

WRESTLERS

by

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2010

DRAMA

CHARACTERS

PA	:White male, mid fifties, paralysed from the waist down.
LILLY	:Pa's wife and David's mother, mid forties.
DAVID	:Pa and Lilly's son. Twenty-three. Drug addict.
BUDDY	:Pa's inner child, a figment of his imagination.

The set is of a cross section of a small flat. In the central area there is a lounge. SR in the lounge there is a TV with video tapes stacked around it. SL in the lounge there is a small dining room table with three chairs. Behind the table there is a doorway leading to a kitchen and bathroom off-stage. To SL of the table there is a doorway leading into David's room, which contains a bed, a desk, possibly a chest of drawers and late teens early twenties decorations on the walls.

SR downstage, just SR and downstage of the TV, there is a door leading into Lilly's room, in which there is a double bed, bedside table, cupboard and dressing table.

Upstage and SR of the TV there is the front door of the flat, leading to the outside world. On top of the lounge, stretching a little upstage behind the flat there is a platform (inside the roof of the flat). This is where Buddy lives.

The overall effect of the set should be that of a family struggling, whether the set is minimalist or real it should evoke a feeling of a family living in a space not large enough to hold them. It is cramped.

Lights dim. A match is struck. A lantern is lit in the darkness of the roof section revealing Buddy dressed in shorts and T-shirt. He is an actor who should be able to look and feel like a young boy of about nine.

BUDDY: Once upon a time there was a man named Pa. He had a son and a wife, and together they lived in a house. Pa loved his wife and his son very much. He always did his best for them. At night Pa would sit alone at the house and would think about things. Sometimes the past and sometimes the future. And sometimes he would talk to a very special friend of his, Buddy. That's me.

Light brightens on the lounge below, illuminating a man in a wheelchair. Pa. He is paralysed from the waist down. A bulky man with a sense of muscle in his upper body, about fifty years of age, vigorous and bearded.

PA: *(Calling up to BUDDY)* Buddy.

BUDDY: Pa loves wrestling. Its his favorite thing in the world. He was a wrestler once, but now he only coaches.

PA is fiddling with video tapes, the video machine and the TV. He seems to be trying to get it to work.

PA: Hey, Buddy?

BUDDY: I love wrestling too. Pa shows me all the tapes, and he said he's going to train me when I get a bit bigger.

PA succeeds in switching the TV on (facing away from the audience), bathing PA in its light.

PA: It's almost ready.

BUDDY: You get lots of different kinds of moves. You get a headlock, then you get a quarter nelson, that's like this...

BUDDY demonstrates.

PA: Buddy! Hurry up, man!

PA fiddles with the video again, possibly squinting at the buttons on the remote in the gloom.

BUDDY: And then my favourite one, is the full nelson. This is a killer move! You

take the guy by the neck like this, and then....

PA: For fuck's sake, Buddy! You coming?

BUDDY: ...And then you've got him.

PA: Buddy!

BUDDY: Yes Pa?

PA: You coming to watch the wrestling?

BUDDY: I'm coming.

BUDDY extinguishes the lantern, then begins to make his way downstairs, through the hole in the roof, climbing down.

PA: Well, hurry up man. Hurry up.

BUDDY: Coming.

PA: You don't get to see this kind of wrestling every day.

BUDDY: No ways!

Lights brighten on the lounge, faintly, adding to the glow of the TV, simulating the effect of streetlights shining in from the various windows of the flat.

BUDDY pops in from the hole in the roof.

BUDDY: Hi.

PA: Finally. Where you been?

BUDDY: I was just tidying up. What's on?

PA: What's on? Wrestling, boy. Wrestling. We've got the *1-2-3 Kid* up against *The Sexy Boy*. I love this fight. One of my favourites. You ready?

BUDDY: I'm ready.

PA: Do it.

BUDDY presses play. Both watch for a moment.

PA: Watch this. Did you see that? The timing on that punch, flippin fuckin excellent! Excellent timing, that. And he's got no point of reference, none.

BUDDY: What about footsteps?

PA: What about footsteps? Its too noisy in there. People screaming, too much interference. Had to be a visual thing,

BUDDY: Could be timed on the words.

PA: Could be timed on the words.

BUDDY: It had to be.

PA: That's great hey. Timing on the words.

BUDDY: I bet you could do that.

PA: I bet I could. Now watch now, this is my favourite part, see, he waits for it, did you see that? Now that is what gets me, there is always a moment before. You see that? Just that little bounce. That's what puts them in sync. Gives them that water- like movement.

BUDDY: Like water?

PA: I think you're right. I think it's timed on the words. Perfect. Definitely timed on the words.

BUDDY: What time is David coming home?

PA: The boy? Should be about eleven. Why?

BUDDY: I was just wondering. Is he working tonight?

PA: He better be fuckin' working. He'll know all about it if he isn't. Now you see here? This is what I have been talking about. This is where we can really learn from the amateur. You see there, the slowness of the *I-2-3 Kid*, that is the proof. That is dancing, straight choreography, if these boys were the slightest bit serious, then there would not be that hesitation.

BUDDY: So what do you want David to be? A fighter or a dancer?

PA goes to get himself a drink.

PA: Look. The boy has to be what he wants to be. I can't make his decisions for him. My job isn't to tell him what big decision to make, it's to let him know what the options are. As a coach I have to push, yes, push definitely, but he'll never do it if he doesn't want to. At the end of the day I can't force him to do anything.

BUDDY: But I thought you can just make him do what he has to do.

PA: No, fuck. Never that. Here, put that tape in there, the one on top.

BUDDY: This one?

PA: No, left, left, left. That one.

BUDDY puts the tape in. PA returns with his drink.

PA: Look at this one. Press play.

BUDDY: Where was this?

PA: Bellville Open. I think '88. Now watch. Look at he muscles of the boy. They good, right?

BUDDY: Ja, he's built Pa!

PA: You can see he is athletic. Opening stance, excellent. Can't fault the technique.

BUDDY: He's very good. He could beat anyone.

PA: Ja, ja. But now watch.

They watch for a moment.

BUDDY: Jeez!

PA: Yes. Good grappling hey? Hard and aggressive. But watch.

They watch some more.

BUDDY: Wow. That was a good fight.

PA: It's a bout, not a fight, and you didn't look.

PA rewinds.

PA: You see, there.

BUDDY: What? I don't get it. He won. So?

PA: Not the one that won Buddy, the one that lost.

BUDDY takes the remote, rewinds.

BUDDY: Oh.

PA: You see?

BUDDY: He just kind of left it.

PA: Now I'm telling you, you watch that fight from the start and that boy's technique is better, not by much, but better. Then he gets to that point...

PA takes the remote, rewinds and stops the tape.

PA: That point. He gives up. Why? He was doing well. He already handled the aggression. It wasn't fear Buddy, or maybe it was, some other fear. Either way he didn't want to carry on.

The phone rings.

PA answers.

PA: Hello, Groenewald, hello?

Pause.

PA puts the phone down.

PA: Asshole.

BUDDY: Who was that?

PA: Don't know. Didn't say anything. Had a couple of those lately. Probably some kids messing around.

BUDDY: You think it's serious?

PA: No. Just some kids messing around.

BUDDY: Okay.

PA: So that's my point. I think everyone has a moment Buddy. Well fuck it, lots of them....

The phone rings again. They both look at it.

PA: Fuckin hell.

Answers.

PA: Groenewald, hello? Hello?

Puts the phone down.

PA: Fuckin kids, I swear.

BUDDY: Can't you find out who it is?

PA: No no, they'll get tired of the game if I don't respond.

The phone rings again. PA grabs it.

