

Aspects
of
Murder

by

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1

CID

at the scene of the incident

[Everything about the officer is 'normal'. This opening scene is about laying down a reference point of normality, to show what the Police have found and what they think about the incident before the play will progress to speak about various responses that men and women show towards facts that are presented to them.]

The officer will alternate between talking to the audience and talking to imaginary policemen at the scene. He should be wearing a full length raincoat of some description that can be used again in a subsequent scene to identify him and from which items can be withdrawn]

[To the audience. He stays at the side of the stage. He'll begin to move across the stage when he walks into the crime scene, speaking to those present. Whenever he speaks to the audience, he remains motionless and faces them]

It's the most perfect of dark evenings to match the darkest of crimes.

There's a heaviness in the air that you could cut with a knife, a sort of humid oppression that you can sense that makes the hairs on the back of your head stand on end.

And dark, too.

Well, it's night, isn't it?

That's not what I meant - it's a darkness that you could almost feel, a sense that something has just transpired that shouldn't have done, that all heaven is testifying to the inherent evil in the perpetrator of the crime.

[To those present, showing ID taken from his pocket]

Good evening, constable. What a foul night!

[Pause, then agreeing]

Aye, and a foul crime to match.

Have forensics arrived?

[Pause. Look of surprise]

And gone?! They didn't take their time, I thought they'd be here for hours.

[Pause]

Coming back? I see *[starts to move]*.

Must be careful not to disturb anything.

[Walks on into the room]

[To the audience]

Make them feel accepted, that's what they tell us. They may only be the guardian of the front door but they need to be made to feel as if they're an integral part of the investigation.

More likely to be on the look-out for anything suspicious, however small and seemingly irrelevant. Sometimes it's those sorts of details that solve the case.

You may think it's the conclusive fingerprint on the gun or the matching bullet in the drawer of the suspect - that's what the television teaches - but very often it's the smallest of details upon which a case hinges and turns.

[To those present]

A dark night it is, officer - what do we have?

[To the audience]

You wouldn't believe the amount of crime scenes I've been to - and the various positions the victim has been lying in.

Contorted, abused - flat out.

Lying face up, face down.

Angelic looks of serenity as if masking the brutality of the crime - expressions of pain held fast like snapshots of the final moments before death.

I've seen them all. Well, I expect I've seen them all.

Every now and then, you walk into a room and you're genuinely shocked and appalled by something new, something that you hadn't expected to see that hits you for the first time.

Something so grievous that you have to steel yourself, tell your stomach that the burger you ate two hours ago is destined to go downwards and not come back up.

You know the sort of thing?

Of course, you learn to become numb, not to be affected.

When I first saw the horrors that are an integral part of my job, I used to lie awake at nights, trawling through the images, the smells. When I fell asleep, the most ghastly of pictures played out in front of me.

Horrendous, appalling, degrading *[said with a fair amount of distaste showing on the face]*.

Still, that was a long time ago...

[To himself but to the audience at the same time. The officer will be walking round the scene, crouching down, lifting objects up, comparing one side of the room to another. Anything to give the sense of a personal investigation of the scene while he speaks, explaining what's there to the audience. With each explanation of the scene, the officer can point to imaginary places, an imaginary body using gesticulation to enhance the meaning]

Young, attractive victim. The records show she's twenty-three years old. No known enemies - except perhaps the house owner's wife. But she's got an alibi as they always do - away, out of town, for a week - which is why she's here, no doubt. Waiting for the return of her lover.

No evidence of a struggle as far as we can tell - no clothes torn, no smashed objects.

Obviously dressed for bed - scanty night-dress, dressing gown. No underwear as you'd expect.

[Directly to the audience...]

The media will have a field day on this one.

[Returns to the scene...]

Typical lie of the body - well, not typical. Just not unusual.

Looks like she was pushed or slipped over and smashed her head on the fireside metalwork.

An accident, perhaps?

But why two glasses beside the half-empty bottle of whiskey?

One with lipstick, the other used but stainless.

[Turns to an imaginary officer]

Is this dusted? Can I pick it up?

[examines the glass carefully, crouching down beside the imaginary side table - then stands up once the glass has been placed down]

Let's see *[reading from a notepad]* - neighbour dialled the Police when they came round to complain about the noise.

The noise?

Oh, the hifi. That would mask any amount of argument.

Saw the body on the floor when there was no answer.

Yes, that's just possible from this window, I guess. You could see the legs, anyway.

No sign of anything having been taken - the diamond necklace still on the corpse is an unusual item.

Going to bed with a diamond necklace on? Well, my wife wouldn't do that - mind you, that could be because she doesn't own a diamond necklace.

