

SCENE:

A LARGE BED-SIT. TWO CHAIRS ON EITHER SIDE OF CENTRE STAGE. ON ONE SIDE, OF THE STAGE RIGHT CHAIR, STANDS A TATTY OLD SUITCASE, ON THE OTHER SIDE IS A LARGE BRIGHTLY-COLOURED TAPE CASSETTE PLAYER WITH CHROME TRIM. NEXT TO THE OTHER CHAIR IS A BOX CONTAINING: A POSTCARD OF THE STATUE OF LIBERTY, SOME SAUSAGES, AN OPENED TIN OF BAKED BEANS, A SMALL BOTTLE OF COCA COLA, A GLASS, ONE ADULT GAME OF SCRABBLE, TWO PENS, TWO SCRAPS OF PAPER, ONE SPOON AND HALF A BAG OF SUGAR.

KELLY IS SAT ERECTLY ON THE CHAIR STAGE RIGHT AND IS DRESSED IN A DARK SUIT, WHITE SHIRT AND TIE AND IS HOLDING A TATTY OLD SUITCASE FIRMLY ON HIS LAP.

DARKNESS MUSIC 1\* AS SPOTLIGHT FADES UP ON KELLY:

MUSIC ENDS

LIGHT BROADENS BUT YOU NEVER SEE THE WALLS OF THE THEATRE:

DONALD ENTERS FROM STAGE LEFT (DONALD IS DRESSED IN SLIPPERS, BLACK TROUSERS, CREAM SHIRT AND JUMPER) AND IS CARRYING TWO MUGS OF TEA).

DONALD: You'll be alright here mate. You're not bothered up here. You can have old Tommy's mug, I swilled it out, before you come, sugar?

DONALD LOOKS AT KELLY AND CROUCHES DOWN IN FRONT OF KELLY AND LOOKS INTO HIS EYES.

(Slowly) Do . . . you . . . take . . . sugar!? PAUSE (SLOWLY) Sugar . . . how . . . many . . . do . . . you . . . take!? Oh never mind. I'll give you four, like me.

DONALD GETS A BAG OF SUGAR OUT OF HIS BOX AND GIVES HIMSELF AND KELLY, FOUR SPOONFULS OF SUGAR (DONALD LEAVES THE MUGS OF TEA ON THE FLOOR NEAR THE BOX).

It's not good moaning. You've got to go where they put you. PAUSE What ward was you on?

DONALD MOVES TO THE FRONT OF KELLY AND CROUCHES DOWN AND LOOKS INTO KELLY'S EYES.

(SLOWLY) WHAT . . . WARD . . . WAS . . . YOU . . . ON!?

KELLY: Eh, eh.

DONALD: What?

KELLY: Edwards.

DONALD: The acute ward! You must be really mad!

KELLY: I, I, I don't like it here.

DONALD: You're better off here than in there, with all those nutters.

KELLY: I, I, I'mmm leaving!

DONALD: Where you going to go?

KELLY: To find me Mam.

DONALD: Your Old Girl! Where she live then?

KELLY: I don't know.

DONALD: So how you going to find her?

KELLY PULLS A PICTURE OF HIS MOTHER OUT FROM HIS POCKET  
AND FONDLY LOOKS AT IT.

KELLY: I'll show me picture of me Mam around, somebody must know where she is.

DONALD: What am I going to tell them, if they come here and you're gone, you're going to land me right in it.

KELLY: I wish I'd never come out. At least in there I had Nurse O'Mally to talk to.

DONALD: I'll talk to you.

KELLY: I wish was back in there.

DONALD: We've got our freedom now, we can do what we like.

KELLY: I don't like it here.

DONALD: We couldn't do what we wanted in there, we can go anywhere, we're free as birds. Go to kip when we want to, or stay up all night.

KELLY: Stay up all night. What for!?

DONALD: To talk.

KELLY: We had Sky in there.

DONALD: Well, we'll have a tele soon . . .

KELLY REPLACES THE PICTURE OF HIS MOTHER BACK INTO HIS POCKET.

KELLY: I like watching Kung Fu films.

KELLY PUTS HIS CASE DOWN NEAR HIS FEET AND JUMPS UP AND PRETENDS HE IS A KUNG FU FIGHTER. DONALD TRIES TO PROTECT HIMSELF.

DONALD: What the bloody hell are you doing? . . .

KELLY: E e e e e e r r r r r r o o o o o o w m m m m m !  
E e e e a a a a r r r r o o o o o w w w !