PA: Listen you little shit! Who do you think you fucking with? Who do you think you fucking with! ... *He laughs.* Beautiful! Hello... Sorry Beautiful, sorry... No just some fuckin kids phoning all the time. Sorry. How are you?... Good, good... No everything is fine here, just watching some videos. Why you calling, you bored?... Oh, okay, just joking. So what's

happening?...Ja... Ja... I miss you too... Okay, ja, see you later. Hey, wait, have you eaten yet?... Okay, I'm making some supper... Okay, love you, bye, bye.

Puts phone down.

PA: The wife.

BUDDY: What time will she be home?

PA: Only twelve. Fuckin woman. She works hard.

PA: But you know, that's my point.

BUDDY: What's your point?

PA: I dunno. Trying your best? Not giving up. A person musn't give up. You must never give up.

He pours himself another drink.

BUDDY: I wont. Do you think I could get muscles like that boy in the video?

PA: Ja. I reckon we can start training soon. Maybe next year. Or the year after.

They both hear a key turning in the lock.

PA: You think that's the boy?

BUDDY: I don't know. Isn't it still early?

PA: Ja its just past nine. *To door.* Who is it?

From behind the door.

DAVID: Its me. There's something wrong with the lock.

PA: There is a key in the lock, tit. Hang on a sec. *To BUDDY.* Buddy take the key out of the lock

SCENE 2:

BUDDY goes to take the key out. He then stands aside as the door opens and DAVID enters. He is roughly twenty-five. He works as a pizza delivery boy. Should have some kind of resemblance to PA. His shirt is bloody and he has spots of blood on his face.

PA: *Without looking at him.* Howzit?

DAVID: Hi.

PA: Why you home so early?

DAVID: There was a accident at work.

PA: What?

Turns around.

PA: Jesus! What happened?

DAVID: A guy in the making-section cut himself. Blood fuckin everywhere. I had to take him to hospital. It was quiet anyway, so they said I may as well come home after.

PA: Was it bad?

DAVID: Ja. His whole finger was almost off.

PA: Jeez. So you okay?

DAVID: Ja.

PA: You sure?

DAVID: Yes.

PA: Which hospital did you take him to?

DAVID: Groote Schuur. *Pause.* Jesus Dad, you want to phone?

PA: No, no. It's okay. So you okay?

DAVID: I'm fine. Just a bit finished, you know? There was lots of blood, fuckin all over the food. Hectic. I'm a bit shaken.

PA: Ja, okay.

Pause. DAVID goes into his room, then returns.

PA: So how was the day otherwise? You make some money?

DAVID: No, the day shift wasn't bad, just long. All the orders came at the same time from about three. Then I was running around. But before it was quiet, hey. I was just sitting. Fuckin Hermann pissed me off. Started talking kak again, moaning that I wasn't folding boxes. And then he gives me this knowing fucking look like he's fucking awesome or something.

PA pulls the chair next to him out and motions DAVID to sit there. Both of them have drink.

PA: That Hermann sounds like a real cunt.

DAVID: He is. And he's stupid, Dad. He gets all fuckin pressured over simple shit, and then he makes a big deal out of jumping the queue!

PA: He jumps you in the queue?!

DAVID: Ja, he does it all the fuckin time!

PA: What for?!

DAVID: I don't know! He hates me!

PA: Why would he hate you?

DAVID: I don't fuckin know.

PA: He can't actually hate you.

DAVID stands up again.

DAVID: He does! The other night, fuckin yesterday, he walks past while I'm sitting there in our little section, and he fuckin shouts at me to fold boxes. Actually fuckin shouts at me! And this morning, it was classic, he asks me what I'm doing, so I tell him 'I'm thinking'. I had fuck-all to do, and, no hang on. I don't know, he said something about he had to be at work at nine and I only had to be there at eleven, so I said to him, 'Do you want me to cry or something?' *He laughs.* Basically he hates me and I hate him. The feeling is mutual. He's such a cunt.

PA: Can't you try to be nice to him?

DAVID: No, fuck. I just do my job. No one else has a problem with me, its only him.

PA: Ja, but just be nice to him, you don't want to lose your fuckin job for a guy like that.

DAVID: Its okay, Dad. Don't worry. It's under control.

PA thinks a bit, then nods.

PA: You hungry? I'm making some supper.

DAVID: No. Thanks Dad. I'm going to take a shower. Get this shit off of me.

PA: It won't take long. I'll make some spaghetti.

DAVID: No, I'm fine. I ate something at work. I'm not really hungry.

PA: You sure?

DAVID: Ja, I'm fine. I'm not really hungry, you know? This flippin blood. I just want to sleep.

PA: Okay. But let me know if you want something to eat.

DAVID: Okay. Thanks Dad.

DAVID starts to walk away.

PA: Hey.

DAVID: What?

PA: Do you think he has AIDS?

DAVID: Who? Hermann?

PA: No, tit! The guy that cut his finger.

DAVID looks down at his shirt, then looks up, wide-eyed.

DAVID: Jesus, I don't fuckin know.

PA: Give me the shirt, I'll chuck it away. Are you cut anywhere?

DAVID: No. Not... No. I'm fine.

PA: You got any sores or anything?

DAVID: No fuck, Dad. Chill out!

PA: Well ja, go and take a shower. But don't wash too hard. Just rub yourself gently.

DAVID: Okay.

PA: Hey.

DAVID: What?

PA: The shirt.

DAVID: Oh, ja, thanks.

DAVID gives him the shirt.

PA: Okay.

DAVID goes to take a shower.

SCENE 3:

PA pours himself another drink, looking in the direction that DAVID left.

PA: Fuckin hell.

BUDDY: *Stepping back into the room.* Wow. David is so cool hey?

PA: What do you mean cool?

BUDDY: He's a fucking wrestler! And he's so fucking cool!

PA: Buddy. Don't swear. It's not nice.

BUDDY: Sorry.

PA: It's okay. Just don't fucking do it. It doesn't sound nice.

BUDDY: What's wrong?

PA: That boy, man. He's lying to me.

BUDDY: Lying? Why?

PA: Ja. He's talking kak. I know when he's up to something. Some guy cut his finger at work. What kind of kak is that? Look at this shirt.

PA holds up the bloody shirt.

BUDDY: Maybe he's telling the truth.

PA: Maybe. Do me a favour. Phone his work, ask them if he was there tonight.

BUDDY: What should I say?

PA: Just ask to speak to him. They will say he's not there. Ask if he's

working tonight, they will say he's gone, ask what time he left.

BUDDY: What if they don't believe me?

PA: Buddy! What's so fuckin hard? Just do it like I said. They don't know you from a bar of soap.

BUDDY: Okay. Sorry. What's the number?

PA: It's there in the book! Dial Buddy, dial!
Dial the fucking numbers, Buddy!

BUDDY goes over to the phone, dials the number.

BUDDY: Hi there. *Hesitates.* No. No thanks. I actually just want to speak to David, is he there? Thank you. *To PA.* They're just checking. *Waits.*

PA: Ok, good. Stay on.

BUDDY: Hi. Not? Do you know when he will be back? Oh. Oh. But is David okay? Okay. Thanks. No. No. Its fine. Thanks. Bye.

Puts the phone down.

PA: So what did they say?

BUDDY: They said he had to go early. Some emergency.

PA: Did they say what?

BUDDY: No.

PA: Probably don't want to tell the customers. Well, good. Maybe he is telling the truth. *Laughs.* Jeez, that's a load off. Buddy, do me a favour.

BUDDY: What is it?

PA: Where is the shirt? Get it, get it!

PA looks at the bloody shirt, then gives it back to BUDDY

PA: I want you to hide it up there with you.

BUDDY: Hide it?

PA: Ja. Just hide it up there.

BUDDY: Okay. I'll do it. Cool!

PA: Good Buddy. Good.

