

Characters

Ted (M) Fifties plus. Strong regional working-class accent

Eddie (M) Ted's son. Public school accent

Scene 1 – The Opening

(Music : Mozart – Requiem in D Minor, K 626 (Start at 46 seconds). Darkness. Ted lights his cigar. His face is illuminated by the light and smoke. Lights up. Centre stage, a table with chairs either side. There is a chess board on the table with an ashtray close by. Only a few pieces are on the board. There is a gift bag containing a bottle of whisky, card and a gift box on the floor by Eddie. Ted, fifties plus, is well groomed. He's dressed in black tie. He talks with a strong local working-class accent. He is stood, smoking a cigar. Eddie, his son, is scruffily dressed in a denim jacket. He is unshaven, his hair unkempt. His appearance is juxtaposed by his clipped tones that reek of public-school entitlement. Eddie has the white pieces and Ted the black. Ted stands forward, his presence dominating the stage. Eddie is shrunken, sat studying the board. Ted turns and crosses to the board and surveys it. He picks a piece. Eddie looks up. The music fades. Ted triumphantly places the piece by the board.)

Ted: Gotcha!

Eddie: No way.

Ted: Mate in three. We can go through the motions if you want to be stubborn. If it were me, I'd be the man and admit defeat gracefully.

Eddie: It's only a game.

Ted: Nothing is only a game, lad.

Eddie: It doesn't matter.

Ted: Then why are you angry?

Eddie: Like fuck I'm angry.

Ted: Gratuitous foul language is the pinnacle of bad manners.

Eddie: Or bad parenting.

(Ted starts to reset his pieces. Eddie follows suit. They talk as they do this.)

Eddie: Could you?

Ted: Oh. **(Passes the white queen to Eddie.)** It's a brutal game. Two opponents equally matched. Equal resources. No element of chance, except who plays white and who plays black. Only skill... and nerve. Next time, study the whole board. Otherwise, you'll never improve. You had white and you still lost... Unforgivable.

Eddie: You finished?

Ted: Call it constructive feedback.

Eddie: Thanks.

Ted: You enjoy the meal? You never said.

Eddie: Didn't realise it was MasterChef.

Ted: Oh, I had to kill the fatted calf – so to speak. Prodigal son and all that. Glad you accepted the olive branch.

Eddie: A takeaway would have done.

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Ted: It's amazing what you can do if you put your mind to it and show application. The secret with swordfish is the pan frying. Overdo it and you kill the flavour.

Eddie: I prefer pizza. They deliver.

Ted: Guttled it. Filleted it. Prepared it. Cooked it. Made the sauce and the salad dressing...

Eddie: Yeah, when did you start eating rabbit food? Mind you... that sauce...

Ted: Virgin olive oil with shredded mint and basil leaves with a hint of lemon.

Eddie: It did make it easier to scrape off the plate and into the bin with the rest of the crap. Don't know why you bothered.

Ted: I wanted to mark the occasion.

Eddie: Right...

Ted: And I dressed appropriately.

Eddie: So did I.

(They complete setting up the pieces.)

Ted: Best out of three?

Eddie: If you like.

Ted: Keep the white. You need all the help you can get.

(Eddie moves pawn to e4. Ted quickly counters with pawn to e5. Eddie thinks for a moment. He moves his king's knight to f3)

Ted: That the best you can do?

Eddie: Play.

(Ted moves his queen's knight to c6.)

Ted: Learn from your mistakes. Giuoco [Gee – o - ko] Piano, again? As openings go, a bit pedestrian. I'm a Ruy [Roo – ay] Lopez man.

(Eddie picks up his king's bishop at f1.)

Ted: Look before you leap, Sir Galahad.

(Eddie glares at Ted. He wavers and then puts it back in the same space.)

Ted: You touched it. You must move it. Rules are rules.

(Eddie picks up the bishop again. Ted leans forward. Eddie tentatively moves the bishop to c4.)

Ted: The gap between boldness and recklessness is purely a matter of perspective.

(Ted moves his king's bishop to c5. Eddie smiles. Eddie picks up his pawn on b2 and moves it to b4. He sits back with a smug expression.)

Ted: Bloody hell. You've grown a pair! The Evans Gambit. I hope you have the stomach for it. **(Studies the board and then clicks his fingers.)** Capablanca!

