

# To sleep

by

Matt Fox

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## To Sleep – By Matt Fox

### Characters

Martin – 39 years old

Hayley – 17 years old

### Scenes

1. Hospital Waiting Room
2. Hayley's bedroom
3. Martin's living room

### Synopsis

With warmth, compassion and dark humour To Sleep shows how relationships can develop between different people no matter how appalling their shared experiences might be. The play opens in an A&E waiting area with two people, who have almost nothing in common. One is a girl in her late teens, the other a middle aged man. Neither of them seems comfortable being there until they find out that they're both there for the same reason - suicide gone wrong. This leads to the two talking and deciding to help each other finish the job; a decision which causes an unexpectedly beautiful relationship to start to build.

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## Scenes

1 - Hospital Waiting Room

2 - Hayley's bedroom

3 – Martin's living room

## Scene 1

**Scene opens with Hayley and Martin sat on plastic chairs in a hospital waiting room. They are the only people in the room, and are sat apart from each other. They are dressed casually and both have bandages around both wrists. They both have blood stains on their clothes. They sit for a while looking expressionlessly out at the audience. After some time Martin starts to whistle in a slightly nervous fashion, Hayley hears the noise and pretends not to notice. Martin persists with his whistling and slowly Hayley starts to sneak glances at him, becoming more irritated by the whistling. After a while Hayley just stares at Martin. He has been looking round the room and eventually locks gaze with her. This makes the whistling stop. He looks away and she looks away. There is a slight tension between them.**

**After a while Martin starts to smirk and sneaks glances back at Hayley. He starts to make small half whistle noises, immediately stopping them when Hayley looks round. Eventually again Hayley catches him and their eyes lock. They stare at each other initially and then he begins to smirk and she eventually smiles as well, looking away.**

Hayley – **(whispered)** Dick.

**Martin hears this and is a little hurt by the comment. He looks away.**

Martin – **(whispered)** Bitch.

**Hayley hears this and looks at him. He eventually looks back and finally they are staring at each other.**

Hayley – What was that?

Martin – **(innocently)** What?

Hayley – What did you just say?

Martin – Nothing.

Hayley – Right.

**Hayley turns away.**

**Martin looks at her.**

Martin – I said bitch.

**Hayley turns back.**

Hayley – And why did you call me a bitch?

Martin – I didn't call you a bitch...I just said 'bitch'

Hayley – And why would you say bitch if you weren't directing it at me?

Martin – Tourettes?

**Hayley is unimpressed by this poor joke.**

Martin - Anyway why would you say 'dick' if you weren't directing it at me?

Hayley – That was directed at you.

Martin – Oh...and why may I ask?

Hayley – Because you were being a dick.

Martin – I was only whistling.

Hayley – Well it was fucking irritating.

**Hayley looks away and Martin looks back at her for a moment. He tries to think of something to say.**

Martin – Have you been here a lot then?

**Hayley turns back to him.**

Hayley – What? To A&E?

**Martin realises what a stupid question it was.**

Martin – Well...some people are more accident prone than others....you might be a haemophiliac or something...

Hayley – Haemophilia is a recessive, sex linked disorder, which almost exclusively affects men due to the chromosomes it inhabits...as I am clearly not a man, the chances of me being a haemophiliac are about zero...

Martin – Right...

Hayley – In fact, of all the reasons why I could be sat in this room, apart from say, having had my testicles bitten off by a ravenous poodle...the chances of me being sat here due to a haemophilia related injury are literally thousandths of a percentage point.

**Hayley looks away.**

**Martin is clearly dismayed at his poor start at this conversation, and squirms for a while.**

Martin – Look sorry....can we just start afresh? I'm Martin.

**He holds out his hand to Hayley and after a moment she grudgingly takes it.**

Hayley – Hayley.

**Martin looks at Hayley's wrists.**

Martin – Hurt your wrists then?

**Hayley loses her relaxed air.**

Hayley – Yeah...and?

