

"THE STREETS"

by

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Characters of the play

TOMMY: A middle aged, homeless drug addict

DAN: A young, homeless alcoholic

FATHER JOHN: A Catholic priest

HELEN: A teenage prostitute

ROSE: The mother of Helen

Others: A drunk, passer-by

ACT 1

SCENE: *A shop doorway in Glasgow city centre. It is a moonlit, wintry night.*

"Clair de lune" by Debussy is heard playing out as we see Tommy lying alone on the ground. He is talking in his asleep, as DAN approaches.

TOMMY: *(He has a deep, husky voice) In nomine patris et filli et spiritus sancti. Amen! (He wakes)*

DAN: *Whit the hell wiz that?*

TOMMY: Whit?

DAN: Ye said sumthin?

TOMMY: Did I?

DAN: Yea, ye must huv been talkin in yer sleep.

TOMMY: Whit did I say?

DAN: I dunno, but it sounded foreign tae me.

TOMMY: I must huv been dreamin.

DAN: Onyway, how ye doin?

TOMMY: Och, surviving!

DAN: So how lang ye bin hameless? (*Blowing his hands*)

TOMMY: Aboot 10 years noo!

DAN: That's a lang time? It must be tough!

TOMMY: Aye, it's a fuckin hard life, I kin tell ye that. I wouldna wish it oan ma worst enemy.

DAN: Am hameless tae.

TOMMY: No yer nae! I've never seen ye oan the streets afore?

DAN: I jist goat kicked oot mi flat.

TOMMY: Ye couldna pay the rent, aye?

DAN: Yeah, av goat a drink problem.

TOMMY: Aye, ye cannae get enough.

DAN: Av tried tae stoap a hundred times.

TOMMY: Aye me tae, a thoosand?

DAN: Yer an alcoholic tae?

TOMMY: Naw, worse! Am a fuckin junkie!

DAN: Why dae ye caw yersel that?

TOMMY: Why the fuck nae, it's the truth in it, it's whit I am, a good for nothin Junkie, the scum o' the earth.

DAN: C'mon, yer better than that.

TOMMY: Whit the fuck am I then?

DAN: Yer a human being, jist like abdy else.

TOMMY: No am no. I'm the lowist o' the lo, a fuckin junkie. Tae me a wurd's jist a wurd, its a look that kills. Tae them oot there am jist a shitty wee cockroach that crawls along the streets.

DAN: C'mon, it's no that bad?

TOMMY: Am tellin ye, I kin see it in their eyes. When yuv sat here as lang as I huv, ye kin see it, believe me.

DAN: No abdy's like that thou?

TOMMY: Aye, ye get a few decent folk who cum ower and talk tae ye or bring ye sum food; but tae the rest I dinnae even exit, am subhuman!

DAN: Is it that bad?

TOMMY: It's like av goat the plague or sumin.

DAN: That's no right.

TOMMY: Tae be honest, am jist a waste o' space.

DAN: No ye are nae, yer as good as ony man here in Glasgay.

TOMMY: Thanks man, but look at mi! (*He shows his arms*) I dinnea even hae a decent vein left in mi (*He pulls out a hypodermic syringe*) tae stick this shit intae. They aaw wish I wiz deed.

DAN: No they dinnae! They just dinnae ken what it's like, that's aaw. Onyway, ye never telt mi yer name?

TOMMY: Ma name's Tommy! (*He puts the needle in his pocket*)

DAN: Pleased tae meet ye Tommy, am Dan.

TOMMY: Feelings mutual Dan. Thanks fir askin.

DAN: Nae problem.

TOMMY: So how lang ye bin hameless yirsel?

DAN: Oh jist a couple o' days.

TOMMY: Then you dinnae really ken whit it's like either?

DAN: Naw, no really, no like you, but I ken it's tough. Gettin tae sleep in the freezin cald that's the killer fir me.

TOMMY: Aye, but wait till yer hair gets claurty and yer clays start tae stink; Wait till yiv goat nae money left tae feed yersel wee; And wait till some drunk cunt comes along an kicks ye in the guts or pisses on ye while yer sleeping. Aye, then yill ken whit the fuck hit ye. Then yill see the ugliness in their herts.

DAN: I hate mysel onyway.

TOMMY: Aye, but wait till those fuckers hate ye as weel.

DAN: Will they?

TOMMY: Wait till ye hae tae start begging?

DAN: I huvnae dun that yet.

TOMMY: Ah! So ye still hae a wee bit o' pride left in ye. Keep it!

DAN: Am tryin.

TOMMY: Me, I dinnae ken whit pride is onymare. The only thing I care about noo is gettin ma next hit. *(He pulls out his heroin and gets ready to dissolve it in a spoon with some water. He sits on the ground)* Hud this will ye. *(He starts cooking it up with a lighter)*

DAN: Is it heroin?

TOMMY: That's what they telt me onyway.

DAN: Dae ye dae this every day?

TOMMY: Aye, at least twice, dependin on ma cash flow.

DAN: Where dae ye get yer money fae?

TOMMY: Maistly beggin but sometimes I hae tae steal fae the shops and sell it. I hate stealin but I need tae feed ma habit.

DAN: It's turnin a horrible colour.

TOMMY: As lang as it gets mi fucked a dinnae care whit colour it turns.

DAN: How did ye get intae this shit onyway?

TOMMY: Like abdy else I suppose, I wiz curious.

DAN: Dae ye regret it?

TOMMY: Whit the fuck dae you think? *(He sucks up the contents of the spoon with his syringe then he pulls down his trousers and tries to find, with difficulty, a vein in his groin)*

DAN: Jesus! Yer no gonnies dae that here, are ye?

TOMMY: Naw, I'll just gae back tae ma penthouse!

DAN: Why ye pittin it in there?

TOMMY: Coz ma veins are screwed. It's the only place av goat left.

DAN: I cannae look!

TOMMY: C'mon, it's only a bloody needle. Ah Shite! Whar the fuck are ye, get the fuck in there? *(He injects himself)*

DAN: Why dae ye dae that tae yirsel?

TOMMY: Coz ma life's shit! I dae it tae forget! Tae forget about this lonely fuckin existence, stuck oot here in the cald! Aaahhhh! "Thaaaarr she blows"! That's beeeetteerrrrr.

DAN: Whit doz it feel like?

TOMMY: *(Speaking Slowly)* It's hard tae explain.

DAN: Try?

TOMMY: It's overwhelmin!

DAN: Is it a good feeling.

TOMMY: Oh aye, the best!

DAN: Kin I try it?

TOMMY: *(Angrily)* No! Get tae fuck, will ye! I'm no gonna be the wan responsible fir fuckin up yer life tae. Stay away fae me will ye.

DAN: Okay, okay I wis only jokin.

TOMMY: Never joke aboot it, aawright!

DAN: Okay, I winnae, am sorry. So it helps ye tae forget?

TOMMY: Aye, it helps me tae forget ma life's a piece o' shit.

DAN: It's an escape?

TOMMY: Aye, I kin escape fae miself fir a while! Wae this (*He holds up the needle*) I can flush mysel doon the toilet o' humanity.

DAN: That's sad, man.

TOMMY: Aye it is, it's sad when yi dinnae feel like a man!