PA downs his drink and pours another. He now starts to show the first small signs of getting drunk.

PA: Shit, I was getting worried, hey. Just starting to feel that old panic. Did you hear about those two kids that were murdered the other morning? Two kids man. There are some fuckin animals out there. Its hard not to worry, you know?

DAVID enters, wet from his shower.

DAVID: Dad?

PA turns.

PA: Ja? What's it, boykie?

DAVID is trembling.

DAVID: Dad, I'm not feeling so well. It was seeing all that blood, I think. I feel a bit fucked up.

PA: Well, are you cold?

DAVID: No. I'm thinking all wrong, Dad.

PA: Its okay, David. Did you take your pills this morning?

DAVID: No. I think I forgot.

PA: Well go and take your pills, my boy. You mustn't forget to take your pills.

DAVID: I know. I fucked up. I'm sorry.

He starts to hyperventilate.

PA: David. David. Think positive. What are you thinking?

DAVID: I'm thinking that... fuck. It's so much, Dad. Sometimes I... fuck. I'm

sorry Dad. I'm sorry.

PA wheels himself over to him.

PA: Hey. Dave. It's okay. I'm here. Your mom is coming home later. We love you. Just think positive. We training tomorrow. You doing well my boy. You doing fuckin well. You've got your job, hey? You doing fuckin well at the training. We'll get you back to school. Hey? You doing well, my boy. Everything is going to be fine. Hey?

DAVID starts to smile through his hyperventilating.

DAVID: Okay. Okay Dad. I'll try.

PA: That's all I expect of you, boykie.

DAVID: Ok, Dad.

PA: Its okay, boy. It's okay. Give me a hug.

They hug, both awkward, DAVID with a completely blank expression on his face.

PA: Now go take your pills.

DAVID: Okay, Dad.

DAVID starts going through to the kitchen.

PA: Take a Valium as well.

DAVID: Okay, Dad.

PA: And a Sleep-Eezy.

DAVID: Okay.

BUDDY comes up to PA and whispers to him.

BUDDY: Must we phone someone?

PA: No. He'll be okay. He must just take his pills.

BUDDY: Must I do something?

PA: No, he's fine. He just forgot to take his pills. *To DAVID in the kitchen.*
You okay in there?

DAVID: Ja, I'm fine. I must just take my pills.

PA: That's all it is, my boy. You forgot to take your pills. Nothing is going to happen.

DAVID: Thanks Dad.

PA: *To BUDDY.* He just forgot to take his pills. That's all it is. He's going to be fine. *To DAVID.* You sure you don't want some supper? I can make some. Some bolognaise?

DAVID comes back in.

DAVID: No, I'm fine thanks Dad. I just want to go to bed.

PA: You feeling better?

DAVID: Ja, I feel calmer. I'm just going to go to bed.

DAVID turns to go.

PA: Dave?

DAVID: Ja?

PA: Sleep well.

DAVID: You too.

DAVID goes to bed. PA pours himself another drink.

PA: Ja. *Sighs.* He'll be fine as soon as the pills kick in.

BUDDY: Why does he do that Pa? Is David a bit crazy?

PA: No. He's not crazy. Its just an episode. He must just take his pills. If he forgets then his mind goes all funny.

BUDDY: But like how Pa?

PA: Well, he just starts to think all funny. He gets all worked up, its like he thinks something bad is going to happen. I don't know. That's why you have to tell him to think positively. That's why I'm doing the wrestling

with him. It's good for him. It makes him strong.

BUDDY: Can you show me a new move, Pa?

PA: No, man.

BUDDY: Please, Pa!

PA: Not now, it's late.

BUDDY: Please, please Pa.

PA: Ja, ok,ok.. Now, listen here. You don't do this stuff with anybody else, hey? These are proper moves, okay?

BUDDY: Ok, Pa.

PA: Ok. You know the Full-Nelson and the Quarter-Nelson. Now I want to show you a new move. Its called the Heepgooi. What you do, is you grab your opponents arm, here *he demonstrates*, pull him off balance, move your leg past him, and throw him over your hip. He's on the mat and you pin him down. You see that? Now, how will you counter this?

BUDDY: I'll move over here.

Buddy steps into Pa.

PA: Ok. Lets try.

They try. Pa throws him over the chair.

PA: Ha! You see? If I wasn't in my chair you'd be on the mat. Let's try again. Remember, Buddy, you've got to outsmart him. Now, when he grabs your arm, you must move quickly. Put your leg between his, here *Pa places Buddy's leg*. Now, lock your arm around his shoulder. Hold his arm, hold it, and lean back. See? He can't throw you! You throw him. You see?

Buddy nods.

PA: Good. Now, lets try. Ready?

They prepare to try.

Headlights sweep past the window, interrupting them.

BUDDY: Lilly's home!

PA: Fuck. What's the time? *Looks at his watch*. She's also early. What's going on tonight? Everyone's early.

BUDDY: Must I go? Can I see you tomorrow?

PA: Ja, look. If I'm up, then pop by. I think just avoid the wife, you know.

BUDDY: Okay.

BUDDY starts to climb into the roof.

PA: Hey, Buddy.

BUDDY: Pa?

PA: Thanks for the chat, hey. It was nice.

BUDDY: Thanks, Pa. I enjoyed it to.

BUDDY goes. PA has another quick swallow of drink, then grabs two candles and puts them on the table, lights them, dims the lights and switches on the radio.

SCENE 4:

We hear the key turning in the door. PA is excited, trying not to breathe too loudly. LILLY enters. She is in her early forties. She is beautiful and independent. She's a strong, humble person. She stands for a moment looking around, seeing the candles and lighting. She smiles.

LILLY: Hello.

PA: Hello, my love.

LILLY: What's going on?

PA: Nothing. Just a little treat for you.

LILLY: Ah, thank you.

He wheels himself over to her and helps her to sit down.

LILLY: Thanks. Sjoe.

PA: Because you've been up all flippin day.

LILLY: Tell me about it.

PA: Would you like a drink?

LILLY: Not right now thanks.

PA: Well, I hope you aren't too tired for supper. I'm making spaghetti.

LILLY takes out a pack of cigarettes. PA brings her an ashtray and helps her light it, but she used the candle already.

PA: But I haven't started yet. I was just about to.

LILLY: I'm sorry. I should have told you I was coming early.
How's your day been?

PA: Ja, not too bad. I've been doing some research with the wrestling. Seen some great stuff today. Been watching some of the Pro stuff. Highly trained guys.

LILLY: With the men in costumes?

PA: Ja, look. I know it looks silly. But there is actually a lot that goes into it. Those guys are highly trained, hey. They do some hectic acrobatic stuff, and a lot of them have a background in amateur. Their timing is great. It's good stuff to know.

LILLY: Know it for what?

PA: For the boy. For his training.

LILLY: I think it's good that you two are spending time together.

PA: Ja, I'm enjoying it. We have our ups and downs, but that's okay.

PA knocks his drink over.

PA: Oh, fuck. Sorry.

LILLY: It's okay.

She gets a cloth to clean it up.

PA: So how was work?

LILLY: It was good. Everything was fine. I'm just a bit tired, you know.

LILLY switches off the radio.

PA: I'm sure. You were up early this morning.

LILLY: Ja.

PA: The boy is home.

LILLY: What? Why?

PA: Its okay. One of the staff had an accident at work. Cut his finger. Boy

was a bit shaken. Took the guy to the hospital and then came home. They said it was quiet so he could just come home.

LILLY: Is he telling the truth?

PA: No I phoned. They know about it.

LILLY: Is he okay?

PA: I think so.

LILLY: I'm going to go and speak to him.

PA: I think give him a break. He's tired.

LILLY: Well I'm just going to say hi.