**Martin didn't expect this reaction and squirms.**

Martin – **(holds up his own wrists)** Me to.

Hayley – Paper cut was it?

Martin – Something like that. You?

Hayley – Something like that.

Martin – **(trying to be humorous)** – Got to watch that paper...it's vicious.

**Hayley is unimpressed**

Hayley – Look I appreciate you trying to make small talk and fill the silence....but really I'm completely fine with silence...

**Martin is hurt.**

Martin – Oh right...sorry.

**He turns away again. After a moment however he cannot bear the silence.**

Martin – Well I'm not.

Hayley – **(exasperated)** Not what?

Martin – Not comfortable with silence, I think it's awkward and rude and probably what's wrong with the whole world right now.

Hayley – People are too silent?

Martin – No...people don't want to talk, discuss things...they just want to live insular lives.

Hayley – Well frankly it's none of your business what I do...but as you've brought it up, I happen to think that the main problem with the world is that people don't know when to shut the fuck up. They just go on about irrelevant boring nothingness. The endless bloody facebook updates on what they've had for breakfast or what they think about stuff, or what their children did or fucking whatever else. If people learnt to just shut up for a moment and concentrate on stuff that actually matters I think the world would be a far better place.

Martin – Wow...didn't think that would be such a touchy subject for you...at least it got you talking though.

**Hayley just gives him a sarcastic smile.**

**Martin waits for more, but she doesn't say anything else. After another pause he speaks again.**

Martin – Well if you must know, this (**indicating wrists**) wasn't down to a paper cut.

Hayley – You don't say.

Martin – Nope this was caused by Stanley knife.

Hayley – Got to be careful when doing those arts and crafts.

Martin – Well I wasn't...

**Hayley looks at him and he realises that she knows exactly what caused his wrist injury.**

Martin – Well anyway...it didn't work.

Hayley – So you mean we're not sat at the pearly gates waiting to speak to St Peter?

Martin – No...no we're not.

Hayley – Well that's a bugger...although I would have expected it to be better decorated than this if we were.

Martin – Yep...probably less posters showing how to check for testicular cancer.

Hayley – Probably too late for that by then.

**Hayley has started to warm to Martin and her body is now facing him. He indicates her wrists.**

Martin – So what did you use?

Hayley – Me?...well I didn't really...a kitchen knife...my mum's best.

Martin – Sounds more hygienic than my option.

Hayley – Fresh out of the dishwasher...

Martin – So do your folks know you're here?

Hayley – No...I did it in the park...to save my mum's new floor.

Martin – Considerate...

Hayley – Well you know how mum's get about the state of their floors.

**Martin laughs.**

Martin – Oh yeah, I used to get in terrible trouble for that sort of thing.

Hayley – Slitting your wrists in the kitchen?

Martin - Well no...I meant muddy trainers, but I know what you mean.

Hayley – So where did you go?

Martin – By the river...didn't want to be found weeks later half decomposed in my flat.

Hayley – Yeah that's probably not great for the person who finds you?

Martin – Or your neighbours? It has a terrible effect on property prices.

**They both smile.**

Martin – So did you do the old across the wrist cut?

Hayley – Well it seemed the most obvious way. It certainly started to piss out blood quick enough.

Martin – Yeah I did that one...I was toying with the up the arm technique, but I just can't see how it works.

Hayley – Well as we're both still sat here, I guess that would have been the best option to go for...you arrive by ambulance then?

Martin – Yeah I think so...it all went a bit fuzzy when I saw the blood...I'm really quite squeamish about that sort of thing.

Hayley – So why the fuck did you slit your wrists then?...There are less messy ways to do these things.

Martin – Just seemed the most obvious. I don't know...there aren't many books written about this sort of thing.

**Hayley turns to Martin – this is apparently a subject which interests her.**

Hayley – Well did you know...apparently the most effective method is to cut your own throat?