DAN: Whit does it do? Does it kills the pain?

TOMMY: Aye, it numbs it fir a while.

DAN: But whit dis it really feel like?

TOMMY: (*He pauses*) Emm, like yir wrapped up in cottin wool, that kinda hits the nail on the heid.

DAN: Like yer back in the womb?

TOMMY: Mibbe aye! It helps mi tae bear ma miserable fuckin life, stuck oot here in the freezin cald, freezin ma baas aff. I kin forget who I am.

DAN: (*He takes a small bottle of whisky out of his pocket*) I may as weal join ye then. (*He takes a long swig*)

TOMMY: So why dae ye drink?

DAN: Coz I feel empty inside aaw the time.

TOMMY: Aye, addiction's the hole that kin never be filled!

DAN: I try tae block oot the loneliness.

TOMMY: Dan, ye need tae get yersel aff the streets, man.

DAN: I ken that.

TOMMY: Hamelessness eats awa at yer soul and strips awa aaw yer dignity till yiv nuthin left inside. Is that whit yer looking fir?

DAN: No.

TOMMY: Then gae back tae whar the hell ye came fae, gae back ti yer family? Dae it, afore it's too late.

DAN: I dinnae ken whar ma family is.

TOMMY: Then gain find em. Yi dinnae want tae end up like me. It's far tae late fir me noo but you've still goat a chance tae live a decent life.

DAN: But whit about you?

TOMMY: I'm dying son, I've no goat much time left.

DAN: Tae live?

TOMMY: Aye, if that's what ye caw it.

DAN: I'm sorry! I dinnae ken whit tae say?

TOMMY: There's nothin tae say, it was a dirty fuckin needle.

(He throws the needle away)

DAN: Ye goat infected?

TOMMY: Aye I shared wee another fucking junkie and he didna tell mi he hud AIDS.

DAN: What a bastart!

TOMMY: That's whit ye get here livin oan the streets. Naybdy gees a fuck!

DAN: Whit are ye gonna dae noo?

TOMMY: Just see it oot as best I can.

DAN: There's no cure?

TOMMY: Aye, death! Tae be honest I dinae fuckin care onymare. I dinnae hae anything left tae live fir.

DAN: (*He takes another swig*) Yi dinnae hae a family?

TOMMY: I did once!

DAN: Were ye married?

TOMMY: Aye a hud a wife and a son.

DAN: Were ye happy.

TOMMY: A wiz but a screwed it aaw up.

DAN: Maybe they'll come back fir ye?

TOMMY: Naw, I lost hope o' that 10 years ago.

DAN: But abdy's goat tae hold on tae somethin!

TOMMY: (*Sarcastically*) Aye, hope springs eternal in the human hert.

DAN: But there's nothin without hope.

TOMMY: Sitting here taks aaw that awa.

DAN: C'mon, there's aaways hope.

TOMMY: Aye, maybe there's a better world oot there sumwhar, sumwhar beyond those silvery stars oot there, but it's hard tae see onythin sittin here. I aften wish I could jist gae hame like abdy else, tae sumbody who actually gees a fuck about mi.

DAN: I care about ye.

TOMMY: No ye dinnae, ye dinnae even ken mi fae Adam. Look at mi, I'm disgusting.

DAN: No yer no.

TOMMY: Naw, the truth is naebdy cares, naebdy gees the slightest fuck. I'd be better aff deed, believe mi.

DAN: C'mon, dinnae gee up like that.

TOMMY: (*He wobbles on his feet. Dan supports him*) I feel a wee bit dizzy, Dan. I think I need tae lay doon fir a bit. (*He lays down on the floor*)

(*The Priest enters*)

PRIEST: *(He makes the sign of the cross)* *In nomine patris et filli et spiritus sancti. Amen!*

TOMMY: Aw naw, it's him! Get him awa fae me will ye!

DAN: Get who awa?

TOMMY: That fuckin priest.

DAN: There's naebdy there.

PRIEST: I came for you Tommy. Your soul is in danger.

TOMMY: No, leave me alane will ye.

PRIEST: Why have you turned your face away from God.

TOMMY: *(To Dan)* He's the fucking devil, get him awa fae mi!

DAN: There's naebdy there Tommy? It's jist you and me.

TOMMY: Kin ye no see him.

DAN: I cannae see onybdy. Wait, I'll huv a wee look aroond the corner, mibbie sumone's there. *(He exits)*

PRIEST: Let me pray for you Tommy. I know your dying.

TOMMY: *(He sits up)* Naw, leave me alane will ye. Let me dee in peace.

PRIEST: But your killing himself.

TOMMY: I dinnae care, just get tae fuck, will ye.

PRIEST: But you've only got a short time left. I want to help you.

TOMMY: I telt ye, I dinnae want yer help, jist leave me alane. Look, I cannae tak this onymare! (He holds his head in his hands)

PRIEST: Let me look after you, Tommy. You need to make peace with God.

TOMMY: What hiz God ever dun fir me?

PRIEST: God loves you Tommy, he want's you to be happy. He wants to take care of you.

TOMMY: Jist get awa fae me, I'm tellin ye!

PRIEST: Let me take you home.

TOMMY: (He rises and *takes the priest's arm and pushes him violently away*) Fuck off! Am no goin onywhere wee you.

PRIEST: What's happened to you Tommy. You never used to be like this.

TOMMY: I hate the fuckin wurld that's whit happened tae me, and evry fucker in it.

PRIEST: Then let me take you to another.

TOMMY: God'll never forgive mi onyway.

PRIEST: God forgives all his sinners.

TOMMY: Even a good for nothing junkie like me?

PRIEST: Especially you Tommy.

TOMMY: I want tae believe ye, Father!

PRIEST: Yes, you must.

TOMMY: Will God really forgive mi?

PRIEST: Of course he will! Take this holy rosary and pray to him.

TOMMY: *(He takes it)* Thank you, Father. *(Dan enters)*

DAN: Thir wiz naebdy there, Tommy.

TOMMY: Look he jist gee mi this.

DAN: Gee ye whit?

TOMMY: This rosary. *(He opens his hand but nothing is there)*

DAN: There's nothin there?

TOMMY: *(He looks)* But he gave it to me. Didn't you Father?

DAN: Are you okay, maybe you should sit doon fir a bit.

TOMMY: Yea, a think I'd better. *(He sits down and shuts his eyes)*

PRIEST: *(Walking slowly away)* Tommy! I'll pray for you, I'll pray for your soul. Don't worry, God will always love you,

remember that Tommy. *(He makes the sign of the cross and exits)*

TOMMY: Huz he goan, yet. *(He opens his eyes)*

DAN: Yeah, I think so. *(He pretends to look)*

TOMMY: Thank fuck fir that. Whenever I tak a hit o' heroine he aaways seems tae appear right oot o' the blu.

DAN: Who's he supposed to be.

TOMMY: A priest.

DAN: Are ye a Catholic?

TOMMY: Aye, I used tae be. I used tae gae tae church aww the time when I wiz younger, but then a jist stopped goin.

DAN: Dae ye know him?

TOMMY: I didnae kin, but he keeps followin mi aroond. He's drivin mi crazy!

DAN: Is he a real priest?

TOMMY: He say's he is but there's somethin really weird aboot him?

DAN: What dae ye mean?

