Heather P98

HEATHER. *(Earnest, endearing.)* Of course. Sorry. You must get this all the time. Someone telling you a silly story about how they met you once but I wanted to tell you... I've never done anything with my life. Not like you.

MARINA. I'm sure that's not true.

HEATHER. Well, I helped with the night watch, in the war, but – the point is, when I see you, in the pictures, you make me feel so *alive*... Like there's a whole world out there that's so beautiful and... Sorry. What I'm trying to say is – when you came to play Cleopatra, I waited for hours, though I nearly didn't go 'cos I wasn't very well –

MARINA. You are sweet –

HEATHER. The doctor told me to stay in bed but I didn't feel too bad – it was only German measles – so I put on lots of make-up and you came right up to me and gave me your autograph and you even let me kiss you. It was thirteen years ago but I carry that moment with me every day...

(Focus falls on **MARINA**, *her face frozen in terror. Music.* The sound of a mirror, shattering.)*

Because you made me feel as if I actually matter.

Sorry. I didn't mean to – are you all right?

*(***JASON** *equally appalled, quickly gathers himself.)*

JASON. Honey?

*(***MARINA** *snaps back, puts on her best smile.)*

MARINA. How kind of you to go to so much trouble.

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