

NIGHT RIDER

by

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SCENE 1

JIMMY:
Why are you sitting ...like that

ANGIE:
Like what

JIMMY:
Like you're sitting

ANGIE:
What do you mean

JIMMY:
What are you sitting like that for

ANGIE:
How else should I sit

JIMMY:
...I'm losing my... focus

ANGIE:
Because I'm sitting like this

Brief pause

ANGIE:
How do you want me to sit then

JIMMY:
I don't know

She shifts her position.

ANGIE:
Like this maybe

I don't know

JIMMY:

Or...like this

ANGIE:

Shifts her position.

Does that feel better now

ANGIE:

I think so

JIMMY:

Do you remember what we were talking about

ANGIE:

Short pause.

About a... playground

JIMMY:

That's right ...about a playground ...and

ANGIE:

...My son

JIMMY:

That's right...we were talking about your son

ANGIE:

Pause.

The question is how do we move forward

ANGIE:

I'll...

JIMMY:

It's about respect for other people

ANGIE:

JIMMY:
We try to talk about that at home

ANGIE:
At the kitchen table

JIMMY:
And on the sofa

ANGIE:
And how do you get on

JIMMY:
Fine

ANGIE:
Does he understand what you're talking about

JIMMY:
We talk about ...

ANGIE:
You and

JIMMY:
Me and him

ANGIE:
You both talk to him

JIMMY:
No...we is me and him

ANGIE:
Doesn't he have a mother

JIMMY:
...Yes

ANGIE:
Where is she then

Pause.

ANGIE:

Have you lost your focus again

JIMMY:

I can't string it all together ...what were we talking about before you were sitting like that ... something very important of course ...wasn't it ...you said something about a ...

ANGIE.

Was that when I changed my position

JIMMY.

I think so

She shifts her position

ANGIE:

I was sitting like this

JIMMY:

That's it...you were sitting like that ...and then you said something about some ...

ANGIE:

Then

She shifts her position.
More thigh.

ANGIE:

I was sitting like this

JIMMY:

You were sitting like that and I ...

ANGIE:

Are you sure I was sitting like this

Brief pause.

Maybe a bit more

JIMMY.

He gets up. He moves her legs.

...like this

JIMMY:

Are you sure

ANGIE:

I think so ...something along those lines ...or...maybe a bit more

JIMMY:

He alters her position a little.

Like this

JIMMY:

And I was talking about some

ANGIE:

...about some... measures

JIMMY:

That concern your son

ANGIE.

Yes...

JIMMY:

The school is very clear about this

ANGIE:

Sometimes you have to be clear

JIMMY:

ANGIE:
Especially in such a remarkable case as this

JIMMY:
...Case

ANGIE:
Yes...your son has become a case

Short pause.

JIMMY:
I'll ...

ANGIE:
...What will you

JIMMY:
Talk to him

Short pause.

ANGIE:
Are you close

JIMMY:
Oh yes

Pause.

ANGIE:
Do you like them

JIMMY:
-

ANGIE:
My boots

JIMMY:

...yes

ANGIE:

I can see that you...

JIMMY:

They're nice

ANGIE:

You always used to buy me such nice boots

JIMMY:

-

ANGIE:

Do you want to feel them

She stretches her left boot towards him.

JIMMY:

Why should I

ANGIE:

It might help you

He runs his fingers over her boots.

ANGIE:

What do you think

JIMMY:

--

ANGIE:

About the quality ...do you think the employees are well-treated ... are these boots made by adults or by some children that are so far removed from us that we don't care whether they get paid overtime or allowed to go to the toilet

Short pause.

ANGIE:
What are you thinking about now

JIMMY:
...the measures

ANGIE:
Are you sure

JIMMY:
I think so

ANGIE:
Would it have been easier for you if I had been wearing grey overalls

JIMMY:
-

ANGIE:
Well the way I dress and the way I sit are affecting our conversation

JIMMY:
--

ANGIE:
Would it have been easier for you if I had been wearing baggy grey
overalls

JIMMY:
Are we nearly done

ANGIE:
Now you're losing your focus again

JIMMY:
I am not

ANGIE:
I can tell

JIMMY:
I'm not losing my damn focus

ANGIE:

The way you look at me turns me into someone I'm not

JIMMY:

-

ANGIE:

It's the same with your son in fact

JIMMY:

--

ANGIE:

He also turns people into something they're not

JIMMY:

--

ANGIE:

Our time is almost up

JIMMY:

And my son

ANGIE:

We have him under observation

JIMMY:

-

ANGIE:

We're mapping his behaviour

JIMMY:

Are you allowed to do that

ANGIE:

You don't remember what I was talking about earlier

JIMMY:

Of course I do

ANGIE:

What was I talking about

JIMMY:

About some...

ANGIE:

About some what...

JIMMY:

Measures

ANGIE:

--

JIMMY:

The measures you're suggesting... I think they're too... hard

ANGIE:

Wrong

JIMMY:

What do you mean wrong

ANGIE:

Wrong I said

JIMMY:

-

ANGIE:

I didn't suggest any measures ...I just used the word measures to help you see the seriousness of what your son gets up to here at school

JIMMY:

I'll talk to him

ANGIE:

You said you would

JIMMY:

I'll have a proper sit-down talk with him

On the sofa
ANGIE:

JIMMY:
-

ANGIE:
That's where you sit isn't it ...on the sofa

JIMMY:
What do you mean

ANGIE:
You and him ...what's left of your family ...isn't that where you sit...snuggled up on the sofa ...talking things over ... openly... honestly...just chilling out ... don't you

JIMMY:
--

ANGIE:
Perhaps shed a tear ...you and him ...your son ...your problem child ...thanks to whom many of us can't face going in to work any more ...who gives other children low self-esteem ...I can see you two sitting there on the sofa snatching handfuls of popcorn from the same bowl while you're watching a film ...what sort of films do you watch then ...are you comedy freaks ...do you sit there on the sofa laughing at the same things ...or is action more your thing ...grown men handling weapons ...shooting and maiming in between raping some innocent little creature that hasn't had the good sense to wear baggy grey overalls ...mass murder... serial killing...is that the sort of thing you sit there watching ...and then do you analyse the mistakes ...try to pick holes in the plot ...what they really ought to have done ...what a real serial killer would have done ...eh...I can just see you ...sitting there all cosy ...father and son ...the culmination of hundreds of thousands of years of evolution and small miracles of biology ...sitting there on a sofa staring at the flickering light from a box

Jimmy remains seated on his chair.

SCENE 2

JIMMY:
I'd be interested in going to the House

LI:
...Good

JIMMY:
How do we get there

LI:
We can take a taxi

JIMMY:
Will they let me in

LI:
You're with me aren't you

Brief pause.

JIMMY:
Which department was it

LI:
Behavioural sciences

JIMMY:
How come you ...

LI:
I...

JIMMY:
Why do you want to ...

LI:
Why do I want to write a dissertation on non-relational sexuality

JIMMY:

Yes

LI:

I want to see whether relationships are inhibiting and whether
sexuality outside that tradition is liberating ...

And if so how

JIMMY:

I'd be interested

LI:

In taking part

JIMMY:

Yes...and of going to that House with you

LI:

And answering my questions

JIMMY:

Yes

LI:

Good

Pause.

JIMMY:

So we're going there tonight ...

LI:

It's an intimate circle

JIMMY:

--

LI.

The couple who host the get-together work at the University

LI:

Members can take guests ...and it's not just some swingers club...
the idea is to have intellectual discussion ...that we who are there
engage in a conversation about the society we live in and the
mentality that is our environment ... sexuality is part of that
conversation

JIMMY:

Would you like a drink

LI:

Yes please

He gets one.

JIMMY:

We'll have to wait for my son to come home before we leave

LI:

Where is he

JIMMY:

He's out

LI:

How old is he

JIMMY:

Thirteen

LI:

He'll be going to bed soon then

JIMMY:

He sees to that himself

LI:

Puts himself to bed

JIMMY:

Yes so when he comes home we can take a taxi to that House

LI:

Where's his mother

JIMMY:

She's away

LI:

Where

JIMMY:

Do you have children

LI:

No

JIMMY:

Do you want children

LI:

Yes. I'm planning on having two children ...a boy and a girl

JIMMY:

Why did you contact me

LI:

I liked your photos

JIMMY:

I took them with my mobile

LI:

And I thought your profile was... different

JIMMY:

A guy at work helped me with that

LI:

What do you do

JIMMY:

I'm a cloakroom attendant

LI:

-

JIMMY:

I work in a cloakroom

LI:

In a cloakroom

JIMMY:

In a nightclub

LI:

You check in clothes and bags

JIMMY:

And write

LI:

In the cloakroom

JIMMY:

When I have time ... I sit and write

LI:

What are you writing

JIMMY:

A script about ... Your photos are also very ...