TOMMY: Did ye no see his feet? *(He tries to gets to his feet but DAN has to help him up)*

DAN: Naw I never noticed?

TOMMY: He never wares ony shoes?

DAN: Why's that?

TOMMY: I dunno, mibbie he's mad.

DAN: Mibbe he's homeless?

TOMMY: That's what I've been tellin ye, these streets start tay play wee yer mind, they mak ye dae strange things.

DAN: So ye dinnae ken him?

TOMMY: I'm no sae sure, he looks a wee bit familiar tae be honest but I cannae pit ma finger oan it!

DAN: Some people er jist crazy, I suppose!

TOMMY: Aye it's the streets, the streets are full o vampires. They creeps up oan ye slowly, very, very, slowly and then they tak a big fuckin bite oot o' ye. Ye get infected, and then they suck the fuckin life oot o' ye.

DAN: Stop it will ye! Yer scarin the hell oot o' mi.

TOMMY: Good, I'm jist tellin ye the truth. Gae back tae whar the hell ye came fae.

DAN: But I dinnae want tae leave ye here alane. I want tae help ye.

TOMMY: Why dae ye wanna help me?

DAN: I feel sorry fir ye.

TOMMY: Dinnae feel sorry fir me, feel sorry fir yirsel. I telt ye it's too late fir me. Ye hae tae save yirsel and get yirsel aff the streets.

DAN: But it's never too late?

TOMMY: Aye it is, ma bodies fucked. I'm deein!

DAN: Then let mi stay wee ye and help ye.

TOMMY: But ye dinnae even kin me?

DAN: But a dae?

TOMMY: Whit? Whit dae ye mean?

DAN: I came tae tak ye hame.

TOMMY: What are ye oan about?

DAN: Ye dinnae recognise mi?

TOMMY: Naw?

DAN: It's me, it's yer son?

TOMMY: Naw it isnae?

DAN: It is, it's me, Peter.

TOMMY: I thought yer name wiz Dan?

DAN: Naw, it's me Peter.

TOMMY: Peter? How dae ye ken that name?

DAN: Coz ye gave it tae me.

TOMMY Is it really you, Peter?

DAN: Aye, it's me, God's honest truth.

TOMMY: (*They embrace*) Oh Peter, son, I cannae believe it's you! What are ye dain here?

DAN: I came tae find ye and tak ye hame. Mum wants ye tae come hame tae. She misses ye.

TOMMY: But I thoat she wiz deed?

DAN: Naw she's waitin fir us?

TOMMY: But I thought she deed o' an overdose?

DAN: Naw she's alive. She gave aaw that up aboot five years ago.

TOMMY: Is she daein awwright?

DAN: Aye brilliant, she hus her ain business n' athin. She's a cleaner?

TOMMY: Wow, that's great, Am happy fir her.

DAN: She's busy aaw the time noo and she's makin loads o' cash.

TOMMY: Aye, yir mithers wiz aaways a clever cookie.

DAN: She helped me tae get tae university.

TOMMY: Are yea at university, son?

DAN: Aye I wiz?

TOMMY: That's fantastic! What were ye studyin'?

DAN: Medicine.

TOMMY: Oh Peter, am sae proud o' ye. Medicine tae, are ye a Doctor?

DAN: Naw no yet.

TOMMY: How lang were ye at university?

DAN: I did the first year but I hud tae drop oot.

TOMMY: Oh no ye didnae.! Whit fir?

DAN: Coz I couldnae handle it, I wiz too streesed oot.

TOMMY: Son, yea hae tae get back tae it. Education's a great thing.

DAN: I ken. I jist needed a break that's aaw.

TOMMY: Please gae back tae it son? I want ye tae dae sumthin wae yer life.

DAN: Aye, I will, I jist needed tae see ye first.

TOMMY: Is it really you Peter.

DAN: Aye it's me Dad.

TOMMY: I cannae believe this is hapnin. I must be dreaming?
Tell mi it's no real.

DAN: Naw it's real Dad. It's me.

TOMMY: Son, I need tae sit doon. (*He falls helplessly into DAN's arms. DAN helps him to sit against the wall*) Is it really you Peter?

DAN: Aye honest tae God. I've cum tay tak ye hame.

TOMMY: I feel sae weak, son.

DAN: Everythins gonna be alright noo. You, me and mum are aaw gonna be tigither again.

TOMMY: Ye wouldnae lee tae mi would ye?

DAN: Naw, never. I've been tryin tae find ye fir ages. I wiz just makin sure it wiz you.

TOMMY: Please, dinnae let mi dee here alane, son.

DAN: Naw, I'll always be wee ye noo.

TOMMY: Will ye?

DAN: Aye, I promise. (*They embrace*)

TOMMY: Son, I've missed ye. I've missed ye so much. I've been dreaming about this day forever (*He is visibly getting weaker*)

DAN: Me tae Dad. I'd almost geen up hope.

TOMMY: Ye were always in ma prayers, son.

DAN: I love ye, Dad.

TOMMY: I love ye tae. This is the best day o' mi life.

DAN: Ever since ye left av missed ye so much. There wiz aaways sumthin missing in ma life. There wasnae a day went by that I didnae think aboot ye and where ye were.

TOMMY: Am sorry son. I never stopped thinkin aboot ye. I never mean tae hurt ye.

DAN: Why did ye leave us Dad?

TOMMY: Ach, it wiz a lot o' things, they aaw jist piled up oan tap o' the other. First a loast mi Faither tae cancer and then a few months later a loast mi joab at the council and a couldnae get another. On tap o' that me and yir mither were fightin aaw the time. So I started drinking tae block it aaw oot. Then ma drinking jist gaot worse and worse. I wiz an alcoholic. I wiz a burden tae abdy, so a hud tae leave fir abdy's sake.

DAN: But I didnae want ye tae gae.

TOMMY: I ken, but I wiz drinking aaw day and night and I wiz gettin aggressive towards yir ma. If a didnae leave things could huv turned nasty.

DAN: But ye never hit her.

TOMMY: Naw I didnae, but a few times I wis mighty close. I wiz oot o' control. The only thing I wanted tae day wiz drink. Yer ma gave me an ultimatum, tae stop drinking or go.

DAN: Ye couldnae stop?

TOMMY: I tried, I tried loads o' times but I jist wasnae strong enough. Some people are jist made tae be weak.

DAN: I thought it wiz aaw my fault.

TOMMY: Naw, Naw it wiz nothin tae day wee you, son.

DAN: But I blamed mysel fir ye leavin.

TOMMY: Naw dinnae be stupid. It was aaw my fault.

DAN: I thought ye didnae love mi. Mum said ye chose alcohol ower us.

TOMMY: Am a weak man, but please believe mi that uv aaways loved you and yer ma, mare than onythin in the wurld.

DAN: But why didn't ye cum back tae see us?

TOMMY: I didnae kin! Av asked misel the same question fir 10 years. I aaways dreamt aboot gain back, mibbie I wiz jist too ashamed.

DAN: Would ye huv changed it if ye could.

TOMMY: God aye, if I could turn the clock back noo I would gae back in a second, but ye jist cannae dae that. It's the

biggest regret o ma life. I've let ma family doon. It still cuts mi up inside, even noo.

