

Drunken Revenge

By Dante Harker

Scene 1

(CHAR, KIM AND CALUM ARE SAT IN THE PARK DRINKING. CHAR CALMS THE OTHERS WHO ARE JEERING LOUDLY AT A PASSERBY.)

(CHAR, KIM AND CALUM ARE SAT IN THE PARK DRINKING. CHAR CALMS THE OTHERS WHO ARE JEERING LOUDLY AT A PASSERBY.)

CHAR:

Come on now, calm down; I need you to answer a question. You ready? Right, so ... if you were going to kill someone how would you do it?

KIM:

Not that rubbish again! I thought you'd done with that? Anyway, I thought you'd killed someone once already; killing again is would just be greedy!

(CHAR STANDS UP AND MOVES TO CENTRE STAGE. SHE IS LIT UP AND THE BACKGROUND FADES)

CHAR:

I used to be a doctor. Doctor CHARLOTTE Braden-Harris. I worked in the casualty department, had done for nearly eight years. I saved peoples' lives – until my vicious ex-husband screwed me over. Fine ... fine I did sleep with one of the interns. Well ... not just one. Dam'! So I had a thing for arrogant junior doctors; the younger the better. The problem

was the interns kept getting younger and my husband kept getting older. And, sadly, like a scabby dog, Jeez, did his breath get worse with age. But, it's not that I didn't love him, I did, we'd been together since University. It's just that I got, well, horny. Still I gave him everything. I paid for our fancy life. Popped out two children that he wanted to stay at home with, while all the time calling himself a struggling artist. A struggling artist of all things! The man never had an artistic bone in his body. I paid for his BMW, golf club membership and gave him a platinum card. And a proper platinum card at that, not one of those advertised during the day for the fat layabouts who just need more credit to re-stock their fridges with pies! This is a fancy life he still has, by the way. I'm not in it – he got everything. Why? Well... I'd been having sex with this one intern, Connor, for a while, but when a new bunch of students arrived – I moved on and he didn't take it too well. Worse than that, he called at my house one night when I was working. I know I sound bad through all of this, but did I mention I saved peoples' lives? Anyway, he spoke to my husband, and explained what I actually did when I'd told him I was working late. A few punches were thrown. My husband was out of shape. The fight didn't last long and, oddly enough, it bonded them. Soon enough they began to scheme and connive and then one night, while I was busy "helping" one of the new students, a patient died. CHAR

(Cont'd)

(: It wasn't my fault, I just wasn't there. And, when questions were asked, Connor made sure that he told the internal investigation team that I hadn't been there on a lot of occasions. So, I was struck off, and it was that night my husband decided to tell me he knew all about the interns. He did that while I was still stood on the drive, the locks had been changed and my clothes were in tatters on our perfectly manicured lawn. I still see him now and then, he always has a handful of designer carrier bags, I used to shout abuse, but it seems that if he reports me again I'm off to prison. So, from that moment on the lawn, well, it went downhill from there.)

(CHAR SITS BACK DOWN AND THE CONVERSATION CONTINUES)

CHAR:

Come on, someone, answer the question – if you were going to kill someone how would you do it?

KIM:

Oh come on, we go through this every night, or, at least every night I can remember.

(KIM TAKES A HUGE DRINK AND SMILES)

CHAR:

(SCREAMS)

(Ahhhh! Can you please just answer my question!)

CALUM:

Fine! Fine! But to be honest, love, if all that cider you get through hadn't rotted your brain, you'd have actually killed your ex by now, not just whined on and on with the same old question, every fucking night.

(CALUM STANDS UP AND MOVES TO THE CENTRE OF THE STAGE: THE LIGHTS FADE ON THE OTHERS)

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CALUM:

Do you know what? I never used to swear, not once. Well, maybe I would say “bugger” or, if something had really chafed my nerves, I might have resorted to the word “shit”. Which always reminds me of my mother, who, when very angry and, after one too many Sherries, would use the term “shit-off” – which always shocked me. But then I was a barrister. The youngest in my law firm, by at least twenty years. I had a wig, a posh accent, an even posher wife – the works. I, of course, married far too young, my university sweetheart – but then I needed her to complete the package. And now look at me! I'm wearing cast-offs those god-botherers bring round. You get to pick one item out of each of the four bags, you know, you have tops, bottoms, pants and socks. CALUM

(Cont'd)

(: And if you do that without shouting or causing a scene,)

(not an easy task when you've worked your way through a couple of litres of cider already that day)

(, but if you manage it – they even give you a mug of soup. So how did I end up here? Wearing clothes that stink of piss? What? It's not my fault they don't come back and wash them after you've worn them a while. Well, it seems that if you have a very posh wife, then hanging around in parks at night picking up guys who turn out to be pretty policemen, is a very bad idea. I was arrested, she got everything. The copper took great pleasure in telling the court that I'd tried to touch his cock in a public toilet and that he had only just managed to get the handcuffs on me before I'd succeeded in my attempt. Truth be known I was still trying to touch his knob even after he had the cuff's on me – but then I thought it was all part of the game. I still see him around town sometimes. He laughs. I think when the firm fired me, well, it pretty much went downhill from there.)

(CALUM SITS BACK DOWN AND THE CONVERSATION CONTINUES)

CHAR:

Will someone please just answer the question? If you were going to kill someone ...

KIM:

Yes, yes, we know and, FINE, I'll answer the question and then maybe we can get back to more important business. Right, if I wanted to kill someone then I wouldn't go for the perfect crime because there isn't such a thing. I'd be more creative and go the most messed up crime. I'd just pick someone at random, and, then, err, just smash their head in with a rock.

CALUM:

But then you'd go to prison?

KIM:

And?

CALUM:

Well, surely that would be a bad thing?

KIM:

You think? It's got to beat sleeping out here every night, or worse, trying to get a place in one of the hostels only to be told they don't allow drinking on the premises. How mad is that? No drinking! At least in there you would get three meals a day and a roof over your head.

CALUM:

Yeah, I guess given how many men I've seen re-offend over the years, it can't be that bad.

CHAR:

Still, you can't just go around smashing peoples' heads-in.

KIM:

Why not?

CHAR:

Well, it's just not very lady like for a start, not to mention it's tacky.

(KIM STANDS AND MOVES TO CENTRE STAGE. THE LIGHT FADES ON THE OTHERS.)

KIM:

"Tacky", well, that's me all over. I was never a stuck-up barrister or someone "who saved peoples' lives". In fact, I was never anything. My dad, so my mum used to delight in telling me, could have been one of many men. I never bothered to narrow it down; why would you when you knew the guy whose sperm you sprang from had paid 50 quid for a go on my mother? Though I'm sure he would have asked for his money back, if he'd known that I was the gift with purchase.

(POINTS TO HERSELF)

(My mum used to tell me she was a social worker; she said the men who visited our tiny council flat were in need of her support. She dished out support all right – that and a fair few cases of crabs. She wasn't one for protection, other than the knife she kept under her pillow. Amazing really that the big C got her in the end rather than something sexual; but then she did smoke sixty a day, so I guess it wasn't that amazing. So, at thirteen I went into care. They put me into a group home; you don't tend to get families wanting thirteen-year-olds with "issues". And in the home did it get any better? Of course not! The woman in charge liked to drink – ironic really.)

(HOLDS UP HER BOTTLE)

(And like a lot of drunks, me included it seems, she got violent when she got some booze down her. She took a shine to my face, well not so much a shine, more she used to get it confused with a punch bag. Still, I managed to get away; I was saved by the "leaving care" scheme. I made it to London, and got on with my life, I got a job in a call centre. I was made. And then one day I got a visit from a solicitor. He told me they were charging the abusive

cow from the home. He didn't use those words, he KIM 4 | Page)

(Cont'd)

(: was very polite. So I came back to Cardiff and testified in court. She had the nerve to speak at me when she saw me, held out her hand for me to shake. I burst into tears at the sight of her. I cried though most of the trial; like a little child. The ordeal lasted three weeks. Me and six others told our stories; it wasn't pretty. And then the cow called one witness after another, all telling what a wonderful woman she was and what "bad seeds" we all were. The defence said that we were only doing it to get some kind of compensation. She got off. The bitch got off! I should have gone home, but something, not sure what, kept me here. I see her around town sometimes, I want to say something, I want to scream and rant and tell her... but the tears stop me. When she got off, it all went downhill from there. KIM SITS BACK DOWN AND THE CONVERSATION CONTINUES.)

