

10 X

II.

*There's a large X smeared across one of the walls in thick, faded brown strokes.*

*Clark sits in his boxers. He plays with his balls.*

*Mattie inspects a circuit board.*

*A bowl of cereal sits in front of her.*

Mattie How big was it at least?

Clark I can't remember that far.

Mattie You just said –

Clark Not details though. Can't remember details, can I?

It was –

Big. It's a big thing.

*She passes the board over.*

Clark (*inspecting*) You've seen em in books.

Mattie It's obviously not the same. It's a, a *visceral* –

Clark (*passing the board back*) No.

Mattie I feel like it's something you'd remember.

Clark My life's one big blur of sex and adventure, I can't be expected to remember every little thing that ever happened to me.

Mattie Where was it?

Clark South America someplace.

Mattie South America's gone.

Clark Not then it wasn't, was it. Not when I was six.

Mattie You were six.

Clark I was six and it was in this village down there. I was with my uncle.

Mattie And it was big.

Clark It was big.

Mattie And that's it.

Clark And . . . it was up on this truck.

So it was, you know, even bigger than that. Taller.

Mattie What about this.

*She passes it over again.*

Clark (*inspecting*) . . . What am I looking at.

Mattie The transistor –

Clark No, it's fine. It's all fine. I told you.

*He tosses it back to her.*

*Beat.*

Mattie Why was it on a truck?

Clark Cos. They were taking it away.

Mattie Who was?

Clark They were – The blokes – Mexican . . .

Mattie Mexico's North America.

Clark Whatever they were. Mexican-looking lads. All stood round the truck with big guns, berets,

Mattie Why were *you* there?

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Clark I said. I was visiting my uncle. He lived there and he was involved somehow. That's how I got close.

Mattie You're six and there's guns everywhere –

Clark My uncle *knows* the dudes with the guns. He's *involved*.

He goes up to them while they're holding back the crowd –

Mattie What crowd?

Clark The crowd, there's a crowd. The whole place – All the little villager guys are trying to get to the truck, and the other guys are all waving guns at them like hallalahhallalahhallalah, Mexican or whatever –

Mattie Spanish.

Clark Spanish then –

Mattie Or not, Portuguese maybe.

Clark Some fucking thing – Hallalah, hallalah, get back, get back –

And they're all crying and shit,

Mattie So how did you –

Clark Because my uncle worked with em, like I said.

He talks to the main army guy in Mexican,

Mattie Spanish.

Clark Spanish –

Mattie Spanish or Portuguese.

Clark He talks to him like, baddababaddababaddababa, tells them to push the crowd back, let us through, give us some space. And they do, they all get shunted back and pushed away – And my uncle lifts me up and walks over and puts me up on the truck, and I touch it.