PA: I phoned. They know about it.

LILLY: I'm just going to say hi. I just want to hear his voice.

PA: Okay. But he's fine.

LILLY goes over to PA.

LILLY: It's okay. I'm just going to say hello.

PA: Okay.

LILLY: Yes. I'm just going to say hello.

LILLY goes to David's bedroom.

LILLY: David?

DAVID: *Muffled, from under his pillow.* Hi.

LILLY: Hi. How you feeling?

DAVID: I'm fine. Just tired. Want to get an early night.

LILLY: Do you want me to get you anything?

DAVID: No. I'm fine thanks, Mom. I just want to sleep. I'm sure I'll be fine in the morning.

LILLY: Okay. I'm glad you home.

DAVID: Thanks, Mom. Me too.

LILLY goes back into the lounge.

PA: So what did he say?

LILLY: He's tired.

PA: You see, I told you. He's fine.

LILLY: Yes, you told me. He seems fine.

PA: So what's the problem, then?

LILLY: There's no problem. I just worry about him.

PA: Ja, it's a fuck up.

LILLY: Are you okay?

PA: I'm okay. Are you okay?

LILLY: I'm Okay. I'm going to go and have a shower.

PA: Okay.

LILLY: I'll be back.

PA: Okay.

LILLY exits to go and shower.

SCENE 5:

BUDDY comes back down from the roof.

BUDDY: Pa?

PA: Buddy.

BUDDY: You okay?

PA motions for BUDDY to be quiet. They both listen to LILLY showering. BUDDY climbs down to come and stand next to PA.

PA: You know Buddy, I love my family. I love them so much. I want them to know it – that I love them so much.

He downs his drink.

BUDDY: That must be a nice feeling, Pa.

PA: It is. But it's also hard. Sometimes it's a hole, like a pain. But it's a good pain. Its hard to describe.

BUDDY: It's like a hole?

PA: It's like pain. I don't know, like a love pain. Sometimes I can't breathe properly. It comes moving up my throat. *He breathes deeply, gulping the air.* I want to protect them. Make sure that they are okay. *He has another drink.* On the one hand I think he hates me, because of the way he looks at me, but on the other I know he loves me, I can see it. Sometimes we talk, you know?

BUDDY: He couldn't hate you. He's David.

PA: Maybe. I just hope he is okay. I hope he'll talk to me if he's in trouble. *A pause. Pa is thinking.* Ja. And I love the boy. I want to hear what his thoughts are. They important to me.

PA shivers.

BUDDY: Are you okay? Your face went funny.

PA: I'm fine, I'm fine. It's just the drink, working through me.

He shakes his head.

BUDDY: So why don't you go to sleep?

PA: No, no. I'm waiting for something. Someone promised me something special. I've got to stay up for that.

BUDDY: What did someone promise you?

PA: I can't describe it to you.

BUDDY: Is it that feeling you felt?

Dad: Yes. You must be a man, Buddy. You must grow up to be a good man, a good father. That's what you must do.

BUDDY: Okay, Pa. I'll do it. I'll be a man.

PA: And a good father.

BUDDY: And a good father.

PA: And a good wrestler.

BUDDY: And a good wrestler.

PA: Ja. That's good. And you must remember what I told you. When you counter the heepgooi, what must you do?

BUDDY: I must lean into it quickly.

PA: Fuckin quickly Buddy, fuckin quickly. You must show no mercy, you use his own aggression against him.

BUDDY: Yes, Pa. I understand.

PA: Good Buddy.

BUDDY: Can you show me again, Pa?

PA looks at him blearily, almost not seeing him.

BUDDY: Please, Pa! Just once more, Pa. Please, Pa. *Pause.* Okay, goodnight

BUDDY disappears up through the hole. PA sits there, trying to stay awake, but dozing more and more, as LILLY is just finishing in the shower. LILLY comes out, freshly showered in a bathrobe. She smiles at him.

SCENE 6:

LILLY: Hello.

PA: Hi.

LILLY: Look at you.

PA: Look at me. *He holds his arms up in the air, pissed, but calm.*

LILLY: Sjo. You've been drinking hey?

PA: Not too much. Just a little too much.

LILLY: Are you okay?

PA: I'm great. How you doing?

LILLY: I'm good. Now I'm clean and tired.

PA: Light you a cigarette?

LILLY: Thank you.

PA lights a cigarette, takes a drag, and then puts it to her lips.

PA: You smell good.

LILLY: Thanks, John.

PA: You look lovely.

LILLY: Thank you.

PA: What you thinking about?

LILLY: Just the day.

PA watches her for a moment, as she smokes and thinks.

PA: I love you, hey.

LILLY: I love you too.

PA starts rubbing Lilly's back, neck etc.

PA: You doing okay? I mean with work, everything outside?

LILLY: It's hard, but I'm doing okay. I'm happy.

PA: That's all I want to hear. That you happy.

PA hugs her

LILLY: Do you really still love me?

PA: I really still love you very much.

LILLY: How much?

PA: How much what?

LILLY: How much do you love me?

PA: I love you this much.

LILLY: Only that much?

PA: That's as much as I've got.

LILLY: That's okay then.

PA starts rubbing her, back, neck etc. a little more earnestly

PA: Could you help me out of my chair?

LILLY: OK.

PA: Good.

LILLY gets up, moves a chair towards Pa and he starts trying to get out of the wheelchair but is far too drunk.

LILLY: Okay, you okay?

PA: I'm okay.

LILLY: Can you do this?

PA: I can do anything.

LILLY: OK.

She watches PA trying to lift himself out of the wheelchair, eventually flopping onto the other chair with his upper body.

PA: It's okay. I'm okay.

PA: Lilly.

LILLY: Yes?

PA: I've got pain.

LILLY: I know. Just forget about it. I'll make it better.

Lilly sits down on the chair, Pa lies on her lap.

PA: No. I've got pain.

LILLY: Just relax.

PA: It's not my back, Lilly. It's the boy. I'm worried for the boy, Lilly. I'm worried about him.

LILLY: What are you worrying about?

PA: About the boy.

LILLY: Me too.

PA: What do you think we should do?

LILLY: I don't know.

PA: Do you love him?

LILLY: Yes.

PA: But do you feel like you love him?

LILLY: I don't actually know. I don't know what I feel about him.

PA: Ja. It's difficult.

LILLY: It's the same for me.

PA: I'm sorry, Lilly.

LILLY: It's okay.

PA: I want to.

LILLY: I know you do.

PA: I can't.

LILLY: I know.

PA: I'm sorry, Lilly.

LILLY: Its okay. It's fine. *Silence. PA is asleep.* Do you want to sleep here?
Silence. You can sleep here.

She gets a blanket. Covers him. Walks to the table sits down, smokes. She watches PA intently. She stubs out her cigarette, on her way to bed.

PA: I love you Lilly. My Lilly.

LILLY: Goodnight.

She switches off the light and goes into her bedroom. She kneels down by her bed, says a prayer, gets into bed and turns out her light.

SCENE 7:

DAVID sits up, swinging his legs off the bed. He sits a moment, listening, then grabs a hooded top and puts it on. He goes into the lounge, stands in the doorway and watches PA.

He checks if PA wakes up, then starts to look through PA's pockets. He pulls out PA's wallet, opens it, and takes his bank card. He then leaves through the front door.

BUDDY looks down on DAVID leaving, PA and LILLY sleeping. He speaks to the audience.

BUDDY: Every night David would go out and it would only be Buddy that was awake. Buddy would sit and watch over the family. He would watch Pa sleeping, and he would watch Lilly sleeping, and he would wait for David to come home. Nobody knew what David was doing, but he would always come home, always. Pa taught Buddy everything there was to know about wrestling. He showed him a Quarter-Nelson, a Heepgooi, and a Full-Nelson, which is really dangerous because you can break someone's neck.