KIM:

Tacky, fine, whatever! Thing is I don't know why we're even having this conversation. Well I do, it's because you're one of those drunks who has to go over the same old ground every time she gets some booze down her.

CHAR:

I do not; I'm just interested that's all.

CALUM:

KIM'S right, CHAR, you do seem to be interested in the same stuff every time you have a drink; obsessed even.

CHAR:

Yeah, but, if you were going to kill someone,
how would you do it?

KIM:

Oh, balls to this.

*(KIM STANDS UP AND STARTS RANTING DOWN AT CHAR
AND CALUM.)*

*(Look CHAR, we're running out of drink, we need to do something
soon or else this is going to be a very dry night. So I tell you what,
why don't I just do a quick fast-forward for you and we can get
back to begging off the passers-by)*

*(CHAR GOES TO PROTEST BUT KIM HOLDS HER HAND UP
AND THEN CONTINUES.)*

*(Right, come on now, try and stay with me. Well you know you
always ask, how would we kill whoever, and then at some point
later you move onto who would we kill? Well let's just swap that
around because, to me, and 5 | Page call me crazy if you want...)*

CALUM:

(MURMURS)

(Crazy.)

KIM:

But it makes more sense if you ask, "who would
you kill and how would you do it?" Either way,
this is a skip forward, I'm getting desperate here.

*(EMPTIES THE LAST OF HER CIDER INTO HER MOUTH AND
LOOKS AT THE EMPTY BOTTLE)*

KIM:

So, given we've been over this a thousand times these last six months, I think I've got this straight.

(POSH VOICE)

(You, Doctor CHARLOTTE Braden-Harris want your ex-husband dead, he's the one who caused every problem in your life; he's the reason that you're here with us, drinking from the world's gutter. And how would you kill him? After lots of deliberating; a knife, a gun, cutting up his platinum card, you finally, that's if you don't pass out first, come to the conclusion that you don't care how you do it, you just want to kill him dead.)

CALUM:

And me, smart arse, who do I want dead and how? Also, "kill him dead." Really?

KIM:

(GLARES AT CALUM)

(You're a little tougher CALUM; you never tell us the whole story. Apparently, some guy accused you of a "misdemeanour" and that led to you being fired. Now I've no idea what a misdemeanour is, but given you always say you'd like to cut the man's throat for blabbing in court, I'm guessing a "misdemeanour" is when a posh chap like you has his end away with a lad in a park and his wife finds out. Isn't that what all you barrister types get up to?)

CALUM:

That's just vulgar!

KIM:

Vulgar? I'm not the one shagging in the bushes while my wife is at the salon having her perm re-touched.

CALUM:

Screw you!

KIM:

Really? I thought I'd be the wrong sex for you.

CHAR:

Will you two shut up and you sit back down?

CALUM:

Oh no, CHAR, don't let her sit down until we've heard who she would like CALUM

(Cont'd)

(to kill – come on!)

KIM:

Shut up!

CALUM:

Oh come on, mouthy, I thought we were meant to be moving this conversation to the end – we can't do that until you've had your little rant.

(MOCKING)

(Oh, come on, share with us? Tell us about that terrible woman in the orphanage who was just so mean to you?)

(KIM KICKS AT CALUM AND RAGES)

KIM:

Shut up, you don't know what you're talking about.

(CALUM GETS TO HIS FEET)

CALUM:

Of course I do, I've heard the rant a dozen times. The one about that bitch in the orphanage, the one who beat you, the one who went to court and got off with it. Come on, how many times have you told us that story? And we know how you'd like to kill her.

KIM:

Shut up, I'm warning you, SHUT UP!

CALUM:

Oh come on KIM, you said it earlier; you want to smash her head in with a rock. Of course, it wouldn't be a stranger you want to kill would it? You know who that rock's intended for!

(CHAR, NOTICING HER BOTTLE EMPTY, STANDS UP AND STANDS IN BETWEEN KIM AND CALUM WHO HAVE JUST FACED OFF)

CHAR:

Can you two give it a rest? God! I'm sorry I started this now.

(KIM POINTING AT CALUM)

KIM:

What? It's not me! I just wanted to get this conversation over, it's him who's being a dick!

CALUM:

Do you have to use such crude language?

CHAR:

Can both of you give it a rest, we're out of booze.

(SEES A YOUNG COUPLE WALKING TOWARDS THEM)

(Look, a chance for us to make a few quid. Come on now or else we'll be screwed for the rest of the night. 7 | Page)

(CHAR PUSHES CALUM BACK TO WHERE THEY WERE SITTING AND OUT THE WAY)

(CHAR)

(cont'd)

(: You sit out the way CALUM, we can do this can't we KIM?)

KIM:

Do you want to be sick or shall I?

CHAR:

Well, there's a question! I think we're both pretty sick if the truth be known.

KIM:

You know what I mean.

CHAR:

I think I'll play sick this time.

(CHAR STARTS TO COUGH AND KIM BEGINS TO LOOK CONCERNED. THE TOW OF THEM BLOCK THE COUPLE'S PATH AND CONTINUE TO GET IN THE WAY OF THEIR ESCAPE)

KIM:

You couldn't help us out could you? My friend's sick. Man: No sorry, I have no change.

KIM:

I don't need your change; I really need to get her some medicine.

(THE COUPLE TRY TO GET BY)

MAN:

Come on, ladies, this isn't the middle ages, just take her to a doctors.

(CHAR COUGHS HEAVILY TOWARDS THE COUPLE)

WOMAN:

Just give them some money, sweetheart!

KIM:

Yeah, sweetheart, listen to your girlfriend, she knows what's best. She doesn't want to see a poor woman go without her medicine.

MAN:

I'm not giving you anything, now let us past.

(MAN PUSHES FORWARD BUT IS HELD BACK BY AN INCREASINGLY AGITATED KIM)

KIM:

Come on, mate, we only want a couple of quid.
That's not going to hurt a well-dressed man like
you, now is it?

(WOMAN REACHES INTO HER HANDBAG)

WOMAN:

(GETTING UPSET)

*(Oh, for goodness sake, I'll give them some money if you're too
tight!)*

MAN:

(PUSHING AT HER HAND)

*(No! I'm not being held hostage like this, we're not giving them
anything. Now let us pass. MAN PUSHES FORWARD AGAIN,
THIS TIME KIM REACHES INTO HER POCKET AND PULLS
OUT A KNIFE))*

KIM:

Why does no one ever take the easy options
these days? Me, I blame the government's
recent campaign and their "give your money to
the boxes, not to the beggars" crap. Now hand
over your money.

MAN:

Come on, there's no need for this.

(GUARDS WOMAN)

KIM:

No, you stupid tight wanker, there is no need for this, you could have got past for two quid but now we want everything. Now get the hell on with it; wallet, phones and purse.

(CALUM STANDS UP)

CALUM:

Come on KIM put the knife down, let them pass.

KIM:

Shut up!

CHAR:

CALUM'S right, KIM, this is a really bad idea.

KIM:

Will you two cowards shut up? Now you two, hand over your money.

(WOMAN STARTS MESSING WITH HER BAG, TRYING TO GET INSIDE. SHE IS CRYING AND STRUGGLING WITH THE ZIP. MAN DOES NOTHING)

WOMAN:

(YELLS)

(Hand them your damn wallet.)