LI:

-

JIMMY:

Especially where you're lying in the middle

LI:

I'm sitting

JIMMY:

...Aren't you lying

LI:

No...I'm sitting in an armchair and the others are standing round me

JIMMY:

That photo is very ...

LI:

Do you recognise me

JIMMY:

How do you mean

LI:

From the photos

JIMMY:

I recognise your mouth ...

LI:

Why do you call yourself Night Rider

JIMMY:

Why not

LI:

Night Rider...like some old black and white film

She takes out a Dictaphone.

LI:

Is it OK if I record our conversation

JIMMY:

...What for

LI:

So that I get down exactly what you say ... for my dissertation

She prepares the Dictaphone.

LI:

I'm sitting here with Jimmy...what's your surname

Pause.

LI:

What's your surna

...O

JIMMY:

O

LI:

That's right ...O

JIMMY:

With Jimmy O

LI:

-

JIMMY:

LI:

It's almost nine in the evening and we're going to talk about

I don't really feel like it now

JIMMY:

...Why not

LI:

It's kind of... fizzled out

JIMMY:

Really

LI:

Maybe we should stop

JIMMY:

But we haven't started yet

LI:

I thought we were going to that House

JIMMY:

We are but you're son hasn't come home yet has he

LI:

JIMMY:

-

LI:

Sit down

JIMMY:

There's something about that tape recorder

LI:

Sit down

He sits down.

She goes and stands behind him.

LI:

Now I'm putting my hand...

She puts her right hand over his head.

LI:

Here

Pause.

LI:

Think of a word ...any word ...think of a word and I'll say exactly
which word you're thinking of

JIMMY:

-

LI:

If I say the right word ...I can record our conversation

JIMMY:

-

LI:

Think of any word you like ...in any language you like ...think about it
carefully... spell the word ...over and over again ...concentrate with all your

might on just that word

He closes his eyes tight.

She looks around.
Then closes her eyes.

Long silence.

She takes her hand away.

He comes round.

They look at each other.

LI.

A strange word ...I like it ...it has a slightly old-fashioned charm...

JIMMY:

-

LI:

Unsullied...Why did you think of that word

JIMMY:

-

LI:

Trust me now

JIMMY:

--

LI:

I can read your thoughts

Pause.

LI:

My mouth ...

JIMMY:

-

LI:

You remember my mouth...

JIMMY:

-

LI:

We're getting there...

Pause.

LI:

Aviary

She switches the tape on.

JIMMY:

--

LI:

You threw stones at an aviary

Pause.

JIMMY:

I threw stones at an aviary

LI:

Are you against keeping birds in captivity

JIMMY:

Are you ...

LI:

Are you...

JIMMY:

Are you shaven

LI:

-

JIMMY:

Is it very hairy or is it shaven

LI:

...I'm cropped ...Do you have a steady relationship

JIMMY:

No

LI:

Do you have temporary relationships

JIMMY:

Yes...

LI:

...Could you develop that

JIMMY:

You are a temporary relationship

LI:

Do you long for a closer relationship with a partner

JIMMY:

No

LI:

Is sexuality important to you

JIMMY;

Yes

LI:

In what way

JIMMY:

It makes me feel good

LI:
How often do you have sex

JIMMY:
Now and then

LI:
With the same partner

JIMMY:
The last few times it was with a girl who works at the club

LI:
and...

JIMMY:
...we hang around together...

LI:
Doing what

JIMMY:
...what do you mean

LI:
When you hang around

JIMMY:
You know

LI:
What do you do

JIMMY:
You mean from a technical point of view

LI:
Yes

JIMMY:
It's hard to explain ... sort of... hug ...you know ...

LI:

Actually I don't know

JIMMY:

You don't know how to do it

LI:

Of course I do ... but I don't know how you do it ...be more precise!

JIMMY.

Wrong word

Pause.

JIMMY:

You guessed the wrong word

LI:

--

JIMMY:

O... varyI was thinking

LI:

--

JIMMY:

There's probably something wrong with your ovaries ...that sentence came to me as soon as you walked through the door ...that there's something not right with your ovaries ...so I'm willing to bet a tenner that you'll have the devil of a job getting fertilized ...so...my advice to you is ...don't even think about having children

LI.

--

JIMMY:

Switch the tape off

LI:

It's important for me

JIMMY:

You guessed the wrong word

LI:

I can't switch it off

JIMMY:

Let's kiss and if you enjoy my kiss you can switch it off

LI:

So it's your kiss

JIMMY:

What do you mean

LI:

If I enjoy your kiss you said ...I'm wondering whether it's our kiss rather than your kiss ...a kiss is a meeting between two mouths isn't it ...can you own a kiss

JIMMY:

Major corporations are trying to patent the letters of our names so why shouldn't I own my own kiss

LI:

I don't like kissing ...the very idea of your tongue rooting around inside my mouth makes me ...what do I know about your oral hygiene

Pause.

LI:

Do you have any hobbies

JIMMY:

Things you do in your spare time

LI:

Yes

JIMMY:

Me and my son like fishing ...though it's been a while now

LI:

Anything else

JIMMY:

And I like reading biographies

LI:

About other people

JIMMY:

I've read a load of books about Jim Morrison...
Do you know who he is

LI:

A singer I think

JIMMY:

In a band called The Doors ...but he died many years ago ...he was
only 27 years old when he died in a bathtub in Paris

LI:

In a bathtub in Paris

JIMMY:

Have you been there

LI:

In the bathtub

JIMMY:

In Paris

LI:

What's so fascinating about Jim Morrison

JIMMY:

Something about his ...

LI:

I haven't heard much of his

JIMMY:

He was a poet

He takes out a belt (like the one Jim Morrison always used to wear)

JIMMY:

This is his belt ...I bought it in an auction

LI:

It's a beautiful belt

She feels it.

JIMMY:

Sometimes I pretend I'm him

I don't know ...maybe that's a hobby ...what do you think

He puts the belt on.

JIMMY:

I should really be wearing leather trousers ... and towards the end he had a beard...do you like beards

LI:

It would have to be a clean beard

JIMMY:

Yes it has to be a clean beard

LI:

Most people don't care about their personal hygiene ...you can find anything in dirty beard

JIMMY:

When you wash your hair you can wash your beard too

LI:

Not everyone does

LI:

The beard becomes a forest and animals live in a forest and suddenly you're not just walking around with a beard ... what you really have is...a piece of nature on your face

JIMMY:

A piece of nature ...yes...you're right ...you and I are both pieces of nature...

LI:

But nature's not always clean ...there are things I don't like ... like snails

JIMMY:

But sexuality thrives on contact

LI:

I'm very particular about hygiene

JIMMY:

Are you

LI:

I demand complete cleanliness and total disinfection

JIMMY:

How spontaneous is that

LI:

I detest spontaneity ...whereas ritual ...when planning can go on for weeks ...is extremely exciting

JIMMY:

Ah...

LI:

You and I mustn't be spontaneous

JIMMY:

--

LI:

But prepared

Pause.

JIMMY:

I brush my teeth three times a day ...I use a fluoride mouthwash ...and I don't use sugar ...my dentist always says I have the best teeth of all his patients ...I almost deserve a medal ...for having such exemplary oral hygiene

They look at each other.

They kiss.

A long kiss...

The telephone rings.

The kissing stops.

Jimmy answers with his back to Li.

He listens.

Replaces the receiver.

Walks over to Li.

LI:

Was that your son

JIMMY:

I have to go to the police

LI:

Has something happened

JIMMY:

I can't come with you tonight

LI:

Do you have to be at the police station the whole evening

JIMMY:

Something has happened so I can't go with you tonight

LI:

I'll wait for you

JIMMY:

Looks like you'll have to go that house on your own

LI:

I'll wait for you ...

SCENE 3

BEATRICE:

Then we had to give him a sedative

JIMMY:

-

BEATRICE:

He is suspected of committing a very serious crime so

JIMMY:

But he's a minor

BEATRICE:

A lot of them are these days

JIMMY:

So...