Lights shift as night passes. Just before dawn DAVID returns, entering through the front door. He is walking like a zombie, very high, he shuffles past PA to his room. Light continues to brighten on the features of PA, now suffering a terrible hangover.

SCENE 8:

The phone rings.

BUDDY watches the phone ring, looking from his vantage point at all the rooms.

DAVID has not slept at all and is shocked that the phone rings just a few moments after he got home. PA doesn't stir, LILLY hears and begins to get up. She goes through to the lounge.

LILLY: Hello? Hello? Mrs Groenewald speaking, hello?

She sighs and puts it back down.

LILLY: John. Come on, time to get up.

She gives PA a shake then goes through to the kitchen and puts the kettle on. She comes back in with a big glass of water, puts it on the table and shakes PA again.

LILLY: John, come on, wake up.

PA: Ag, no, fuck man.

LILLY: Wake up. Come on. Get up.

PA: No.

LILLY: Come on, time for your wash.

PA opens an eye, sees the water, takes it and begins to gulp it down.

LILLY: Okay, not too much.

PA carries on drinking.

LILLY: Come on! Not too much.

She takes the glass from him.

LILLY: Let's get you washed.

PA: Fuckit, man.

LILLY: Come on.

PA: No. Leave me. I'll wash later.

LILLY: I thought you and David were training this morning?

PA thinks on that.

PA: Ja fuck, okay. Let's wash.

LILLY: Okay.

She undoes the brake on his wheelchair and begins to wheel him off to the shower.

PA: What time did you get home last night?

LILLY: Not late. About 11.

PA: Fuckit. I must have fallen asleep early. Sorry.

LILLY: That's okay.

PA: I made supper. Did you have some?

LILLY: Yes, thank you. It was lovely.

PA: Good. I'm sorry I didn't eat with you.

LILLY: That's okay. I was tired anyway.

Shower goes on. LILLY comes back into the lounge with a cup of coffee. Goes into DAVID's room.

LILLY: David. David. Get up.

DAVID doesn't respond.

LILLY: David.

Shakes him.

LILLY: David!

DAVID: What the fuck, man.

LILLY: Hey!

DAVID: Sorry. What the fuck.

LILLY: Come on. Get up. You've got training with your Dad now.

DAVID: What's the time?

LILLY: Its 8:15. Get up.

DAVID: No.

LILLY: David.

DAVID: Okay. Fuckit, man.

LILLY: I'm helping your Dad to get washed. David!

DAVID: *Sitting up.* Okay I'm up, I'm up!

LILLY goes back through to the bathroom. DAVID immediately falls flat on the bed again.

LILLY: *From bathroom.* David!

DAVID: Okay, fuckit I'm getting up! Jesus Christ!

PA: *From bathroom.* Hey! You don't speak to your fuckin mother like that!
Get out of bed!

DAVID sits up.

PA: You up?!

DAVID: Yes I'm up! *To himself.* Fuck. Ahh fuck, fuck, fuck.

He picks up his jeans and sees his PA's bank card.

DAVID: Do you need some help in there?

LILLY: What?

DAVID: Nothing. I'm up.

LILLY: David?

DAVID: Yes?

LILLY: Please bring your Dad's water, he wants his water.

DAVID: Okay.

DAVID goes into the lounge and looks for a place where he could put Pa's bankcard

LILLY: Hurry up, please!

DAVID: Coming!

LILLY comes in.

LILLY: What you doing?

DAVID: Sorry. I'm just waking up.

LILLY: Get changed. Your Dad wants to train.

LILLY takes the water and goes back to the bathroom. DAVIID puts the bankcard on the table.

DAVID: Okay.

Dad: *From bathroom.* Get your shorts on! Start with a run!

DAVID: Okay! *To himself.* Fuck.

LILLY: Watch it.

DAVID: Sorry.

DAVID goes into his room. He sits on the edge of the bed with his head in his hands. He then reaches for a cigarette and lights it. LILLY comes out of the kitchen carrying a cup of coffee, comes into DAVID's room.

LILLY: Here's your coffee.

DAVID: Thanks.

LILLY: Go smoke outside!

DAVID: Sorry.

He takes the coffee and cigarette and goes outside.

The phone rings again.

LILLY: David! Answer the phone!

DAVID: I'm busy.

LILLY: David!

DAVID: I'm having a smoke, they'll call back!

PA: David answer the fuckin phone!

DAVID: Okay! *To himself.* Fuck, man.

PA and LILLY: David!

DAVID: Okay!

DAVID picks it up, as he does so he kills it with his finger.

DAVID: Hello David speaking... Hi. No fine, how are you?... No sorry. I'm busy today, my Dad and I are training... No I can't. I already missed yesterday... Sorry... Okay. Bye.

Puts the phone down.

LILLY: Who was that?

DAVID: The work. Asking if I can work today.

LILLY: You can't work today! You and your Dad are training!

DAVID: I told them I can't! It's cool. *To himself.* Fuckin Hell.

PA: Was it that Hermann cunt?

DAVID: Ja. Ha- ha! Fuck him.

PA: Ja no, well said!

DAVID: 'Kay, I'm just getting changed.

DAVID goes into his room and starts getting changed. PA and LILLY continue to talk in the background while LILLY is dressing him.

PA: He had a run in with that manager of his again. Total asshole.

LILLY: I'm sure he's not that bad.

PA: He is! He's a prick. David says he even puts the other drivers in front of him in the queue!

LILLY: John come now man! Put your arms up!

PA: I'm telling you Lilly I know okes like him. He's a fuckin thick rock spider and as soon as a sharp oke like the boy comes along he doesn't know what the fuck to do. He's insecure.

LILLY: I'm sure David does more than enough to make him angry.

PA: He's a prick Lilly. A prick is a prick is a prick.

By this time DAVID has changed into running shirt and shorts.

PA comes wheeling himself into the lounge, changed with wet hair.

PA: *(Calling to DAVID in his room)* Right come on! You ready! We running late.

DAVID: I'm coming. Just getting my shoes on.

PA: *Clapping his hands.* Come, David! We late! We late! This is the morning session. Burning carbs, breakfast later. Come on!

PA: Come on! Come on!

DAVID: I'm coming.

PA: Ten minutes hey, take it gentle, get the muscles moving.

DAVID: Yes, Pa.

PA: You ready?

DAVID: I'm ready.

PA: You ready!

DAVID: I'm ready!

PA: *With a stopwatch in hand. 'Kay...Go!*

DAVID starts to run out the door.

PA: And take it easy! Don't fuckin pull something!

DAVID is gone.

SCENE 9:

LILLY enters from bathroom/kitchen. Starts tidying up a bit. Turns on the radio.

LILLY: Here's your coffee

PA: Thank you, sweetheart. What you up to today, lovely?

LILLY: Shopping. Work later.

PA: Where you going shopping?

LILLY: The centre I think. I thought I might go and watch a movie.

PA: I'm sorry about last night. I wanted to stay up. I just got tired.

LILLY: It's okay.

PA: No, really, I wanted to say I'm sorry.

LILLY: Thanks.

PA: What movie you going to watch?

LILLY: I don't know. I feel like just going and seeing what there is. Maybe meet Shereen.

PA: That sounds nice.

LILLY: Ja. Should be. We'll see. Maybe just have lunch somewhere. I don't know. I'm just going to see.

PA: I'm glad.

LILLY: Ja. Me too.

PA: Then what time do you think you'll be back?

LILLY: Don't know. Probably half past two, three – somewhere round there.

PA: Are you going soon?

LILLY: I think so. Just going to get dressed, then I'll go.

She moves through to the bedroom. Begins to get dressed.

PA: I'll make supper tonight.

