

## OUR HOUSE

Dad:

DAD           What are you going to do, Joe Casey?  
DAD           Golden boy?  
*(Those doors keep gyrating, like a representation of the options whirling in the mind of this sixteen year old. Suddenly the space becomes ethereal)*

DAD           Run and make the escape of a criminal?  
*(He stops a SINGLE BLACK DOOR gyrating and presents it as an option.)*

DAD           Stay and surrender like an honest man?  
*(He stops a SINGLE WHITE DOOR gyrating and presents that as a contrary option. DAD is so close he can practically touch his son and we can see he is drawn to do that.)*

DAD           ‘It’s not hard to make the right choices, Mum. There’s a wrong way and a right way. It’s a pretty simple equation!’  
*, otherworldly.)*

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DAD & Kath:

DAD           *(calls)* Leg! Leg! TURN! NOW! *(etc.)* KATH  
What? How!?! *(As he steers her.)* Whoa!

DAD           I’ve told you! KEEP IT STEADY! THIS IS THE SIMPLEST DANCE IN THE UNIVERSE!  
*(What they’re doing isn’t exactly dancing, more staggering with panache. After only a few further steps, she trips and falls into his arms in fits of laughter. With theatrical aplomb, DAD lets her fall back like in some classy fandango.)*

KATH          Listen, will you just stop it! I’ve got something to tell you! DAD       *(tries to carry on, laughing)* It can’t be more important than This!

KATH          It is! It is! STOP! *(Holds him at arm’s length.)* Y’r going to be a dad. *(A moment of wonder. DAD lets her stand as though she’s porcelain.)*

DAD           Y’r kidding. *(In wonder.)* An’ it’s definitely mine? KATH       *(deadpan)*  
It’s either yours or Clint Eastwood’s.

DAD           Oh God. Oh wow. *(With rapture.)* We might be having Clint Eastwood’s baby!

KATH          *(hits him)* Oi! So are you gonna ask me to marry y’, then or what?  
*(Pause. Then DAD smiles.)*

DAD           You betcha!

## OUR HOUSE

### REECEY Audition (with bad Joe)

REECEY           *(smiles)* Good night girls.  
REECEY           Don't cry over spilt women, mate. Plenty of fish in the sea. *(Smiles.)* Y'll always  
                          get something after y'r tackle.  
                          *(Pause.)*  
REECEY           Billie and Angie said you got into one of the new flats up Camden Quays.  
BAD JOE           Oh well. That. Wwwwell I . . . sort of –  
  
REECEY           Very impressive. *(He stalks BAD JOE, smiling all the time.)* Ever thought of the  
                          future, Joby?  
BAD JOE           What, you mean like . . . after exams?  
                          *(REECEY laughs, then checks himself. Pulls a 'serious' face.)*  
BAD JOE           What?  
REECEY           *(stalks him)* Sorry. I mean, sure. You COULD do exams. *(Walks round.)*  
                          Alternatively you could come work with me. I'm starting up a little 'business  
                          venture'.  
BAD JOE           You mean . . . leave school early?  
  
REECEY           Men of sixteen, now mate. Everything's legal. *(Arm round BAD JOE.)* You've  
                          seen what them penthouses are like now, Joe. Next time you walk into one,  
                          own it. *(A beat.)* No-one ever made money workin' for someone else, Joe  
                          Casey. If I were you I'd forget 'exams'. An' tell myself that as of today . . .  
                          school's out! *(He reaches up and ever so casually taps a 'school bell' with his*  
                          *fingers. It forms the bell-intro to:)*

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### EMMO & LEWIS / Billie n Angie Auditions

EMMO            This is NUTS. This is just - why the hell are we at work on the day Joe gets out?

LEWIS           Well largely because today's also our first day in this job, and that's not a great day to take a sickie.  
(*A shark con man of 43, RAY, comes on.*)

RAY             (*in one breath*) Right. The art of car-washing is a much maligned and underestimated art, there's far more to it than sloshing water on, waxing the bonnet and rubbing tyre-black on the wheels I'm lying of course, there's the water, the wax an' the tyre black, off y' go.  
(*RAY goes straight off again.*)

LEWIS           Told y' there wouldn't be a long training period.

EMMO           He hasn't even asked about me GCSE results. I mean I could be anyone. I could just run off with this bucket.  
(*There's a car honk-k the other side. They look . . .*) EMMO  
Ohhhh my Goddd it's not, please tell me it's not-t-t . . .  
(*REECEY strides across the stage.*)

REECEY         Alright girls?

EMMO  
+ LEWIS         (*immediately try to be cool*) Alright Reecey.  
(*REECEY gets and takes a phone call . . .*)

BILLIE           (*entering*) Well well well.

ANGIE           It's the water monkeys.

EMMO           (*s.v.*) Why d'you bring Reecey here to get his car washed?

LEWIS           That is so unfair. You knew it was our first day.

ANGIE           No we didn't.

BILLIE           Did we?

BILLIE  
+ ANGIE         Oh no, we did.

