

A small bedroom in a care home, bed partially unmade. An elderly man sits in a chair with a blanket over his legs. He turns a KitKat bar through his fingers, thoughtfully.

The door opens. The man looks up, and places the chocolate on top of a pile of other KitKats on the table next to him.

A woman enters the room and closes the door behind her. The man's face brightens up.

Elderly Man

You one of those volunteers that comes round?

Woman

Yeah. I've been here a few times.

Elderly Man

First time I've seen you. Did we meet before?

Pause.

Woman

It's my first time in this wing.

The woman walks over and sits in the chair next to him.

Elderly Man

Always nice to have someone to talk to. Did you know? They keep changing our nurses around. Can't have a nice conversation with any of them.

Woman

That definitely seems annoying.

Elderly Man

Keep trying, though. Try telling them about the family; when they might be coming next for a big chat. New ones come in, try getting them all caught up like the ones before were. Just act annoyed that I'm talking to them. Bit rude to act like that about someone's family. I'm trying! I really am. (BEAT) Oh, I talk too much. How are you, love?

Woman

No, no. Don't feel bad for talking. That's why I'm here.

Elderly Man

I can't be taking up all the air! Tell me more about you.

Woman

Well, not much to say, really. I work, keep the house going, look after the kids. Volunteer in my spare time. I like listening more than talking.

The woman reaches over to the KitKat pile.

Elderly Man

Oh, no. I'm sorry love. You can't have those.

She retracts her hand.

Elderly Man

I know, there's a lot. I have to save them.

Woman

You like KitKats, then?

Elderly Man

It's for my daughter, Emma, you see. She always loved those red ones. Need to save them for when she visits.

Woman

You bought them for her?

Elderly Man

Have them with the lunches, sometimes. Not always. That's why I save them when we do. Nurses keep telling me to get rid of them, but I tell them just what I told you. Chocolate doesn't go off! I'll keep them however long I need to.

Woman

That's very thoughtful of you.

The woman takes a meaningful look at the pile.

Woman

When's the last time you saw your daughter?

Elderly Man

You know... (BEAT) I really can't remember. Must have been that long ago. Don't know why she stopped visiting.

Woman

And what was her name, again?

Elderly Man

Oh, Emma.

Pause.

Woman

That's a nice name.

Elderly Man

Lovely isn't it? Always loved that name. I told Elsie—my wife, our Elsie—told Elsie one day, how I loved how that name rolled off the tongue. Well, I say one day, I was always telling her that. When we found out she was pregnant with our first, I looked at her, and said: "If we have a girl, we're naming her Emma."

Woman

And you did?

Elderly Man

Oh, we did! Beautiful baby girl, our Emma. Still remember putting her name down at the office. Beautiful woman she is, now. (BEAT) Elsie got the next one. Jacob; we had a boy. Always liked those proper Christian names, she did.

Woman

And is your wife...

The man frowns slightly.

Woman

I see.

Elderly Man

I loved her a lot.

Woman

You seem like a good husband. (BEAT) And father.

Elderly Man

Oh, thank you, love. I wish...

The man shifts in his seat.

Elderly Man

I don't think I am, myself.

Woman

Why?

Elderly Man

I love them all. I do. But I think, since they don't visit anymore, I've done something wrong.

Woman

Did you insult them, you think?

Elderly Man

Might've. I'm getting on, you see, so I agree I need the extra help. Do miss the home, but the family visited and made it feel a bit better. We even had this schedule, and had these days we all went out together. Then one day, they stop coming. Only once or twice after that, I think.

Woman

It might have been nothing, then.

Elderly Man

It has to be something I did.

The woman holds the man's hand.

Woman

I don't think it's your fault.

Elderly Man

Oh, but...

Woman

If you know you did nothing wrong, it's not your fault. If they don't visit, that's on them.

Elderly Man

They're good people. They wouldn't do that.

Woman

They can still be good people and do bad things. And, well, they might not know it's bad. They might not realise how much it hurts you.

She squeezes his hand.

Woman

It's not your fault.

The man sighs.

Elderly Man

I do wish they'd come back.

Woman

They might be closer than you think.

The two look at each other in silence. They smile.

Woman

I'm really sorry, but I have to get going.

The woman stands up.

Woman

It was very nice speaking to you.

He shakes her hand, then heads for the door.

Elderly Man

Lovely speaking to you as well. (BEAT) Just, one minute, love.

She stops with her hand on the doorknob.

Elderly Man

I haven't had a chat like that in a while. It's all been on my mind for a while, and I couldn't tell anyone. Thank you for that.

Woman

As always.

The woman leaves the room, the door clicking softly behind her.

In the corridor, Jacob approaches her.

Jacob

How is he, Em?

*The woman, **Emma**, stares at him, then leaves in silence.*