

Crack:

Confess. Plead guilty. It 'll be over in a flash. Deny it, there'll be a trial. Week upon week, detail upon detail. Your mother squirming and cringing.

Teach:

You've done this. My flat. My job. My Mother. Lesley. All because you decided I was gay. What gives you the right? What makes you so bloody arrogant you can decide that after five lousy minutes.

Crack:

Because I'm right.

Teach:

You're wrong! (beat) Are you married?

Crack:

Yeah.

Teach:

When was the last time you gave your wife a good seeing to? When was the last time?

Crack:

That's my business.

Teach:

Well, you've pocked your nose into mine for long enough.

Crack:

I haven't killed somebody, you have.

Teach:

I haven't. (picks up phone) Bring her down here, she's probably gasping for it. I'll slip her one, you can ask her what she thinks.

Crack:

All those times you made love to Lesley, she faked it every single time. Why else would she believe you were gay? Huh? She felt the need to fake it. She knew you needed reassurance. She knew deep down something was wrong.

Teach:

I marked books. I jogged -

Crack:

- And then you marked more books. (beat) Did you ever tell Tim off?

Teach:
Of course I told Tim off.

Crack:
More than the other children?

Teach:
No.

Crack:
He was special. You'd have to hide that.
You'd tell him off more than the others.

Teach:
No.

Crack:
You were standing, he was sitting, head
bowed. "Look at me when I'm talking to
you, boy! Look at me! Look at me!". And
he'd look up. Those blue eyes. Those long
blonde lashes. More a girl than a boy.
Those eyes were saying "please stop this.
Please stop this! Please stop this!". How
did that make you feel, Nigel?

Teach:
Grey.

Crack:
What?

Teach:
They were more grey than blue.

Crack:
"See me Tim. See me Tim." And what, he'd
go to your desk?

Teach:
I'd go to his. Well not just his, every
pupil's.

Crack:
Ah. So you'd squat. You'd be really
close, touching. Going through his work.
You'd exchange glances. Be inches away.
Inches away from those eyes. And that was
it. The moment you'd been waiting for,
the moment that would get you through the
rest of the day. He really was that
special to you, wasn't he Nigel?

Teach:
He disgusted me.

Crack:
And what were they saying? Those eyes,
the last time you saw them. "Please stop
this, please stop this, please stop
this!". You want to atone.

Teach:
Yes.

Crack:
That's why you tried to kill yourself. A
life for a life.

Teach:
Yes.

Crack:
I don't want that much, Nigel. Just
confess. I know you want to confess.
You've killed a child, Nigel. Tha's a
terrible, terrible burden. You want to
share it. I'm here Nigel. I'm willing to
share your burden.

Teach:
You're willing to share my burden?

Crack:
Yes.

Teach:
I won't let you forget you said that.

Crack:
I won't forget it.

(Pause)

Teach:
I killed Timothy Lang.