(MAN STARTS TO REACH FOR HIS WALLET. WOMAN IS STILL STRUGGLING WITH HER BAG. KIM GRABS THE BAG AND STARTS STRUGGLING WITH THE WOMAN. MAN PUSHES KIM AND SCREAMS)

MAN:

Get your dirty hands off of her!

(THE MAN YANKS AT HIS GIRLFRIEND, FREES HER AND THEY RUN OFF. IN THE PROCESS THE CONTENTS OF THE WOMAN'S BAG DROP TO THE GROUND, KIM FOLLOWS THEM AND STARTS HUNTING FOR A PURSE)

CHAR:

Shit, KIM, I can't believe you pulled out a knife.

CALUM:

Never mind that now, we have to get out of here.

(KIM FINDS THE PURSE, PICKS IT UP AND THEY ALL RUN OFF)

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Scene 2

(KIM, CALUM AND CHAR BUSTLE INTO A SOUP KITCHEN.)

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CALUM:

I can't believe you pulled a knife, what were you thinking?

CHAR:

She clearly wasn't thinking, stupid mare.

KIM:

(FACING UP TO CHAR)

(What did you say to me?)

CALUM:

(PARTING THE PAIR)

(Oh you heard her KIM – we're in trouble now thanks to you.)

KIM:

Oh, shut up the pair of you; if it wasn't for me, we wouldn't have this?

(HOLDS UP A CARRIER BAG FULL OF BOTTLES)

CHAR:

You just don't get it do you? We're in real trouble now; the three of us just mugged a couple. You did say that you didn't mind going to prison – looks like you'll get your chance.

KIM:

You're being stupid, they'll not remember what we look like. We'll be cool.

CHAR:

Does it take practice to be as dumb as you are?
Or just years of drinking?

KIM:

You should know.

CALUM:

Will you two give it a break, I need time to think.

CHAR:

Fine, fair enough, whatever. Let's just get some food and get out of here because this is the first place the police are going to look I'm sure.

(THE THREE OF THEM GET SOUP AND WALK OUTSIDE AND FIND A BENCH TO SIT ON)

(What are we going to do now? I don't want to go to prison.)

CALUM:

I'm not sure there is anything we can do they; they're bound to find us.

(HE TAKES THREE BOTTLES OF CIDER OUT OF THE BAG AND PASSES THEM AROUND. THEY ALL TAKE A DRINK)

KIM:

You two keep saying that we're going to get caught. How exactly?

CALUM:

Oh come on KIM, give the stupidity a rest. Think about it, how long will it take them before they work out which three tramps committed the mugging.

KIM:

Who you calling a tramp?

CALUM:

Oh, don't start up again.

CHAR:

I'm sorry CALUM but I have to take offence to the tramp remark. You might be a tramp, I'm sadly just unfortunate and, if it wasn't for a bad case of the nasties, KIM here would still be a prostitute!

KIM:

Bitch! I'm not a prostitute.

CHAR:

Well you're not now, clearly. Not even the saddest old git would throw money your way.

KIM:

Fuck you!

CALUM:

Oh, come on, KIM, there is no need for that kind of language.

KIM:

Oh, fuck you too! In fact, fuck the pair of you. Actually, why don't the both of you go and fuck each other?

CALUM:

I think you need to calm down. It really isn't done to use more F words than actual words in a sentence.

(CALUM TAKES A LARGE DRINK)

CHAR:

As right as you are, CALUM, I think we're all off the point here. What are we going to do?

KIM:

What about just sitting here and drinking for a while? Could we do that?

(KIM AND CALUM TAKE A LARGE DRINK AND SMILE CHAR: Right, that's it. If you're both just going to be stupid then I'm off.

KIM: Would it be childish to say you've been off for days – which explains the flies? (BOTH KIM AND CALUM LAUGH AND THEN TAKE ANOTHER DRINK. CHAR GLARES AND THEN STARTS TO WALK OFF)

KIM AND CALUM TAKE A LARGE DRINK AND SMILE CHAR:

Right, that's it. If you're both just going to be stupid then I'm off.

KIM:

Would it be childish to say you've been off for days – which explains the flies? (BOTH KIM AND CALUM LAUGH AND THEN TAKE ANOTHER DRINK. CHAR GLARES AND THEN STARTS TO WALK OFF)

CALUM:

Oh come back CHAR, we're sorry, we'll try and focus, won't we KIM?

(KIM IS TRYING TO FOCUS ON THE LABEL OF HER BOTTLE)

(KIM? KIM!)

KIM:

I am focusing, what more do you want?

CHAR:

I know you both seem to have forgotten and, given how much drink you have in you, it's clear why. But we mugged a couple this evening. With a knife. A KNIFE!

CALUM:

(HEAD DOWN, RESIGNED)

(We're in trouble.)

KIM:

I don't understand what the problem is. Even if they do go to the police, how will they know it's us?

CHAR:

Because unlike some people, KIM, the police aren't generally stupid; well not all of them anyway.

KIM:

What's that supposed to mean?

CHAR:

Well...

CALUM:

Well think about it, KIM, the first thing the police will do is start asking questions around the hostels and at the soup kitchen.

(DRINKS)

KIM:

And?

CHAR:

Wow, you take stupid to new levels.

(CALUM STANDS UP AND MOVES IN BETWEEN KIM AND CHAR)

CALUM:

Come on KIM think about it.

KIM:

I can't think about it; the cider won't let me – spell it out. My head hurts!

CHAR:

KIM, we hang around together every day. We've been hanging around together now for months. Not too sure why, but still, we have. And we go to the same hostels and get food in the same places. And soon enough someone will tell the police this well-known fact, if they haven't already.

KIM:

So we hang around together, if we keep our heads down, how are they going to find us? How will they even have our names?

CALUM:

Well, that shouldn't be too hard either. We have to give our names each time we stay at one of the hostels. If we were smart, we would have given false names. Was anyone that smart?

(THEY ALL TAKE A DRINK)

KIM:

So they have our names and they know we hang out together. If we keep our heads down, I don't see how they are going to find us.

CHAR:

Wow, at times it's like talking to a child!

KIM:

What?

CHAR:

Nothing...

(WHISPERS)

(That you would understand anyway.)

(KIM TAKES A LARGE DRINK)

KIM:

CHAR, you're really starting to get on my tits now.

CHAR:

Well there's enough room.

KIM:

Bitch!

CALUM:

This isn't getting us anywhere.

KIM:

And none of it explains how they are going to find us if we keep out of sight.

CHAR:

(CALM AND FLAT)

(Benefits day.)

KIM:

What?

CALUM:

Yes, of course, Benefits day.

KIM:

You two can say it all you like, but I still don't understand.

CHAR:

(WHISPERS TO THE AUDIENCE)

(Thick as pig shit.)

CALUM:

Well, my simple friend, if they have our names from the hostel lists they can find out if we are on benefits, which of course we are.

CHAR:

Where would we all be without our fortnightly pay outs?

CALUM:

And soon enough they'll know that in a couple of days' time, we'll turn up, cap, or in your case, scabies in hand, wanting money. And I'm sure they'll be waiting.

KIM:

(PENNY DROPS)

(Looks like we're screwed.)

CHAR:

Or something slightly less common. But yes... we are.

(THEY ALL DRINK)

KIM:

But I don't want to go to prison. CHAR/

CALUM:

(SNAP IN DISBELIEF)

(What?)

KIM:

It wouldn't suit me – I need the fresh air.

CALUM:

But earlier you said you wouldn't mind going to prison.

CHAR:

You said, it beats being out here – three meals and all that.

KIM:

Well, it looks like I'll get my chance now. We're screwed. We're going to prison. I'm going to get eaten by a woman with more body hair than a grizzly bear. I don't want a butch man-beast to use me as her bitch.

CHAR:

Oh, please! No prison hound is going to want you as her bitch.

KIM:

Why not? What's wrong with me?

CHAR:

Well, for a start, the years working the streets will have left you slacker than a pair of pensioner's stockings, which is pretty much the texture you're skin's got, given all the time out in the wet weather.