BEATRICE:

They're taking him to the detention centre tomorrow

JIMMY

And then

BEATRICE:

An inquiry

JIMMY:

So I can't see him now

BEATRICE:

He's under sedation in the infirmary so there's not much of him to see at the moment

Pause.

BEATRICE.

You seem...

JIMMY:

What

BEATRICE:

A bit out of breath

JIMMY:

I probably am a bit out of breath

BEATRICE:

Do you get much exercise

JIMMY:

You mean do I go training

BEATRICE:

Yes

Short pause.

JIMMY:

Occasionally

BEATRICE:

But not regularly

JIMMY:

I try to

BEATRICE:

Good

JIMMY:

--

BEATRICE:

So you don't get fat

JIMMY:

...This investigation

BEATRICE:

We'll turn his life upside down ...you'll be checked out too ...everyone in his entourage will be checked out ...we have to map out every single detail of his life ...a major psychological assessment is also to be expected ...we're trying to understand what makes a young person capable of doing something of this ...magnitude

JIMMY:

It's not easy for him at school ...in fact school is hell for him

BEATRICE:

In what way

JIMMY:

There's a gang after him

BEATRICE:

A gang

JIMMY:

That's persecuting and threatening him and

BEATRICE:

Is your son a racist

JIMMY:

--

BEATRICE:

Where's his mother

I don't know

JIMMY.

Why not

BEATRICE:

I don't know

JIMMY:

When did you last see her

BEATRICE:

She's ... disappeared

JIMMY:

...since when

BEATRICE:

She disappeared almost a year ago

JIMMY.

What do you mean disappeared

BEATRICE:

We were on holiday abroad

JIMMY:

Whereabouts

BEATRICE:

Bulgaria...

JIMMY:

...And that's where she disappeared

BEATRICE:

She walked through the door and never came back

Short pause.

JIMMY:

We looked all over the village but no-one knew where she'd got to

BEATRICE:

Did you go to the police

JIMMY:

The following day I went to the police

BEATRICE:

What did they say

JIMMY:

I reported her missing and gave them a photo

BEATRICE:

What happened

JIMMY:

Nothing

Short pause.

BEATRICE:

The photograph

JIMMY:

Yes

BEATRICE:

Maybe it was blurred

JIMMY:

It was a clear photograph ...everything was clear ...the colours
...sharp...a really good likeness ...her eyes have never been sharper

BEATRICE:

And your son

JIMMY:

He was with me the whole time

BEATRICE:

When you were looking for her

JIMMY:

She used to get up earlier than us ...go for a long walk along the beach and swim out in the sea ...she liked to swim naked if no-one else was around

BEATRICE:

How do you know

JIMMY:

What

BEATRICE:

That she was naked

JIMMY:

I went with her sometimes and then both of us would swim out naked

BEATRICE:

Did you look on the beach

JIMMY:

Yes...but we didn't find anything ...no-one found anything ...she'd disappeared

BEATRICE:

Has she been declared dead

JIMMY:

-

BEATRICE.

Perhaps she didn't love you

JIMMY:

-

BEATRICE:

Or maybe it's you that can't love

JIMMY:

-

BEATRICE.

Are you incapable of relating to another person's emotional life

JIMMY:

-

BEATRICE.

I used to be with a man who loved no-one but himself ...one morning I went to the sea and swam away...I swam so far out that I could no longer see the shore ...until I couldn't carry on ...I looked up and saw the sun colour the clouds and then I started to sink

Pause.

BEATRICE:

I only went a meter under ...I'd swum out to a sandbank ...
I stood there until a little fishing boat turned up a moment later ...
He hauled me up in his boat

Silence.

BEATRICE:

I don't have any children

JIMMY.

--

BEATRICE:

There's something wrong with my ovaries

Pause.

BEATRICE:

You work in a cloakroom ...is that a good job

JIMMY:

Sure

BEATRICE:

Where do you work

JIMMY:

Red Moon

BEATRICE:

Down by the station

JIMMY:

Yes

BEATRICE:

Tell me about yourself

JIMMY:

...why

BEATRICE:

We'll find out anyway so you might as well start

JIMMY:

There's not much to say

BEATRICE:

We could well be searching your place as we speak

JIMMY:

--

BEATRICE:

Going through your wardrobes ...taking all your computers
 ...sifting them for information ...we might be examining the curtain
 poles ...turning the rugs over ...looking to see what you really keep
 in your salt cellar ...so you might as well start now ...tell me who
 you are ...so we can put everything in context ...what will we find in
 your computer for example

JIMMY:

Can you do this

BEATRICE:

What

JIMMY:

Ask questions and threaten me

BEATRICE:

We can do what the hell we like

JIMMY:

...Am I being accused of something

BEATRICE:

Perhaps you haven't grasped the seriousness of what your son has done ...tomorrow the media will blow this up and your life will be plastered all over the place and played out on TV ...in a few days you'll be recognised in the street ...your whole life will be public property ...you'll be asked to appear on chat shows...you'll be offered large sums for revealing the truth about your life ...and you sit here asking me what you're accused of ...I'm just warming you up a bit ... so that you won't be shocked when you leave here ...so that you won't get lost in the circus you'll find yourself in a few hours' time ...do you actually realise what your son has done ...it's bordering on the unspeakable so to question my motives is somewhat ...naive...so I'll ask the question once again ...is there anything particular you want to tell me ...is there anything you know we'll find at your place that you would like to tell me about now

JIMMY:

A fascination

BEATRICE:

--

JIMMY:

For bodies

BEATRICE:

Really

JIMMY:

For bodies that brush against each other

BEATRICE:

Brush

JIMMY:

Against each other

ANGIE:

...what do you mean

JIMMY:

I have a fascination for bodies that ...

ANGIE:

What else do they do

JIMMY:

Move each other

BEATRICE:

In what way

JIMMY:

Many different ways

BEATRICE:

I can see that but what way interests you

JIMMY.

I'm mostly interested in ...

ANGIE:

...yes

JIMMY:

It's difficult to say

ANGIE:

Try

Pause.

BEATRICE:

What sort of bodies are they

JIMMY:

--

BEATRICE:

Are they living bodies

JIMMY:

What's all this got to do with my son

BEATRICE:

I already told you that

JIMMY:

I don't understand what we're talking about

BEATRICE:

Listen to me very carefully now ...if I class this is as a case of terrorism I can shine a torch up your arse without anyone worrying about the ethical or moral implications... so what I'm offering you is simply an informal opportunity to have a talk with the Commissioner ...i.e. me ...who is tasked with investigating the moment of madness your son engaged in

She looks at her watch.

BEATRICE:

Exactly one hour and seven minutes ago

BEATRICE:

We'll be seeing a lot of each other

JIMMY:

--

BEATRICE:

And I am a human being too

JIMMY:

Can I go home now

ANGIE:

Nice belt

JIMMY:

--

ANGIE:

A really nice belt

LI:

A really nice belt

JIMMY:

--

ANGIE:

Must be handmade

LI:

Must be handmade

JIMMY:

Perhaps it is

BEATRICE:

We use a role-play method here to act out relationships

They bring out the doll and give it to Jimmy.

BEATRICE:

Your son...Try at least

JIMMY:

To do what

BEATRICE:

Role-play

JIMMY:

What the fuck are you talking about

BEATRICE:

Your son...the doll represents your son

Short pause.

JIMMY:

I see...

BEATRICE.

How did you leave each other

JIMMY:
I believe he said goodbye and then he left

ANGIE:
As usual...

JIMMY:
How do you mean

BEATRICE:
Did he leave as usual

JIMMY:
Yes...I think so

LI:
He wasn't limping

JIMMY:
Why would he do that

BEATRICE:
Same ritual

JIMMY:
He said Bye and left

BEATRICE:
Did you have eye contact

JIMMY:
No

ANGIE:
Same as usual then

JIMMY:
Yes...same as usual

LI:
I mean you don't usually have eye contact

JIMMY:

Sometimes we do...but...

BEATRICE:

Not so often perhaps

JIMMY:

No we don't...

BEATRICE:

Anything about his voice ...anything that ...might set an alarm bell ringing somewhere

JIMMY:

No...

BEATRICE:

Nothing strange ...at all...just a normal day like any other

JIMMY:

Yes...

