

Fairytale of the Street

A monologue

Cast: Rob. 40's plus, rough sleeper in any town.

Set: Simple setting of a raised doorway to a shop, ideally a fire exit. Rob lays covered in a dirty old blanket or sleeping bag, cardboard around him to protect from some of the cold wind. A small basket sits ahead of him for loose change along with a begging sign which reads: ***Please spare some change for a poor ol' soldier. Merry Christmas one and all.*** Throughout this monologue Rob hardly moves, only in occasional reaction to what is said. His voice is a narration from off set, his voice deep, harsh, broken. This can be read live or a quality recording. The monologue should be read exactly as it's written.

Time: Late Christmas Eve, present day.

(Curtains open to bright lights and distant bass music. Lots of revellers can be heard singing etc, after a few moments we hear them saying their goodbyes and season's greetings. The sounds slowly fade and the light drops.)

Rob: *(Singing quietly, badly)* Christmas eve bay, *(coughs.)* In the drun tank....*(hacks)* old man said to me, won't see another one. *(stops singing.)* Fuckin Pogues, wa da they know? Yeah we all coulda bin someone, but I, I was...*was* someone! Corp.....nah wait. Sargen Robert 'Robo' Harrington, Royal Regimen Fusiliers, Tidwerf. Fuckin Shane McGowan, pissed up twat, broken teeth and fuckin minted I bet, oh yeah! *(coughs and hacks.)* She come rown earlier, Sara or Sophie or Sandra or, forget....one of those, sin her before, rown here larss Christmas fink. Pretty one nat, nice titsunder er fur coat I reckon. She alright though. Smiles like she likes me or summut. Tells me to go wiv her, where I asker. To sum fuckin soup kitchen, Ha! *(beat)* Two terms a duty in Afganissan, two! Saw sum sites too, fings I ain't never gunna say to anyone, not even Sandra, Sophie. No one ever wanna hear that shit. What ya doin Neil? Getcha fuckin head blown off doin that you muppet! *(laughs slightly which makes him cough.)* 'nestly Neil, take care bro, I aint gunna write no soppy letter to ya misses sayin what a fuckin 'ero you are...nah, I tell her you a twat, shoulda kept ya stupid fat head down...*(at this point his voice starts to break, about to cry but composes himself. Coughs badly.)* Whysit ave ta be so fuckin cold man? This musbe Helmand cold f'fucksake. *(long pause, then sings briefly)* The boys of the NYPD choir, all singin somefin shite, bells were ringin out, fa Christmas ny.....Sandra sez see ya tomorrow, take you to soup kitchen. Be nice an warm there wonnit? Sing sum songs, play games, get given a prezzy each haha! Like the way she says 'prezzy', all sexy like, like sum French girl. Zuz zz zus....Sorry Sandra-Sophie, I'm buzzzy tomorrow in I? Got fins to go to. Seeing family up north, Tidwerf. Drivin up there in me Jag-you-arr. Wander if I'll see Neil there, i the dog-n-duck, sippin is pint lika girl ha! Why doessit ave to be so fuckin cold! Fuck off cold, go! Go fuck yourself cold! Bitch! Fuckin cold, dontcha know is Christmas? *(Coughs louder, harder.)* Joining us dad? Gunna be in dog-n-duck, Neil ull be there, an the other lads, come un ave a pint wivvus Dad? Oh...don't then. You never did, too busy drinkin yourself to ya early grave, bastard! Take the easy way out! *(sings softly)* 'Sinatra was swinging, drunks they were singing....' *(stops singing, pause.)* Sort im out Mum, please? Mum? Stop the cold Mum, is in me, the cold, not chilled to the bone, s'far worse, is *IN* me bones, in me-ed and inme art. Mum? Neil? *(softly, barely singing)* An the boys of the NYPD choir all singing galwaybay, an the bells...*(stops singing)* Whyd'ya leave me Mum, why'dya leave with im? S'only seven an you had to go an die. Mum? *(whispering)* can't make it all alown, built my dreams around you...Mum...*(beat)* *(cries out)* MUM!....*(now barely audible)* can't feel my legs Mum, can't...move Mum, Mum?...Mu.....

(Uncomfortably long pause, the lights fade slightly.)

Female voice: *(from off stage)* Rob! Rob! Wake up Rob...can you hear me? Rob. No don't do this to me! Rob!...Steve! Call an ambulance, Now!...Rob, if you can hear me, it's me Sandra, stay with me Rob! You promised me you'll see me tomorrow! Rob...*(begins to cry.)*

(Subtle blue flashing lights fade up as the curtain slowly closes.)