Martin – That sounds awfully messy.

Hayley – Well yeah...but the carotid arteries can chuck out a couple of litres of blood in a few minutes. You'll be unconscious in about 10 seconds.

Martin – I'm not really a fan of bleeding no matter how fast it is...I've heard jumping off buildings is fairly foolproof.

Hayley – Well yeah, but you've got all that thinking time before you hit the ground...and apparently you bounce once on impact and then explode. Sounds pretty gross.

Martin – Bullet to the brain?

Hayley – And I assume you know where a person gets hold of a gun in this heavily gun controlled country?

Martin – Hanging?

Hayley – Slow and painful...

Martin – Paracetamol?

Hayley – Slower and more painful.

Martin – Well maybe I should just embrace the joy of life and give up on this whole thing?

Hayley – If you like...look a lot of people are just making a cry for help...there's no shame in that. This really isn't recommended if you're just trying to scare someone or something?

**The buoyant mood disappears.**

Martin – No...no I'm not...it's really complicated...I just wish someone understood why...



Hayley – I know...I keep typing it into Google and getting this endless stream of reasons why not...I know why I shouldn't...I'm not fucking stupid...just some things cannot be fixed...

Martin – Well I'm here...I understand you...

Hayley – Look no offence but if this is some attempt to shag someone in a vulnerable state then I think you should probably just fuck off...I might be young but I'm not an idiot...I bet you just tie bandages round your wrists and then hang out looking for girls with depression or eating disorders or whatever other fucked up things in their lives...

Martin – Look sorry...I'm not trying to do that at all...I'll show you...

**Martin starts to undo the bandage on one of his wrists.**

Hayley – Look you don't have to do that...you'll just start bleeding again...you're jeans are already a mess.

Martin – Yours aren't much better...

Hayley – I know...these were my favourite pair as well...should have bloody worn some old ones...

Martin – Well you don't want to be found looking badly dressed do you?

Hayley – Ha...no I guess not.

Martin – I think I will give up on this wrist cutting exercise though...it's bloody painful, messy and takes ages...

Hayley – You can go for the throat...

Martin – Look we covered this...I don't like blood...nothing that involves blood would be great...

**There's a pause.**

Hayley – You could always drink yourself to death?

Martin – Now that's not a bad thought...though I think it's a bit of a drawn out process, and usually involves sitting in subways stinking of urine...

Hayley – Well that's a very tabloid view...I had you down as lefty liberal Guardian reader...

Martin – I'm just old...I guess if you drink strong enough booze in a short enough time you might be able to crash out and not wake up...sounds expensive though...

Hayley – You got any money?

Martin – I've got a credit card with a six grand limit.

Hayley – That'd do it. **(She pauses)** Did you want to go for a drink then?

Martin – Are you being serious?...I thought you were worried I was a rapist...

Hayley – Well you don't strike me as interesting enough to be a rapist...a porn addict maybe...you have more the look of a laptop perv than a hard core alleyway rapist...

Martin – Now who's got tabloid views...I suppose you tell a sex offender just by looking at them...

Hayley – Well you can certainly tell someone who's not getting shagged voluntarily...

**Martin laughs**

Martin – Fair enough I supposed...you've got more wit than most depressed teenagers I've met.

Hayley – Probably just brighter than the average X Factor teen...

Martin – Undoubtedly...

Hayley – So do you want a drink then?

Martin – Is this the terminal variety or just a regular drink?

Hayley – Well we can start with regular and see where it leads us...though I am actually glad I've met you...

Martin – Is that just because of my credit card?

Hayley – Look I can kill myself quite happily without your credit card...no...it's just good to have someone else who understands...someone to be with...

Martin – But you don't know me...

Hayley – I know...that's what's good...

**Hayley starts to put on her jacket.**

Martin – Don't you need to wait here to be signed off by someone?

Hayley – What so they can take down my details and ring my parents? I'd rather not thanks.

Martin – Me neither...

