

Otway runs on clutching a script. He looks thin, untidy, ill.

Otway It's finished. It's finished. I wrote the last words last night and then I fell asleep hunched over the pages. So lucky. No more candles you see. Finished the last stump Friday. Then this morning woke up and read it through and it works! It really does. I think it really may be quite something. No longer than two and a half hours. Moving. I did cry. Amazing. There's this woman, Monimia, she's married but she takes a lover but she doesn't know she's taken a lover. I've called it *The Orphan*. I think it could be the making of me. I think Dad would be very proud.