DONALD: Sit down! Sit down!

KELLY RETURNS TO HIS CHAIR AND STROKES THE TOP OF HIS HEAD WITH THE PALM OF HIS HAND.

DONALD: What did you do that for, you silly sod?

KELLY: We had hot water and clean sheets in there.

DONALD: You don't know who's been in those sheets, could have been anyone.

KELLY: It was warm and safe in there.

DONALD: Safe! That's a laugh! Old smithy tried to set fire to my bed. I suppose he just wanted to warm me up a bit. There was a punch up every other night and you felt safe!

KELLY: I had no worries in there.

DONALD: Didn't it worry you that you might be next in line for the electric treatment, old Smithy had it done to him. Look. I'll help you out, if you need anything.

KELLY: I had mates in there.

DONALD: Well you got me now. Look why don't we get a pet, you'd like that, we wasn't allowed to have pets in there, now we can have one. We could get a dog. Or a cat. Or a hamster.

KELLY: A hamster!

DONALD: Yes we could get a cage, look after it proper, we wouldn't need a tele then, we could watch it of a night going round and round on its wheel.

KELLY: I'd have to have it on my side of the room.

DONALD: Of course you would. Have it where you like. I wouldn't mess, stick it where you want.

KELLY: I could watch it before I go to sleep.

DONALD: Well there you go, there'll be three of us soon, it's better than being in there, with all those nutters. PAUSE

KELLY SLOWLY STANDS WHILE SLOWLY MOVING HIS BODY IN A RHYTHMIC FASHION.

DONALD: What are you doing now? You want to go to the toilet?

MUSIC 2\*

KELLY SWITCHES ON HIS TAPE CASSETTE PLAYER

"IT'S LIKE THAT" BY RUN D.M.C. VS "JASON NEVINS", THUNDERS OUT. KELLY STARTS TO BREAK DANCE, WHILE MOVING TOWARDS CENTRE STAGE.

DONALD: Turn it off! Can you hear me you silly bastard! Turn it off! I'm warning you!

DONALD SWITCHES THE MUSIC OFF. KELLY STROKES THE TOP OF HIS HEAD WITH HIS HAND AND MOVES BACK TO HIS CHAIR AND SITS DOWN

You'll have the landlord up here!

KELLY: I don't care!

KELLY STOPS STROKING THE TOP OF HIS HEAD.

DONALD: You will if you get us thrown out of here, I pay good rent for this pigsty, yet he won't do no repairs. There's insects crawling about in the bathroom, mould on the walls, this place is a death trap. This place should be knocked down!

DONALD SITS ON HIS CHAIR.

KELLY: I've got to get away!

DONALD: Where you going to go? We've got to stick together, nobody else cares for us, we have got to care for each other now.

KELLY AND DONALD STARE INTO THE DISTANCE

LONG PAUSE.

KELLY: Nurse O'Mally, would give me little jobs to do.

DONALD GOES INTO A TRANCE-LIKE STATE. DONALD TALKS SLOWLY AND DOES NOT HEAR WHAT KELLY IS SAYING.

DONALD: I had a job once. (Pause) All the money I earned, I had to fork out on bills. (Pause) It was a real headache. I'd a mortgage and a wife. She couldn't half spend my money. I used to come home and find all these brand new thigh length boots, she'd bought out the catalogue, still boxed, hidden behind the settee . . . PAUSE She never wore them for me . . . PAUSE Then one day she left me . . . PAUSE She had no reason to . . . PAUSE I just carried on working paying the bills. At least I didn't have her big mouth to feed, I thought to myself. I'll start to live . . . PAUSE Well, (slight pause) that's when I had my bit of trouble . . . PAUSE . . . I was a Night Watchman, in a big store in Victoria, used to go round trying all the doors. PAUSE After all the staff had gone and the store was empty, I'd undo my tie and relax.

KELLY: Was there ghosts?

DONALD: And wander round the store, admiring all the goods on the different floors, (pause) sort of making a mental note of where I'd settle down for the night. PAUSE They had some lovely settees you know . . . PAUSE Comfortable's not the word. PAUSE I felt like a toff, a real toff, (pause) in control, whatever I wanted I could have.

KELLY: All those video games.

DONALD: . . . out the back there were boxes of fireworks piled high, in the middle of June . . .

KELLY: Fireworks!