Hayley – You're a bit old to be worried about them ringing you're parents aren't you?

Martin – You're never too old for that...besides that's not what I meant. I just don't really want a lecture on this, with the same old 'you've got everything to live for' nonsense. I'm fully aware that there are loads of reasons why you'd want to live a long life and why you'd be utterly insane to end it yourself...I really don't need the pep talk.

Hayley – You really are serious about this aren't you?

Martin – Well yeah...aren't you?

Hayley – Utterly...I just assumed that you'd turn out to be a fraud...

Martin – Not on this...most other things I've ever done you're probably right...but not this...

**Martin has started to become insular.**

Hayley – **(bright)** Trip to Spar then?

Martin – **(suddenly alert again)** Trip to Spar sounds good...

Hayley – You old romantic...you know how to treat a girl...

Martin – I've got my finger on the pulse of what the ladies like...if you'll pardon the expression in our current predicament.

Hayley – Ha...you've got to laugh, even when faced with impending doom...that's apparently what makes us British.

Martin – Or something...

Hayley – It'll probably be best to exit with some urgency...just in case they want to stop us.

Martin – Agreed.

**Martin puts on his jacket.**

Hayley – On three then.

Martin – OK.

Hayley – Three.

**Hayley gets up and exits without looking at Martin**

Martin – Twat.

**Martin gets up and leaves the room quickly.**

**Scene ends**

## **Scene 2 – Hayley’s bedroom in her parent’s home**

**Hayley enters the room silently bringing Martin with her; she is carrying a Tesco bag with cider in. They have snuck into the house so as not to wake Hayley’s parents. Her room is a classic teenage girl room with posters, makeup and clothes etc strewn about. Martin is uncomfortable being in the room, and seems to not have realised how young she is, taking in each teenage detail. With a lack of a seat he awkwardly sits on her bed.**

Martin – How old did you say you were again?

Hayley – I didn’t.

Martin – Right...how old are you?

Hayley – Fifteen.

Martin – Are you fucking kidding me?

Hayley – As a matter of fact I am.

Martin – Thanks Christ for that.

Hayley – I’m seventeen.

**Martin sits on Hayley’s bed.**

Martin – Oh Jesus...what am I doing here?

Hayley – Well I thought you were here to have a drink with me.

**Hayley pulls out a pack of cider from the bag, removes a can and throws it at Martin. He’s not concentrating and fails to catch it. The can hits the floor with a loud thud. Martin panics and hastily picks up the can and opens it. The contents spraying all over him.**

Martin – Oh fucky fucky fuck fuck.

Hayley – You seem to have relaxed into a bit of profanity since we were at A&E?

Martin – When we are at A&E I wasn’t at risk of being added to the sex offenders register.

Hayley – **(teasing)** You’d have to have sex with me for that...

Martin – Oh just piss off.

Hayley – Besides I’m seventeen not twelve. I’m over the age of consent. The law couldn’t touch you...you’re not my teacher.

Martin – It’s still not really seen as a good thing though...certain to get you dirty old man status. It’s all a bit Jimmy Saville for my liking.

Hayley – So you’re quite happy to sever your own arteries, but being rumoured to have shagged a teenager is just too much for you?

Martin – The world’s a funny place...suicide is infinitely more acceptable than fucking a minor.

Hayley – A coal miner?

Martin – Just piss off...that’s the technical term.

Hayley – Well I promise hand on heart not to let you “fuck” me...and will only spill precious life giving fluids in your presence...rather than sexual ones.

Martin – That’s very decent of you.

Hayley – I really don’t know what the big deal is though...Juliet was supposed to be thirteen when she married Romeo and they definitely did the shagging.

Martin – But I don’t think Romeo was thirty-nine years old.

Hayley – There’s nothing to say that he wasn’t....Christ you’re thirty-nine...no wonder you want to kill yourself...how depressing to be almost in your forties.