ANGIE:

Think now for Christ's sake

JIMMY:

Can I go now

BEATRICE:

I'd really like to know what happened there before he left

JIMMY:

But I've already told you what happened

LI:

It's not enough

JIMMY:

What the fuck do you mean it's not enough

BEATRICE:

To get a picture of what it was like there with you and your son before he set off to implement his plan

Short pause.

LI:

Make an effort now

JIMMY:

What do you want me to do

ANGIE:

This is your son I said

JIMMY:

--

BEATRICE:

Did he eat anything before he left

JIMMY:

We sat at the table a while

BEATRICE:

The kitchen table

JIMMY:

Yes that's right ...at the kitchen table

BEATRICE:

Could I see ...

JIMMY:

--

BEATRICE:

Now he's sitting at the table and you are in the kitchen ...could I see what happened

JIMMY:

What do you mean

ANGIE:

Don't talk to me talk to your son he's sitting there waiting for you

Pause.

JIMMY:

Meatballs and pasta ...

Short pause.

JIMMY:

But this is ridiculous

ANGIE:

Try!

LI:

Try

BEATRICE.

Try

Short pause.

JIMMY:

I haven't got any meatballs and pasta I said ...why not ...because you've eaten all the meatballs ...no...it's not that I don't buy enough meatballs...it's you that eats too many ...yes it is ... Listen to me now ...last time I bought five packs of meatballs and put them in the freezer ...Five packs of organic meatballs ... expensive meatballs

JIMMY (cont.)

I bought and now just as I was thinking of frying a few meatballs for you there's only two left ... and then I begin to wonder ...how the hell have we got through five packs of meatballs

Short pause.

JIMMY:

I didn't eat them all ...no I didn't ...No I said!

Short pause.

JIMMY:

So what do we eat now ...I'm not going to buy any pizza ...sit down ...sit down ...sit I said ...now listen to me ...this is what we can do ...you can have ...what did you say ...what was that you said ...when...when did she ring ...what did she want ...did she say that ...that she was going away ...if you wanted to go with her ...when...next week ...but what the hell is she going there for ...do you want to then...what did you say ...what did you say to her ...oh...now we're getting there ...where has she been all year ...where has she been ...that's right ...nobody knows ...maybe it's not even her that called ...it might be someone who says it's her ...your mother ...who the hell knows ...I haven't seen her for over a year ...have you ...have you seen her ...really...when was that...what did you say ...last week ...it's not her I said ...you're lying to me ...you've met someone who looks like your mother ...she'll never get in touch with you or me ever again and do you know why ...she never loved us

Pause.

JIMMY:

Can't you see how it hurts me ...look at me ...why can't you look at me ...what do you see ...a father who's hurting ...a father who wants to cry...but I can't cry ...even though I've been on courses to learn how to cry I still can't cry ...but if you look very closely you can see tears starting to form ...look into my eyes ...here ...can you see that little tear ...if it breaks a great big waterfall will come gushing out of me ...there's a lifetime of tears hidden behind that little tear ...and if it starts to break I might cry so hard that we drown ...both of us ...because you haven't learned how to swim properly ...have you ...you can't swim more than a few metres ...I was a brilliant swimmer when I was young ...when I was your age I was in

JIMMY. (cont.)

the bloody swimming pool all day every day ...but you wouldn't survive long here if I really started to cry ...and do you know why I could really cry ...because you're lying to me ...because you're going behind my back ...yes you are ...you wolf down all the meatballs and you say you've met someone who says she's your mother ...don't you ... Watch out ...I don't start crying for real ...because the whole world will go under ...that's how much crying I have in this tiny little tear

SCEN 4

ANGIE:

He said he needed to be alone ...he was tired of company ...
That's what he said ...he was tired of always hanging around with
me ...so he said ...he was tired of our kisses ...and so he left

LI:

Tired of your kisses

BEATRICE:

That's not how it fucking was

ANGIE.

What do you know

BEATRICE:

I told him to pack a sodding little bag and bugger off

ANGIE:

He was tired of me

BEATRICE:

I was tired of him

ANGIE:

He packed a suitcase and left

BEATRICE:

Yes because I told him to

ANGIE:

Is that what happened

BEATRICE:

Think about it now

ANGIE:

He took a suitcase

BEATRICE:

A bag for God's sake

ANGIE:

I said a suitcase

BEATRICE:

Bag

ANGIE:

Suitcase

Pause.

BEATRICE:

He went to bed that evening ...I sat on the terrace ...looking out at the sea ...I sat there smoking ...drank a glass of wine ...

ANGIE:

Wasn't it me that swam out that morning ...

LI:

Was it you that swam out

BEATRICE:

I could hardly get a peep out of him ...he was tired and hung-over ...got up ...put on a pair of shorts and a sweater ...I went first ...he followed me ...we walked a long way down the beach ...I got undressed and walked out in the water ...he didn't want to swim ...sat in the sand ...said he was tired

ANGIE:

That's right ...he said he was tired of everything ...

LI:

And so I swam out in the water ...swam as far as I could

BEATRICE:

As far as I could

ANGIE:

Then I sank

BEATRICE:

Then I sank

LI:

Then I sank

SCENE 5

JIMMY:

Of course I'm capable of loving someone ...anyone can love ...that much is fucking clear ...everyone can love someone ...if only they try ...I know lots about love ...no...I'm not talking about sex ...I'm talking about ...love ...something more than sweaty hands ...no forgive me ...forget what I said ...I didn't mean it ...it's just me that's immature ...

Pause.

JIMMY:

You weren't so easy to live with I said ...you neither ...really I said and look at me ...I mean what my mouth says ...my mouth says lots of things ...my mouthI'm proud of my mouth ...it's a beautiful mouth ...I love mouths ...

Pause.

JIMMY:

Anyone can love ...anyone can kill ...it only takes courage ...to love ... To kill...with the same hand ...with the same hand I said ...love and kill...

JIMMY:

Why are you sitting ...like that

ANGIE:

Like what

JIMMY:

Like you're sitting

ANGIE:

What do you mean

JIMMY:

What are you sitting like that for

ANGIE:

How else should I sit

JIMMY:

...I'm losing my ... focus

ANGIE:

Because I'm sitting like this

Brief pause

ANGIE:

How do you want me to sit then

JIMMY:

I don't know

She shifts her position.

ANGIE:

Like this maybe

JIMMY:

I don't know

ANGIE:

Or...like this

Jimmy kisses her. Throttles her. She gets up. Laughs. Leaves.

Music

Jimmy gets the doll

He goes forward to the edge of the stage and crouches down there with the doll in his lap.

Hugs it.

Puts it to bed. Tucks it in. Comforts it. Smokes.

ACT 2

SCENE 6

BEATRICE:

You're becoming famous

JIMMY:

How is he

BEATRICE:

He's never been better

JIMMY:

...Can I see him

BEATRICE:

We're holding a press conference in two hours' time

JIMMY.

-

BEATRICE:

We'll be going into the details of what took place

JIMMY:

--

BEATRICE:

What do you think of my trousers

JIMMY:

About your trousers

BEATRICE:

Yes...are they too tight ...or are they a bit baggy

JIMMY:

They look as though they fit OK

BEATRICE:

OK enough ?

JIMMY:

For what ?

BEATRICE:

I'm not happy with these trousers

JIMMY:

Really

BEATRICE:

They could be a bit tighter here

She pulls her trousers together at the back.

BEATRICE:

I've complained ...after all I'm the one who has to face the media...wearing trousers I don't feel comfortable in ...if I'd been a man it would have been no problem

JIMMY:

What wouldn't

BEATRICE:

My trousers

JIMMY:

Why don't you wear a skirt

BEATRICE:

Would you have preferred a woman in a skirt

JIMMY:

No

BEATRICE:

So what did you say that for then

JIMMY:

I mean...if you don't like your trousers ...so

BEATRICE:

You are manipulative ...did you know that ...a real little schemer when it comes down to it ...a little smokescreen ...aren't you ...a little puffball

JIMMY:

--

BEATRICE:

Cartoons ...do you watch a lot of cartoons

JIMMY:

Cartoons

BEATRICE:

Snow White and the seven dwarfs

JIMMY:

No

BEATRICE:

I'm talking about the live action version

Pause.

