But a huge thing in my condition. It fortified me, like no meal I ever had in my life. And I went to the reception. And I was properly ashamed of myself. There was a humility I've tried to find since. But goodness wears off. And it just gets easier to be a contrary bollocks.

Down in the garage. Spinning small jobs all day. Tackling hours to fix a puncture. Stopping you thinking what might have been and what you should have done. It's like looking away. Like I did at that reception. You should only catch someone's eye for the right reason. And I'll tell you—there's not one morning I don't wake up with her name in the room. (Pause.)

And I do be at this fella. Don't I? (Pause) Yep. (Pause.) I may be on my way now.

BRENDAN. Will you be okay in that wind?

JACK. Jesus. I should be used to that road by now, says you, ha?

BRENDAN. I'll get you the torch.

JACK. Am I a worryer?

BRENDAN (going). There's well fucking worse, I'll tell you.

(Exits.)

JACK. Well. That wasn't a ghostly story. Anyway. At least, ha?

VALERIE. No.

JACK. We've had enough of them. (Pause) We'll all be ghosts soon enough, says you, ha?

VALERIE. Mmm.

JACK. We'll all be sitting here. Sipping whiskey all night with Maury Nolan. (Pause) Yeah. (Short pause.) That's been a strange little evening for me.

VALERIE (a little laugh). For me as well.

JACK. Fuck. We could do worse. It was lovely to meet you.

VALERIE. You too.

JACK. I didn't mean to go on there.

VALERIE. No, please...

JACK. Something about your company. Inspiring, ha? And this of course. (Glares.)

They smile.

I wonder if being out here in the country is the best place for you to... you know...

VALERIE. Why?

JACK. Ah. Girl like you. Hiding yourself away. Listening to old men's heads. Like us talking about the fairies. Having all your worst fears confirmed for you. Tuh. Ghosts and angels and all this?