LILLY: I've got Church tonight.

PA: Can't you skip it? I want to make you some supper.

LILLY: No I can't skip it. You know I can't skip it. Why are you even asking me that?

Silence for a bit.

PA: You right. Sorry.

LILLY: What are you doing today?

PA: Well the boy and I are training. I have a big day planned. I want to teach him a new hold. General fitness, maintenance. He's getting on very well. I think he has a good chance the weekend. He's doing well. Early days you know, but I think he might just pull through.

LILLY: I'm glad. I'm glad you're spending time together.

PA: Ja. Me too. I mean, like I said, its early days. But, ja, we spending time together.

LILLY: That's good.

PA: Ja. He's a good boy. He's trying hard.

LILLY: What do you want for your Birthday?

Pause.

PA: My birthday?

She comes back into the lounge.

LILLY: Ja. Your Birthday. Is there anything special that you want for your birthday?

PA: I don't know. Whatever. Its not important. Something cheap.

LILLY: Something cheap? Why not something expensive?

PA: Well I don't know. Anything. It doesn't matter.

LILLY: It does matter. Of course it does. I want to get you exactly what you want.

PA: I don't want anything.

LILLY: Yes you do. What do you want? *Playfully.* What do you want? What about a DVD player?

PA looks up at this.

PA: A DVD player?

LILLY: Ja. A DVD player.

PA: That would be nice.

LILLY: A fancy one.

PA: Like a...like a home theatre system, with surround sound and that?

LILLY: Maybe. I'll have to see how much they are.

PA: That would be nice. Fuckit. That would be very nice.

LILLY: *Getting up.* Well maybe someone will get it for you.

PA: Jeez. That would be very nice.

LILLY: Is there anything you need from the shops?

PA: Um, no... Well if you could just get me a bottle.

He searches around for his wallet. LILLY hands over his bank card, he looks at it a little confused but then puts it in his wallet and gets out some money.

PA: See if there is a special on. If there's a special get the special, otherwise just the normal. Please.

He gives her the money.

LILLY: Okay. I'll see.

Gets her handbag.

LILLY: Okay. I'll see you later then.

PA: Lilly.

Stopping and turning at the door.

LILLY: Yes?

PA: For my birthday. A DVD and that would be great, really nice, but mainly just to have a supper with you and the boy would be all that I actually want.

LILLY: Okay. I'll see if I can get off work. And I'll see about tonight. I'll phone and let you know.

PA: Okay.

LILLY: Okay. See you later.

PA: Enjoy the movie.

LILLY: Bye.

PA: And enjoy Church.

LILLY: Bye.

PA: Bye.

She leaves.

SCENE 10:

PA is alone. He sits for awhile. Looks at the stop watch. The phone rings.

PA: Fuckin hell. Who's this now? *He wheels himself over to it. Answers.*
Groenewald hello?...Oh, hi. How are you?...Good, good... Not bad, thank
you. What can I do for you?... I'm afraid he's out running at the mo'.
What's the problem?...No...No its not possible. He was home all
night...No... No! He came home early from work. I was here all night.
He went to bed at nine o clock and slept through...Yes. Yes I can. I was
here all night... I was awake! I watched movies till late!...Sorry. Sergeant,
I was here, the boy was here. He wasn't out, right... Well do what you
have to do...Right. Thank you, thank you Sergeant. Bye... Bye... I'll tell
him...Bye.

He puts the phone down.

PA: Fuck.

BUDDY swings down through his hole.

BUDDY: Pa?

PA: Morning, Buddy.

BUDDY: How's it going?

PA: Not so good , Buddy. Not so fuckin good.

BUDDY: Why? What happened?

PA: I just got a call from the cops. They looking for David.

BUDDY: Why?

PA: They said they just want to talk to him. Fuckit. Fuckit. Fuckit.

BUDDY: Where is he?

PA: He's out running. Fuck man. Just when I thought everything was going better. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck!

BUDDY: I was practicing last night Pa. I reckon I can do that new move.

PA: I don't know what to do. If I say something he could run. If I say nothing the cops will come and get him. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

BUDDY: Why don't you tell Lilly?

PA: And then she has more shit to worry about? That's a fuckin stupid idea.

BUDDY: I'm sorry, Pa.

PA: It's okay. Don't take everything so fuckin seriously.

PA goes to pour himself a drink, but there is none to be had.

PA: *In frustration.* He cannot get arrested. That is for fuckin sure. He cannot go to jail. My son is not going to fuckin jail. Fuck that.

BUDDY: Maybe he didn't do anything.

PA: David? If he didn't do this then he did something. It's never nothing with that cunt. What has he done? What if it's serious?

BUDDY: What are you going to do?

PA: I don't know.

DAVID enters, dripping with sweat and breathing heavily.

DAVID: Hi, hi, how long?

PA just watches him.

DAVID: Dad. How long?

PA: *Looks at the stopwatch.* Nine fifty-five. Well done.

DAVID: Thanks Dad. I moved it hey! I had so much energy this morning. I was just going!

PA: That's good. You did well.

DAVID: I'm just going to take my shoes off. They are too small, check. Check here, feel the toe, they are too small!

DAVID shows Dad the shoe

PA: Okay.

DAVID: I'll be quick.

PA: Okay.

DAVID goes into his room and nonchalantly lets the door close. As soon as he is inside he pulls out a crack pipe and starts smoking a rock.

PA: *To BUDDY.* Did you see that? He's using. He's using right fuckin now!

BUDDY: How do you know?

PA: He's closed the fuckin door. *To DAVID.* Hey boykie! Come on!

DAVID: I'm coming! Just changing my shoes!

PA: *To himself.* He's fucked. He's totally fucked.

BUDDY: What are you going to do?

PA: I don't know. Fuckin hell. Boykie! Hurry up!

DAVID puts the pipe and drugs in his hiding place.

DAVID: Coming! I'm just putting my shoes on.

He quickly puts another pair of shoes on.

BUDDY: Go in the door.

PA: Boykie, come on!

DAVID: Nearly done.

DAVID walks out of his room back into the lounge, strutting, out of it.

PA: Well, hello. What took you so long?

DAVID: I was putting my shoes on.

PA: You having a wank?

DAVID: No.

PA: Okay. On the mat.

DAVID: I'm warm already.

PA: Well warm up some fuckin more. You want to hurt your neck?

DAVID: No.

PA: So, on the mat.

DAVID lies down on his back and starts bridging backwards.

PA: Pick it up a bit.

DAVID carries on at the same speed.

PA: Pick it up a bit.

DAVID: I'm doing it fine.

PA: Come on, pick it up a bit.

DAVID: Dad, I'm doing it fine, this is a good pace.

PA: Oi! Pick it up a bit!

DAVID: Just chill. This is fine.

PA: Okay. Get up. Your neck is fine. Do some drills.

DAVID: Kief.

DAVID starts doing drills, a repetitive movement of going from lying flat on his stomach to springing up into a crouching defensive stance. He gets confused and falls over.

PA: What's wrong with you?

DAVID: Nothing. What do you mean? I'm fine. I'm doing drills.

DAVID tries to start again but ends up just squatting, he is too high.

PA: What's wrong with you?

DAVID: Nothing. I'm fine. I'm just taking a rest.

PA: You feeling sick or something?

DAVID: No. I'm fine. There's nothing to worry about. I'm just taking a rest.

PA: Look at me.

DAVID: I told you I'm fuckin fine.

PA: Hey. Look at me.

DAVID: Dad, its cool, just give me a second. I'm just a bit dizzy.

PA: Hey. Come here. Look at me. You okay?

DAVID is slurring quite heavily.

DAVID: I'm cool, Dad.

PA: Look at me.

PA tries to grab DAVID's top.