DAN: Is that why ye tak this. *(He picks up the needle)*

TOMMY: I cannae bare ma life, son. It's too painful. I jist try to block athin oot, aww the memories o' the past. *(He starts to cry)*

DAN: Dad dinnae cry! It's okay.

TOMMY: But uv been a terrible Dad.

DAN: C'mon Dad, am jist glad I found ye.

TOMMY: I hope ye kin forgive me sum day.

DAN: Of course, I love ye, Dad.

TOMMY: That means everthin tae mi son, thanks.

DAN: Dad, dinnae thank me.

TOMMY: I didnae think yed ever want tae ever see mi again.

DAN: Av been tryin tae find ye fir years. I couldn't find ye onywhere.

TOMMY: I'm sorry, I jist wanted tae hide awa in a dirty wee hole.

DAN: It must huv been hard fir ye?

TOMMY: Av buried ma feeling so deep noo I'm totally numb inside. I'm been livin like a zombie fir years. The only hope

I hud left wiz wishing you and yer ma were okay. Noo I ken yer baith okay that makes mi happy. But ye need to get awa fae mi son, as far waw as ye kin get. I'm a bad influence fir ye. Jist forget ye ever saw me.

DAN: No dad, I cannae, I need ye in ma life. I need tae be wae ye noo. That's why I came lookin fir ye. I needed tae see ye, tae talk tae ye again.

TOMMY: But I'm no good fir ye.

DAN: Aye ye are. Dae ye no want tae see me?

TOMMY: Of course I dae! Yer the thing that means the maist tae me in the whole wide wurld, you and yer mither.

DAN: So cum back with mi? I need ye, dad.

TOMMY: But I'm ashamed, I'm ashamed o' misel. A didnae want ye tae see me like this.

DAN: I dinnae care, I jist want tae be wae ye.

TOMMY: But it matters tae me. Yed be much better aff without me. Please go back hame tae yer ma.

DAN: But I need ye Dad.

TOMMY: Look a mi, a cannae cope wae life. There's nothin left in me tae give, my hert is like a piece o' stane. How kin I be a father tae ye when I cannae even look after misel.

DAN: Me and mum ill look after ye.

TOMMY: Naw, yir ma winnae want me back noo. Look at me, I'm totally disgustin.

DAN: She will, I ken she will.

TOMMY: No son, I'll jist stay here. It's whar I belong.

DAN: But it's killin ye Dad.

TOMMY: Evrywan's goat tae die o' sumthin.

DAN: Then ill stay wae ye then.

TOMMY: What dae ye want to be aroond me fir?

DAN: Because I love ye, yir ma Dad.

TOMMY: Oh Peter! (*They hug again*) I jist wish it wiz different, that's aaw.

DAN: It can be, let's get awa fae here?

TOMMY: No, I cannae. jist forget aboot me, please.

DAN: Never Dad. It's taken mi forever tae find ye.

TOMMY: This is ma world noo. I huvnae lang left and I dinnae hae the strength tae move. So please let mi go I dinnae want ye to see me dee like this.

DAN: Naw a winnae let ye dee alane.

TOMMY: Let me go, son. Gae back tae yir ma.

DAN: No Dad, am staying wee ye.

TOMMY: I want ye tae know, I've always loved ye.

DAN: Huv ye Dad.

TOMMY: Av always hud great dreams fir ye. When I sit here alane staring up at the sky I like tae think of ye doing great things wae yir life. That gees mi hope. So please, fir ma sake, jist gay back hame, gay back tae university and become a Doctor. Gee a deeing man a little hope afore he meets his maker.

DAN: Naw, I cannae go.

TOMMY: Then let me gee ye wan last piece o' advice.

DAN: Whit is it Dad?

TOMMY: Will ye, promise tae dae what I say?

DAN: Onythin, dad.

TOMMY: Ye huv tae promise me.

DAN: Okay, I promise.

TOMMY: Son, promise mi that yill never become like me?

DAN: Dad dinnae say that, it makes me cry.

TOMMY: No promise me.

DAN: I cannae.

TOMMY: Please, I beg ye.

DAN: No I winnae.

TOMMY: Son, let me sit doon a minute. (*He is so weak he almost falls over. His son steadies him up against the wall*) Jist let mi rest mi eyes fir a moment.

DAN: No Dad, dinnae shut yer eyes, ye might no open em again.

TOMMY: I'm exhausted! Jist let mi hae a wee rest.

DAN: No, dinnae shut yir eyes I need ye here wee mi. I Dinnae want ye tae dee. Fir Goad's sake we need tae get hame tae see Mum.

TOMMY: Jist a moment, son. (*His eyes are shutting*)

DAN: (*Tommy falls unconscious on the floor. Dan tries frantically to revive him*) No Dad! Wake up! Yuv goat tae wake up! Dinnie dae this tae mi. Things are gonna be alright noo, wir aaw gonna be tigither again. Dad! Dad! Open yir eyes. It's me, it's Peter, c'mon! (*There is no response and he begins to panic*) Oh God, no! Dad! Wake up! Ye cannae dee on mi like this, I need ye, ye cannae leave mi again. (*To himself*) God, I need tae get help! Kin ye hear mi Dad? Dad? I'm gonnae get some help fir ye. I'll be back as soon as a can. (*He exits. For about 20 seconds TOMMY remains on stage alone and unconscious as Parce Mini Domime, by Jan Garbarek is played out until the PRIEST enters.*)

PRIEST: *(The priest lifts TOMMY's head off the floor and rest it in his chest)* Tommy, Tommy wake up, can you hear me?

TOMMY: *(He opens his eyes)* Oh Father John, it's you!

PRIEST: How are you Tommy?

TOMMY: Not good Father.

PRIEST: I'm so sorry Tommy!

TOMMY: Father, I want ye tae pray fir mi? Pray fir mi soul. I've been a sinner, I've abandoned my family.

PRIEST: Don't worry Tommy, God will forgive you.

TOMMY: Even a good for nuthin junkie like me?

PRIEST: Of course he will. God loves all his children. *(An ambulance is heard in the background)*

TOMMY: Is that church bells, Father.

PRIEST: No Tommy, that's the sound of an angel's wings coming to carry you home.

TOMMY: It is Father, yes I kin hear them beatin, it's such a beautiful sound! Kin I gae hame noo?

PRIEST: Of course you can Tommy, just close your eyes.

(He closes his eyes and drops against the priests chest. The priest slowly rises and places his head gently against the

floor. The sound of the ambulance is heard slowly getting louder and louder as the PRIEST walks off-stage)

ACT 2

SCENE: The pavement opposite the scene in
ACT 1. "*Clair de lune*" by Debussy is heard
playing out as we see DAN sitting on the
ground next to a bench. He is drinking a can
of beer and counting out his money from his
begging cup. He has the same clothes on as Act 1.

DAN: Wan, two, three, four, five... (*A drunk comes over and
kicks his cup over. Coins fly across the stage*)

DRUNK: Take that ye cunt, ye fuckin loser!

DAN: Whit did ye dae that fir?

DRUNK: Coz yer scum!

DAN: Whit huv I ever dun tae you?

DRUNK: Yer a junkie and I hate junkies!

DAN: Am no a junkie, right!

DRUNK: Yer a fuckin sponger then!