Eddie: You've lost me.

Ted: Jose Raol Capablanca. **(Points at the board.)** Capablanca playing white and Alekhine black. Buenos Aries 19... 27. Identical position. Capablanca stunned the crowd with the astonishing offer of a pawn sacrifice. Half of them applauded Capablanca's audacity, the rest were dumbfounded by what appeared to be a disastrous lapse of logic. Capablanca sat back, basking in his own cleverness. Cold as ice, Alekhine took the pawn. His opponent gave his characteristic smile. Alekhine had walked wide eyed into his trap. Capablanca revelled in his triumph. But... He was crushed.

Eddie: Never heard of him.

Ted: Look him up. Be audacious. Buy a book.

Eddie: Yeah.

Ted: A genius. Charismatic. Flamboyant. The undisputed master of the end game.

Eddie: I don't need to bother now.

Ted: If it's a fight you want. The hasty blow is easily deflected.

Eddie: This isn't the Middle Ages.

Ted: Never admit when you're on the back foot.

Eddie: I didn't.

Ted: Body language, son. Body language. Show weakness, you lose the deal.

Eddie: You're not at your partners' meeting.

Ted: In life, everything is a negotiation. On the face of it, strategically, you're ahead, but if you look deeper, reflect on the reality... You're in the shit. Worse still, you've admitted it. Show weakness and its game over.

Eddie: Your move.

(Pause.)

Ted: The winning of a pawn among good players of even strength often means the winning of the game. You know who said that?

Eddie: I don't care.

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Ted: Capablanca.

Eddie: Good for him.

Ted: I'm sorry...

Eddie: Your man... Capa...

Ted: Blanca.

Eddie: Yeah. Him. No one likes a gobshite. I thought you'd have learnt that by now.

(Eddie continues to stare at the board. He looks at Ted, then gets up from his chair and stretches his legs. He turns away.)

Ted: You can always resign.

Eddie: I'm not finished yet.

Ted: You are from here.

(Pause.)

Ted: You recognise the set?

Eddie: Should I?

Ted: Grandad Edward's. It's what he taught me on. I did the same with you.

(Eddie struggles to recall. He shakes his head.)

Ted: When mum and Janey were out. I let you stay up and play.

Eddie: Never let me win though.

Ted: What would you have learnt from that? He saved up for that set, Grandad Edward, when he was a lad. Saved his pocket money, such as it was, got a part time job – while he was still at school. Eventually, he got what he wanted. Worked hard. Didn't wait for handouts. You get nothing for nothing.

(Eddie picks up the box by his chair. He hands it to Ted.)

Eddie: Here.

Ted: What's this for?

Eddie: Nothing.

(Ted is surprised by this. He weighs the box in his hand.)

Eddie: Flemington's...

Ted: Flemington's! Doing well then...

Eddie: I get by.

(Ted enthusiastically removes the paper. There is a plain wooden box. Ted opens the box and removes a bottle of whisky. He admires the unfamiliar label.)

Ted: It should be the other way round.

Eddie: Nah.

Ted: You've excelled yourself.

Eddie: You get what you pay for.

Ted: True.

Eddie: The girl in the shop said it was the dog's bollocks.

Ted: She said that? At Flemington's?

Eddie: That was the gist. I wasn't listening... It's Japanese.

Ted: Yes. Thank you...

Eddie: Aren't you going to open it?

Ted: You mean drink it?

Eddie: That's what it's for.

Ted: Good whisky – fine whisky... is an investment. If you are going to drink it, you save it for the right moment, an anniversary, a marriage, the birth of a grandchild.

Eddie: That's not likely. I can take it back.

Ted: No. No. No.

Eddie: Well?

Ted: Yes. Of course.

(Ted exits stage right. Eddie looks about the room. Ted re-enters with two glasses. Ted opens the bottle. He sniffs the contents. He savours the aroma. He smiles. Ted pours two glasses. He passes one to Eddie. Ted studies the liquid.)

Ted: Distilled in a sherry cask if I'm not mistaken. **(Sniffs the glass.)** A complex and subtle marriage of spices. The aromatic essence of the east.

Eddie: It looks like piss.

Ted: Have some respect... for the whisky.

Eddie: Oh. Right. **(Beat.)** Drink up!

(Eddie downs the whisky and plops the glass down. Ted is horrified.)