Two glasses? Why two glasses?

And no fingerprints on the second glass.

Why wipe your prints off the glass and leave it?

Why not take the evidence away that there was ever a second person here?

[To those present - the item that he picks up should be near the stage exit to enable him to get off into the wings with ease and speed. He should see something out of the corner of his eye, move his head to one side as if looking underneath a settee or low chair]

What's this?

[He removes a handkerchief from his pocket and, making sure that he doesn't smudge any fingerprints or damage the item, he holds it up close to his face to inspect it]

A strip of safety matches?

[To an imaginary officer]

We know that the victim was a non-smoker, don't we?

[There's a pause while he inspects it carefully]

Puzzling...

[Walks off. Lights]

2

Journalist

in the editorial department of the newspaper

[There should be a table with a healthy supply of newspapers from which the journalist will be able to find certain editions and pull them out as examples for the audience]

I don't know if Brian will ever make it as a headline-writing journalist.

I had my doubts when I first saw him across the office, wondering why we needed a personal coffee maker when the machine we had was good enough. Turns out he was just the latest toy in a long line of appointments that our senior editor's hired - all failures...

[Pause for reflection]

...no, that's wrong.

Now, what's the official line?

That's right - *[adds a higher pitched and posher-sounding voice]* 'A long string of employees who've failed to live up to their true potential' or, as we like to describe it *[adds a coarser, deeper voice]* 'A long line of men who wouldn't be seen dead in her bedroom'

I mean, look at this *[flicks through the pile of papers and lifts one up to read, brushing his hand at the headline]*, our gallant Rugby team come back as World Champions and our front

reads 'We won'.

[Looks incredulous, eyeing the audience - if they laugh, raise a hand to cover the eyes]

Not the most inspiring, is it?

Couldn't think of 'Wilkinson's Sword slices through the Aussies', could he?

Or 'Silko Wilko' *[pause]* 'Silky Wilki' - or *anything!*

'We won'!

Brain the size of a pea with as much intelligence as a watermelon - no, wait, I'm being unkind to the watermelon.

[Rummages through the pile once more and selects another edition]

Here's another - the Prime Minister is taken into hospital and he writes 'Blair ill'

Blair ill? Blair *ill*?!

How many copies is that going to sell?

[With the use of the hand to print the headline in the sky...]

'PM admitted to cardiac hospital' - better?

[Ask the audience if no response - 'I said is that better?']

Of course, you're not saying that he's had a heart attack, you're just pointing out that the same hospital that he was admitted to for a cut finger has a cardiac unit. The point is, it sells papers and that's what our business is about.

We can print the retraction 'with apologies' in the next edition in really small typeset somewhere at the bottom of page thirty-four.

It's not truth - that's not our job.

Truth is for the poor and the morally upright - we don't sell truth, we sell newspapers.

Just so long as there's enough scandal or intrigue in the headline, they'll hand over the money and increase our share of the market.

Think of it as job protection - self-preservation.

Think of it as helping you pay less taxes for me not being on the dole.

Think of it *[pause]*, think of it as my job.

[pause and reflects...]

Of course, now that little twerp is gone, I suppose I'll have to rewrite the morning's headlines - until her next toy boy is in place.

Now what was it he wrote?

[shows thought on his face]

Ah yes, that was it.

In emboldened words across the top 'Woman found dead on carpet' with the smaller 'Half-clothed woman in mysterious death'

Is that going to sell the paper? Is it?

[Starts to look almost heavenward for inspiration and suggests...]

'Bludgeoned body drowns in own blood'

How's that? Better?

[Get an audience response - if they don't respond, ask someone specifically. Get them to agree. With the next couple of headlines, walk up to someone, put on a very sinister voice and see what reaction you can get]

Or 'Battered girl's body mangled beyond all recognition'?

[To someone else...]

Or how about 'Sex fiend hunted for bloodied corpse'?

[Now generally to everyone...]

Sex fiend? You object to the phrase 'sex fiend'?

Hell! That's one of the singularly most popular phrases we have to promote the paper! Do

you think the public want to run away from the implications of those words? Why have they made us the best-selling daily, then?

Oh, and here - his 'Half-clothed woman in mysterious death'?

Nah! Never!

Give the Public what they want - if she's half-clothed, she's also half-naked, isn't she?

So 'Half-naked woman found by fireside love nest' sounds better. It almost implies a sex attack even if we don't say it. It's what you conjure up in the mind of the reader that's important, not the truth.

[Disdainfully...]

Who wants to read the truth?