DAN: *(He tries to pick the coins up from the floor)* And who the fuck dae ye think ye are onyway? *(Helen enters dressed in a red top with a short skirt and high heels)*

DRUNK: At least av goat a joab, and am no a fuckin screwnger like you!

DAN: Look, am no hurtin embdy, am jist sittin here mindin ma oan business.

DRUNK: Get yersel a joab then and stoap spongin aff abdy.

HELEN: Jist lee him alane will ye!

DRUNK: Oh, look it's a prossy! Goan fuck yersel.

DAN: Hey, dinnae speak tae her like that.

DRUNK: Wiz I fuckin talkin tae you?

DAN: Yiv goat no repect fir onythin?

DRUNK: No fir you onyway, and she's jist a fuckin whore.

DAN: If ye caw her that again am gonna punch ye right in the mooth. It's you that's the fuckin whore. *(He moves over to the drunk)*. Yer jist a fuckin bully and I hate bullies!

DRUNK: C'mon on then ye cunt, let's see whit yer made o'.

DAN: Yer a fuckin coward! *(They start wrestling together)*

HELEN: *(HELEN manages to pull the drunk away)* Get aff o' him will ye.

DRUNK: Get yer dirty hands awa fae me.

HELEN: *(She moves provocatively towards him)* It wiz sum o' this ye were wantin, wizin it?

DRUNK: I wouldnae touch ye wae a barge pole.

HELEN: *(She moves closer)* Ye wouldnae be able tae get it up onyway?

DRUNK: I'm no wantin any o' that shite. I dinnae ken who's been up there. *(He backs off)*

HELEN: *(She lifts up her skirt a little)* C'mon, let's gae back tay yours fir a bit o' fun.

DRUNK: No fuckin way! I might catch somethin! *(He starts to move off)*

HELEN: Aye that's right jist fuck the right aff, will ye.

DRUNK: Goan fuck yer boyfriend instead! *(He exits)*

DAN: I cannae believe that jist happened? Av never dun onythin tae him in ma life. Nothin ata. Av never even seen him afore.

HELEN: I ken.

DAN: Whit wiz he like that fir?

HELEN: I dunno, he's probably goat a small dick or somethin.

DAN: Ha Ha, yea, yer probably right.

HELEN: It wiz the drink talkin, either that or he wiz jist a nasty bastart.

DAN: It's hard enough oan the streets withoot havin tae deal with that shite in aaw.

HELEN: Tell me aboot it?

DAN: Thanks a lot by the way, fir gettin rid o' him.

HELEN: Aw dinnae worry, I ken how tae deal wae pricks like that. At hert ther jist a bunch o' spineless bastarts.

DAN: But I really respect ye fir stickin up fir me.

HELEN: Aw it's okay, I suppose we're oan the same side.

DAN: Yea, I suppose. *(He sits on the bench)*

HELEN: Kin I sit wae ye fir a while.

DAN: Oh aye, fir sure, tak a seat.

HELEN: Thanks. Are ye hameless?

DAN: Aye, ma mum kicked mi oot her flat.

HELEN: Whit did ye dae?

DAN: I wiz drinkin tae much. *(He takes a swig of his can)*

HELEN: Are ye an alchy?

DAN: Aye, I'm ashamed tae say it.

HELEN: Ah dinnae worry, am a drug addict.

DAN: Am sorry about that.

HELEN: Oh it's okay. Am tryin tae get aff it, but it's hard.

DAN: Fir me it's the only thing av goat left.

HELEN: Abdy's addicted tae somethin I suppose.

DAN: Aye. I jist wish it wiz chocolate, or somethin like that.

HELEN: Am addicted tae that tae.

DAN: I think maist women are.

HELEN: Onyway, pleased tae meet ye.

DAN: Aye pleased tae meet ye tae. What's yer name, by the way?

HELEN: Helen?

DAN: The face that launched a thoosand ships?

HELEN: Mare like, a thoosand hips.

DAN: Naw, yer a pretty girl.

HELEN: Aye, I used tae be.

DAN: Ye still are.

HELEN: Thanks onyway.

DAN: How old are ye?

HELEN: Nineteen.

DAN: Wow, yer young.

HELEN: Aye, but I proabably look ten years alder.

DAN: Naw ye dinnae, ye look fine tae me.

HELEN: So whit's your name?

DAN: (*He pauses*) Em, it's Dan.

HELEN: Desperate Dan?

DAN: Aye, exactly.

HELEN: What's your story then? I've never seen ye aroond here?

DAN: Naw, I wiz looking fir ma Dad. I hudnay seen him in 10 years.

HELEN: That's a lang time. Did ye find him?

DAN: Aye, a found him ower there (*Points*), in that shitty wee doorway.

HELEN: Wiz he hameless?

DAN: Aye.

HELEN: Wiz he aawright?

DAN: Naw, he wiz in a bad way, he hud Aids.

HELEN: He's an addict?

DAN: Aye, he wiz.

HELEN: Glasgay's full o addicts, it's terrible.

DAN: He'd hud enough.

HELEN: O' life? (He nods) I ken what he means. So whar's he noo?

DAN: I went tae get him help, but when I goat back he wiz deed.

HELEN: Oh no, am sorry aboot that.

DAN: Oh it's okay. He wiz tired o' livin. I think he jist geed up.

HELEN: Aye, livin oan the street does that tae ye.

DAN: Mibbe he jist wanted tae be free.

HELEN: That's a gid way o' lookin at it. Wiz it an overdose?

DAN: Aye, but his body wiz totally fucked tae, fae years o' abuse.

HELEN: Yea, it has tae catch up oan ye eventually.

DAN: I wiz lookin fir him fir years tae and oan the day I find him, he gaes and dees on mi. Jist ma luck!

HELEN: Yea, it's tragic! Am really sorry fir ye.

DAN: I wis gonna tak him hame wae mi tae.

HELEN: Yeah?

DAN: But I dinnae think he wiz gonna come.

HELEN: Mibbie he wiz jist too ashamed.

DAN: Aye that's whit he said.

HELEN: When did aaw this happen then?

DAN: Aboot a month ago.

HELEN: Huv ye been sitting here ever since?

DAN: Pretty much, aye.

HELEN: Huv ye nae where else tae gae?

DAN: Naw, no at the moment.

HELEN: It's bloody freezin oot here tae. (*She blows on her hands*)

DAN: I just get tanked up wae this shit, then it's no sae bad.
(*He takes another swig*) Whit about you?

HELEN: I goat chucked oot ma flat yesterday. I couldnae afford the rent.

DAN: Yiv naewhere tae gae either then?

HELEN: Naw, it looks like wer baith in the same boat.

DAN: It's a lonely life oot here init?

HELEN: Aye, even when the streets are busy.

DAN: It's so quiet tonight.

HELEN: Dan, I hope ye dinnae mind me talkin tae ye? I could dae wae the company.

DAN: No I dinae mind at aaw.

HELEN: So whit kin we talk about then?

DAN: Tell me sumthin aboot yersel, if ye want?

HELEN: It's a sad story.

DAN: Jist like mine then!

HELEN: Well tae be honest it aww started gayin doonhill when ma maw deed a few years ago. She wiz a heroin addict tae.

DAN: Whit happened tae her?