Martin – Well if I wasn’t depressed already, that’s really pushed me over the edge...perfect example of what I’m saying though, are Romeo and Juliet.

Hayley – What?

Martin – Everyone thinks their suicide was so pure and untainted, but they never play up the screwing thirteen year old girls bit...not that I want to screw thirteen year old girls you understand.

Hayley – Of course...seventeen year olds are your usual grooming prey.

Martin – Look I can go right now if you want and we can give up on this whole thing.

Hayley – Oh but where’s the fun in that...take off your t-shirt.

Martin – Ha de ha ha.

Hayley – No I'm serious, you're completely covered in cheap cider and you're gonna make this whole place smell like a student hall of residence soon.

Martin – You don't even know what one of those smells like.

Hayley – And as things stand I never will...so get your kit off old man.

**Martin awkwardly removes his T-shirt, aware that he's probably not in the same shape as the kind of teenage boys that Hayley usually sees topless. He holds his t-shirt in front of him.**

Hayley – Nice stretch marks on the old love handles there Martin.

Martin – Thanks...

Hayley – Well take a seat then **(she pats the bed)** we're never going to drink ourselves to death at this rate.

Martin – Are your parents actually here at the moment?

Hayley – I think so.

Martin – And you think they'll be ok with a half-naked middle aged man in their teenage daughter's bedroom?

Hayley – Of course not...they'd go fucking mad. They're not idiots.

Martin – Good, so long as that's clear then.

Hayley – Look Martin, just relax...this really isn't the worst thing that has or will happen to their little princess this year, so I don't think you need to worry yourself about it.

**The gravity of Hayley's comment makes Martin sits down next to her on the bed, he sips from his cider can. Hayley also has a cider can open and they both sit for a moment drinking quietly.**

Martin – So are you at college or something?

Hayley – Sixth form...A-levels in politics, psychology and media...

Martin – No proper subjects then?

Hayley – Sorry what was that old man?

Martin - Proper subjects, maths, English, sciences...things that are actually difficult.

Hayley – My god you're quite the middle aged stereotype. Will you be writing off to Quentin Letts in disgust at the state of the youth of today...did they have A-levels when you were young?

Martin – Yep...real ones that you had to pass with exams.

Hayley – Well good for you...and what groundbreaking career did these qualification get you?

Martin – I've got a degree as well you know.

Hayley – Well fucking hell...so I assume therefore that you're some sort of astrophysicist.

Martin – You assume wrong I'm afraid...I'm an IT manager.

Hayley – Well that sounds about as boring as anything could be.

Martin – You're not wrong there...don't ever let yourself become this dull...it's about the worst thing that a person can do. Much better have a short but brilliant life fuelled on sex and drugs and then die at 27 like Jim Morrison and Hendrix.

Hayley – 27...ha...I'm planning to shave ten years off that...fucking lightweights!

Martin – Do you know I was 22 years old when you were born...just finished uni, bright eyed and ready to take on the world.

Hayley – (**mocking him**) Through the medium of managing information technology...

Martin – And then it was wife and kids and mortgage and car finance and fuck knows what else.

Hayley – You've got a wife and kids?

Martin – (**suddenly realises what he's said**) No...no I don't...I did...

**There's a silence as Hayley starts to realise that something has happened to his family.**

Hayley – (**attempting to save the upbeat mood**) Well anyway...to corporate whoredom...

**Hayley raises her can, but Martin doesn't join her. She studies him closely and notices scarring on his side.**

Hayley – What happened to your skin there? (**indicates his side**)

Martin – What?...I was in a fire.

**Hayley leans over and touches his burns and then looks round at his back, noticing that his whole torso has burns on it. She physically pushes him to the side to take a look at them.**

Hayley – Fucking hell...that must have been some fire.

Martin – It was...

Hayley – So I guess that has something to do with this? **(holds up his wrist)**

Martin – Uh hu...look I don't really want to talk about it...it's difficult.

Hayley – I know...

