WOMAN ONE, an elderly lady with a weary face and untidy grey hair, approaches. She sits carefully on the bench near TEENAGE GIRL THREE. TEENAGE GIRL THREE sees WOMAN ONE, and sulkily slides to the opposite end of the bench. She begins chewing seeds again and angrily spitting the husks on the ground. They remain like this for a while.

WOMAN ONE. Give us a seed.

TEENAGE GIRL THREE carries on silently chewing seeds, but at length she does stretch out the cone of seeds and she pours some onto WOMAN ONE's palm. They both sit and chew the seeds.

Hey, love. It's late. Come home.

TEENAGE GIRL THREE. What's there at home?

WOMAN ONE. We can watch some TV together. That First Dates.

TEENAGE GIRL THREE. I don't want to.

WOMAN ONE. You've missed it three times now...

TEENAGE GIRL THREE. I don't want to watch Russian telly.

WOMAN ONE. We'll watch something else.

TEENAGE GIRL THREE. There isn't anything else.

WOMAN ONE. We'll put a DVD on.

TEENAGE GIRL THREE. I don't want to. You go and watch something.

WOMAN ONE. I'm not going anywhere. I promised your mum I'd be there for you till you—

TEENAGE GIRL THREE. Till I what?

WOMAN ONE. Till you grow up, love.

TEENAGE GIRL THREE. Till I go mad. Go home.

WOMAN ONE stays sitting there stubbornly.

WOMAN ONE. I'm all you've got.

TEENAGE GIRL THREE. I know.
WOMAN ONE. No one else gives a shit about you.

TEENAGE GIRL THREE. No one gives a shit about you.

WOMAN ONE. True. Me, neither. Give us some more seeds.

TEENAGE GIRL THREE gives her the seeds. WOMAN ONE takes them but doesn't begin chewing them.

He doesn’t give a shit about you either.

TEENAGE GIRL THREE. Uh-huh.

WOMAN ONE. This kiosk wasn’t always here. Used to be just a bench here and I used to sit here with my friends and when the boys were coming home from work we’d wait for them here. Our boys coming home from the pit. It’s all different now. He’ll have his fun with you and he’ll move on.

TEENAGE GIRL THREE. Go home, Nan, I’m not coming home now.

WOMAN ONE. You’ve got school tomorrow.

TEENAGE GIRL THREE. It’s only PE first lesson. I can miss it.

WOMAN ONE. How long have you been waiting here? He isn’t coming.

TEENAGE GIRL THREE. Course he won’t come if you sit there frightening him off.

WOMAN ONE. He’s scared of me?

TEENAGE GIRL THREE. He’s not scared of anything.

WOMAN ONE. He’s a fascist, that’s why.

TEENAGE GIRL THREE. He’s not a fascist.

WOMAN ONE. They’ll slice us all up into salami when they retreat.

TEENAGE GIRL THREE. You’re a bit old and stringy for that, Nan.

WOMAN ONE. I’m not worried for myself.

TEENAGE GIRL THREE. So why haven’t they done it already?
WOMAN ONE. Because they get paid a lot.

TEENAGE GIRL THREE. They aren’t going to retreat. Go home.

WOMAN ONE. Let me do your hair in a nice plait.

TEENAGE GIRL THREE. Don’t touch me. If he comes, I’m going to pretend not to know you, I’ll say I don’t know you. And don’t you dare say you know me.

WOMAN ONE. How can I do that? I know you. I’ve known you since you were born. When Lena had you I was sitting outside the room and praying. And when you were dying with the whooping cough I was praying for you then, and bringing you soup. And when you got lost at the shops I was –

TEENAGE GIRL THREE. You’ve got to stop praying for me! You prayed for Mum and she died. Everyone you pray for dies. Don’t pray for me.

WOMAN ONE (crossing herself). Lord...

TEENAGE GIRL THREE. No!

_Throws the cone of seeds in her face._

_They sit in silence on the bench._

WOMAN ONE. I’ll go to their HQ and tell them he seduced you and raped you. And then they’ll put him away for life. They won’t want him in the army then.

TEENAGE GIRL THREE. I’ll put my head in the oven and turn on the gas. And I’ll leave school...

WOMAN ONE. Yanochka –

TEENAGE GIRL THREE. Don’t you dare cry here.

WOMAN ONE. I won’t... Let’s go home, I’ll fry up some potatoes. We’ll watch the TV.

TEENAGE GIRL THREE. No.

WOMAN ONE. Will you have a bit of soup at least?