CALUM:

And you smell a little of...

(DISGUSTED AT HAVING TO USE THE WORD)

(piss, just like old...)

KIM:

Stockings. Yes I get the idea. And top marks for over-using the word “stockings”. You unimaginative w...

CALUM:

Well! We are all screwed.

KIM:

Well by the sounds of it perhaps not me, but I'm sure you will be.

CALUM:

What?

KIM:

Screwed! A posh guy like you; your arse will be stuffed with some tattooed guy's meat and two veg before the guards have even called lights out.

CALUM:

Vile!

CHAR:

Not to mention painful.

KIM:

Not if you're into that kind of thing.

(CALUM RAISES HIS FINGER AND POINTS AT KIM)

CALUM:

Why I...!

CHAR:

(LOOKS OFF INTO THE DISTANCE; LOOKS PANICKED)

(Was that a police car? I think that was a police car.)

(A BLUE LIGHT FLASHES, THEY RUN OFF. THEY RUN BACK ON PANICKED, OUT OF BREATH)

KIM:

This is stupid. What we going to do?

CHAR:

You mean other than go to prison?

CALUM:

You're not helping.

CHAR:

Really, you think? Actually, thinking about it, you were a barrister. What are we going to do? Can't we just tell them we were drunk and desperate? It was mostly KIM, so surely we can claim insanity or, failing that, stupidity?

KIM:

Keep it up.

CHAR:

Or what, you're going to take a knife to me, too?

CALUM:

Both of you shut up, I'm trying to think. Well, I'm at least trying to answer, because it doesn't need much thinking about.

CHAR:

What do you mean?

CALUM:

Well, she's not insane.

CHAR:

And stupid?

(KIM GLARES AT CHAR)

CALUM:

That's beside the point.

KIM:

So, what is the point?

CALUM:

Well, if you had never been in trouble before then I'm sure we could have claimed that you were just drunk, or stressed, or your mind was ruined from too many days living out in the cold. Which, of course, is not your fault, it's the government's. But...

KIM:

I have been in trouble before.

CHAR:

More than once.

KIM:

Yes, Miss Smart Arse, more than once. Are you going to list them off, too; would that help at all?

CHAR:

I think it might make me feel better. Can I at least mention that time you got caught taking a dump on somebody's car?

CALUM:

I'd rather you didn't!

KIM:

(WHISPERS)

(Bitch.)

CHAR:

So what are we going to do? We can't hang around here for long; it's only a matter of time before the police are back.

CALUM:

Well, at the minute, they are looking for three people. What if we split up?

KIM:

(SHAKES HEAD OVER AND OVER)

(No, no, I don't want to split up, no. That's bad, no.)

CALUM:

I'm not sure we have a choice though, KIM. If we stay together we're bound to get caught. We just look too obvious.

CHAR:

Yeah, I think you're right, CALUM. We can meet back up in a couple of days. Friday, maybe, we could all use different Job Centres to sign on, say we were staying at friends. Do that Thursday and then meet up Friday.

KIM:

No, I don't think that's a good idea. I don't want to be on my own. No.

CALUM:

This is a good idea KIM; if we can stay unseen for the next few days, I'm sure the police will have other priorities by then.

CHAR:

(LOOKS KEEN, TAKES A DRINK AND THEN ANOTHER)

(Yeah, this is the only way. We need to split up. We can meet Friday.)

(A BLUE LIGHT FLASHES IN THE BACKGROUND)

(Now's the time. Right, see you two soon. I'll go this way, CALUM you go down there and KIM you get off that way.)

KIM:

Don't go! No...No, don't go. I don't want to be on my own. Please, I don't like being on my own.

No!

(CHAR AND CALUM RUN THEIR OWN WAYS. KIM TAKES CENTRE STAGE AND THE SPOTLIGHT SHINES ON HER.)

(No, I can't do this again. I can't be on my own. I don't want to be. I used to be on my own. Well, not on my own, I used to have the company of men. When I first ended up on the street, I got pally with a group of girls who convinced me that doing tricks was the only way to get by. But it's not like Pretty Woman. Or, for that matter, it's not like I'm even a pretty woman, I was certainly told how repugnant I was enough times as a child. "Shame you don't have your mother's looks," people would say. They would mean no real malice, but it was still scarring; especially when your mother was a crack whore who sold her sagging breasts to anyone with a spare fiver. Sadly, not being one of the prettier girls meant that I always ended up with the scabby old men. There's only so many times you can hear the words "how much for a hand job?" before you scream, "a hand job, a hand job, is that 'cos you're too fucking old to keep it up long enough to fuck me?" But then along came Viagra and at that point I'd built up a decent set of clients. Men who either had to hold their fat up so I could get my hand under to get them off or old guys who smoked so much that even their pubic hair was stained yellow. "Come on, love, we can do it for real now, I've had one of those new blue pills the doctor gave me." Now have you tried having sex with a disturbingly obese man? You can imagine it's not the easiest task, even if you were shagging Henry the Eighth in his specially-made chair. But to try and get a four-inch cock inside you, while negotiating a pile of lard and 18 | Page the compact interior of a Ford Probe is nigh on impossible. Still I must have managed to get enough of these saddos' cocks inside me as I picked up a NSI – A Non-Specific Infection – which I took to mean something so nasty that they thought it best to not give it a name. Well this NSI gave me a very scabby C... oh I best not say that word, CALUM does hate it so. So I ended up in hospital; not from the NSI, well not directly. I passed it on to one of my punters, who passed it to his wife. He beat me so hard, I was glad to pass out. I spent three weeks on the wards. That was where I met CALUM and CHAR. I met them

outside having a crafty fag. We got talking and even with our different backgrounds we got on really well. After the hospital, we ended up in the same hostel and from there back to the streets. Drinking on the premises really is an issue for the hostel staff. Life has still been rubbish, but the three of us have gotten by until this; I don't know what I was thinking using a knife. Something just comes over me. What if I don't see them again? Or I get caught and end up in prison? I don't know what to do. I don't know what to do! This is all that bitch's fault; that evil cow from the children's home. If I'd never known her; she would have never abused me. I wouldn't be here. I wouldn't have gone to court, lost my job or ended up on the streets. If it wasn't for that evil witch, I wouldn't be alone. I wouldn't be alone. I know where she lives, you know? I saw her in town once and followed her home. I was going to stone the windows, but I'd been drinking all the walk there and I had drunk so much that I couldn't see the ground well enough to find a stone. It's all her fault! Maybe I should throw that stone now. It would keep me out of the city centre and the bitch deserves it.)

(LOOKS AROUND FOR A STONE AND PICKS IT UP)

(Yeah, bitch deserves it.)

(RUNS OFF STAGE)

(SPOTLIGHTS LIGHT UP CALUM. HE IS LEANING AGAINST THE WALL DRINKING)

CALUM:

Alone, great, not ideal. I haven't been alone since I left the hospital.

(GESTURES UP AND DOWN AT HIMSELF)

(I don't think I'd felt that cheap since that cocky little policemen told the court – which included my wife, parents and work colleagues – that I was a pervert. Hanging around in toilets, trying to pick up

guys and get them to do all manner of dirty things. The prosecutor asked the scum to tell the court exactly what I'd asked him to do. Can you believe he had the nerve to break down in tears, a policeman breaking down in tears – rubbish! Yet through his tears he still managed to lie and say I'd asked him to suck my cock while I stuck my fingers up his arse – dirty. I tell you what; I would like to stick my fingers up the little pig's arse. But then yank out his lungs and ram them down his throat so he can't ruin anybody else's life. CALUM 20 | Page)

(Cont'd)

(: He goes clubbing tonight you know; every Wednesday in fact – without fail. There's a cheap night at one of gay the bars in town – £7 in and seven free drinks. I know, can you believe the pretty pig is actually gay; sick that he hangs around in parks trying to arrest his own kind. There's a bench just over the road. Just far enough away to sit and watch who enters. It's that bastard's fault. If it wasn't for him I wouldn't be here. I wouldn't be alone. He should pay; it's only fair, the bastard should pay!)