You see, introduce the element of sexual impropriety if it's a famous person or the sex attack if it's a no-one (or, better still, combine both together if you want to hit the jackpot) and you'll get Joe Public knocking at your door to buy the latest edition.

Throw in a few boobs, a few innuendoes and a couple of stories about sex romps and vicars and you're never likely going to be toppled off that top spot.

Not a chance.

[The journalist begins to walk off stage but keeps stopping to deliver parts of the following, gradually lowering his voice and eventually disappearing off stage]

People don't want news, they want something that will stir their emotions - doesn't matter whether it's fear, hate, lust or love, the point is that if you make them *feel*, make them need to interact with the story, they become involved.

And, if they're involved, they're going to come back to you time and time again.

[Lights]

3

The Anorak

[The Anorak is a person who's attracted to scenes of crime, someone who follows the Police round out of fascination. He's meant to be weirdly dressed in a typical anorak with anything that will make him seem weird. The image is of someone who you wouldn't want to get into a train carriage with - especially if you and him were the only two in it and it was non-stop from London to Bristol. The voice should be slow and demented.]

His hands should first be seen as they appear on one of the boards hiding back stage. Then his eyes peer round the partition one over the other, penetrating the gaze of the audience. Sounds of 'Oohhh' could be used to introduce his controlled insanity to the audience before he shuffles on stage, dazed and seemingly frightened by the crowd of people looking at him.

The scene will be as long or as short as the audience makes it. If they respond humourously to the initial lunacy, repeat the eyes. If they laugh at one particular phrase, re-introduce it totally out of context in the midst of another train of thought]

Do you like my new plastic anorak?

Look at these zips - they go up *[pause - zips up]*, they go down *[pause - zips down]*. Up *[zips up]*, down *[zips down]*.

[Puts his hand in the pocket, finds an empty sweet wrapper and withdraws it. Examines it carefully with both hands to see if he can find the sweet. Looks about on the floor in case it's fallen out. A crisp packet would also be a useful prop]

You can put things in the pockets as well - like chocolate bars.
And bags of crisps - opened or unopened. Salted or plain.
And train timetables.

I like trains.

[To anyone who's been laughing...] Do you like trains?

I like red and yellow and pink and green...trains.

[Sings quietly...] Purple and orange and blue *[pauses. Speaks...]* carriages.

[Sudden look of alarm on face - checks flies]

Sorry, I couldn't remember.

[Back to the plot...]

I like trains called Thomas - and Douglas.

I used to have a friend called Thomas - I don't think he was a train.

I know a song about coloured trains.

Do you want me to sing it for you?

[Looks round, being distracted. It disturbs his concentration and he forgets what he was talking about]

I like yellow crime tape, too.

[Uses his hand to speak out the text...] 'Do-not-cross'

[Gets visibly excited...] The flashing blue lights on the cars.

The uniforms, the body covered with a blanket and taken away in the white Ambulance.

It has a blue light on the top, too.

I like trains.

[Pauses]

I must go - my dinner's almost ready.

[Begins to shuffle off stage]

If I was to come round and knock on your door after the play, would you want to be my friend?

[As he finally exits...] I'm going now...

[Lights]

4

Commuter man

standing on a railway station

[The man is standing by the track side, waiting for his daily train to work to arrive. He looks at his watch, then into the distance, straining his eyes to see the first sign of its approach. He carries a paper under his arm that has no writing on the front or back but which does have a page three model on page three. Something should be distinguishing about this man as the play will infer that he's the same character who will be standing by the road side when the van carrying the accused comes to court]

Late today.

Late most days.

Late nearly every day.

[checks watch]

Never early.

Not even once.

[looks in the opposite direction of the train]

She's nice - well rounded bosom, held firmly.

Cleavage - but not too much, to allow a man a little imagination.

Nice arse, too. Great arse, actually.

Probably one of the ten greatest arses this station has ever seen.

Wonder how often she gets laid?

Now if I was ten years younger...

[looks towards the audience]

Twenty years I've been standing here - well, no, not twenty years waiting for this single train. Although some feel as if that's how often one comes along.

Married - happily, of course - with kids all grown up and at college or at work. A respected member of the community - I pay my taxes, look after my family.

I even get involved in the local charities, get sponsored in fun runs and take my wife's cakes to bake and buy stalls so we can buy Guide Dogs for the blind.

Even so, I don't stand out from the crowd.

I'm just, well, normal.

You wouldn't think I was anything out of the ordinary if you met me in the street or if you lived next door to me. The garden's kept tidy and in order, I give you some of the apple tree's crop every year and, if you're ever on night shift, you can expect me to turn the music down throughout the day.

You'd love living next door to me - I'm the perfect neighbour.

