**Bone**

**Helen** Sometimes the thought of you overwhelms me. I'll pick up a book or find something that reminds me of you, like a jumper or something silly like that, and it's like I'm possessed by this desire to feel you, to hold you, to make love to you, but at night I reach out for you and you're not there, so I, I think of you while I… it's stupid, but I imagine you're there with me, next to me, inside me, I think of… us. And for a few moments I feel flooded with warmth like I've stepped into a warm bath and it's… but then it's like someone pulls the plug out and the water goes and I'm left naked in a room full of cold air and I just feel – (*as if comprehending the full weight of the word for the first time*) – bereft. Like I've lost an arm.

You will never know what that's, what that's like, and I want you to know, I want you to, because I am angry with you, I'm angry. Because you didn't prepare me for this. You didn't let me know how lonely this is and… why should I have to feel all these things without you to feel them with?

You told me you went to the doctor about the pains in your chest, that's what you said, you told me he said it was fine. But you never did because at the funeral I spoke to him and he told me you never went. You lied to me! You lied. I felt so stupid. Stupid.

My head's spinning a little, feeling a bit sick actually, but I'm going to do this, I'm going to finish this properly, I'm coming to be with you, Tom, and you can't stop me. But before I do, I've got a question for you. And I want you to tell me the truth, I need you to answer me and I swear I'm not leaving till I get an answer. Why did you leave? 'Cause that day you went into the field, when I waved, and you were by the tree and it was through a window, and I don't know, but the way you looked at me… I'm just going to ask, Tom. Did you know? I mean, did you know you were going to die, 'cause the thought that occurs to me and I feel sick just thinking about it, but did you maybe not tell me you were going to die and did you keep working and did you make yourself ill because you couldn't bear to be around me, that you… that you made yourself die because you didn't love me any more? Because that's what I'm scared about, because I can't carry on without you, because there's nothing left and I need to know that you loved me because that's the only thing I have left to keep me going.