HELEN: She killed hersel.

DAN: Oh God!

HELEN: She took a bottle o' sleepin pills and never woke up again. I found her in her bed in the mornin. She wiz as cold as a block o' ice.

DAN: That must huv been hard tae see?

HELEN: Aye it hit me pretty hard. I wiz only sixteen at the time. I wouldnae gae ootaa the hoose after that. I jist locked mysel in the bedroom and slept aaw the time. I hud tae drop oota school coz o' it. Then I made a lot o' bad choices after that. I goat in wae the wrong crowd and I wiz aaways gettin

intae trouble wae the polis. I wiz totally messed up. Aye, I made a load o' bad choices, but the wurst wan o' aaw wiz gettin intae this shite. (*She pulls out a little see through plastic bag containing white powder*)

DAN: Is it heroine?

HELEN: Aye I jist bought some after I finished wee wan o' ma clients.

DAN: Dae ye dae that tae pay fir it?

HELEN: Whit dae ye think I enjoy it?

DAN: Naw, I didnae mean it like that.

HELEN: Naw, it's okay, I ken ye didnae. I did try tae dae the normal life. I hud a real joab in a cafe fir a while but I jist couldnae hack it. I couldnae concentrate. I wiz aaways thinkin aboot ma next hit. I wiz jist a bag o' nerves. Tae be honest, I still am. I cannae seem tae handle real life. Sellin ma body is aaw a can really dae noo.

DAN: Dae ye mak enough money?

HELEN: Enough tae buy this shit wae (*She lifts up the bag*) but sumtimes nae enough tae keep a roof ower ma heid.

DAN: How lang ye been hameless yirsel?

HELEN: It's oan and aff really. As a said, it started when ma ma deed. She wiz the wan payin fir the hoose, so when she deed

I lost it and a hud naewhere else tae gae. So av been oan and aff the streets ever since.

DAN: Is that when ye started daein heroine?

HELEN: Aye, a bit after. When yer sleeping rough aaw the time it's brutal. Ye need sumthin tae get yersel through the night.

DAN: It's the freezin cald that gets me. Being pissed helps a bit, but sumtimes I hae tae choose been huvin this (*Brandishes the can*) and no huvin onythin tae eat.

HELEN: Yea, I once went withoot food fir a week. It maks ye gae crazy.

DAN: I couldnae dae that.

HELEN: Aye, it's a nightmare been an addict. Ye lose aaw yer dignity, aaw yer self confidence. Naebdy wants tae talk tae ye, naebdy really cares. Yer treated like a social outcast, a pariah.

DAN: A pariah? I thought that wiz a fish.

HELEN: (*She laughs*) No that's a piranha, ye idiot. It's when people avoid ye like yuv goat the plague.

DAN: Yea, it hurts when ye see people swervin aroond ye or crossin the streat jist tae avoid ye.

HELEN: When I tak heroine it blocks aaw that oot, it blocks aaw the noise in ma heid, at least fir a while onyway.

DAN: Does it?

HELEN: Aye it numbs athin, it numbs aaw yer feelings.

DAN: People jist dinnae kin what it's like livin on the streets?

HELEN: Naw, if ye huv a nightmare when yer sleepin at least ye kin wak up fae it, but ye cannae wak up fae a life oot here.

DAN: Yea, it's a miserable life.

HELEN: Aye, when ma maw deed the sadness got sae bad that I lost everythin. I jist felt pain aaw the time. Tae be honest I didnae care if I lived or deed. So wan day I jist took a hit tae see whit aaw the fuss wis aboot.

DAN: Whit wiz it like the first time?

HELEN: I cannae remember much aboot it tae be honest. I cannae really remember much aboot onythin these days.

DAN: Whit's it like in general?

HELEN: It jist kills the pain fir a while, numbs yer miserable existence, basically it helps mi tae get tae sleep. But I still huvnae delt with a lot o' the issues av goat swirlin around ma heid, especially tae dae wee ma mother and aaw the anger av goat bottled up. I need tae confront that first if I wantae get affa o' it. I want tae stoap but it's really fuckin hard. I've tried loads and loads o times. Whit I need tae dae

is tae gae back and see ma support worker and try tae confront some o' ma demons.

DAN: It sounds like yer trying.

HELEN: Aye, I am, but at the moment am jist no strong enough.

DAN: Tae be honest, am pretty fucked up misel.

HELEN: Aye, its tough when wan o' yer parents dee. Am still tryin tae dealt wae it even noo. (*She pulls out the bag*) This is what am using tae deal wee it, it's fuckin sad really.

DAN: Mibbie I should try it?

HELEN: Try whit?

DAN: Heroine.

HELEN: Are ye fuckin jokin?

DAN: Naw, I want tae see what it's like.

HELEN: Look! I'll tell ye fir nothin, it'll be the worst mistake yill ever mak. Ye need tae stay as far awa fae this shit as ye kin get.

DAN: But I want tae find oot mysel.

HELEN: No ye dinnae, believe me, yill regret it as lang as ye live.

DAN: Look av goat money, I'll pay ye fir it. (*He shows her the coins*)

HELEN: No fuckin way! There's no way am I gonnae gee ye ony o' this. Get that right oot o' yer fuckin heid.

DAN: C'mon my life's a fuckin mess. I jist feel pain aaw the time. I cannae stoap thinkin about ma Dad, and aw a kin hear is his voice buzzin in ma heid. I need sumthin tae block it oot like ye said. It's drivin mi crazy. I need tae get sum sleep tae.

HELEN: Look am sorry Dan, but I cannae gae ye ony. I couldnae live we misel if a did. Jist knowing that I wiz the wan who gotcha intae it would kill me. Jist drink yer can o' beer.

DAN: Naw it's no dain the joab. I want tae forget about athin. Ma life's nothin but misery. C'mon, I want ye tae inject me.

HELEN: (*Raising her voice*) No I told ye, it's no gain tae happen. Dinnae fuck yer life up. Am no gain tae dae it, so dinnae ask mi again.

DAN: Right, if your no gain tae dae it, I'll fuckin get sumwan else who will.

HELEN (*Coldly*) Fine, please yirsel.

DAN: Right I'm aff then.

HELEN: Aye, aff ye go, but I'll tell ye, yill regret it.

DAN: I dinnae care. Ma Dad did it, so I want tae try it tae.

HELEN: Dinnae go Dan, please.

DAN: Are ye gonna help mi then?

HELEN: Naw I cannae.

DAN: Right then, I'm awa fir a walk. I need sum space tae think.

HELEN: Okay, I'll see ye later then? *(He exits without replying. She is agitated. She begins taking out her paraphernalia for cooking up her heroine, while talking to herself)* Naw, I couldnae hae that on ma conscience. No way! If he wants tae jack up that's up tae him, but am no gain tae dae it fir him. Right is that everythin? Ma Spoon, water, needle, ma heroine. Naw, whars ma lighter! *(She finds it in her pocket)* Gotcha! *(She pours out some water onto the spoon, then adds the heroine from the bag)* Aw fuck, av added far tae much. I'll jist huv tae tak half noo and half later. *(She heats the spoon with her lighter)* I wonder whar Dan's goat tae! He's such a lovely laddie, I really like him. I hope he comes back. I didnae mean tae upset him like that, but there's no way I wiz gonnae dae it. *(She injects herself)* Noo, I kin forget about athin fir a wee while. *("Barbers adagio for strings" is played out for about 20 seconds as she drifts in and out of consciousness. A mysterious older woman with greying hair enters the stage dressed all in black and wearing red lipstick)*

HELEN: Who's that?