DONALD: And hundreds of umbrellas in big plastic bags just spilling out all over the floor . . . PAUSE That's when it happened. PAUSE I'd popped in to check this store room, PAUSE It was dark in there, and full of mirrors. PAUSE That's (slight pause) That's when it happened.

KELLY: When what happened?

DONALD: I felt uneasy, so I shone my torch . . . PAUSE Then I suddenly saw this old geezer, he looked really ill, his face was white.

KELLY: Was it a ghost?

PAUSE

DONALD: It was me. PAUSE I must have been overdoing it. PAUSE Suddenly all

these crazy thoughts started running through my head, I couldn't understand what was happening, I had to go and lay down . . . my head was spinning, I must of passed out . . . when I woke up, I had all these faces looking at me . . . PAUSE They were talking to me, but I couldn't understand what they were saying. PAUSE I think I'd wet myself . . . PAUSE Fancy a man like me, wetting myself . . . PAUSE Next thing I knew I was in Longacres. DONALD COMES OUT OF HIS TRANCE AND HIS VOICE SPEEDS UP AND HE BECOMES ANGRY. I blame her the bitch, she wore me down. DONALD STANDS UP AND PACES UP AND DOWN, NOT COVERING KELLY.

KELLY: Did you get help?

DONALD: What!

KELLY: Did you get help in the hospital?

DONALD: Course not! Waste of bloody time! I was desperate! I didn't need help, I needed money, cash, cash in hand, lolly, that was the only thing that would of done me any good. Instead they drugged me up and then stuck me in a group on the ward . . .

KELLY: Did they?

DONALD: What a waste of time that was! Crap! Load of poofs, seven stone weaklings, all sat round hardly talking with a scraggy old bird sat in one corner rocking backwards and forwards humming. Some group. Oh yes, there was this trick cyclist sat in the other corner, him saying bugger all, just watching. Then it would go quiet, no one would talk for twenty minutes . . .

DONALD SITS DOWN ON HIS CHAIR.

KELLY: That's a long time.

DONALD: We just sat there like stuffed parrots, watching each other from the corner of our eyes. Suddenly the daft humming cow in the corner would scream out, "Where's my baby! Where's my baby!"

DONALD IMITATES THE WOMAN'S ACTIONS BY HOLDING HIS HANDS OVER HIS HEAD, HIS KNEES TOWARDS HIS CHEST AND HIS ELBOWS TOGETHER.

DONALD: "Where's my baby! Where's my baby!" It was a complete waste of time.

KELLY: I'm going.

KELLY GRABS HIS SUITCASE AND CASSETTE PLAYER AND MOVES DOWNSTAGE RIGHT. HE STOPS AND HOLD HIS HEAD DOWN AND LOOKS TOWARDS THE FLOOR.

DONALD: You must be hungry mate . . .

DONALD QUICKLY MAKES HIS WAY TO HIS BOX AND REACHES INSIDE AND PULLS OUT SOME SAUSAGES AND AN OPEN TIN OF BEANS. Let me cook you something to eat.

KELLY: No.

DONALD HANDLES AND QUICKLY SMELLS THE SAUSAGES.

DONALD: Look I've got some bangers and beans here.

KELLY: I don't want any!

DONALD: You'll need something to eat if you're going away.

KELLY: Mam!

DONALD: You must be starving.

KELLY: Mam! I want my mam!

DONALD RUMMAGES ABOUT IN HIS BOX.

DONALD: A bit of bread would go nice with this.

KELLY: Mam!

KELLY RUBS THE TOP OF HIS HEAD VIOLENTLY.

DONALD: You'll feel alright when you've got some grub inside you.

KELLY: (very loudly) Mam!

KELLY DROPS HIS CASE AND FALLS TO THE FLOOR ON HIS KNEES.

DONALD: Alright, alright.

DONALD DROPS EVERYTHING HE IS HOLDING, BACK INTO THE BOX AND STEPS BACK IN SHOCK AND STARTS WIPING HIS GREASY HANDS REPEATEDLY DOWN THE FRONT OF HIMSELF, NOT KNOWING WHAT TO DO NEXT. PAUSE Look I've got some coca cola, do you want a drink of coke? DONALD MOVES TOWARDS THE BOX AND BRINGS OUT A SMALL BOTTLE OF COCA COLA AND A GLASS AND POURS OUT A GLASS OF COCA COLA. Here mate.