(TAKES A DRINK)

(Yeah, the bastard should pay.)

(RUNS OFF STAGE)

(SPOTLIGHT LIGHTS UP ON CHAR SAT ON THE FLOOR, BOTTLE IN HAND CHAR: I read in a medical journal once that doctors often have an addictive personality. I'm not sure "often" is strong enough. I don't think I've met one yet who didn't show signs of one addiction or another. Some of the lucky ones turned their personality trait to good use. They would practice surgical skills, or study for hours on end – they had become addicted to succeeding. The rest of us, the not so lucky, became addicted to things not quite so complimentary. My addictions of choice were drink and sex. I wasn't the only one; some research states that one in ten doctors have a drinking problem. It seems that the odd nip of

vodka during shift time can easily pass under the radar. Of course fraternizing (and by "fraternizing", I mean shagging every new intern who walked through the door)

BOTTLE IN HAND CHAR:

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drunkenly trips over me on their way home from the pub.

(STANDS UP)

(Do you know that even KIM has had more action than me? Of course, she did it by leasing out her vagina – which I just couldn't bring myself to do. I did try once; I got into the car with a guy who looked fairly decent. CHAR 21 | Page)

(Cont'd)

(Or at least his car looked decent. He said he knew where to go. We drove to a local park. It was locked at night, but he knew a way in. He appeared okay; we talked casually; as much as you can when you're pretending to be a prostitute. We climbed the stairs up to the bandstand. He said he liked to have sex outside; but his wife thought it crude and unseemly. I wonder what she thought about him shagging prostitutes, can't imagine she was best pleased about that either. Now, I'm not KIM, so this wasn't someone grossly obese or a tobacco-stained freak who's gone incontinent with age. Admittedly he wasn't young, horny, and doing what he could to improve his grades – but he was at least passable. Of course, unlike Pretty Woman, who didn't kiss on the lips,)

(well, until she realised how rich he was)

(– we got down to some heavy tongue action straight away. This was way back in the beginning when I still had some pretty clothes. I doubt he would have touched me with a shitty stick if he saw me now. Of course, given what happened, that would have been a good thing. "You're going to need to turn around." He said. I assumed he wanted to go at it doggy style, maybe imagine that he was having sex with his wife. Though I asked for clarity; to which he replied, "I want to go into your brown hole; that way I'm not cheating on my wife." Freak! Why does the world contain so many freaks? I told him I wouldn't do it, I said that if we were going

to do it he had to go in through the purpose-built hole or not at all. He wasn't impressed. Started with the, "oh come on, it won't hurt, I'll be quick, I'm sure I'm not the first." I said I didn't care whether he could get it over and done with in one thrust that thrust still wasn't going up there. He tried for my knickers; I slapped him and made for the steps. He followed me; I began to run – not a good idea in heels. I fell down the stairs. The last thing I remember before waking up in the hospital was being rolled over onto my stomach. Do you know how embarrassing it is to have your arse filled with padding because someone has taken your rejection a little too personal? But of course you know who's fault this all is don't you? That son-of-a-bitch of a husband of mine. Do you know within weeks of me getting struck off, he'd moved another woman in to our house? So, I was the evil one because I was sleeping around – yet I clearly wasn't the only one. Hypocrite! Do you know I never got to tell him that? At least not while I was sober enough to form a full sentence. But I'm not drunk now, well I am, but by the time I've walked to the bastard's house, I'll be sober enough to tell him how I feel. Plus, and it's always a bonus when there's a plus, if he calls the police, I can at least give the swine a good slap; given I'm going to end up in prison anyway. CHAR 22 | Page)

(Cont'd)

(The hypocritical bastard deserves all that's coming to him.)

(DRINKS THE LAST OF HER BOTTLE AND THEN THROWS THE BOTTLE TO ONE SIDE)

(Yeah, he deserves all that's coming to him. 23 | Page)

Scene 3

(CALUM IS SAT ON THE BENCH OVER LOOKING A BAR, HE'S DRINKING IN BETWEEN SPEAKING)

(CALUM IS SAT ON THE BENCH OVER LOOKING A BAR, HE'S)

DRINKING IN BETWEEN SPEAKING CALUM:

You know I did try with my wife before venturing into the park. I thought if she just let me go in the rear perhaps I wouldn't need to go elsewhere. I suggested it once. She told me not to be so disgusting, taking great pleasure in adding that

(a)

("what was the point of me putting it up there, when she had a perfectly usable front entrance" and)

(b)

("unless sperm carried pick axes, or breathing apparatus to venture out into the air before diving back in, then what would be the point?" And if that wasn't enough she went on to say "and what's the point anyway, we have two perfectly good children" and she didn't intend to have anymore. But then that was my wife all over. Within six months of us getting married she was heavy with child – she used to say that, "heavy", but then she was born into money, so what do you expect? After the conception, which must have happened in the two or three times we had sex. She decided that it might damage the baby if we carried on with intercourse. Then the baby came along and she said sex would be too noisy and would upset the poor child – how my three thrusts and a long sigh from my dear ex-wife would ever count as noisy, I never did work out – but then, she set the rules. At Christmas, when our first-born was six months old, she let me venture in again. No foreplay of course, unless you can count her saying, "oh darling, I think I've had too much white wine, but damn it lets try for another child." With that I climbed on,)

(I say climbed, my wife liked cake almost as much as I liked wine)

(and a couple of heavy breaths later and another child's life had begun. It was at this point where I knew I had to do something. Of course having an affair was out the question – she would have found out, she always found out. If I dared to flirt, to offer a smile to a pretty girl, her eyes were on it. And then I would hear nothing but moaning and bitching until I bought her something pretty – usually a large éclair.)

(MEASURES OUT THE SIZE OF THE ÉCLAIR WITH HIS HANDS)

(Then one beautiful summer's day I went for a walk in the park opposite my work. I told a colleague that I was going to read for half-an-hour during lunch to which he warned that I should make sure that I kept my head deep in my book and avoided eye contact with strangers – given the nature of the park. I wasn't too sure what he meant and of course out of curiosity my eyes never caught a single word. Instead they met the shining blue invitations of a passing twenty-something. CALUM 24 | Page)

(Cont'd)

(: I remember thinking it seeming odd that he was clutching a plastic carrier bag – it just didn't seem to go with the smartly, tailored suit. But of course the knees of a smart suit need protecting when you're knelt down on a dirty floor. That was a fun summer, so many passing strangers and then that guy.)

(POINTS AT A MAN LEAVING THE BAR WITH ANOTHER MAN)

(CALUM WALKS OVER TO THE TWO MEN WHO HAVE JUST WALKED DOWN THE SIDE OF THE NIGHTCLUB)

CALUM:

I didn't think policeman were meant to do stuff like this?

PETER:

What? What are you doing here?

COMPANY:

You're a policeman? Shit, err...

PETER:

No, err, well...

COMPANY:

Fuck, I can't do this then, it's a bit weird err...

CALUM:

I wouldn't, not unless you want to end up in handcuffs. Unless, you're into that kind of thing of course?

COMPANY:

What, no!

PETER:

What the fuck are you doing here, CALUM is it? Shouldn't you be hanging out in some park somewhere, getting off your head?

COMPANY:

Shit, mate, I..I don't want to get in the middle of this – another time maybe.

(COMPANY STARTS TO MOVE AROUND CALUM)

PETER:

Christ, don't be stupid, it's all right. CALUM, will you just fuck off?

CALUM:

I bet he didn't mention that he lobs his cock out in public toilets and then waits for guys to have a play – before the bastard, arrests them!

COMPANY:

I think I've heard enough mate. Have a nice life.

(COMPANY LEAVES)

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CALUM:

Looks like it's just you and me!