[looks back towards the appearance of the train]

About time, too *[watches the train pull into the station as he speaks the next words, glancing into the windows of the carriages as it gradually slows down and picking the compartment]*

I bet there's no heat - often isn't.

Except in Summer, of course.

Bloody heating works throughout the summer and breaks down at the first sign of a frost.

Wonder if she'll get in my compartment today?

She's got a great arse, she really has *[glancing very briefly back but catching himself doing so]*

[The train stops, he opens the door and gets in]

Same old carriage - I recognise all the faces. Haven't a clue what their names are, though.

[Said cheerily...]

Morning!

[Sits down. Should be near the stage exit to facilitate ease and speed of exit once completed]

Must sound cheerful - it's the tradition. No one ever looks up, too engrossed in their latest book, thinking about yesterday evening's tv programs, reading their newspapers...

Ah yes, the newspaper. A catalogue of human frailty and debauchery compiled daily from the four corners of the earth.

Let's see, what're the headlines today?

Mmm...that looks good - 'Sex fiend hunted for bloodied corpse'

Now, must look concerned, that's important - not excited, not titillated.

Just concerned.

'Half-naked woman found by fireside love nest'

Wonder if she had a great arse? Probably did. *[To the audience]* They normally do.

'The bloodied corpse of a young actress was found bludgeoned to death in the house of a music agent last night. Her half-naked, knickerless body lay in a pool of blood beside a half-drunk bottle of whiskey and two glasses, one empty. Police suspect foul play...'

Stunning piece of deduction, wouldn't you say?

Damn! It goes on about the agent being out of town. Don't want to read that, scan read it.

'Continued page 2'

[turns the page but stares at page three instead. Pauses]

She's got a great arse, too.

[forces his head over to page two]

Now, where was I?

Ah yes...

'Her half-clothed body showed all the signs of there having been a struggle with a lover or sex attacker but, so far, an autopsy hasn't been completed...*[turns head to the right hand side of the paper but the words form a continuation]*...and the twenty-three year old art student, Angela Battersby, wants to travel the world and save the Tiger from extinction'

[Eyes the picture up and down for a considerable time. Pulls appropriate faces. Slightly lower voice in the midst of the staring...]

Great arse!

[Returns to reality with a bump...]

What am I doing? They'll see me!

No! Force yourself, force yourself back to page two. Come on, you can do it.

Stop drooling...

[There's a visible struggle going on in his face as he makes his neck turn back to the other page while his eyes are reluctant to flip over until the very last minute]

'...an autopsy hasn't been completed'

[He breathes out with relief to show that a struggle has just been completed. His eyes flash over the top of the paper all round the carriage to see if any eyes meet his]

Thank goodness! I think I got away with that one.

Now, where was I?

[His eyes stray back to the other page and he shuts his eyes quickly and slaps his hand across eyes - this struggle can be embellished for a time. Eventually, he has the good sense to fold the paper back on itself so page three is on the side away from him. He breathes another sigh of relief]

Where was I?

[He begins to read again...]

'...an autopsy hasn't been completed'

[...but tails off before he gets to the end as his eyes rise up over the top of the paper to meet another passenger who's looking at page three. The elevation over the top of the paper should start from eye-level and ascend slowly. The person being looked at should be someone in the audience]

He's looking at her breasts!

[Said indignantly, fairly loudly and with a lot of feeling...]

Bloody pervert!

[Lights]

CID

at the Police Station

[He should be wearing the raincoat as scene one at the start of this monologue so that his entrance onto the stage can be envisaged as his return into the Police Station. It might work to have him open a door and enter the room, closing the door behind him - this could then be the focal point for when there's a knock at the door towards the end. As he approaches the seat and table where he'll sit, he can remove the jacket and fold it over the back of another chair close by so that the pocket with the notebook in is ready to be dived into]

I prefer the office.

Not that you'd normally think of a copper having an office in the strictest sense but you need somewhere to think, to shut out the noise of investigative activity and settle down to summon the evidence before you and see what makes sense, what makes the connection.

This place is as good as any - and better than some.

It's my one personal piece of ground in a job that makes me an intruder in a variety of others, entering through doors that conceal the truth from eyes that have been trained to be suspicious and uncover it.

I have a few cases on the go at the moment - perhaps none of them will ever be solved.

But this new one, well...it just has me puzzled.

Now what am I missing?

[Pauses. Retrieves a notebook from his pocket and flips through the pages]

Young victim, head smashed by the metal bar of the fire place after slipping or being pushed over. Probably bled to death after being knocked unconscious...

...I do wish they'd hurry up with those autopsy results.

No obvious sign of a struggle - it would make you think she was alone.