KELLY LOOKS TOWARDS DONALD AND SLOWLY PUTS DOWN HIS SUITCASE AND CASSETTE PLAYER AND SLOWLY MOVES TOWARDS DONALD, TAKING THE GLASS OF COCA COLA AND DRINKING IT IN ONE GO. Here have some more.

DONALD COLLECTS KELLY'S GLASS AND POURS OUT ANOTHER GLASS AND GIVING IT TO KELLY. DONALD THEN RETURNS TO HIS CHAIR AND SITS DOWN. KELLY STARES INTO SPACE, HOLDING HIS GLASS OF COCA COLA IN HIS HAND. DONALD IS SITTING ON HIS CHAIR LOOKING AT KELLY.

DONALD: You will feel better after you've drunk that . . .

PAUSE

KELLY: (talks softly/distantly) Mam left when I was little. Dad hit her, so she left, that's why she ran off. It wasn't because a me.

DONALD: I never said it was mate.

KELLY: Mam and dad had a big row. I heard my dad shouting, then I heard footsteps on the stairs.

DONALD: Was it your old man?

KELLY: No it was mam, she came into my bedroom and sat on me bed and got hold of me, she were crying, she rocked me backwards and forwards and sang that song.

DONALD: What song!?

KELLY: That song, you know.

DONALD: What bloody song!?

KELLY: That song.

KELLY HUMS A SMALL PART OF THE TUNE FROM THE HIT SONG "DON'T IT MAKE YOUR BROWN EYES BLUE". KELLY THEN STARTS TO ROCK BACKWARDS AND FORWARDS AND STARTS TO SING THE SONG IN A STRANGE HAUNTING VOICE.

KELLY:

(cont) "Don't it make your brown eyes blue . . . "

"Don't it make your brown eyes blue . . . "

"Don't it make your brown eyes blue . . . " I fell asleep. When I woke up she'd gone. I know she still loves me.

DONALD: How!

KELLY: Because she sent me a stamp album . . .

DONALD: Yer . . .

KELLY: Do you want to see it . . . KELLY PUTS HIS GLASS OF COCA COLA ON THE FLOOR NEAR HIS CHAIR AND GETS HIS STAMP ALBUM FROM OUT OF HIS SUITCASE. Look, it's smashing. KELLY OPENS THE STAMP ALBUM. I've got stamps from all over.

DONALD: Oh yeah.

KELLY: Can I have your stamp?

DONALD DROPS DOWN ON HIS KNEES IN FRONT OF HIS BOX.

DONALD: What stamp?

KELLY: The one on your postcard in that box.

KELLY POINTS TOWARDS THE POSTCARD/BOX.

DONALD: No! DONALD PICKS UP THE POSTCARD FROM HIS BOX AND LOOKS AT IT. That's the Statue of Liberty that Statue stands for America. That statue stands for justice, over there a man can get on, you're not held back, like you are here.

KELLY: I've got some stamps from America. Do you want to see?

KELLY SHOWS HIS STAMPS TO DONALD THEN LOOKS AT THE STAMP ALBUM HIMSELF.

DONALD: Oh yer. Bloody marvellous!

KELLY: I've got stamps here from all over the world. They're smashing!

KELLY LOOKS AT HIS STAMP ALBUM.

DONALD: Yer.

KELLY: Nurse O'Mally said I was like a rare stamp.

DONALD: How's that!

KELLY: Because I was worth something.

DONALD: Bollocks! She was having you on!

KELLY: Give us your stamp.

DONALD: What stamp?

KELLY: The stamp on your postcard.

DONALD: No!

KELLY: Oh go on.

DONALD: No!

KELLY: Oh please.

DONALD: No.

KELLY: Go on. Give us it.

DONALD: That postcard's from my friends in America, you're not having it!

KELLY: Friends from America?

DONALD: Yer. It's from an American family, I met down the market.

KELLY: Down the market?

DONALD: Some years ago it was!

KELLY: When!?

DONALD: I can't remember when! We got chatting! A chance meeting, it was. They wanted to sample some of the local customs, so I took them to a pie and mash shop.

KELLY: Did you?

DONALD: Yes, we had a great day! I was their guide! Showed them round, up west, round the Tower.

KELLY: I'd like to go round the Tower.

DONALD: Well I'll take you, like I did the Americans. You know when it got late and I said I'd better catch a bus back, they insisted I took a taxi. Bought me right home. Didn't have to pay a penny! What do you think about that eh? Know how to treat you the Americans do. Treat you with respect.

KELLY: Do you still see them?