls off the safety catch. VIRGO becomes JACK. He moves towards her a step.

JACK: Mom.

BETTY: That's close enough.

JACK: Mom.

BETTY: ,

JACK: Mom.

BETTY: Jacky?

JACK: Mom, stop.

BETTY: You stayed.

JACK: I stayed.

BETTY: My sweet boy – you stayed.

JACK: I figured ...

BETTY: Yes?

JACK: I figured you could come with me.

BETTY: Come with you?

JACK: Yeah.

BETTY: Where? Come with you where?

JACK: Where do you wanna go?

BETTY: I don't know, there are so many places ...

JACK: Yeah.

BETTY: So many places – how about you?

JACK: Anywhere I guess – somewhere warm maybe?

BETTY: Somewhere warm would be wonderful.

JACK: Mom?

BETTY: Yes Jacky.

JACK: Please don't ...

JACK is now VIRGO again.

BETTY: Jacky? ... Jacky?

VIRGO Wait... Wait ... Please.

Flashing blue and red lights, the sounds of vehicles, car doors opening, voices.

VIRGO: I'm here, I'm in here!

BETTY hesitates.

BETTY: Jacky wait for me ... wait for me honey ...

... Shouts of "put the gun down!" as policemen, indicated only by their torches enter the room and surround BETTY. She stands still, holding the gun she examines it, then once again takes aim. Gunshots all around ... Black out.

SCENE 10: *Brightly lit interrogation room, Riggins Police Station. Next day.*

ESTELLE EVANS – *police detective, enters. **BETTY** is seated at an interrogation table, cuffed.*

ESTELLE: Two dead and one in the hospital. You're a dangerous woman.

BETTY: Am I?

ESTELLE: Yes you are. I'm detective Estelle Evans ... I am going to be taking your statement this morning. Can I get you anything before we start?

BETTY: Coffee would be good.

ESTELLE: It's pretty lousy here ... we have herbal teas if you'd prefer?

BETTY: Coffee.

ESTELLE: You sure?

BETTY: I'm sure I have had worse – and it's four.

ESTELLE: What?

BETTY: Nothing.

ESTELLE *exits ... **BETTY** sits in more or less the same position she was at the beginning of the play...
Estelle returns looking more like Debbie. **ESTELLE** hands **BETTY** a cup ...*

ESTELLE: Did you want sugar?

BETTY *notices **ESTELLE** is wearing an identical wristband to the one she gave **DEBBIE**.*

ESTELLE: When the door opens you gotta go through it ...

BETTY: Sorry what did you say?

ESTELLE: I didn't know if you wanted sugar.

BETTY: Oh, no thanks.

ESTELLE: How about we start with the shooting in the cabin on Discovery Road?

BETTY: Do I know you?

ESTELLE: We met last night, when you were brought in. Remember?

BETTY: No, from way back.

ESTELLE: I don't think so.

BETTY: ,

ESTELLE: I'm new here ... down from Boise.

BETTY: ,

ESTELLE: Now the shooting ...

BETTY: Some part of me hoped I would die right there and then... but it seems I'm still here ... I don't know what happened.

ESTELLE: You were lucky.

BETTY: That's an interesting way of putting it.

ESTELLE: It's a fact.

BETTY: I don't feel lucky.

ESTELLE: We're waiting for ballistics to confirm but – did you intend to shoot Ranger Virgo?

(There is a knock on the door ...)

ESTELLE: Come in.

BETTY: Jacky said we were going to go somewhere warm.

ESTELLE: Jacky? Who's Jacky...?

DETECTIVE DAVE ROBINS enters.

ROBINS: Ma'am I just wanted to let you know the ballistics report is here ... you might wanna take a look at it ...

The OFFICER hands ESTELLE the report ... she looks through it ... BETTY stares at ROBINS.

ESTELLE: This is Detective Dave Robins, down from Boise, with me. Thanks Dave.

ROBINS: You're welcome.

ESTELLE: Well who'd have thought?

BETTY: There was so much shooting ... it was dark ...

ESTELLE: Looks like the firearm we found on you was not discharged, so it must have been a stray bullet.

BETTY: A stray bullet?

ESTELLE: Looks like.

BETTY: And Vincent?

ESTELLE: Either way the bullet in Officer Virgo's chest was from a police weapon.

BETTY: Is he OK?

ESTELLE: No he's not. We don't know yet if he will pull through.

BETTY: He's a survivor.

ESTELLE: Let's hope so.

BETTY: Hope's got nothing to do with it. Where did you get that?

ESTELLE: What?

BETTY: That bracelet.

ESTELLE: It's beautiful isn't it?

BETTY: It is.

ESTELLE: It's very old.

BETTY: ,

ESTELLE: Blackfoot.

BETTY: I know.

ESTELLE: It was given to me by a school teacher – it belonged to her great grandmother.

BETTY: I hoped it would protect you.

ESTELLE: What?

BETTY: I hoped it would protect you.

DEBBIE: Thanks Mrs Lunderman, it's really beautiful.

BETTY: It didn't work though did it?

DEBBIE: It's not your fault – V was supposed to be there on the bridge. I was waiting for him ... we'd agreed to meet ... What took him so long?

BETTY: I don't know, I really don't know.

DEBBIE: I thought maybe he had got in a fight with one of Danny's brothers ... I know they'd been saying stuff about me ... and Vince is so protective ... but he should have been there.

BETTY: I am sure he feels the same.

DEBBIE: Danny was already waiting like he knew I'd be coming.

BETTY: Danny?

DEBBIE: He was high, real high and drunk.

BETTY: ,

DEBBIE: I knew he had a thing for me but I didn't know it was so crazy ...

BETTY: Did he hurt you?

DEBBIE: He didn't know what he was doing.

BETTY: Oh my God ...

DEBBIE: When I tried to get away he pushed me and I was too close.

BETTY: Oh my God.

DEBBIE: And I fell.

BETTY: ,

DEBBIE: I don't think he meant to ...

BETTY: What do you mean you don't think he meant to?

DEBBIE: It was dark ... he didn't see how close we were to the edge ... and it was like I flew ... I flew into the dark ... and all I could think of was ... what I still wanted to say ... so much to say, you know?

BETTY: Yeah, I know. I'm so sorry.

DEBBIE: It's OK.

BETTY: I'm so sorry.

BETTY reaches out to try and touch DEBBIE who responds by holding out her hand but DEBBIE is now ESTELLE.

ESTELLE: Mrs Lunderman? Are you OK? I realise this is hard but we need to get the facts ... that's why we're here, to get the facts ... Betty? Are you OK?

BETTY: I'm so sorry.

ESTELLE: Here let me uncuff you.

BETTY: I'm so sorry.

ESTELLE: Have some coffee.

BETTY takes a sip of coffee.

BETTY: You're right, this is the worst.

ESTELLE: It is. I'm sorry. You OK to carry on?

BETTY: Yeah I think so.

ESTELLE: OK let's start from Thursday afternoon ...

BETTY: I didn't know I could shoot a gun until I put a hole in his head and a hole in his heart ...

THE END