ROSE: It's me, Helen?

HELEN: How dae ye kin ma name?

ROSE: Don't ye recognize yer ain mither?

HELEN: Maw is that you? *(The music fades out)*

ROSE: Aye it's me darling, I need tae talk tae ye?

HELEN: Whar huv ye been?

ROSE: Av been lookin fir ye, tae tak ye hame.

HELEN: Huv ye?

ROSE: Tae the place yuv aaways dreamed o'.

HELEN: Did ye find it Maw?

ROSE: It's whar ye aalways said it wiz sweethert, jist beyond the stars.

HELEN: I told ye, it wiz?

ROSE: Dae ye remember when ye were a bairn ye aalways used tae talk aboot it?

HELEN: Yeah, is it really there Maw?

ROSE: Av seen it wae ma ain eyes. Av cum tae tak ye there.

HELEN: Huv ye? Naw, I dinnae believe ye?

ROSE: I ken yuv aalways wanted tae live there darlin, but we need tae hurry.

HELEN: Is it jist like ma dream?

ROSE: It is darlin, it's beautiful.

HELEN: Maw, av missed ye so much?

ROSE: And av missed ye tae, darlin.

HELEN:: Why did ye leave me maw?

ROSE: I wiznae strong enough, Helen. The world wasnae fir me.
I couldnae stay.

HELEN:: But things could huv goat better. Wiz it ma fault ye
left?

ROSE: Oh no, it wasnae yer fault.

HELEN: But ye could huv goat help.

ROSE: I didnae ken how tae. I jist chose anither way, am
sorry, dear.

HELEN: It's been hard since ye left, maw.

ROSE: That's why uv came back fir ye.

HELEN: Ye winnae leave me again, will ye?

ROSE: Naw, we'll aaways be tigither noo.

HELEN: Is it far?

ROSE: (*She points*) Dae ye see those two twinkling stars there.

HELEN: Those big bright wans beside the moon?

ROSE: Aye those, its jist beyond there.

HELEN: But how are we gonna get there?

ROSE: Aaw ye need tae dae is close yer eyes and mak a wish.

HELEN: Whit will I wish fir, Maw?

ROSE: That wishes come true. But close yer eyes first?

HELEN: Okay, Maw.

ROSE: Trust mi dear.

HELEN: Will ye promise tae never leave me again?

ROSE: I promise, darling.

HELEN: (*Worriedly with a touch of anger*) Are ye sure, coz ye did it afore.

ROSE: Things are different now.

HELEN: But am still angry wae ye maw. Look at me, I'm totally disgustin. Look whit's happened tae me. (*She lifts up the needle*) I tak this tae forget about ye.

ROSE: I'm sorry darlin. I didn't mean tae hurt ye.

HELEN: When ye left, it broke ma heart.

ROSE: But it's gonnae be okay noo. Am gonna mak it up tae ye.

HELEN: But ye used tae say that aww the time.

ROSE: But it's different noo?

HELEN: I wiz ashamed o ye ma. I was ashamed tae say that ma maw's a junkie.

ROSE: I never wanted ye tae be like me.

HELEN: But look at me Maw, av turned intae ye.

ROSE: No, yer still ma beautiful girl.

HELEN: Am ugly, look at ma arms. Ma arms are full o' holes and I huv sex fir money.

ROSE: Tae me it doesnae matter whit ye dae, I'll aaways love ye.

HELEN: But ye chose this instead o' me. (She holds up the needle)

ROSE: I made a mistake.

HELEN: But I dinnae trust ye onymare.

ROSE: I only want whit's best fir ye, dear.

HELEN: So why did ye leave mi?

ROSE: I didnae want tae.

HELEN: But ye did?

ROSE: I kin, I'm sorry.

HELEN: But I hated ye maw? I hated ye fir it. I'm still angry wae ye.

ROSE: It's okay, I understand.

HELEN: Yiv left a hole in ma heart, maw.

ROSE: I came tae heal it.

HELEN: It'll never heal.

ROSE: It will, if ye forgive me.

HELEN: Am tryin maw, but the pain hurts.

ROSE: Ye huv tae let go, Helen.

HELEN: Am tryin maw, am tryin every day.

ROSE: I want tae help ye. Let mi tak ye hame?

HELEN: Are we really goin tae live there?

ROSE: Yea, we're gonna live tigither, tigither among the stars.

HELEN: Av always dreamed o' that!

ROSE: Darling, jist close yer eyes.

HELEN: Will ye hud ma hand, Maw?

ROSE: Ye aaways loved it when I held yer hand, didn't ye?

HELEN: Yeah, it maks mi feel secure.

ROSE: Close yer eyes dear and go to sleep.

HELEN: Okay, but hold ma hand.

ROSE: (*Rose moves closer*) Helen, ye ken I'd dae anythin fir ye, don't ye?

HELEN: Yea maw, of course. Kin I lee doon fir a bit, I feel sae tired. (*She drops in a heap to the floor. ROSE sits down beside her and lays her head in her lap*)

ROSE: That's right dear, go to sleep and we'll soon be there tigither?

HELEN: Will we? Please maw, hold ma hand.

ROSE: (*She holds her hand*) There ye go, darling.

HELEN: (*Closing her eyes*) Yea Maw, I can see the stars twinkling, it's so beautiful?

ROSE: (*Stroking her hair*) Yes, dear.

HELEN: I kin see oor hoose tae.

ROSE: Yea, we're almost there.

HELEN: And I kin see daddie on the porch.

ROSE: He's been waitin fir ye, sweethert.

HELEN: Am tired maw, am tired o' this miserable life.

ROSE: Aaw ye have tae dae is let go, let go dear, and we kin aaw be tigither again. (*Helen falls into unconsciousness. Barbers adagio is played out for about 20 seconds as ROSE gets up and walks off the stage*)

(DAN enters and tries to revive her. The music fades out as she begins to come round)

DAN: Helen, wake up! Wake up! Open yer eyes, c'mon Helen, whit's the matter wee ye, get up? *(He pours a little water on her face and she revives slowly)*

HELEN: Is that you maw?

DAN: Naw it's me Dan. Whit's happened tae ye?

HELEN: I thought it was ma maw.

DAN: I thought ye said yer mum wiz deed?

HELEN: But I saw her.

DAN: Are ye sure?

HELEN: Mibbe I wiz dreamin but it seemed sae real. She wiz gonna tak me wee her.

DAN: Are ye oan heroine?

HELEN: *(She avoids the question)* Dan, I swear, I thought she wiz beside me.

DAN: I wan tae try it, Helen. I want tae see ma dad tae.

HELEN: Naw Dan, it wiz aaw in ma heid, it wiz aaw ma issues bubblin up tae the surface. When am no on it I jist push aaw ma shit deep doon so I danna hae tae deal wae it.

DAN: So whit were ye dreamin about?