BEATRICE:

Do you swim much

JIMMY:

Not for a while

BEATRICE:

How about flying

JIMMY:

What do you mean

BEATRICE:

Do you fly often

JIMMY:

No

BEATRICE:

What are you thinking about now

JIMMY:

What am I thinking about

BEATRICE:

You...that's right ...you...what are you thinking about now

JIMMY:

Nothing special

BEATRICE:

Mind completely blank

JIMMY:

No

BEATRICE:

Think of something

JIMMY:

-

BEATRICE:

Concentrate

JIMMY:

-

ANGIE:

You're thinking about a fly ...a big bluebottle on a big red wall

JIMMY:

I am not

ANGIE:

I used to be able to read your thoughts

JIMMY:

-

BEATRICE:

What sort of films does your son watch

JIMMY:

I really don't know

BEATRICE:

If you think about it

JIMMY:

I don't know

BEATRICE:

Try

Short pause.

JIMMY:

We have Pay TV and for his 12th birthday he asked for a TV in his room and since then I don't know what he watches ...

Why do you ask

BEATRICE:

The way he ...

JIMMY:

What

BEATRICE:

What happened

JIMMY:

Yes

BEATRICE:

It's quite advanced for a 13 year-old

JIMMY:

Kids are a bit more mature these days

BEATRICE:

Or vulnerable

JIMMY:

--

BEATRICE:

Vulnerable to the media

JIMMY:

He's no more vulnerable than anyone else

BEATRICE:

The boy that died

JIMMY:

Yes

BEATRICE:

The one who was shot by your son

JIMMY:

How do you know it was my son that

BEATRICE:

Your son

Short pause.

BEATRICE:

In the anus

JIMMY:

--

BEATRICE:

Your son pulled the victim's trousers off, pushed the barrel up his backside and fired three shots

JIMMY:

-

BEATRICE:

That's why I want to know what sort of films he watches ... because it's hardly something a 13 year-old comes up with himself

Short pause.

BEATRICE:

I've had some inquiries made into you since we last met and ... you've worked in the entertainment industry haven't you

JIMMY:

Mmm

BEATRICE:

Could you tell me about it

JIMMY:

I wrote TV screenplays for many years

BEATRICE:

And what does that involve

JIMMY:

It involves me...

Pause.

BEATRICE:

Would you like something to drink ... a glass of water ... or something stronger

JIMMY:

No...

BEATRICE:

You wrote a police series called "Inquiry" didn't you

JIMMY:

I was one of ... seven writers

BEATRICE:

Are there so many of you writing

JIMMY:

On this series yes

BEATRICE:

I didn't like it ...some of them here at the station thought it was good but I thought it was full of ...clichés

JIMMY:

--

BEATRICE:

But there was one scene

JIMMY:

--

BEATRICE:

Was it you that wrote it

JIMMY:

Yes

BEATRICE:

How did you think that up

JIMMY:

I probably wasn't thinking so much

BEATRICE:

I remember it very clearly

JIMMY:

--

BEATRICE:

If only because it sheds a certain light on what has happened

JIMMY:

--

BEATRICE:
Don't you think so

BEATRICE:
The one who got shot ...

JIMMY:
In the TV series

BEATRICE:
...what was he again

JIMMY:
Paedophile

BEATRICE:
That's it ...he was a paedophile

JIMMY:
Mm

BEATRICE:
It was someone's father that committed the murder ...wasn't it
...the father of a little girl that had been assaulted in the TV series
you wrote

JIMMY:
I didn't write the series ...I wrote some scenes

BEATRICE:
Including the one with the murdered paedophile

JIMMY:
Mm

BEATRICE:
Why are you so fixated with paedophiles

JIMMY:
--

BEATRICE:

Everyone who works in films and TV seem to have a fixation with paedophiles

JIMMY:

Someone else decided that that character should be a paedophile and I was asked to write the scenes leading up to the murder

BEATRICE:

Do you have a little filing cabinet where you choose the various jobs ...police...paedophile... victim...criminal...do you have a little drawer with job cards where you just pull out a card and he gets to be a little ...paedophile

JIMMY:

No we don't

BEATRICE:

And

JIMMY:

And what

BEATRICE:

How did you think

JIMMY:

How...

BEATRICE:

What's the best way to murder a ...

JIMMY:

...a paedophile

BEATRICE:

You asked yourself that question

JIMMY:

Yes

BEATRICE:

And so you wrote a scene where a father shoves a gun up a paedophile's rectum and fires it three times

JIMMY:

-

BEATRICE:

When we were searching the house we found an automatic weapon
in your son's wardrobe... and 473 cartridges

Pause.

BEATRICE:

Any idea how the weapon ended up in your son's wardrobe?

JIMMY:

No

BEATRICE:

Ask him

JIMMY:

What do you mean

BEATRICE:

Well he's standing there

She points at the doll.

BEATRICE:

Ask him why he had a weapon in his wardrobe

JIMMY:

I can't...

BEATRICE:

Ask him whether he was thinking of shooting you or whether he was
thinking of shooting your neighbours or whether it was his classmates he was
thinking of pointing the weapon at... ask him if he misses you ...does he miss
you ...ask him if he wants to hang around with you any more ...

Ask him if he loves you

Jimmy falls to his knees.

SCEN 7

JIMMY:

When I rang you ...I was sitting in bed and ...I was ringing you all night ...sitting in bed ...when I lay down in ...that's it ...I lay down in bed...sometimes on my stomach and sometimes on my back ...occasionally on my side...maybe...yes I lay on my side too ...trying to focus ...collect my thoughts ...regain control over my ...I was overcome by panic a few times ...no fun ...no...no fun at all in fact ...when ...then I lie on my back and press the pillow into my face...hard...damn hard ...but now I'm standing here ...and you're sitting there but before that I was lying in bed trying to watch TV ...do you watch much TV ...I hardly ever watch TV ...except when ... overcomes me ...then I switch the TV on...switch the TV on...switch a TV on

LI:

--

JIMMY:

I saw three films ...one was about ...it was a Mafia film about two brothers one had been murdered and the other is going to get his revenge but he gets shot too in the end and they bury him alongside his brother that died at the beginning and then I watched a porn film about an older woman that has sex with younger women and then sometimes she would have sex with the pool guy and then her bloke comes home and they all have sex together ...and then this morning there was a documentary about climate change ...Did you know that the Amazon basin is about to burn up ...and when it burns up and the poles melt ...

LI.

Who's ringing

JIMMY:

Here you mean

LI:

Yes

JIMMY:

Journalists...a bunch of fucking journalists

LI:

What for

JIMMY:

They probably want to fucking know

LI:

What is it they want to know

JIMMY:

Where he's from

LI:

Your son

JIMMY:

That porn film was quite ...predictable...do you like porn films

LI:

...where is your son now

JIMMY:

They're full of clichés ...have you ever thought that ...we're surrounded by fucking clichés ...that's what I was thinking last night...we're completely surrounded by clichés

LI:

You were thinking about that last night

JIMMY:

Don't you ever think about it

LI:

--

JIMMY:

I miss the kissing

LI:

Which kiss

JIMMY:

Our kiss

LI:

Your kiss ...you always talked about your fucking kiss ...didn't you
...can you own a kiss I asked and you always said it was your kiss

JIMMY:

-

LI:

Kiss me

JIMMY:

I can't remember how to

LI:

I want your kiss

JIMMY:

I don't have a kiss

LI:

Kiss me

Silence.