**Hayley then stands up and removes her jeans.**

Martin – What are you doing?

**Her legs are covered with scarring from serious leg injuries.**

Martin – Fuck...

**Hayley then lifts up her t-shirt and there are scars all over her stomach and back as well.**

Hayley – Almost put yours to shame don't they.

Martin – What happened to you?

Hayley – Accident.

Martin – Car?

Hayley – Yeah...big accident.

Martin – And do your wrists relate to that as well?

Hayley – Give that man a coconut...

Martin – Sorry what?

Hayley – It's something my dad says...sorry...embarrassing...

**Hayley sits down on the bed again, and she and Martin are silent for a moment.**

Martin – **(eventually)** So what happened?

Hayley – Car accident...my car.

Martin – Were you alone?

Hayley – No...no I wasn't.



Martin – Fuck.

Hayley – Fuck indeed.

**There is another big pause.**

Hayley – Right, sod it...I'll tell you what happened, but you've got to tell me what happened to you straight afterwards.

Martin – I don't know if I can.

Hayley – Look...we're gonna be dead in a few hours...right?...

**Martin's a little shocked by the frankness of this.**

Martin – Well yeah I guess so...

Hayley – So if you can't tell me what happened and get some sort of understanding from another human being then I think you're gonna really struggle to end things like you've said...I won't tell I promise...even when I'm dead....

Martin – Fine...but you first.

Hayley – OK then....but you can't look at me until it's finished.

**Hayley clambers round and puts her arms round Martin's neck from the back, resting her chin on his head. She moves around during the story, but always tries to keep out of his sight.**

Hayley – So I passed my driving test about 5 month ago, after only a couple of months of lessons.

**She seems to be waiting for a reaction.**

Martin – **(not sure what he's supposed to say)** Well done?

Hayley – Thanks...you won't remember, but I think it's a major point in your life, passing your test...being allowed out there on your own.

Martin – You're right I don't remember.

Hayley – Shh...I'm telling the story.

Martin – Sorry.

Hayley – So my folks bought me a car.

Martin – What was it?

Hayley – A Kia.

Martin – (**sarcastic**) Awesome.

Hayley – Fuck off...it was great...pink fluffy dice and everything.

Martin – Wow.

Hayley – So anyway...I was then free to go anywhere I wanted, any time I wanted. It was brilliant.

Martin –Driving just makes me think of commuting to work and traffic jams.

Hayley – Will you please just shut up and let me finish?

Martin – Sorry.

Hayley – So I was the only one of my mates who had a car, and pretty soon became the taxi service for everyone...

Martin – You want to try having kids if you want to know what that feels like...

Hayley – Just fucking shut up...

**Martin mimes zipping his mouth.**

Hayley – Thank you...So one night we went out drinking.

**Martin raises his hand to ask a question.**

Hayley – What?

**Martin unzips his mouth.**

Martin – Aren't you a bit young for that? Surely they ask underage people for ID and stuff these days? It's all that challenge 25 nonsense isn't it now?

Hayley – You've obviously never been a teenage girl...some well displayed tits and arse can pretty much get you into anywhere.

Martin – Fair point.

Hayley – So we went out, and I drove the girls, and we had a brilliant time. I'd promised to just drink coke, but you know how it is when people start buying you drinks, and then you say you'll get a taxi, but you know that you actually won't, and everything's brilliant and you're having an awesome time...

Martin – And suddenly it's 3am and you need to get home.

Hayley – 5am...but yeah...you need to get home to bed before your parents wake up....

Martin – So you decided to drive home and it didn't go so well?

Hayley – Yeah...yeah that's one way to put it.

Martin – And you weren't alone....

Hayley – No...the Kia was full...6 girls, plus me, strewn across the seats, singing, smoking and drinking.

Martin – I can imagine.

Hayley – So we were driving along this road, quite close to where my mate Bex lived, up in the new bit of town....

Martin – Yeah I think I read about this...