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BILLIE           OH MY GODDDDDDD –

ANGIE           OH MY GODDDDD. I am in a designer dress. I am in Las Vegas. I have achieved so much and I'm only twenty one.

BILLIE           Best thing is our room's much bigger than the one they gave his best men! SARAH 'Best men'?

(*EMMO and LEWIS rush in. Everyone is now 21.*)

EMMO           (*deadly serious*) I have just seen a car . . .

LEWIS           We got rowed . . . to our room.

EMMO           I have just seen a car . . .

LEWIS           We got rowed . . . to our room.

EMMO           I have just seen a car so big it can never turn round.

LEWIS           Five point eight litre. Genuine USA Left hand drive . . .

EMMO           It is the biggest car . . .

LEWIS           Twenty eight thousand miles, only ever driven in California . . .

EMMO           It is the biggest car . . . BAD

JOE             It's a big car, is it Emmo?

EMMO           It is the biggest . . . (*car . . .*)

LEWIS           (*shushes EMMO, quieter tone*) Listen, Joe, I have to ask. All this money. The limo, the money that's paid for the limo . . .

OUR HOUSE

**PRESSMAN with KATH**

PRESSMAN      Here we are then, Kath! (*Arms out, smiles.*) End of the road. Time to play ball.  
All the others down this street have moved out.

KATH             Yeah well the others weren't given their houses for ever, mister Pressman.

PRESSMAN      Oh Kath, Kath, Kath . . . How many times? There is no proof anywhere that  
you were miraculously 'given' this house.

KATH             (*moves in*) Look in my eyes, Mister Pressman. Look at the street name.  
That's all the proof I'm gonna give y', you bastard. (*She goes in.*)

PRESSMAN      (*to the closed door*) Great, well you can ask the court to look in your eyes,  
sweetheart, but you might find they want to see some deeds. Which don't exist.  
And no deeds means you're out. Street name or no street name.  
(*He pulls his coat collar up. And walks out past GOOD JOE, not even noticing  
him.*)

PRESSMAN      One woman. Now I could drag her out, but frankly I could do without the  
publicity . . . 'Specially seeing I've got a Local lad, who knows the area, explains  
things in a language she'd understand. God – she probably knows! Number 25 Casey  
Street. Ring any bells? (*He hands BAD*

## OUR HOUSE

Sarah / Joe

**SARAH** This is such . . . (*Kisses him.*) mmm! You know why I love that car? Because it is so 'Joe Casey'. It is just so you. It's just the . . .

GOOD JOE (*half smile*) It's an embarrassment.

**SARAH** (*takes a beat, tries again*) Listen Joe. At Christmas, at university they have this big massive ball, this charity ball where everyone has to dress up in big frocks and the blokes wear dinner jackets and I'm on the organising committee so I get two free tickets!

GOOD JOE Sarah, I have to tell you the job I have in 'marketing' is standing on a street corner with a sign saying 'golf sale' on my head.

**SARAH** Right. (*Swallows, pause.*) Well I could hire a dinner suit for you!

GOOD JOE (*strokes her hair back*) It's okay.

**SARAH** Serious. Now I've got this weekend job in a bar on the Embankment. I don't mind paying for you to . . .

GOOD JOE Sarah. I don't want charity

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SARAH (*simultaneous with the above*) . . . looked up the deeds. And I mean this wasn't straightforward getting this, I tell you. This was calling in favours of friends of friends, God – but there was something turned up. I found this . . .

I mean I don't know what it is but and I think this might be the document which would prove . . . which would prove . . . would actually say . . .

SARAH Your Dad took them, Joe. They've got a record. About a month after he last came out of prison, he came in and took the deeds. Why, I don't know, if he didn't try and sell it, but . . . (*She looks down at a file.*) A while after, he returned this. (*Beat.*) I am so dead if anyone finds I took it. I asked so many friends of friends . . . (*She hands over an envelope.*) Pressman's boys wouldn't've noticed. Someone looking for deeds would never notice something just marked 'For Joe.'

(GOOD JOE *opens it. Pulls out a small piece of card, and some papers.*)

SARAH (*frowns, leans in*) That your mum and dad?

GOOD JOE 'The Simplest Dance in the Universe. Winning couple. Margate Pier.'

SARAH He took that from the house?

(*There's a look between them.*)

SARAH So is that – what I think? Is that the deeds?

GOOD JOE (*opens a piece of paper, looks at her*) You're incredible, Sarah.

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JOE I know. Like everything round here suddenly. Well I tell you what. You wanna see some REAL builders? (*Nods out over the view.*) Why I brought you up here. My mum's family built that. The whole estate. My great-great-grandad was a gang leader building the Irish Estate, so good they named a street after him. Casey Street. (*Slight pause.*) There's even some story Mum goes on about that they gave him the house, y'know. Our house. See? With the red door? Your mates think I'm gonna end up like me dad, don't they? I suppose they've told y', Thought they would. (*A beat.*) Yeah he went to prison. Lost his job. Started . . . 'making bad choices', went to prison . . . then when he came out of prison he never came home.

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