JIMMY:

What did you do last night

LI:

Why are you wondering about that

JIMMY:

I missed you

LI:

We don't know each other

JIMMY:

It feels like we know each other

LI:

It said in the paper that you've worked as a screenplay writer

JIMMY:

Yes

LI:

Are you still a screenplay writer

JIMMY:

I might be

LI:

And now you spend your nights in a cloakroom

JIMMY:

Maybe I do

LI:

What happened

JIMMY:

I wrote a screenplay no-one was interested in

LI:

Why

JIMMY:

What

LI:

What sort of screenplay

JIMMY:

I wrote a film screenplay called "Night Rider" based on Jim Morrison's last week in Paris in June 1971 and about someone in the Iraq War in 2008 who's also called Jim Morrison and who gets shot in Fallujah at exactly the same age as the singer Jim Morrison

LI:

A screenplay about two Jim Morrisons

JIMMY:

About two possible lives

LI:

Paris then and Iraq now

JIMMY:

Yes

LI:

Is death important to you

JIMMY:

A fascination perhaps...for the essence of live ...how the moment of death brings everything into focus

LI:

Do you believe that

JIMMY:

Maybe it's just a moment like any other but I'm fascinated by the last moments of two people's lives

LI:

In your life

JIMMY:

Yes...the last moments in my life

LI:

What do you think about a suicide bomber's last moments

JIMMY:

According to the Tibetan Book of the Dead our last thought is crucial for our next reincarnation

LI:

Do you believe that

JIMMY:

Well no-one knows when we're going to die ...so each thought becomes important ...because each thought could be your last

LI:

I've read your screenplay

JIMMY:

Have you

LI:

Yes

JIMMY:

How come

LI:

I just read it

JIMMY:

Yes but how did you come across a screenplay

LI:

Someone at the House had a copy ...it was a beautiful summer's evening ...we were having a masquerade party... the theme was the French Revolution and afterwards when we were sitting on the veranda drinking some chilled rosé wine someone started reading your screenplay out loud

JIMMY:

What did he look like

LI:

A voice read your text out loud to the rest of us

JIMMY:

What did he look like, the guy that was reading

LI:

She was cropped

She's a mezzo-soprano and works at the Opera ...a very beautiful voice...she sang half the screenplay

JIMMY:

She sang my screenplay ...

LI:

It was a mild summer evening the sky was pink and she sang your text about Jim Morrison's two lives

LI:

She sang some of the dialogue ...especially the bits where Jim Morrison is in the bathtub ...in falsetto

Pause.

JIMMY:

I'm thinking of growing a beard ...what do you think

LI:

Your son ... Have you seen him

JIMMY:

I saw him yesterday

LI:

How was he

JIMMY:

He was pale ...he sat there all quiet looking at the floor and when I tried to take his hand he pulled it away and clenched his fist ...then we sat there in silence for the few minutes that were left of the visiting time

LI:

Were you alone

JIMMY:

No...he is under permanent observation ...they're scared he might kill himself

LI:

Must be awful

JIMMY:

I don't know how it is ...

LI:

I read in the paper that

JIMMY:

You shouldn't believe everything you read in the fucking papers ...or see on TV...you need to watch your fucking step

LI:

--

JIMMY:

His mother used to say that

ANGIE

That you need to watch your step

JIMMY:

She always said that

ANGIE:

Your son's mother

JIMMY:

...that she couldn't work him out ...she always said that ...as though you could work out everyone you meet ...when most of them are like...

Short pause.

JIMMY:

a sandstorm... like a bloody sandstorm ...you can't see anything ...lose all sense of direction...fumble around ...end up on your back ...you lie there on your back staring up at the ceiling ...and when I ask if she wants a cup of tea she doesn't answer ...she just lies there on her back

JIMMY: (cont.)

staring up at the ceiling when I know ...all of us in that fucking apartment know that we need to paint the ceiling because the paint keeps flaking off all the time ...sometimes we're woken up at night by flakes of paint floating down over our faces ...she lies there staring...doesn't even blink ...staring up at the paint flaking off like dandruff from the ceiling and doesn't answer my question

LI:
I'm meeting two women tonight

JIMMY:
Are you

LI:
Do you want to come

JIMMY:
-

LI:
Maybe you need me to

JIMMY:
Why

LI:
You seem to need other people

JIMMY:
Who are these women

LI:
Two women

Short pause.

LI:
Do you want to come

JIMMY:
Maybe

LI:
You're tense

She strokes his back.

JIMMY:
You're nice

LI:

They're nice too

JIMMY:

We need more niceness in the world ...don't we

LI:

They are very nice ...they have soft hands ...and whispering voices

JIMMY:

I like voices that whisper

LI:

Like this

JIMMY:

Yes

LI:

Why do we always speak in a loud voice

JIMMY:

I don't know...

LI:

My mother always used to whisper to me ...before I went to school
she would come towards me like this ...and say

She whispers

Jimmy laughs.

LI:

And then I would carry those words with me all day

JIMMY:

Did she say that

LI:

She said various things but she did say that

JIMMY:

I like whispering voices

LI:
So do I

JIMMY:
My Mum and Dad never whispered

LI:
Never

JIMMY:
No

LI:
What about you

JIMMY:
...I like whispering

LI:
And I like hearing secrets

JIMMY:
Shall I whisper one to you

LI:
If you like

JIMMY:
Can I whisper whatever I like

LI:
Whatever you like

Jimmy bends forward and whispers close up.

She steps back.

Pause.

LI:
What did you say that for

JIMMY:

I don't know

LI:

I'm a bit shocked actually

He takes hold of her.

They kiss each other.

Kissing stops.

LI:

You tasted of too much juniper

JIMMY:

And you tasted of ...nothing

Pause.

JIMMY:

You don't exist

LI:

What do you mean

JIMMY:

I rang the University ...they put me through to your department but no-one there knows who you are

LI:

Really

JIMMY:

So who are you then

Short pause.

LI:

I do exist ...

JIMMY.

No-one had heard of you or your dissertation

LI:

But I'm standing here ...in front of you ...my kiss exists ...my saliva exists

JIMMY:

But who are you then

LI:

Maybe it's the University that doesn't exist

JIMMY:

When I rang someone answered

LI:

Could have been anyone

JIMMY:

I got as far as the Behavioural Sciences department

LI.

Could have been a whole family

JIMMY:

That what

LI:

You dialled the wrong number ...someone took the opportunity to play a little joke ...you fell for it

Short pause.

JIMMY:

Yes that could be it ...I dialled the wrong number ...got through to a group of people who were sitting there just waiting for me to call

LI:

Perhaps not just you

JIMMY:

But someone like me you mean

LI:

I didn't like your screenplay ...we sat there laughing at it ...
 Dusk fell and there was a cool sea breeze and the woman reading it
 had to tell us off the whole time ...because we were sitting there
 laughing our heads off at your screenplay ...it was a boring story ...it
 wasn't entertaining and what's more you described the two Jim
 Morrisons as two people with big problems ...too big ...so in the end
 all we could do was laugh ...do you understand ...your screenplay
 about death in Paris and death in Iraq made us all laugh ...and I
 remember that an old man ...an strange sort because he has a
 prosthesis here ... his right hand is a prosthesis and it's very unusual
 ...when you are so intimate with each other as we are in that House
 ...he said: "whoever wrote this text has got to be a nihilist"

Pause.

LI:

Can you dance

JIMMY:

What do you mean

LI.

Dance

JIMMY:

What...

LI:

Dance ...can you ...do a pirouette for me

Jimmy does a pirouette.

LI:

How gifted you are

JIMMY:

I can't dance

LI:

Of course you can ...do it again

JIMMY:

I don't want to

ANGIE:

Again I said

He does another pirouette.

LI:

Good...

They applaud him.

LI:

You'd probably look good in a beard ...

SCENE 8

JIMMY:

Night Rider. Scene one. Exterior. Jim Morrison attached the C4 explosive to the door ...No...like this...I'm attaching the explosive to the door ...oh fuck ...I've forgotten the C4 ...I'm attaching the C4 explosive to the door...and then I rush round to the side of the house ...when the door blows off we storm in ...eight fully equipped soldiers looking for persons of the male sex over 5 feet tall ...we storm into a living room with sofas along the walls ...there's a child and a woman ...in another room we find two teenage boys ...and another old woman ...we shout ...all of us who are storming in there ...shout all the fucking time ... "hit the deck for fuck's sake ...don't you hear what we're saying ...for fuck's sake...hit the floor ...you stupid fucking idiots"...

JIMMY: (cont.)