Hayley – Well I turned this corner and forgot there was a bridge just round it...I tried to brake, but with all those people in the car and the road a bit wet....

Martin – And slightly inhibited reactions....

Hayley – Yeah...anyway, I hit the wall of the tunnel at about 50 miles an hour.

Martin - Fuck.

Hayley – Yeah...fuck.

Martin – So what state was the car in?

Hayley – Not good....I was knocked out...when I woke up it was really, really quiet, like nothing had happened...I genuinely thought for a minute that I'd imagined the whole thing, or was dreaming or something.

Martin – But you weren't...

Hayley – No...after a bit I started to hear sounds, and started to look round. It was then that I started to feel pain, and the pain got worse and worse, even though I was still really pissed...Both my legs, arms, stomach, chest had this searing pain. I could barely breathe...I had the steering wheel jammed into my chest and the front of the car had been pushed into where we were sitting. My legs were pressed under the seat and one of my arms was facing completely the wrong way.

Martin – And everyone else in the car?

Hayley – I couldn't really move my head, but out of the corner of my eye I could see Bex and my other mate Hannah who were sharing the front seat. I'd hit the wall at kind of an angle, and their side of the car was more damaged than mine. I couldn't really see where one of them ended and the other started. The doors and roof had caved in on them and they were both crushed. I could just see blood and limbs. They

both had their eyes open, and I could see the fear in them. I knew they were dead straight away. It wasn't until the firemen cut me out of the car that I saw the four in the back, all crushed and broken. It was like the girls in the front...you could tell from their faces they were dead.

Martin – Christ...6 people.

Hayley – 6 girls...my girls...I'd known them since we were in infant school. We were the inseparable group that lasted throughout the entire school system. Every one knew us and wanted to be like us.

Martin – The popular girls then.

Hayley – Yeah...there are probably some little bitches that we didn't like who were happy about what had happened.

Martin – I doubt it...

Hayley – So anyway...they cut me out...I nearly died too...I'd severed some big blood vessels in my legs...but somehow the bit of car that had hit them had also pressed on the wounds and stopped most of the bleeding.

Martin – How long were you in hospital?

Hayley – Three months. They kept me sedated for the first week, but then I came round...I wish they'd kept me sedated forever.

Martin – So what happened then?

Hayley – Once I was awake the Police started coming to talk to me...they confirmed that the girls were dead...I fucking knew they were anyway, I don't know why they had to tell me again...and they said that they'd taken a blood sample from me on the night, and that they were going to test it for alcohol. When they came back they said that I was more than 4 times over the limit...when I was released from hospital they charged me with **(does an inverted commas sign)** “causing death by careless driving when under the influence of drink or drugs”.

Martin – So what happens now?

Hayley – They released me on bail and I'm due in court in 2 months time. My parent's lawyers say that they'll most likely find me guilty and I'll end up in prison.

Martin – Christ...how long for?

Hayley – Up to 14 years...

Martin – That seems a little harsh.

Hayley – **(suddenly angry)** I fucking killed 6 people...that's three times more than Ian fucking Huntley.

Martin – They're clearly different cases...

Hayley – They're still dead...so it's no different for them...doesn't matter if I meant to or not...they're fucking well gone.

Martin – OK...so what about your parents?

Hayley – What about them?

Martin – How's this affecting them?

Hayley – They're utterly and totally destroyed. They can't go out, their friends won't talk to them, they've lost everyone....I only wish I'd died in the crash as well...then at least people wouldn't think that the murderer of their children was still walking the streets. They wouldn't scratch threats into my dad's car or spray paint things on the front door of the house.

Martin – Can they move?

Hayley – They can't do anything because they'll probably have to cover a fine of thousands and thousands of pounds which the judge will also give me. They'll probably lose their house anyway.

Martin – Well you don't know that....it could be ok?

Hayley – How the fuck is it going to be ok?...They just don't need this...they're good people...I've ruined their lives.

