

OUR HOUSE

**IS OUR CASTLE AND OUR KEEP  
OUR HOUSE  
IN THE MIDDLE OF OUR  
OUR HOUSE  
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OUR HOUSE**

SARAH           Sixteen, Joe! Where d'you go when you can go anywhere?

JOE               *(points at her)* Somewhere very special!

EVERYONE       **... IN THE MIDDLE OF OUR STREET!**

MUSIC N° 2a: OUR HOUSE PLAYOFF

SCENE – PENTHOUSE FLAT

*A STORM breaks. Thunder and lightening. A door has a HUGE HAMMERING noise at the other side of it. We wonder what the hell is going on until – BANG – it falls flat, knocked off its hinges by . . . JOE!*

JOE               Quick! Out of the rain! Out of the rain!

*(SARAH peeps round the door.)*

JOE *(Cont'd)*    *(meaning the rain)* Bleargh. Where did THAT all come from?

SARAH           *(hushed whisper)* JOE!

JOE               Storm came out of . . . *(Gestures.)* Come in-n!

SARAH           You just broke in!

JOE               I didn't 'break' – I just – *(Looks at door hanging off.)* – it'd just swelled with the rain. Look at . . . *(Pulls out his wallet.)* Oh god. My wallet! My trousers are SOAKED.

## OUR HOUSE

SARAH            You can't just – (*Frowns.*) What's that noise? Can you hear something? Can you hear *'The Power Of Love'*?

*(Pause. We can indeed hear the tinny single line of 'The Power Of Love'. JOE immediately realises where it's coming from and puts his hand in his back pocket.)*

JOE                Anyway. This is what I wanted to show you. (*He throws the condom away over the drop.*)

SARAH            Y've caused real damage here, Joe.

JOE                (*cocky*) Don't worry. I don't bruise easy. I work out quite a lot, so . . .

SARAH            I mean the door! This is breaking and entry . . .

JOE                No-one's rented these flats yet.

SARAH            (*going, but unsure*) But they still belong to someone. They still belong to whoever . . . (*Looks round.*) 'Pressman Developers'.

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.

*(SARAH looks at him.)*

JOE (*Cont'd*)    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?

*(Beat.)*

SARAH            I thought you were taking me somewhere 'very special'.

*(There's a pause. JOE looks down.)*

## OUR HOUSE

JOE            Your mates think I'm gonna end up like me dad, don't they? I suppose they've told y'?

SARAH        (*they have*) He went to prison.

JOE            (*nods, wry smile*) 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.

SARAH        Where is he now?

### MUSIC N° 2b: BALCONY UNDERSCORE

(DAD *appears.*)

SARAH        Joe?

JOE            He died.

SARAH        (*beat*) How?

JOE            A loser and a scumbag, Sarah. That's 'how'.

(*Music ends.*)

SARAH        (*moves in on JOE*) You know where I'm gonna 'end up', Joe Casey? I'm gonna go into law. An' you know why? Because regardless of what people tell me I reckon I'm a pretty good judge of character.

(*There is the sound of truncheon on scaffold.*)

VOICE (O.S.) This is the Police!

### MUSIC N° 3: SIMPLE EQUATION

(*A torchlight starts to rake the balcony.*)

SARAH        Oh my God.