But they can't understand us so we heave them onto the floor ...place our knees against their backs... drag their hands behind their backs and put zip cuffs round their wrists ...our orders are to take any men over five feet tall ...take them to the truck that's waiting outside... get them up on the platform and drive away with them into the Iraqi night ...our orders are also to search for weapons and bombs and

terrorists ...we heave closets around ...slash mattresses open ... clear out the refrigerator... yank out the TV... cut all the cables ...and outside women and children stand there watching night after night ...hundreds of raids ...blowing doors off ...storming in and beating and mistreating and arresting any person of the male sex over five feet tall and then up they go on the truck platform and off into the Iraqi night ...night after night ... over and over again ...destroying doors ...clearing out refrigerators ...slashing mattresses knocking down walls ...heaving closets around ...throw a stereo system out the window ...smash the toilet to bits and out there women and children are standing there watching ...the children's eyes when I hack open their toys searching for bombs and ammunition or maps of the World Trade Center the children's eyes when we take away their fathers, brothers and cousins or when we set up a road block ...look into every fucking automobile ...every one looking after weapons and bombs ...check ID cards ... and suddenly some dumb fuck drives past the stop marker ...a bit of red tape across the street ...some dumb fuck drives past a yard too far and the ground begins to sway as we all start shooting at the dumb fuck who's driven a yard past our bit of tape we shoot at him with twenty different weapons ...for twenty fucking seconds the ground sways beneath us and when we rain our fire down on the automobile with the dumb fuck inside ...the driver is dead when we open the door ...his head is still hanging on to his body by just a few threads of flesh and there's blood everywhere ... beside the dead driver sits a little boy maybe ten years' old ...and when I lift him out the automobile he's still alive but he's missing an arm ...we've shot it off ...sawn off his arm and hand ...we've sawn off his arm with our guns... I carry him to some medics ...the boy looks up at me with his eyes ...eyes that don't understand anything ...his eyes are fixed ...his eyes are fixed ...in surprise ...at me ...at us ...at his father whose head is hanging off ...his eyes look at me and when we search the automobile for weapons and bombs we find an orange soccer ball in the trunk

JIMMY:

A girl comes up to me when I'm standing guard outside a hospital ...she comes up to me and stretches out her hand through the fence that separates us ...she stretches her hand out to me and looks at me with her mournful eyes and asks me if I have any food ...food mister...she says ...food mister...and I give her my pack of freeze-dried food ...I give her a pack every time she comes up to the fence

and stretches out her skinny hand and asks ...food mister...food mister...and I give her a pack and look into her mournful eyes ...my comrades are starting to hassle me ...starting to ask if I'm hot on the girl ...I say she's not more than twelve years' old ...but still they hassle me ...so one day when she comes up to the fence someone fires a shot and her head explodes like a puffball in the sunshine ...like a puffball in slow-motion ...just like that ...and her skinny body slumps down to the gravel

SCENE 9

Jimmy in.
Wearing a beard.

LI:
Was it hard to find your way here

JIMMY:
No...

LI:
Did you take a taxi

JIMMY:
...I cycled

BEATRICE:
...without a helmet

JIMMY:
...Yes...without a helmet

BEATRICE:
Irresponsible...very irresponsible

JIMMY:
It's my head

BEATRICE:

But when you're lying on the tarmac with pool of blood around your little head it's no longer your problem ...because then the public services have to turn out and take care of you ...drive you to the nearest hospital ...perform tests...X-ray your little head and keep you in for observation for a few days

JIMMY:

But I'm here now

BEATRICE:

Thank the Lord

JIMMY:

If you just obey the traffic lights and keep you eyes open you survive

ANGIE:

Something to drink

JIMMY:

And my head isn't little

BEATRICE:

Well it doesn't look over-large either

ANGIE:

I think you have a nice head ...just right

JIMMY:

There are a lot smaller

ANGIE:

My ex had a very small head ...I could almost cup it in both hands
...like this

She demonstrates.

As if she were holding a tennis ball.

LI:

Shall we have something to drink

BEATRICE:

Something to drink anyone

ANGIE:
Yes ...something to drink

JIMMY:
I'll have the same as you

BEATRICE:
He'll have the same as us

LI.
Same we're having

ANGIE:
Does anyone want ice

BEATRICE:
Anyone want ice

JIMMY:
I'd like ice

LI:
He wants ice

BEATRICE:
Ice...

JIMMY:
Who's this

He points at a photo.

BEATRICE:
I don't know

JIMMY:
Looks like a friend of mine

BEATRICE:
Someone you know or someone you knew

JIMMY:

Somewhere in between maybe ...someone I know but who's stayed away because he owes me money

JIMMY:

Who is this

ANGIE:

My brother ...Jim

JIMMY:

Your brother Jim

ANGIE:

Yes...

JIMMY:

Where is he

ANGIE:

The last time I spoke to him he was in Iraq

JIMMY:

What's he doing there

ANGIE:

He's a soldier

JIMMY:

In Iraq

ANGIE:

That's what he said

JIMMY:

He owes me money

ANGIE:

He comes home occasionally ...next time will probably be in a few months

BEATRICE:

If he survives

ANGIE:

Why do you say that

BEATRICE:

Well he is a soldier

ANGIE:

He's in the police I mean

BEATRICE:

Police

ANGIE:

Military police...he works in a prison ...he guards suspects

LI:

Suspects

ANGIE:

From around the world ...he always says that he stands guard so that people like you and me can sleep safe at night

JIMMY:

Has he killed anyone

ANGIE:

No why would he

JIMMY:

Well he is a guard in a prison

ANGIE:

He helps people ...he is humane

BEATRICE:

But it was him that sent you that funny Christmas card wasn't it

ANGIE:

Of the masquerade

BEATRICE:

Or whatever it was

ANGIE:
A Christmas masquerade party I think

LI:
What was on the card then

ANGIE:
A masquerade party I said

JIMMY
Is he a nice brother

ANGIE:
The nicest in the world

JIMMY:
He never hit you

ANGIE:
No he didn't

BEATRICE:
Five naked men crouching down

ANGIE:
It was a masquerade I said

LI:
Do you still have the photo

ANGIE:
No

BEATRICE:
They have black hoods over their heads ...they're crouching like five dogs on a cold concrete floor ...your brother ...your nice brother that never hit you...who used to collect stamps once upon a time ...who liked cartoons is standing on their backs in his combat uniform and he has his arms around a female guard ...she's looking at your brother ...she's dark ...looks plain ...she's also wearing combat uniform ...your brother has his hands under her shoulders and round her backside ...she's looking at

your brother and sticking her long tongue out at him ...your nice brother is smiling at the camera...the five prisoners' heads are bowed ...bowed heads in dark hoods ...and your brother smiles at the camera and the female guard pulls out her long tongue in your brother's face ...he looks happy ...as if he had realised what life is all about ...he smiles ...
At the camera ...at you ...at the whole fucking world

ANGIE:

I still think it's some kind of masquerade party ...that Father Christmas is on his way and he might be late so they're just play-acting to kill time ...yes that's it ...I think they're play-acting and that the people crouching down there are other prison guards ...because the prisoners are locked in their cells...or rooms perhaps they're called ...they're watching TV ...watching a film...a black and white film called Life is Wonderful...that's it ...they've just had their Christmas dinner ...and now they're full ...they don't want to be in the masquerade...they're resting ...digesting their food ...letting their guts get to work ...a little ...that's right ...their guts...

LI:

The best way to dehumanise an individual is to deprive them of their senses...with hoods ...to remove any visual impression ...earplugs to minimise the sense of hearing ...a mask to make breathing difficult ...the hood also impairs the sense of smell ...gloves to take away the sense of touch ...the individual undergoing sensory deprivation should preferably wear something that makes any direct contact with the surroundings impossible ...and then let time pass ...make him lose all sense of night or day ...

JIMMY:

Your brother owes me seven hundred

ANGIE:

You'll have to speak to him about it

JIMMY:

Can't you give it to me for him

ANGIE:

How do I know you're telling the truth

JIMMY:

Look at me

ANGIE:

--

JIMMY:

Do I look like I'm lying

BEATRICE:

You look like any fucking thing ...I think I should tell you that you have no right whatsoever to come here and demand money from her to pay some debt her brother may or may not have with you

JIMMY:

I'm not talking to you

BEATRICE:

But I'm talking to you

Short pause.

ANGIE:

Shall we have something to drink

BEATRICE:

I just need to ask something

JIMMY:

Ask away

BEATRICE:

You remind me of someone

JIMMY:

Who's that

BEATRICE:

Someone I met

JIMMY:

Who do I look like

BEATRICE:
Can you help me

JIMMY:
If I say it you'll only be embarrassed

BEATRICE:
A clue ...give me a clue

JIMMY:
He's dead

BEATRICE:
Who is

JIMMY:
The one I look like

BEATRICE:

JIMMY:
I said he's dead

BEATRICE:
How come

JIMMY:
No-one knows ...he died in ...mysterious circumstances in a bathtub in
Paris

BEATRICE:
In a bathtub

JIMMY:
Have you been there

BEATRICE:
In the bathtub

JIMMY:
In Paris

ANGIE:
Shall we have more booze now

Jimmy mumbles to himself.