Ted: You savour it. Let the flavours explode in your mouth.

Eddie: Have you any lager?

Ted: Take a wild guess.

(Ted takes a sip, holding the whisky in his mouth.)

Eddie: Two grand a bottle.

(Ted all but chokes on the whisky and spits it down his front.)

Eddie: That's a hundred quid's worth down your shirt.

Ted: And you let me sup it?

Eddie: It's a gift. That's what you do with gifts. Your move...

(Ted surveys the board. Eddie pours two more drinks. Ted captures the pawn b4 with his bishop.)

Ted: Do your worst.

(Eddie smiles. He picks up his king's rook.)

Eddie: I'll castle.

(Eddie castles, moving the king and his king's rook. Ted sighs and shakes his head.)

Eddie: What?

Ted: You're no Kasparov. C3! You should have moved to your pawn to c3. You attack the bishop. I retreat, then you move pawn to c4 taking control of the centre. That was the

whole point of moving to b4. You should press your advantage not run off like a mardy arse cry-baby. Don't you know anything? Play safe in this game and you will *never* win. It's all about aggression. Learn to take a risk!

Eddie: Like Capablanca?

Ted: Yes. Like Capablanca...

Eddie: He lost.

Ted: Prepare to defend yourself.

Eddie: How's Janey?

Ted: What?

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Eddie: Janey...

Ted: She's fine.

Eddie: Still getting out?

Ted: When she wants to.

Eddie: Where is she now?

Ted: Out... with friends.

Eddie: That's good. Back soon?

Ted: You'll be long gone.

(Ted returns his attention to the game. He reaches out, He's about to move a piece.)

Eddie: How's mum? Is she enjoying the weather? She'll be loving it – out there – with her secateurs – keeping nature in order. Cutting things down to size. Doing what she does best. Snipping away... Pruning dead wood.

Ted: Your mother...

Eddie: Blooming? In the pink? How is she?

Ted: Yes...

Eddie: Why didn't you tell me?

Ted: You know?

Eddie: Yes.

Ted: You didn't say.

Eddie: I was waiting for you.

Ted: You sat through dinner...

Eddie: It was a struggle.

Ted: When did you...

Eddie: Find out?

Ted: Yes.

Eddie: The day you buried her.

(Lights fade. Music Cue Mozart: Requiem in D Minor, K 626 Sequentia: Rex Tremendae)

Scene 2 – The Middle Game

(Lights up. A few minutes have passed. The chess pieces have not moved. Eddie stands upstage, with his back to his father. The music fades.)

- Ted:** I wanted us to eat first... I wanted to... find the... moment.
- Eddie:** Four months ago would have been good.
- Ted:** Your mother was insistent.
- Eddie:** I'll bet.
- Ted:** How did...
- Eddie:** Does it matter?
- Ted:** I suppose not.
- Eddie:** What happened?
- Ted:** A stroke. I was at work. Janey found her.
- Eddie:** Janey was on her own?
- Ted:** The carer takes her to the top of the drive now. Janey has a key. Lets herself in. It's a new thing. She found mum at the bottom of the stairs.
- Eddie:** Shit. Poor girl.
- Ted:** She did well. Called an ambulance. Then called me. Sat with her. Waited. It was already too late... Always thought I'd be the first... It was a good service. Respectful. Discreet.
- Eddie:** No flowers by request.
- Ted:** Thank you.
- Eddie:** Thank you?
- Ted:** For staying away.
- Eddie:** I had an appointment.
- Ted:** It was no nonsense. Crematorium. Then back here.
- Eddie:** Just close family.
- Ted:** No wake. No fuss. She didn't want it in the paper. Waste of money. No one does that anymore.
- Eddie:** Do you have the order of service?
- Ted:** Of course.

Eddie: You're even going to keep that away from me?

Ted: It's a piece of paper.

Eddie: Show me...

(Ted reluctantly stands. He exits stage right. Eddie downs his glass of whisky.)

Eddie: Are you sure that you've no lager?

Ted: **(Offstage)** Positive.

(Eddie starts to pour another drink. Ted re-enters with the order of service. Ted stands waiting while Eddie makes him wait as he returns the top to the bottle. Eddie takes the order of service. He sits down. He looks at the cover, then looks inside. Ted nervously waits.)