Martin – So hence the trip to A&E and our little death pact...

Hayley – Yeah...I really cannot live with knowing what I've done to those girls...I cannot get over it and it's never ever going to go away.

Martin – But won't this just crush your parents even more?

Hayley – Yeah initially...but it will also be an end to it...if I stay around this is never ever going to go away...even if I get out of jail and move somewhere...this will haunt me and them forever...at least if their daughter's dead too, the world might forgive them and start to feel sorry for them...they're young enough...they could have another kid and forget about me.

Martin – Trust me...you never forget about your child...I'm really starting to think you should reconsider.

Hayley – Look it's happening...I thought you understood...

Martin - I do, I do...I know what you're feeling...I just worry about your parents, I know what it's like to lose children.

Hayley – Well anyway...that leads us onto your story...what happened to you?

Martin – I don't think I can say now...I think we need to discuss your stuff a bit more...I really think you've underestimated your parents here.

Hayley – Look we had a fucking deal...this is my stuff and my decision...if I thought you were going to start lecturing me I'd have carried on alone...

Martin – I'm not lecturing...

Hayley – Let me be clear...there is nothing that you can do to stop me doing this...and if that's what you're here for then you can fuck right back off to A&E and find some other loser to save...

Martin – Ok...I'm sorry...I won't mention it again...I really do understand...I just needed to be sure...

**Pause.**

Hayley – So what about you then...it can't be worse than mine...

Martin – Just different...I really don't think I can talk about it...I couldn't even speak to the councillors they offered...

Hayley – What the fuck do councillor's know?...I won't judge you...

Martin – I just don't know...

**She grabs his can of cider from him and holds it up in the end.**

Hayley – There'll be no more drinks for you until you tell me.

Martin – **(lightening)** Ok...but just give me a second...I can't really bare it...

Hayley – OK.

**Hayley moves and sits crossed legged at Martin's feet; both of them looking out into the audience.**

Martin – Right...I'm Martin Simon Warren and I was born in Reading.

Hayley – Are you actually going to tell me your entire life history, because I really don't think the night is long enough for that?

Martin – I just think it's important that you know who I am and where I'm from before I get into this.

Hayley – Well you're called Martin and you're from Reading...that's very useful knowledge I'm sure.

Martin – It is...it suggests I'm quite dull and ordinary...which is important.

Hayley – OK...thanks...if you could get to the actually story then.

Martin – OK ok...so yeah I was born in Reading and I went to school and took exams and got a degree and ended up an IT manager.

Hayley – Yeah...as we've already covered...get on with it.

Martin – Ok...so I was a bit crazy when I was young...

Hayley – I doubt it...

Martin – (**Ignoring Hayley**) ...I spent most of my 20s out drinking, having one night stands and generally having a good time...

Hayley – (**Sarcastic**) Rock n roll....

Martin – (**Ignores her**)...when I was twenty six I started working with this fantastic girl called Sarah who I got on really well with....

Hayley – Got on well with?...not exactly fireworks then?

Martin – ...We had loads of things in common...liked the same music, liked nice wine...liked each other.

Hayley – So you got together and got married.

Martin – Well we went on a few dates first and we started to go out, but after about 3 years, yeah, I asked her to marry me and she said yes.

Hayley – Beautiful I'm sure.

Martin – When we got married she was already pregnant with our first child, and when he was born we named him Ben. Over the course of the next few years we had two more children, Emily and Chloe and ticked over as all families do. I went to work, paid the mortgage and took them all on holiday each year.

Hayley – So...

Martin – So that was the most brilliant and perfect thing and I should have been completely happy every day and never ever wished for anything else in my life.

Hayley – But you did...

Martin – It was just after Chloe was born and I was really struggling with the sleepless nights. I'd started to get really grumpy and find excuses to get out of the house so I didn't have to listen to the endless bloody crying.

Hayley – Sounds reasonable to me...