HELEN: That ma Maw wiz gonna tak me hame tae live among the..... but it wiz just the heroine talkin, its wiz aaw a fuckin illusion. Onyway, I ken what yer tryin tae get at Dan and am no gain tae dae it aawright.

DAN: Oh, c'mon jist let mi try it once. I want tae see whit it's like. Whar is it onyway. *(He tries to take the packet from her pocket. There is a struggle but she manages to fight him off)*

HELEN: Naw, yer no gonnae fuck yer life up wae this, aawright. *(She moves to the side of the stage)* I huv tae leave ye noo onyway, I need tae see a friend in the toon aboot sumthin. But Dan, promise mi, yill never tak it?

DAN: Okay, okay I promise, am jist curious that's aaw.

HELEN: Believe mi, yid mak the biggest mistake o' yer life. So stay awa fae it okay.

DAN: Okay, okay I get the picture.

HELEN: Good! I'll be back in a wee while. Will ye still be here when I get back?

DAN: Av naewhere else tae gae, do I.

HELEN: *(She walks back over)* Dan, I really like ye, yer a really nice laddie. *(She kisses him on the cheek)*

DAN: Whit wis that fir.

HELEN: Jist fir bein you.

DAN: Thanks, yer no sae bad yirsel.

HELEN: Okay then, I'll see ye later. Cheerio!

DAN: See ye later. (She exits)

(Dan moves around the stage thinking. He comes back across to the bench and sees the needle sitting there. He lifts it up and sees that it is still half full)

DAN: Oh my God, she's left some in it, there's still half there. Whit am I gonna tae dae? Shit, I kin feel ma hert poundin. Shall I dae it? I want tae, but I promised ma Dad and Helen I wouldnae. *(He puts the needle back down)*. But jist the once isnae gonna hurt, is it? Ach fuck it! Whit huv a gaot tae lose! *(He picks the needle up again)* Fuck, am shakin like a leaf. *(He rolls up his sleeve and looks for a vein in his arm)* Oh ya bastart, that was sare! Fuck, ma Dad would kill me fir this. Fuck it! He did it, so why can't I. I want tae ken what it feels like. I want tae feel whit he felt. This is fir you Dad. *(He injects himself. Parce Mihi Dimine by Jan Garbarek is heard playing for 20 seconds until he falls onto the floor)*

(Tommy enters the stage)

TOMMY: Peter, Peter, get up. *(No response)* Son, get up for Gods sake.

DAN: *(Slowly responding)* Is that you, dad?

TOMMY: Aye, it's me son.

DAN: Whit are ye daein here?

TOMMY: I came back tae make sure ye were aawright.

DAN: But yer supposed tae be deed. Are ye a ghost?

TOMMY: This is ma soul, son.

DAN: Am I talkin tae yer soul?

TOMMY: Aye, the wurld cannae hurt me noo.

DAN: I miss ye Dad.

TOMMY: I miss ye tae, son. I'm sorry I wiz a terrible faither tae ye. I hope ye kin forgive me?

DAN: I'm tryin tae.

TOMMY: I'm sorry fir evrythin.

DAN: Why did ye huv tae dee, I jist found ye!

TOMMY: It wiz time, for mi. I didnae hae the stength tae carry on.

DAN: I feel sae empty inside?

TOMMY: I want ye tae be happy, son.

DAN: But I want tae be wae ye.

TOMMY: No son, yuv goat tae hold on. Yuv gaot tae learn fae ma mistakes.

DAN: I'm sorry?

TOMMY: *(He sees the needle and picks it up)* Naw, whit huv ye dun tae yirsel. Tell ma ye huvnae?

DAN: I'm sorry Dad, I jist wanted tae be like you.

TOMMY: *(He starts crying)* God, yiv jist broke ma heart in two.

DAN: Aaw I ever wanted wis tae be like you.

TOMMY: No, I cannae bear it, not my ain son. I wanted ye tae be everythin I wasnae.

DAN: Dae ye hate me Dad.

TOMMY: No, I love ye mare than life itsel. Ye were aaways the best part of mi. Aaw ma dreams were filled wae happiness fir you.

DAN: But how kin I be happy withoot ye.

TOMMY: Ye huv tae go on. I want ye tae live. It pains me tae sae it, but I wiz a terrible example tae ye, it's the truth and the truth hurts.

DAN: But I'm so angry at the world.

TOMMY: Ye need tae let me go, son.

DAN: I cannae.

TOMMY: It's the only way.

DAN: I only feel emptiness, emptiness in ma heart.

TOMMY: I ken, I ken that feelin aaw tae well, my dad left me tae when I wiz a wee boy.

DAN: Did he?

TOMMY: Aye, and I never forgave him fir it. I tried tae fill the emptiness wae this (*He picks up the needle*) but the mare I tried the emptier I felt. I hud a beautiful family sittin at hame but I chose this instead. Peter, ye need tae conquer yersel or yill never survive.

DAN: But I dinnae ken how tae?

TOMMY: Jist remember it wiz aaw my fault, dinnae blame yirsel. Am responsible fir the way things turned oot, dinnae keep trying tae hurt yirsel. Ye need tae let go, ye need tae forgive yirsel for hating me.

DAN: I dinnae hate ye Dad. I hate mysel.

TOMMY: Hate consumes everythin, son.

DAN: I love ye dad.

TOMMY: Son, I came tae tell ye, that am the demon inside yer heid.

DAN: But I want ye tae be an angel.

TOMMY: Then set me free.

DAN: But I cannae let go.

TOMMY: Ye huv tae, son.

DAN: Will you aaways be ma demon.

TOMMY: As lang as there's hate inside.

DAN: I dinnae want tae hate ye.

TOMMY: Then forgive me.

DAN: Am trying!

TOMMY: I ken ye are, it taks time tae mak a pair o' angels wings.

DAN: Av missed ye Dad.

TOMMY: And uv missed you tae son, but I huv tae go.

DAN: Kin ye no stay wae me.

TOMMY: No I huv tae go, but will ye promise mi somethin first?

DAN: Anythin dad.

TOMMY: Promise me, yill never become like me.

DAN: Naw, it breaks ma hert.

TOMMY: If ye dae whit I say, yill make me the happiest man in the universe. Please, promise me. I beg ye!

DAN: I dinnae want tae.

TOMMY: Forgive me to forgive yirsel, it's the only way.

DAN: I'll try?

TOMMY: Follow yer heart, son.

DAN: I followed it tae you.

TOMMY: I huv tae gay noo.

DAN: Dinnae gay Dad. I'm tired, I'm tired o' livin oan the streets. Dinnae leave me again! (The music from before starts up again as *Tommy walks off stage slowly*) *Dan lies down and falls unconscious.*

(Helen enters)

HELEN: Aww naw, what's happened tae ye! (*She sees the empty needle and picks it up*) Dan, what huv ye dun tae yirsel. I told ye no tae dae it, didn't I. It wiz far tae strong fir ye. (*She tries to revive him*) Dan, Dan wake up, wake up! God, this is aaw ma fault. Dan get up! Get up fir Gods sake. God, please make him wake up. I didnae mean tae leave ma needle sittin there! God, I dinnae want tae lose another friend, not like this. (Hymn of the Cherubim by Tchaichovsky plays out as *she holds him tightly while crying uncontrollable against his dead body*)

THE END