Eddie: **(Reads)** Devoted wife and mother... **(He flips over to the reverse.)** Nice picture. Everyone happy. Natural. Not posed.

Ted: We had a garden party last year... for our... It doesn't matter.

Eddie: All smiles. You. Mum. Janey... A family grouping.

Ted: Mum's favourite picture.

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Eddie: Where am I?

(Ted looks away. Eddie turns back to the centre of the order of service.)

Eddie: **(Reads)** Even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for you are with me, your rod and your staff, they comfort me.

(Eddie looks up. He offers the order of service back.)

Ted: Keep it.

(Eddie smiles. He takes it back. He rips it in half and places it on the table. Ted silently rages.)

Eddie: It's just a piece of paper. What time is she home? Janey. When is she back?

Ted: Two weeks on Friday.

Eddie: Right... So, she's...

Ted: Disneyland. California.

Eddie: Can't you let her grow up?

Ted: I gave her a choice... She wanted to go.

Eddie: She can't manage that on her own.

Ted: You don't know her.

Eddie: Better than you think.

Ted: Growing in confidence every day. Mother's passing knocked her back. Of course it did. There'd be something wrong with her if it didn't, but she's a resilient girl. Anyway, she's with Meera, her friend... from the centre. And Jade.

Eddie: Jade?

Ted: The new carer. Young girl. Good references. Very capable. Sends me a couple of messages every day. I paid for the three of them. My treat. It will do Janey good. She needs to learn to stand on her own feet.

Eddie: You figured that one out?

Ted: What do you know about bringing up kids?

Eddie: I've learnt it all from you...

Ted: Until you've had them, you don't know. You can't know.

Eddie: You don't know anything about me.

Ted: I know enough.

Eddie: You know what my abiding memory of you is? I was thirteen years old. You drove me to the station – in silence. You left me on the platform waiting for the train. You dumped me and my bags. Gave me a tenner and told me to get a taxi when I got there. I tried to talk to you and all you would say was "It will make a man of you." That was it. No encouragement. Nothing. Not a hug. Not a wave... You didn't even call me son. You turned your back. And you left. You got into the car and drove to the office. It was a Sunday.

Ted: Your fancy school fees didn't pay themselves. They don't take charity, not even for lads like you. That cost me big time. We gave up a new family car – for you. I gave you the opportunity to make yourself a better person. A fresh start. I worked long days. Weekends. Constantly. Worked myself into the ground, for you. For you, Janey, and your mother. I made sacrifices.

Eddie: And I didn't?

Ted: All you took away from it was a posh voice. I did it all for you... I had to go to night school. Qualified the hard way. You wanted for nothing. Nothing.

Eddie: Except your attention.

Ted: You had your mother for that.

Eddie: Not that you'd notice.

Ted: You never said. You never called. You never wrote. Not to me. Or your mother.

Eddie: And said what? Dear mum and dad, having the shit kicked out of me by a bunch of entitled tossers. I pissed my pants on Wednesday, and they rubbed my nose in it... Not to worry... I got B+ in Latin.

Ted: That school was your gateway... Look at you...

Eddie: I make a living.

Ted: And what have you got to show for it?

Eddie: Life isn't a balance sheet.

Ted: Isn't it?

Eddie: It's not that clear cut. You should make space for feelings.

Ted: Don't go woke on me.

(Ted dismissively shakes his head. Eddie starts to rummage in his bag.)

Eddie: Could you... **(He produces a small gift bag.)** For Janey...

Ted: You know better.

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Eddie: You know what day it is?

Ted: I do.

Eddie: **(Pulls card from bag.)** There's a card too.

Ted: After what happened last time?

Eddie: To use your language, I'm trying to balance the books. **(Proffers the package.)** Give it to her. It's a piece of bling... Pretend it's from you. Tell her it's from you. She'll like it... Does she ever talk about me?

(Eddie carefully places the box close to Ted. Ted looks at the box but does not pick it up.)

Ted: No.

(Eddie looks down at his hand. It starts to twitch.)

Ted: Been testing the merchandise again?

Eddie: Open it up if you like. Just do this one thing... For me...

Ted: You made an agreement.

Eddie: I stuck to it.

(Ted picks up the present. He thinks for a moment, weighing it up in his hand.)

Ted: I hope you kept the receipt.