DAVID: Don't touch me. I'm fine.

PA: What's wrong with you?

DAVID: What you talking about? I'm fine. I'm just a bit tired. Come, lets do some drills.

PA: Hey, look at me.

DAVID: Dad, chill man, fuck.

PA: Look at me!

PA grabs DAVID's arm to turn him around.

DAVID: I said don't fuckin touch me!

PA: You are high.

DAVID: What? You fuckin high.

PA tries to grab his arm again.

DAVID: I said don't touch me! Dont fucking touch me! You don't touch me! Can you hear me? Don't fucking touch me.

PA punches him as best he can.

DAVID: Dad. I'm telling you. Leave me alone.

PA goes for him again. DAVID slaps him.

DAVID: I told you not to touch me.

PA: You been using.

DAVID: I told you I haven't. I don't do that anymore.

PA: I can see your eyes. You been using.

PA grabs him and starts to punch him as best he can. Eventually DAVID retaliates. Screaming back. He pushes Dad's chair over. At the violence BUDDY goes back up into the roof.

DAVID: I hate you! I hate you! I hate you! Fuck you! I told you not to touch me!
Don't ever touch me. You hear me! You're sick. I don't want you near
me! I hate you.

DAVID goes to his room and starts collecting things.

PA: What are you doing?

DAVID: I hate you!

PA: Where are you going? *David doesn't answer. Just continues packing.*
Help me up. *DAVID ignores him still.* You been using. Why you been
using?

DAVID enters the lounge with a packed bag.

DAVID: You drive me to use. Look at you.

PA: Where are you going?

DAVID: It's got nothing to do with you.

DAVID starts unplugging the Video machine.

PA: David. Don't go. You can stay here. I won't tell the cops you here. I'll
protect you.

DAVID: The cops? What cops? What about the cops?

PA: The cops. Sergeant Khan. They phoned looking for you.

DAVID: What did they say?

PA: They didn't say anything. They just wanted to talk to you.

DAVID: They full of shit. Just tell them to fuck off.

PA: David, don't go. Boykie. Stay here. I'll look after you. I'll protect you.

DAVID: Man fuck you. Look at you!

DAVID leaves, taking the video machine with him.

SCENE 11:

The following sequence should be done without spoken words. Words could be mimed. PA is lying there alone. Lights fade and music begins to play, as if from the flat next door. It becomes later in the day through shifting lights. LILLY returns with her shopping to see PA lying there. She looks at him, then goes into DAVID's room and realises he is not there. She sits down at the table, watches PA reaching for the bottle she brought and drinking it. She gets up and walks into her room.

SCENE 12:

PA: Buddy? Buddy?

BUDDY: I'm here, Pa.

PA: What's going on?

BUDDY: He left, Pa. David left.

PA: Is he okay? Do you know, Buddy?

BUDDY: No, Pa. I don't know. He's gone.

BUDDY helps PA back into his chair.

PA: Lilly? Is she okay? Lilly. Have you checked on her?

BUDDY: I don't know, Pa. I've been watching you.

PA: Well check on her, Buddy. See if she is okay. Go, go, go!!

BUDDY: Okay, Pa.

BUDDY goes to check on her.

PA: Well?

BUDDY: I don't know, Pa. She's quiet. She's lying here in her bed.

PA: Is she breathing?

BUDDY: I don't know Pa. How do I tell?

PA: Use a mirror, put it to her mouth. See if she wets it.

BUDDY: Yes, Pa. .

BUDDY goes into LILLY's room.

PA: Can you find a mirror, Buddy?

BUDDY: I'm looking Pa. I'm looking for the mirror. I've found a mirror Pa. In her handbag.

PA: My Lilly's handbag?

BUDDY: Yes, Pa. In her handbag. I found it in her handbag.

PA: Put it to her lips Buddy, see if she is alive.

BUDDY does it. He puts it to her lips.

BUDDY: What now, Pa?

PA: Is there mist on the mirror? Is it wet?

BUDDY: Yes Pa, its wet.

PA: Let me see it. Bring it here quickly.

BUDDY: Yes, Pa.

BUDDY goes back through with the mirror. PA looks at it and sighs with relief. He holds it to him.

PA: What do we do, Buddy?

BUDDY: I don't know, Pa. Are you hungry?

PA: No Buddy. I'm not even thirsty now.

BUDDY: Do you feel the pain, Pa?

PA: No, Buddy. I don't even know what to do. David's gone. Is he dead?

BUDDY: I don't know, Pa..

PA is looking in the mirror.

PA: It's my fault, Buddy. He is like me. I'm such a cunt.

LILLY: *From the bedroom.* John?

PA: Lilly?

LILLY: What's going on?

PA: David's gone, Lilly. He's gone.

LILLY: Is he dead?

PA: I don't know. He's gone.

LILLY: What are you going to do John? He's gone.

PA: I don't know. I don't know what to do.

LILLY: Phone the police John. Phone the hospitals. Find out if he is alive.

LILLY is getting up. Putting her slippers on. Coming through to the lounge.

PA: Do you think he's dead?

LILLY: I don't know John, but it would be nice to know.

PA: What is wrong with you? Don't you care?

LILLY: John.

PA: What?

LILLY: John.

PA: *Shouting.* Don't you fucking love him?

LILLY: This is the fourth day, John. Fourth.

PA: He's your son!

She goes into her room and closes the door.

PA: Buddy! Buddy!

LILLY: *From bedroom.* Shut up!

PA: Fuck you, you cow! I hate you! Buddy?

BUDDY: Yes, Pa.

PA: Get me a drink. I'm so thirsty. That bitch made me thirsty, Buddy. Get me a fuckin drink. I'll fuckin kill you.

BUDDY: I'll get it Pa. I'll get it for you.

PA: Get it for me. I'll kill you. I'll fuckin kill you.

BUDDY is struggling with many bottles, looking for one that still has drink in it.

PA: Hurry up, you stupid cunt. I fuckin hate you. Hurry up! Leave the glass, just bring me the bottle!

BUDDY found one.

BUDDY: Here, Pa. I've got it. I've got some.

PA: Hurry up, Buddy. That's good. That's a good boy.

BUDDY: I've got it, Pa.

PA: That's a good boy.

BUDDY: Is that better, Pa?

PA: That's better, Buddy. That's better.

BUDDY: What do we do now, PA?

PA: Phone the hospitals, Buddy. Find out if he is dead. See if they've found him.

BUDDY: *Crying.* What do I do, Pa?

PA: You dial the numbers, Buddy. Its not hard. They're there by the phone. Dial Buddy. Fuck Buddy! Dial the fucking numbers! Dial!!

BUDDY picks up the phone. Just when he is about to call the hospitals PA interrupts him.

PA: Hey, Buddy.

BUDDY: Yes, Pa?

PA: I love you. Not David. You a good boy, Buddy. A good boy. You won't give up hey, Buddy? You'll fight. You a good boy. You should be my son, not David.. Will you fight Buddy? You must fight. You must always look after Lilly. Okay Buddy? You look after Lilly.

BUDDY: Yes, Pa. I will look after Lilly.

PA: Show me the move. Show me you've learned it.

PA tries to grab BUDDY in the grip, BUDDY turns into it, quickly and fast.

PA: Yes, that's good, Buddy. That's good. You're learning. Use it. Protect her. I'm going to sleep now Buddy. You look after her.

PA wheels himself into the corner and goes to sleep.

SCENE 12:

DAVID enters. He is like a Zombie. Drugged out of his mind.

DAVID: *To Buddy.* Hello.

BUDDY: Hi.

DAVID: Who are you?

BUDDY: I'm Buddy.

DAVID: Hey Buddy.

DAVID turns to go into LILLY's room.

BUDDY: You mustn't go into her room.

