

the beauty that is to come. Don't go confusing the two of us. There's some maintain we look alike. I have no necklace of Venus round my neck as Noelle kindly pointed out last year. I have a red swimsuit, Mr Manning. Just so you know. It clashes with my hair but my mother says be brazen and be damned. She bought me the swimsuit. If only you were God, Mr Manning. If you were God I would ask you to let me sing so that I could join them. I'm all alone here Mr Manning. My Father would forgive me the guitar if I could sing. Noelle can sing. And Rhiannon. I can hear it. I dream it, Mr Manning. I dream it so hard that when I wake up I can taste it. My own voice and it's lovely. Then I open up my mouth. And the sound that I hear. Mr Manning, it's an abomination. And it hurts my heart. Kill Noelle for me please. She only has to look at me. She knows all my misery. She knows it better than I do myself. That's not a thing any person should have to suffer. So you just kill her. We're all here on earth for a purpose. Your purpose is to rid the world of Noelle Williams and make me happy. No-one's all bad Mr Manning. You do this death for me. It'll be your good deed. It'll get you into Heaven.

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BOLD GIRLS

by Rona Munro

Bold Girls was commissioned by 7:84 Scottish People's Theatre and first performed at the Cumbernauld Theatre, Strathclyde in September 1990, subsequently touring widely.

The play is set in Belfast in 1990, against the background of the Troubles. Deirdre is fifteen, a disturbed young girl who has been hanging around outside the home of Marie Donnelly, a widow whose husband was killed by the British army. In this speech, Deirdre reveals why she has 'infiltrated' Marie's family. She believes Marie's late husband, Michael, to be her father, and that she was conceived during his marriage to Marie. Marie has just discovered that Michael had also been having an affair with her best friend, Cassie. Deirdre once saw Michael and Cassie making love in a car.

Accent: Belfast.

DEIRDRE: He was my Daddy.

He was. He was my Daddy.

My Mum told me.

She said my Dad was a bad man, and for years I thought my Daddy was a hood, then she told me he was a bad man because he left her, left her flat with me on the way and I thought that didn't make him bad because didn't I want to leave her too? So I started asking.

No-one will tell you the truth to your face. But I heard his name, so I went looking for him. I used to follow him about. That's how I saw him with her. In his car. She was wearing a bright red dress with no back to it, that made me