(Ted throws the box to Eddie, deliberately throwing low. Eddie tries to catch it, but misses. Eddie looks at his hand again.)

Ted: You were never any good in the slips.

Eddie: I must have been such a disappointment.

Ted: You think?

Eddie: I'm still who I am. I still exist. All I wanted... All I....

Ted: Say it!

Eddie: All I wanted was a family... A mum and a dad... And Janey... You know what it's like when you're a kid and you realise you're not the favourite?

Ted: Ask yourself why.

Eddie: When you're a twin it's ten times worse... I wanted to look after her.

Ted: We don't always get what we want.

Eddie: I wanted to look after my sister!

Ted: You wanted more than that.

(Eddie stops in his tracks. He looks about the room. He sees the whisky bottle. Eddie takes hold of it by the neck and approaches Ted.)

Ted: Get out!

(Ted takes a step back. Eddie raises the bottle and takes a swing. Snap blackout. Ted screams out in pain. Music cue. Mozart: Requiem in D Minor, K 626 – Track 3 – Sequentia: Dies Ira)

Scene 3 –The Endgame

(Lights up. Music fades. A subdued Ted is sat in his chair. He holds a bloody handkerchief to the side of his face. Eddie is strutting about, limping slightly. He nonchalantly waves the broken neck of the whisky bottle in his hand.)

Eddie: I'm sorry.

Ted: I'll live.

Eddie: About the carpet. It must have cost a packet.

(Ted dabs his head cut.)

Eddie: You remember Daz?

Ted: What?

Eddie: Do you remember Daz?

Ted: The kitchen was your mother's territory.

Eddie: No. Daz. Darren Thomas. Little Darren. Lived at the end of our road. Daz. You caught him kissing Janey that time. Curly blonde hair, no front teeth. You knocked them out when you caught him.

(Ted dismissively shrugs his shoulders.)

Eddie: He's a... contact. He runs lots of little businesses. Mostly tax dodges, but he has a carpet cleaning firm. If I have a word, he'll do you a deal. Mates' rates. Should get rid of the whisky stains. The blood might be a challenge. Are you insured?

(Ted is examining the handkerchief.)

Eddie: Are you insured?

Ted: What? Yes...

Eddie: He can do you an invoice. Any figure you like. **(Beat)** About before...

Ted: **(Interrupts)** Never apologise.

Eddie: You see...

Ted: Never explain.

Eddie: **(Uses Ted's accent)** "You don't get anywhere in life if playing safe as your default position." You said that.

Ted: Doesn't sound like me.

Eddie: I was twelve and you were drunk... You also called me a spineless turd. **(Eddie approaches Ted, threatening him with the bottle.)** Bet you enjoyed that. Picking on someone when they're defenceless. Still, ancient history, eh?

Ted: If you say so.

Eddie: You made me who I am.

Ted: I've closed your mum's bank account. No more standing order. If you can afford to waste your money, *my money*, then you don't need it. I hope you saved more than that two grand, cos that's all soaked into the carpet.

Eddie: We agreed... **(Leans forward with the bottle.)**

Ted: I told them in the office that you were calling around tonight...

Eddie: Sure you did.

Ted: Contingency plan.

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Eddie: **(Retracts the bottle.)** Don't need it anyway. **(Eddie's leg starts to twitch. He returns to his seat. He puts the bottle down.)** Janey's looking well, isn't she? She's lost some weight. And I like what she's done with her hair. It makes her look younger.

Ted: What?

Eddie: Easy now. It won't do you any good to be over excited.

Ted: You've spoken to her?

Eddie: No. Not yet. There's no harm in looking, is there?

Ted: If she saw you...

Eddie: I was discreet.

Ted: ... it will set her back years...

Eddie: If you cut the cash then I've no reason to stay away.

Ted: I'll get a court order. Your mother's gone. I don't care what the neighbours think.

Eddie: You'll need a reason. One you can prove. We don't want to distress Janey do we?

Ted: She won't know.

Eddie: She would if she was called to give evidence...

Ted: You'd do that to her?

Eddie: Find out. You need to take it easy in your condition. No unnecessary stimuli. You okay?

Ted: Fine.

Eddie: You don't look it. Have they upped your medication again, or is it not worth the bother anymore?

Ted: I don't give up.