Scene 4

(STOOD ON A STREET OF NICE HOUSES IN FRONT OF ONE WITH A FOR SALE SIGN ON IT)

STOOD ON A STREET OF NICE HOUSES IN FRONT OF ONE WITH A FOR SALE SIGN ON IT KIM:

(TALKING TO A FOR SALE SIGN WITH SOLD ON IT)

(sold, how can it be sold. That's not fair.)

(OLD WOMAN WALKS PAST)

OLD WOMAN:

Did you know her love? Tragic really.

KIM:

A long time ago. Tragic, what was tragic?

OLD WOMAN:

Do you not know? It was tragic.

KIM:

You said that all ready – what was tragic?

OLD WOMAN:

I blame it on the milkman.

KIM:

What? You blame what on the milkman?

OLD WOMAN:

Why she wasn't found.

KIM:

Found, found doing what?

OLD WOMAN:

She died dear, I'm sorry, the woman who lived here died, she's dead now.

KIM:

Oh right, how and err... what did that have to do with the milkman? Did he kill her?

OLD WOMAN:

No, of course not, why would the milkman want to kill her? Plus, she didn't have a milkman that was the problem. If she'd had a milkman, there would have been empty bottles outside.

KIM:

Bottles?

OLD WOMAN:

Are you a little slow, dear?

KIM:

NO! It's just been a really long day.

OLD WOMAN:

Oh, I have them most days, it's what happens when you're old. You end up getting up three or four times in the night just to go to the loo. And by the time you've made it there and back you pretty much want to go

KIM:

So the bottles?

OLD WOMAN:

Well, if the milkman had been bringing milk every day then there would have been a collection of bottles outside. Meaning that we would have known she had died. She lived alone you see. Kept herself to herself, a bit like me really. But then I'm old and have suffered the curse of outliving all of my family. Still, the meals-on-wheels man comes once a week and

he often spares me ten minutes for a chat.

KIM:

Do you know what she died of?

OLD WOMAN:

Well, apparently it took them some time to work it out. It didn't help that she had been locked in with her cat and dog. And pets can do a lot of damage once they start to get hungry. Not that there was much left of the cat, or Brenda's face for that matter – maybe they fought over the eyes – can't really know for sure – either way, the dog won.

KIM:

Are you making this up?

OLD WOMAN:

No, dear. Vile, I know. You would have thought given how the dog eventually alerted someone to its owner's plight that the authorities would have re-homed the poor thing.

KIM:

They didn't?

OLD WOMAN:

No, I offered to have him, but the inspector said it was best that he was put down given that now he had a taste for human and, well, cat flesh.

KIM:

That's gross.

OLD WOMAN:

You're telling me, I live on the same street. I saw them; they needed three body bags in total to make sure they got all of Brenda's bits. They did it all in the house, said it was safer that way. Though you would have thought they might have been more environmentally friendly and scraped her into the one bag.

KIM:

So how did she die?

OLD WOMAN:

Did you not see all this in the papers, dear?

KIM:

Well, I don't really get the papers these days.

OLD WOMAN:

Well, it seems a while ago she found herself in court. Some people had come forward and said she'd abused children when she used to run a home years ago.

KIM:

Yeah, but she got off.

OLD WOMAN:

No dear, they found her guilty. She got six months in prison, suspended from 12. Not long enough at all for what she was meant to have done.

KIM:

No, you don't understand. I was there in court, it was a few years ago though and she got off.

OLD WOMAN:

You were one of them dear, the children she abused? Oh, that's so sad.

KIM:

Yes, and I was in court, she got off!

OLD WOMAN:

Well from what I read in the local paper, a few months later some more children came forward and this time the evidence was overwhelming.

KIM:

Oh ... right, they got her then, still that doesn't explain how she died?

OLD WOMAN:

I guess they must have. Well she had been out of prison a while afterwards, but somehow the kids in the neighbourhood found out what she had done – and you know what kids are like.

KIM:

So did they kill her?

OLD WOMAN:

Oh no, don't be silly. They just screamed abuse and threw stones at her windows.

(KIM LOOKS AT THE HANDFUL OF STONES IN HER POCKET AND DROPS THEM)

OLD WOMAN:

No, they think she killed herself in the end.

KIM:

Leaving the pets locked in the house?

OLD WOMAN:

Evil till the end, I guess. Anyway I best get going, my shows will be on soon.

(OLD WOMAN WALKS OFF. KIM SITS ON THE CURM AND TAKES A HUGE DRINK FROM HER BOTTLE AND FIGHTS OFF TEARS)

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KIM:

What do I do now?

(KIM DRINKS THE LAST OF THE BOTTLES CONTENTS AND THEN SMASHES IT ON THE FLOOR. SHE PICKS UP ONE OF THE PIECES OF GLASS AND LOOKS AT IT)

KIM:

I can't believe she did that to me. Had the nerve to kill herself before I got the chance to tell her what I thought of her. Maybe I should end it all, too. Perhaps I'd see her in Hell. Tell the scary bitch what I thought. Show her the scars she left behind – funny how cigarette burns never go away. This piece of glass would do it. I could hack into my wrist and I'd be screaming at her before the hour's through. Either that or I'd pass-out from blood loss and wake up

handcuffed to a hospital bed somewhere. How come nothing is ever easy? All I wanted to do tonight was have a drink with my friends – the only proper friends I've ever had. And now I'm here, the bitch I'd come to scorn, dead and the only tool I have to kill myself with would do a piss-poor job! I think I might just try anyway!

(KIM HOLDS THE GLASS TO HER WRIST)

(OLD WOMAN COMES BACK INTO VIEW)

OLD WOMAN:

I wouldn't do that, dear. It hurts like Hell I'm told and it would make a terrible mess.

KIM:

Leave me alone, it's the only choice I have left.

OLD WOMAN:

Oh, I'm sure that's not true.

KIM:

What would you know? My life's a mess!

OLD WOMAN:

It can't be that bad.

KIM:

No, well, that's fine for you to say. Off to your warm house to watch TV. But tonight, I've held a up couple at knife-point, lost my friends and found out that the woman I hate most in the whole world has killed herself before I had

chance to tell her how I feel. And now I'm cold,
hungry and about to hack at my wrist with this.

(HOLDS UP THE PIECE OF GLASS)

(So what choices do you think I have? 30 | Page)

OLD WOMAN:

Well, I'd give up on the glass as a choice. Back
in the day I was a doctor, and I saw a good many
suicides – never pretty.

KIM:

You were a doctor? My friend was a doctor
once.

OLD WOMAN:

A doctor for forty years. I had a busy life, always
needed, at the centre of everything. Until the
curse of retirement that is. I never had kids, and
my husband took retirement even worse than
me.

KIM:

How's that?

OLD WOMAN:

He died, dear.

KIM:

I'm sorry.

OLD WOMAN:

It was a decade ago now. You know what; I remembered something on the subject of choice. A long time ago a smart man said that even when we think we have no more choices we always have one.

KIM:

What's that?

OLD WOMAN:

We can always choose how we are going to react to life.

KIM:

I'm sorry but I don't understand, and I'm too tired to pretend otherwise.

OLD WOMAN:

Don't worry about it dear. It basically means that even when things look their most grim and it really looks like we have no sensible choices left, we can always choose how we react. Right now you're upset; you can't see the point in going on. But you can still choose how you react to this moment. You can simple react with hope that it'll get better. But as far as I see it right now you have a few choices, decent ones. For example you could be excited about seeing your friends again soon – which I'm sure you will. Or you could be happy that the one person you hated most in the whole world got her face eaten off by her pets; though that would be a little dark.

KIM:

Well ... I am hungry and killing myself wouldn't deal with that. Well of course it would, but if I had to spend the next two hours bleeding to death, I might actually starve first.

OLD WOMAN:

You know that makes very little sense don't you dear?

KIM:

I do, I'm just really hungry and tired.

OLD WOMAN:

I tell you what, if you put that glass down. You can come back with me and we'll order in some takeaway. It's either that or a meals-on-wheels and I don't think that would be nearly enough.