BEATRICE:
What are you doing

JIMMY:
I'm memorising

BEATRICE:
What did he say

ANGIE:
I don't know

JIMMY:
"This is the end...Beautiful Friend...This is The End...My Only
Friend...The End of our elaborate plans the end...of everything
that stands...the end... no safety or surprise...the end...I'll never
look into your eyes...again..."

BEATRICE:
Did you write that yourself

JIMMY:
Jim Morrison

BEATRICE:
And who is Jim Morrison

JIMMY:
He was a poet

BEATRICE:
Is he dead

JIMMY:
He died in 1971

BEATRICE:

What does someone like you do in the daytime then ...how do you earn your keep ...

LI:
He works in a cloakroom

BEATRICE:
Well now...in a cloakroom ...so you work in a cloakroom and make money and in between you play at being Jim Morrison and then you write crappy drama for the TV too

She pulls his beard off.

BEATRICE:
Do you know what I thought when you came in here ...oh no not him not that sad bastard I spend my days trying to map ...not you I thought when I saw you walk in here with a false beard

ANGIE:
I recognise him too

BEATRICE:
You do eh

ANGIE:
Why do you dress up as him ...what's his name again

BEATRICE:
Of all the millions of people out there ...who of all God's creatures should walk through the door but you ...dressed as a dead man ...fucking pervert...

JIMMY:
I think I'll be going now

ANGIE:
But you haven't answered my question yet

JIMMY:
What question

ANGIE:

Why do you dress up as him ...that ...what the fuck is he called again

BEATRICE:

Jim Morrison

JIMMY:

I have to go now ...a lot to do

BEATRICE:

In the cloakroom

JIMMY:

I have to vacuum

BEATRICE:

Sit down

JIMMY:

Have to wipe the mirrors down

BEATRICE:

Sit down I said

JIMMY:

Throw out the rubbish

BEATRICE:

Sit down!

Jimmy sits down in the armchair.

Angie walks past him.

Smells his neck.

BEATRICE:

What did she promise you

ANGIE:

He smells of something

JIMMY:

Who does

BEATRICE:

To get you to go with her ...what did she promise you

JIMMY:

Nothing

BEATRICE:

What are you doing here then

JIMMY:

Whispering voices

ANGIE:

Whispering voices ...how interesting

LI:

It was easy to convince him ...but he got curious when I said that we
whispered to each other

BEATRICE:

So you like whispering voices

JIMMY:

I'm not used to hearing them

ANGIE:

He smells ...

BEATRICE:

Are you writing a screenplay

JIMMY:

About what

BEATRICE:

When you're in the cloakroom

JIMMY:

Why do you wonder that

BEATRICE:

I follow my intuition and it's telling me a whole lot just now ...lots of alarm bells are ringing as I stand here behind you ...they're ringing and ringing and I have a strong impression that you're playing a double game

JIMMY:

I want to go now

BEATRICE:

You go when I let you

ANGIE:

What double game ...what do you mean

BEATRICE:

He works in the cloakroom so he can get information

ANGIE:

What the hell do you mean

BEATRICE:

He writes ...doesn't he ...Jim Morrison is also part of that writing isn't he

JIMMY:

I've stopped writing

BEATRICE:

I already know

JIMMY:

What

BEATRICE:

You're writing a screenplay aren't you

JIMMY:

--

BEATRICE:

And we're all in it ...you're son's in it too ...and your fantasies are in it...
All your disgusting slimy thoughts about the whole world are in it
...aren't they

JIMMY:

The only screenplay I'm writing or have been writing lately is about two Jim Morrisons

BEATRICE:

What the fuck do you mean two

JIMMY:

About two people with the same name who die the same day but forty years apart ...at exactly the same hour

BEATRICE:

I found some notes on your computer ...diary entries ...about you

ANGIE:

About me

BEATRICE:

How you dress

ANGIE:

It says how I dress

BEATRICE:

Just how you dress ...nothing about your conversations ...nothing about your concern about the boy

ANGIE:

You dirty little shit ...look how it turned out ...look what happened

JIMMY:

My son has a gang after him

ANGIE:

What do you mean

JIMMY:

He's being threatened ...bullied... abused...assaulted...

ANGIE:

Do you have any proof

JIMMY:

When he came home from his first day at school they had cut his hair off

ANGIE:

So you're saying your son is a bloody victim

JIMMY:

He'd had enough

ANGIE:

But your son is someone you want to hit ...every time I see him I want... just to give him a slap...a kick ...he just goes around being oversensitive and you can almost smell the fear ...and if there's anything wrong with the school I work at it's the smell of fear ... my students ...they can smell weakness a mile away ...it attracts the flies ...and then it's over ...then it's fucking over ...don't you think I know who are the flies and who are their victims ...I can see that on the first day ...that's why I'm leaving ...I don't want to be part of the war ...because it is war out there ...and no-one cares if that fear that just grows and grows ends up with someone shoving a gun up some other human being's arse ...the war is here ...this is just the beginning ...we're just seeing the beginning ...the beginning ...do you hear what I'm saying ...the beginning...this is just the beginning

LI.

Who are you ...who exactly are you?

JIMMY:

--

BEATRICE:

I'm wondering too

ANGIE:

Yes...can you explain yourself ...who exactly are you ...what's so bloody interesting about the way I sit ...eh...can you give me a reasonable explanation ...so I can understand who you are ...it's always important for me to understand the people I hang around with ...because that's what we do ...just hang around together ...drink...I'm thirsty ...think I need the toilet but I don't want to miss anything...if I go to the toilet you can bet anything something will happen here ...that I'll miss...is anyone else thirsty ...drink something ...a glass or two

of...something strong

BEATRICE:

You said something about a bathtub

BEATRICE:

You said the guy you look like died in a bathtub

JIMMY:

-

ANGIE:

He smells of old cinnamon ...can you smell it

BEATRICE:

He smells of cinnamon ...that's it ...

ANGIE:

For fuck's sake ...he's here again ...the Cinnamon Man is here again

BEATRICE:

The Cinnamon Man is back

LI:

The Cinnamon Man

Angie drags a bathtub on stage.

BEATRICE:

We need to get rid of the smell ...once and for all

ANGIE:

He has to be bathed ...washed...scrubbed...just get him clean

BEATRICE:

Stand up

Jimmy remains seated.

JIMMY:

They'll be expecting me at the cloakroom

ANGIE-LI:

He has to be bathed ...he has to be bathed ...he has to be bathed

Li takes his belt off.

ANGIE:

Lift...that's it...now the other foot ...that's it

JIMMY:

I really have to be going now

BEATRICE:

First we're going to wash you

JIMMY:

I don't want to

ANGIE:

We need to scrub you because you smell of rotting cinnamon

BEATRICE:

Sit in the bathtub

LI:

Sit then

Beatrice and Angie each hold one of Jimmy's arms.

He sinks down in the tub.

JIMMY:

I am a man in a cloakroom ...who loves his son ...
I still love my wife ...I love you

LI:

You gave me your kiss you said

ANGIE:

The only thing you've done with your life is ...

LI:

Yes...the only thing you've done with you're life ...is

BEATRICE:

I don't know how to ...

ANGIE:

Say it

LI:

So you understand

ANGIE.

You have ...what the fuck have you done with your life exactly

BEATRICE:

You haven't done anything with your life ...written some crap ...eaten
crap ...And your kisses were crap too

ANGIE:

So are you afraid then

BEATRICE:

What are you afraid of ...someone like you who even owns his own
kisses

JIMMY:

I don't want to die

ANGIE.

Are you afraid of dying

JIMMY:

Yes...I'm afraid

BEATRICE:

When I swam out ...and you were sitting on the beach ...where you afraid
then

LI.

...when I realised how far out I'd swum ...

ANGIE:

I grew afraid ...more afraid than I've ever been ...I was so afraid I was shaking ...I went stiff ...my fists were clenched ...I was so afraid that I started to ...sink

LI:

Sink

BEATRICE:

sink

JIMMY:

If you come back I'll...

ANGIE:

What

JIMMY:

Everything...everything...

BEATRICE

Just think if I told you now that your son hasn't done anything ...would you believe me... though I don't just believe ...I know your son is innocent ...he hasn't shot anyone ...he hasn't done anything in fact

They push him down in the tub.
He struggles. They are stronger.

All is quiet.

The projection shows Jimmy under the water.

He stares out.

They each stroke his face.

They go off into the darkness.

The last image is of his and his son's face.

Black out.