Eddie: You're stubborn. I'll give you that, but you can't go on forever. All that pressure. You're still working aren't you? Too much of a control freak to let someone else take the reins. And looking after Janey can't be easy, not with your... issues. No wonder you've farmed her out to some kid. You've not changed. Money first.

Ted: I'm setting up a trust for Janey's future. Tony Carson and his partners will administer it, see that the money's safe – and Janey.

Eddie: Signed and sealed?

Ted: Yes.

Eddie: Let me see.

Ted: It's private.

Eddie: I'm family.

Ted: It's with the solicitors.

Eddie: I'll fight it. When you're gone, I'll fight it. Have you asked Janey? You haven't, have you? With you gone, she would want me to help. She'll only have me... I'm sure I can persuade her.

(Ted dismisses this with a shake of the head.)

Eddie: We'll do a deal. A hundred grand up front and I walk away. I'll sign anything you like.

Ted: A hundred?

Eddie: **(Ted's accent)** "Everything has a price." That's a bargain. How much is this house worth? It's petty cash.

Ted: Bank transfer?

Eddie: However you like... Just give me the money.

Ted: That isn't how negotiations work.

Eddie: You're unbelievable. You were thinking about it. You were weighing it up... How about half your estate. I'll take that instead. Fair's fair.

Ted: Supply and demand. You have nothing I need.

Eddie: I have life. How long have you got now?

Ted: Long enough.

Eddie: You look... grey. You've lost your spark. You still talk crap, but the fire's gone out. You're running out of time. That's what this is all about. How many weeks? Or is it days?

(Eddie stands, but he cannot bear his weight. He collapses back into the chair. Eddie tries to get up. He can't move his legs.)

Eddie: What the f...

Ted: It's spreading throughout your system.

Eddie: What is?

Ted: Mercury poisoning.

Eddie: What?

Ted: I have contacts too. Like you said, everything has a price. These are only the initial symptoms. Enjoy your swordfish? It was laced in it. And I dipped all the white pieces in mercury. Soaked them for a fortnight. Every time you held a white piece you absorbed a little bit more.

Eddie: You're fucking nuts.

Ted: Shaking and losing nerve control. They're the first symptoms. How's your head? Dizzy yet?

(Eddie reaches into his pocket and with difficulty he takes out his mobile phone.)

Ted: Oh dear.

(Ted grabs the bottle.)

Ted: Hand it over... A bit more blood on the carpet won't make any difference.

Eddie: I never liked it anyway.

(Ted puts out his other hand. Eddie hands over the phone. Ted returns to his chair.)

Ted: Remember those Sunday afternoons in Lytham? You chasing her. She letting you catch her... Not again. Not whilst I'm drawing air. Chess isn't only a case of protecting your king. If you lose your queen... You've hurt her enough. Don't fight it. Sit back and let it take its course.

(Eddie's hand starts to shake more rigorously.)

Ted: Pretty soon you'll pass out. Then without medical help... Janey will be safe... forever. If I get caught, I'll be long gone before it gets to trial. **(He picks up the whisky glass and raises it.)** Happy Birthday son! **(Ted's fingers also start to twitch. The glass shakes in his hand)** Oh... I don't understand.

Eddie: You touched the white pieces.

Ted: I didn't.

Eddie: When you took my pieces you touched them., only for a second, but you touched them. Then we re-set the board. You handed me the queen. You didn't think it through...

Ted: This was plan B. In case the fish wasn't enough.

Eddie: Overconfident to the end. Why do you have to make everything so complicated? You dozy old bastard.

Ted: Stalemate.

Eddie: One last game, eh?

Ted: What do you think we've been doing all night?

(Eddie manages to pick up two pawns. He masks them and puts one in each hand. He holds his hands out for Ted to choose. His hands are shaking. Ted smiles.)

Eddie: Choose the black pawn, and I get the white pieces. If you do, it's game over for me. Choose white... and we swop sides and I'm in with a fighting chance. We'll see who's strongest... You said you were a risk taker... Come on... dad... What would Capablanca do?

(Ted taps Eddie's right hand. Eddie opens his fist so that only he can see it. He looks at the pawn in his hand without revealing it. The actor reacts to the colour of pawn chosen. He looks across at his dad. Eddie starts to laugh. Blackout. Music Cue: Mozart: Requiem in D Minor, K 626 – Sanctus. Curtain.)