KIM:

Really? You're going to take a stranger like me home.

OLD WOMAN:

Oh, you don't seem so bad and it would be nice to have some company.

(KIM SMILES, GETS UP AND THEY WALK OFFSTAGE)

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Scene 5

(KATIE LEAVING THE HOUSE; SHOUTING BACK THROUGH THE DOOR TO CHARS EX-HUSBAND KATIE: Okay, darling, I'll be back later. HUSBAND: Any idea on the time? KATIE: Not sure; you know what the girls ar)

(KATIE LEAVING THE HOUSE; SHOUTING BACK THROUGH THE DOOR TO CHARS EX-)

HUSBAND KATIE:

Okay, darling, I'll be back later.

HUSBAND:

Any idea on the time?

KATIE:

Not sure; you know what the girls are like.

HUSBAND:

Fair enough darling, have a nice time.

(DOOR SHUTS – CHAR IS WATCHING FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STAGE. SHE GOES AND KNOCKS ON THE DOOR. KNOCK – NO ANSWER – KNOCKS LOUDER, FROM INSIDE THE HOUSE)

HUSBAND:

One second, I'm coming.

(OPENS THE DOOR, LOOKS SHOCKED)

(Shit, what are you doing here?)

CHAR:

I just want to talk.

HUSBAND:

That's not a good idea.

(GOES TO CLOSE THE DOOR, CHAR PUTS HER HAND ON IT TO HOLD IT OPEN)

(Come on now, CHARLOTTE, we've been through all this. It's over, let's not involve the police again.)

CHAR:

Two minutes, that's all. I have something I must tell you.

HUSBAND:

I'm sorry CHARLOTTE, but I'm really not interested. I just want a quiet night in.

CHAR:

Yeah, I saw what's-her-name leave. Nice to see you let her use my car.

HUSBAND:

CHARLOTTE, it was your car, but you know full well that you lost it in the divorce. And you also know perfectly well my new wife's name is Katie.

CHAR:

Your new wife?

HUSBAND:

Yes, didn't you know? Though I'm not sure why you would, unless you've been lining your cardboard box with the society pages.

CHAR:

Well you have done well for yourself. You've got all my hard-earned money, my house, my cars and now it seems you have a fit, young slapper to share them with. You should get some kind of medal – maybe the “how

HUSBAND:

Look CHARLOTTE, I'm not going to put up with this again. The police told me that if you turn up here one more time, that I should ring them straight away and have you locked up.

CHAR:

And I bet that would make you really happy, wouldn't it? Not content in ruining my life; you want to see me behind bars, too.

HUSBAND:

Do try to calm down. Though I doubt you're able given how much drink I can smell on you.

CHAR:

You'd need to drink if you lived on the street.

(TAKES A DRINK FROM HER BOTTLE)

HUSBAND:

Well, thankfully I don't. And I really would rather you weren't standing on mine.

CHAR:

This is only your street because I paid for you to be here.

HUSBAND:

Don't start that again. That might have been the case once, but I have my own money now – my book remember?

CHAR:

Oh, that's right. The one you couldn't get inspiration for while we were together but the minute you get rid – out come the emotions.

HUSBAND:

Well it helps that the books is about the Hell of living with a drunken doctor. And remember, CHARLOTTE, you wouldn't be out on the street if you were able to keep your knickers up for more than ten minutes at a time.

CHAR:

Drop dead!

HUSBAND:

I'd rather not.

CHAR:

Please let me come in, I've got something to tell you.

HUSBAND:

You must be joking. The last time I let you in the house you did a shocking amount of damage and it took three policemen to drag you away.

I'm going to go in now, and I'd appreciate it if you would just leave.

CHAR:

But don't you want to know what I've got to tell you?

HUSBAND:

I'm going to have to say... No.

CHAR:

It'll mean you get your way.

HUSBAND:

What? What do you mean my own way?

CHAR:

Well you want me to go to prison don't you?

HUSBAND:

Well I'd settle for you just going away.

CHAR:

Well, if I went to prison that would mean the same thing.

HUSBAND:

It would.

CHAR:

So do you want to know?

HUSBAND:

Fine. I guess so.

CHAR:

Are you going to let me in then?

HUSBAND:

I'm not letting you in, you must see that would be stupid of me.

CHAR:

Well at least come out here then, we can sit on the step and talk.

HUSBAND:

It's late.

CHAR:

I tell you what, either you let me in, or you come and sit on the step. One or the other.

HUSBAND:

And if I go back inside and ring the police?

CHAR:

Then I'll make sure I've broken all your windows before they get here; and given the neighbours something to talk about for the next month.

HUSBAND:

Dropping your knickers again?

CHAR:

If I have to.

HUSBAND:

Fine, I'll come out there.

(COMES AND STANDS ON THE STEP)

(So, what is it, CHARLOTTE? What's so important that we have to do this again?)

CHAR:

I held up a couple at knife point.

HUSBAND:

You did what? Are you insane? Don't answer that. Still... Why?

CHAR:

I was with a couple of friends.

HUSBAND:

Do tramps have friends? Does that justify it?

CHAR:

I'm not a tramp!

HUSBAND:

You live on the street, you clearly don't wash – what else am I meant to call you?

CHAR:

Fine, call me what you want and, yes, I still do have friends. These are new friends, you kept our stuck-up old ones.

HUSBAND:

Tell me about the hold up.

CHAR:

My friend, KIM, she's a little slow, well we often bully people into giving us their money...

HUSBAND:

Nice.

CHAR:

But tonight she decided she needed the help of a knife.

HUSBAND:

Shit, was anybody hurt?

CHAR:

No, we got their purse and they, it was a couple, they ran off.

HUSBAND:

Oh, CHARLOTTE, you really are a sad cow now aren't you?

CHAR:

Oh, come on, I know I slept around, but surely you can't think I deserve this?

(POINTS AT SELF)

HUSBAND:

To be fair, CHARLOTTE, if you hadn't basked in self-pity after they struck you off, you'd never have been in this mess.

CHAR:

But they struck me off! All that training, all that hard work and they struck me off!

HUSBAND:

We're going over old ground now; this isn't getting us anywhere.

CHAR:

I'm sorry. I shouldn't have come here. I just didn't know where else to go.

(TAKES A BIG DRINK)

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HUSBAND:

So you came here because you wanted my help? I very much doubt that. Go on, admit it, you came here because you think everything, even tonight, is my fault. Shit, CHARLOTTE, how much have you had to drink.

(CHAR STARTS TO LULL , HER HEAD DROPPING FORWARD)

CHAR:

If I say it was all my fault, will you take care of me?

(HER HEAD FALLS ONTO HIS SHOULDER)

HUSBAND:

Don't worry, CHARLOTTE, I'll take care of you.

(CHAR FALLS TO SLEEP)

HUSBAND:

CHARLOTTE?

(NUDGES HER TO SEE IF SHE IS AWAKE – SHE ISN'T. HE TAKES OUT HIS MOBILE PHONE)

(Hello, is that Sergeant Harper? You said I should give you a ring directly if my wife shows up again. 37 | Page)

Scene 6

(PETER: Are you happy now, you stupid dick?)

PETER:

Are you happy now, you stupid dick?

CALUM:

Happy? Happy? Look at me, do I look happy?
You have noticed that I'm a homeless now –
thanks to you?

PETER:

It's not my fault you were hanging around in
toilets trying to pick up guys – you deserve what
you got.

CALUM:

You really don't care do you?

PETER:

Why should I? I was doing my job.

CALUM:

But you ruined my life.

PETER:

I think shagging guys behind your wife's back ruined your life – that was the cause.

CALUM:

What? Could you be more up your own arse?

PETER:

Look, mate, I haven't got time for this. And remember I am still a policeman, so I'd rather you weren't giving me shit.

CALUM:

Or what?

PETER:

Or you might just find yourself arrested again.

CALUM:

Fuck you!

PETER:

Keep it up.

