

**ACT I**                      **SCENE 5 NIGHT**

*The pool is deserted. The rest room door is shut. The sound of rain. The reflection of the water is shimmering and mottled as the rain hits the water. An empty chair.*

*ROB enters from the changing rooms. He's wet. He sits in the chair.*

*Puts his head in his hands.*

*The rain stops.*

*It's silent and calm.*

*The sound of swimming.*

ROB:                      Shit.

*MR KASS gets out of the pool dry.*

Not now Mr Kass. Not now.

*MR KASS speaks. Only it's not MR KASS. He speaks now with a broad Durham accent.*

DA:                      Ahreet son?

ROB:                      Da? Bloody hell. Da?

DA:                      Yer wet as a trawlerman.

ROB:                      Ay. It's raining.

DA:                      Is it? I canna tell.

ROB:                      It were.

DA:                      I'm dry.

ROB:                      Ay

DA:                      *(Looking around)* I've been swimming...

ROB:                      Ay

DA:                      I'm dry.

Where the fuck's this?

ROB: The pool. I work here.

DA: Oh ay. How's it go'n?

ROB: Fine. Fine.

DA: Don't look fine. Lookin' like a drowned mackerel son.

ROB: When you. How did you get up there Da? To the top of Simonside.

DA: Walked.

ROB: Didn't have it in you. To walk.

DA: Amazing how far yer can go when yer don' have to come back.

ROB: Sorry I never came Da.

DA: Yer all right son.

ROB: Quick. It was quick.

DA: It were years.

ROB: Sorry I didn't stay Da.

DA: Your life.

ROB: I liked it an' all. The flour mill. After that....

DA: Nothing for you son. Good decision, coming South. The army.

ROB: Still just clearing up other people's shit.

DA: Maybe...

Hefting coal or blastin' rivets's not much different.

ROB: More respect in shovlin' coal than shovlin' shit.

DA: Shit don't kill you son.

ROB: Maybe.

DA: Don't like seein' you like this.

ROB: Thanks for lookin after us Da. All them years.

DA: I'm yer father, Yer me youngest. No thanks needed.

ROB: What's it like Da.

DA: Bit bloody confusing to tell yer the truth. Lots of queuing.

ROB: Not like yer pushed for time up there. Have yer seen Mum or Auntie Bell?

DA: No desire te see yer mother. Or yer Auntie if they come as a pair.

ROB: True.

I don't stop lovin' yer. Even though yer dead and everything.

DA: I don't know how long I'm meant to be here. Probably should head back.

ROB: Don't go yet Da.

DA: Not even sure I'm meant to be here at all.

ROB: Right.

*ROB approaches DA. They hug each other.*

DA: I'll see yer son.

ROB: Bye Da. I love yer.

*He doesn't let go.*

DA: You too son, you too. I need to go.

ROB: Ay, you go Da.

*Still doesn't let him go.*

DA: When yer ready son.

*Eventually ROB lets him go.*

*DA climbs back into the pool.*

*The sound of swimming into the distance.*

*ROB stands at the end of the pool watching. For a long time.*

*The water calms in the moonlight. It jumps again as a duck lands.*

*STEPH appears out of the dark.*

STEPHANIE: Hey Geords. Whose that you talking to?

ROB: Meself really.

STEPHANIE: Bought you some sandwiches.

ROB: What's in 'em?

STEPHANIE: Cheese. It's the white bread you like.

ROB: Thanks kid.

*They eat.*

STEPHANIE: Derek's watching repeats of Stars In Their Eyes.

ROB: Ay. Riveting. Can see why you've come out.

STEPHANIE: You ok?

ROB: Dunno really. Drinking. Talking to myself. Bit fucked I suppose.

STEPHANIE: What's that about then?

ROB: Just run out of room really. Me Da, he had something, he built something, I've built nothing really.

STEPHANIE: Know what you mean. Me mum and dad's is twice the size of ours. We could move into their kitchen and have more room.

ROB: Tried the army and the buildings. Now I'm in fucking leisure services. Had a gun, then a pick, now all I've got is a fucking whistle.

*(Pause)*

STEPHANIE: Pea keeps getting stuck in mine.

ROB: When this goes. I'll be left cutting the grass on the golf course. Being the poor fucker they hit the balls at.

STEPHANIE: This ain't gonna go. It's an essential service.

ROB: Is it? Essential?

STEPHANIE: 'Tis to all the people who come here./ 'Tis to us.

ROB: They're gonna put up some giant angel in Gateshead. All made out of steel. Same steel that would've made ships.

STEPHANIE: Thought that was gonna be in Newcastle or Glasgow or somewhere.

ROB: Gateshead.

STEPHANIE: What do you think of Ashley? Seems a bit shifty.

ROB: Why are you really here? Night like this.

STEPHANIE: Checking up on you you idiot.

ROB: Why?

STEPHANIE: Worried.

ROB: What. You might find me floating in the pool of a morning.

STEPHANIE: Maybe.

ROB: Imagine Trevor's reaction. He'd dock me pay for sure.

STEPHANIE: You'd get a written warning for misuse of council property.

ROB: Probably the way to do it though. Drowning.

STEPHANIE: What.

ROB: If you gonna do it. Better than taking a header off a bridge or fucking up everyone's day by going in front of a train.

STEPHANIE: I'm scared of drowning.

ROB: I'm scared of missing one. When the pools packed. Missing that change of rhythm in amongst it all. Then seeing some mum, looking around,.. Knowing there's one gone down.

STEPHANIE: I told Derek, about drowning .

ROB: And?

STEPHANIE: Told me to get another job and turned the tele up.

ROB: Tell yer Steph. What you doing with him?

STEPHANIE: I'm hardly with him really.....not anymore.

Were you talking to your Dad.

ROB: Dunno.

STEPHANIE: Must miss him.

ROB: We've all gotta go.

STEPHANIE: Is it gonna rain again?

ROB: It's raining.

STEPHANIE: I might stop with you for a bit.