DAVID: Why not?

BUDDY: *Standing up.* You must stay out of there.

DAVID: I'm just going to get some money, it's okay.

BUDDY: No! Don't go into her room.

DAVID ignores him and continues walking towards the room. BUDDY goes for him, trying to apply the grip that PA taught him, but he is too small to do it right. He harasses

DAVID until DAVID turns and punches him away so that he falls down. DAVID goes in and takes a jewellery box out from under the bed, takes an item. Then walks out of the room, meets BUDDY again in the lounge.

DAVID: Hey.

BUDDY: Where are you going?

DAVID: I'm going to go and sell these to a friend. Then I'm going to get high.

BUDDY: Are you going to come back?

DAVID: I don't know. What's your name again?

BUDDY: Buddy.

DAVID: Buddy. See you, Buddy.

DAVID leaves.

SCENE 13:

BUDDY stands looking at the door that DAVID left through. He goes to LILLY's room. Tries to wake her without touching her.

LILLY: What?

BUDDY: David was here. He's not dead.

She turns over and goes back to sleep.

BUDDY: Wake up. He's alive.

She ignores him.

BUDDY goes back to the lounge. He shakes PA.

BUDDY: Pa. Pa. David was here. Wake up. He's not dead.

No response from PA.

BUDDY: Pa! Pa!.

A moment, then PA opens his eyes, realises he is going to vomit. He falls out of his chair and drags himself to the toilet, between retches shouting for LILLY.

PA: Lilly! Lilly!

BUDDY is dancing around, not sure what to do. He joins in.

BUDDY: Lilly! Lilly!

PA: Buddy, get Lilly,

BUDDY: What?!

PA: Get Lilly!

BUDDY: Get Lilly! Get Lilly!

He runs over to LILLY's room.

BUDDY: Lilly! Lilly! Wake up. Pa is dying. Wake up Lilly!

Eventually LILLY sits up. She doesn't notice BUDDY.

LILLY: John? John!

PA: Lilly! Lilly!

She gets out of bed and goes to him in the bathroom.

From Bathroom.

PA: I'm sorry, Lilly. I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

LILLY: Come on, head back. Stay there John.

PA: I'm sorry, Lilly.

LILLY: Just stay over the bowl. Its going to be fine.

BUDDY is standing in the lounge. DAVID walks in the door, totally finished. He only has enough energy to stay on his feet. He sees PA's wheelchair and sits in it. LILLY comes back into the lounge carrying some of PA's dirty clothes, on her way to her room to fetch a towel. She sees DAVID sitting in his PA's chair. She freezes, shocked at the sight. She drops PA's clothes and begins to walk back to her room.

DAVID: *Mumbling, but audible.* Mom.

She stops at his voice.

DAVID: I'm sorry. I'm sorry, Mom.

LILLY: Get out of that chair.

DAVID: I'm sorry. It's my fault.

LILLY: Get out of that chair. Stand up.

DAVID: It's okay. I'm just tired. I'm okay.

LILLY: *Walking over to him.* Get out of that chair!

DAVID: It's okay Mom. I'm sorry.

She pulls him up out of the chair, hitting him at the same time, struggling with his limp body.

LILLY: Get out of the chair! Get up!

PA: Lilly! Help me!

DAVID: I love you Mom. *He hugs her.* I won't do it again.

LILLY tries pushing him away.

LILLY: Just go to bed! Go and get into bed!

DAVID: I won't do it again.

LILLY: Okay. Just go to bed.

DAVID, turns and walks to his room, still like a zombie, trudging with his eyes closed, drops his clothes from him, and gets into his bed.

Pa enters from the bathroom, crawling, he gets into his chair.

PA: Is he back?

LILLY: Yes.

PA: Is he okay?

LILLY: No.

PA: Good. Fuck him.

LILLY walks over to PA. Looks at him.

LILLY: You know what?

PA: What?

LILLY: I wish you would die. God help me, I wish you would die. Do you hear me? I want you to die. Just sit there in your wheelchair, and die.

LILLY goes to her room and gets into bed.

SCENE 14:

The phone rings. Pa ignores it. BUDDY looks to PA, then answers the phone himself.

BUDDY: Hello?...Hello, sir. Yes, sir...He's here sir... Hang on I'll ask him. *To Pa.* Pa? Pa!

PA: What?

BUDDY: Its a policeman on the phone for you.

PA: Take a message.

BUDDY: Sir can I take a message?...Okay...Yes...Yes sir, I will tell him. Thank you. Bye.

PA: What?

BUDDY: He said I must tell you not to worry. David isn't in trouble, they've sorted it out.

PA: Are they coming here?

BUDDY: No. He just told me to tell you.

PA: Good then.

BUDDY: Was I right, Pa?

PA: Mmmm.

Pause

PA: Buddy.

BUDDY: Yes?

PA: I really love wrestling. I love it. Did you know that?

BUDDY: Yes. I know that.

PA: You know why?

BUDDY: Because its a good sport.

PA: No. Because it takes all sorts, that's why. All sorts, Buddy. Everyone gets a chance. You know what character I would be if I was a pro-wrestler?

BUDDY: No.

PA: I'd be me. John. I'd be a pathetic, paralysed, piece of shit.

BUDDY: Don't say that.

PA: Why not? Thats what I am. I'm not being stupid. I'm telling the truth. I'd be me, and everyone would love it. They would love me. I'd be disgusting, no one would want to touch me because I'm a cripple. But I would have a bat Buddy. A big bat hidden in my chair, and I would smash everyone. I would fuck them up Buddy. And I would talk kuk. I'd be funny. They would love me Buddy. Everyone would cheer me. They'd

love me.

BUDDY: I think you should go to sleep, Pa.

PA: Do you love me?

BUDDY: You should just stop now Pa. You should go to sleep now.

PA: I asked you a question. Do you love me?

Pause. BUDDY is unsure of what to do.

BUDDY: Yes, Pa.

PA: Really?

BUDDY: Yes, Pa.

PA: Why? What about me do you love?

BUDDY: You Pa. I love you.

PA laughs at him, then pokes him hard in the stomach with his finger, hurting him.

PA: You feel that? Hey? You feel that?

BUDDY: *Nodding.* Yes, Pa.

PA: What do you feel, Buddy?

BUDDY: Your finger Pa, it hurts.

PA: Yes. It hurts. You right, Buddy. It hurts.

BUDDY: *Close to tears.* Stop it, Pa.

PA: Do you know what that is? That feeling?

BUDDY: I don't know. It hurts.

PA: That's love Buddy. That's the love pain. You know that?

BUDDY: I don't know, Pa.

PA: You better learn to know Buddy. You better grow up. Because that's all you going to get.

BUDDY: I don't understand.

PA: No. You don't. Go to bed.

BUDDY walks towards his ladder.

BUDDY: Goodnight Pa.

BUDDY starts climbing up the ladder to the roof.

PA: Hey.

BUDDY stops.

PA: Don't take everything so seriously. You'll get a headache.

BUDDY doesn't say anything.

PA: Go to bed.

BUDDY exits.

PA: *He calls up to him.* Sleep well!

PA drinks the last of his bottle. He sits for a moment, then he begins to cry.

BUDDY sits in his usual spot, his feet dangling off the edge. Lights fade until only he is illuminated.

BUDDY: Once upon a time there was a family that lived together in a flat. There was Pa, he was the Dad, and there was Lilly, she was the Mom and the Wife. And there was David. He was the son. And there was also Buddy. He lived in the roof, and only Pa knew he was there. And Buddy loved Pa. He loved him with all his heart. Buddy was waiting for Pa. He would wait for Pa as long as he had to.

Lights shift to morning, brightening downstairs. Pa opens his eyes, taking one breath.

Black Out.