CALUM:

And what?

PETER:

I just told you, you sad drunk. No, in fact I don't have time for this; just get out of my way.

(CALUM GRABS HIS ARM. PETER PULLS HIS ARM AWAY VIOLENTLY)

PETER:

Get the fuck off me, or I am going to arrest you!

CALUM:

I've not finished with you yet.

PETER:

What?

CALUM:

I said I've not finished with you yet.

PETER:

I'm getting pissed now. What do you actually want? An apology?

(LAUGHS AND LOOKS AMUSED)

(Or do you want to finish what we started, is that it?)

CALUM:

You really don't give a toss, do you? You ruin peoples' lives and just think it's funny. And yet you were just about do have sex in a public place which is no less illegal.

PETER:

Which you spoilt for me; and on that note get out of my way. CALUM GRABS HIS ARM AGAIN. THIS TIME HE THROWS PETER BACK TO WHERE HE WAS – LOTS OF AGGRESSION)

PETER:

(PUSHES CALUM BACK)

(Get the fuck out of my way, you fucking tramp.)

CALUM:

NO! You need to pay.

PETER:

Where the fuck do you think you are? You can't act like this. I know you're drunk, but this is getting out of hand. You're going to have to calm down. Let me just walk away.

CALUM:

I said you were going to pay. CALUM THROWS A PUNCH, PETER SIDESTEPS AND PUSHES CALUM INTO THE WALL. CALUM DROPS TO HIS KNEES)

PETER:

You pathetic fuck. If it wasn't me who caught you out, it would have happened sooner or later. People like you just have no backbone. They get scared into marriage because they don't have the balls to be who they really are, and then when it all falls apart they blame everyone but themselves. You make me sick!

CALUM:

Shut up!

PETER:

Scum!

CALUM:

Shut up! Shut up! It wasn't supposed to happen like this. You were supposed to see what you've done. See what you've turned me into. See that it's all your fault.

PETER:

You stupid dick, this is all your own doing.

CALUM:

I was meant to say something clever. Make you understand.

PETER:

What's to understand? You're just weak. Just scum.

CALUM:

I'm not scum.

PETER:

No, you really are.

CALUM:

(CRIES)

(I'm not scum.)

PETER:

(Drawn out)

(Fucking...Scum...)

CALUM:

(GRABS A BRICK FROM THE FLOOR, HE LUNGES FORWARD AND SMACKS PETER IN THE HEAD)

(I'm not fucking scum!)

(PETER FALLS TO HIS KNEES HOLDING HIS HEAD. CALUM GETS UP AND SCREAMS AGAIN)

(I'm not fucking scum!)

(PETER LOOKS UP AT CALUM, HOLDS OUT A HAND. CALUM THREATENS TO HIT HIM AGAIN)

PETER:

Don't, I'm sorry, please

(PASSES OUT)

(. CALUM Not good, not good. Not how it's meant to be. He was meant to understand. Tell me he was sorry. It was meant to be all right.)

(YELLS AT AUDIENCE)

(Tell me it'll be all right!)

(RUNS OFF STAGE)

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Scene 7

(KIM AND CHAR ARE GATHERED AROUND CALUM IN A HOSPITAL VISITING ROOM.)

(KIM AND CHAR ARE GATHERED AROUND CALUM IN A HOSPITAL VISITING ROOM.)

KIM:

See I told you you'd get off. CALUM

(POINTS AROUND HIM)

(I hardly call this getting off.)

CHAR:

Well it's a damn sight better than the fifteen years you could have got the policeman had died. Now you'll be out in six months, four if you behave.

CALUM:

Why would you possibly think I wouldn't behave?

CHAR:

Oh, I don't know, maybe because you clubbed a policeman's in the head?

CALUM:

Oh right, yeah. But still, he deserved it, still I want to get out so, so of course I'll behave.

KIM:

(SNAPS)

(No one deserves to die.)

CALUM:

Well it's a good job he didn't die then.

CHAR:

And a better job that the police wanted the whole thing to go away because one of their officers was caught down a back alley about to do something dodgy

KIM:

You still could have killed him.

CALUM:

Yes, but I didn't and you don't care if people die or not you're only jealous because I came closer to killing my tormentor than you. I can't believe her pets got to her first.

CHAR:

Still, KIM, having your face eaten off by animals you thought adored you, is bound to be a far worse death than anything your feeble mind could have thought up.

KIM:

I don't have a feeble mind! And she killed herself; the animals just ate her afterwards.

CHAR:

Well that's much better then. Plus that's not what the judge said about your mind, remember? It seems that now's the time to be grateful of that feeble mind of yours. It got us off the mugging

charges. If it hadn't you'd be rug munching some deranged bull dike in prison by now.

CALUM:

Come on, ladies, this is a place of rest, there's no room in here for that kind of gutter mouth.

CHAR:

Jeez, CALUM, you're starting to sound like the old woman we live with, she's forever banging on about potty mouth, that and not leaving crumbs on the sideboard.

CALUM:

BARBARA, yes, our lovely old benefactor; so nice that she treats us like her surrogate children; a lonely old doctor who loves nothing more than feeling useful. Perfect. Still, this isn't ideal.

(POINTS AROUND HIM)

CHAR:

What? Seriously? You need to learn to be more grateful. If it wasn't for BARBARA checking what medication you're on, depressed my arse but that's another story, and then explaining to the judge that mixing your medication with alcohol can lead to violent outbreaks you'd have been locked up for much longer. In fact it was a stroke of genius quite frankly. The police might have wanted the situation to go away but that would have still meant a longer sentence and this way you'll spend your time in hospital under

treatment.

KIM:

Yeah, spending time in here is much better than what they'd do to a drunken tramp in prison.

CALUM:

Drunken tramp?

(HOLDS HANDS UP IN DISBELIEF)

KIM:

Yeah, and anyway, CHAR, at least my husband didn't turn me into the police.

CHAR:

What? Come on, KIM, we've talked about this, it's not good to hark back to conversations that took place five minutes ago, just because it takes you that long to come up with a retort.

KIM:

Shut up!

CHAR:

Excellent, excellent come back. Plus, my EX husband now has to live down the fact he got his ex-wife arrested. I'm sure that won't go down to well at the country club.

KIM:

Or the fact you shit on his lawn and threw it at the windows.

CHAR:

I did not! I just pulled my pants down and ran round a little.

CALUM:

Oh that's so much better – much more lady-like.

KIM:

Not nearly as lady-like as what she had to do to get off being charged.

CALUM:

Please tell me you didn't have sex with one of the officers.

CHAR:

No, of course not!

CALUM:

All of them?

CHAR:

NO...!

CALUM:

So what did you do?

CHAR:

Nothing much, I just gave the arresting officer a bit of, err, mouth to cock action.

CALUM:

Dirty and wrong. So I take it the old woman knows what she's letting herself in for?

CHAR:

What do you mean?

CALUM:

Well, having a simpleton, a pro and...

CHAR:

A killer?

CALUM:

He didn't die, so I'm not a killer. Still, she's okay with all of us?

CHAR:

She seems to be, amazing what you'll put up with to feel useful and combat loneliness. Plus, she had no family to tell her what a bad idea it is.

KIM:

She did say we have to follow three rules.

CALUM:

Which are?

KIM:

No swearing, and certainly no use of the C word.

CHAR:

Good luck with that.

CALUM:

(SHAKES HIS HEAD)

(And the other two rules?)

KIM:

Well, we have to lay off the booze. She said as long as we are living with her we can drink on nights out at the weekend, and only during the week if we are having a dinner party.

CALUM:

Seems fair enough, though I'm guessing every evening meal will turn into a party. And the third?

CHAR:

She said that under no circumstances were any of us allowed to actually kill anyone.

KIM:

Erm... Well...

CALUM:

(SUCKS AIR IN THROUGH HIS TEETH)

(Well, I'm not sure about that, I've had one failed attempt and I thought practice makes perfect. 44 | Page)