But why two glasses?

Why a strip of safety matches when no one in the house has ever smoked?

[Face demonstrates puzzlement, he leans back in the chair and takes his eyes off the notepad to address the audience]

You know, if this was Hollywood, I'd already be thinking that the last person who saw her alive would be the very same person who did it - and that was John Smith, the local milkman.

Gave his statement *[looks at notebook to find the details]* that he came to the house around eight, collected the weekly bill, chatted briefly about the weather (doesn't everyone in statements? They always talk about the weather) - then went on his way.

Having trouble finding anyone who had money collected from them before eight-twenty, though.

I do wish we could find the house owners in during the day, the investigation always seems to move in fits and starts.

I always tell my officers to make sure they're in uniform when they go from house to house - been mistaken for Jehovah's Witnesses before now and they wouldn't answer the bell even though we could hear them inside.

John Smith?

[Goes back to his notebook]

Used to be called John Nettleton - always suspicious, a change of name - as if they've

got something sinister to hide.

One previous conviction for assault but suspended sentence given - let's see, that was five years ago. Could have a violent temperament.

Lives alone, owns a pet alsatian, rarely seen coming or going from his apartment - keeps strange hours being a milkman.

[Begins to write in the notebook with his pen...]

Any-connection-between-John-Smith-and-the-victim?

[Underlines it twice. Turns back to the audience]

Police work is supposed to be gathering information, clues and allowing them to tell the story that exists through their testimony. It doesn't always work like that, of course.

When you have a suspect, you're all too often tempted to interpret what you have in the light of what you're trying to make fit.

It's like *knowing* who the guilty party is but needing the evidence to substantiate your belief.

Police work becomes a matter of faith, you see?

Not a good way to progress, I admit, but when you have a hunch, it's very difficult to be objective about the evidence that keeps coming in.

You can get so blinkered that you ignore those nagging tunes that play on your conscience until you've built up a case that's based more on assumption than on fact.

[There's a knock on the door that no one needs to hear. The man looks up as if distracted, sits forward in his chair and says loudly...]

Come in!

Hello, Mike. What you got?

[Pause]

Oh, they've finished?

I was hoping I might have the report in my hands before I left tonight.

What've they put as the time of death?

[There's a short silence as the information sinks in, he slumps back into his chair, rubs his chin]

I think we'd best bring Mr Smith in for questioning...

[Lights - see below]

6

Journalist

in the editorial department of the newspaper

[To bridge the gap between the last monologue and this one, the lights could go out followed by a short silence before a low volume 'Damn!' as costumes are switched. Another, slightly louder 'Damn!' gives more time followed by a final, much louder...]

Damn!

I hate days like today.

Global summits, terrorist attacks, foreign wars - well, they're all important to someone, I guess, but, as they aren't happening in *this* country, aren't threatening *this* people who read the paper, they're not that important in the broad scheme of things.

Sure, we could cover them in depth, provide political analysis from right and left perspectives, quote national leaders' insights into the problems faced by successive oppressive regimes but, to be absolutely honest, unless you already have an interest in it, no

one gives a toss.

Well, perhaps I'm being a little *too* all-inclusive in my statement - the vast majority of the populace only want to know how events impinge upon them or - the reason for our own place in the market - to think better of themselves than they ought to because people in their own country are demonstrably more wicked.

I like to think of us as writers who make the nation feel good about itself, feel satisfied and perhaps even smug.

Ego-centric - that's what most people are and it's up to us to focus their minds sharply on matters that they think they're morally justified on.

That's why we carry the stories we do, why we deal with the stories in the ways that we choose.

All we're doing is presenting the facts in a way that the people want to receive them.

We do no more than that - ever.

[Pauses as he lifts a paper up and scans the headlines]

But this is a no-news day - wouldn't be concerned if it was a bad news day, we know how to deal with them.

But a no-news day - that's something different. That's hard.

[Opens the paper at different blank pages as he explains...]

Oh we've still got the regulars - the boobs and bums (strategically located so the regular reader knows exactly where they'll be in case of sudden need), the sexual innuendoes in the cartoon strips (we put them towards the back beside the crossword - always have done) and the odd celebrity rumour and gossip that help fill the paper out.

But what's our lead going to be?

[Scratches his head]

But there's little other news happening that's of particular importance to our readership.

[Sudden stop - face lights up from concern to light-heartedness as he lowers the paper but keeps hold of it]

Oh, I didn't tell you!

The new toy boy's arrived - I think they must've been holding interviews the other day.

Thankfully, he's not been assigned to the editorial staff - the upper management saw to that.

They sent down their own representative for the interviews - I think they're suspicious of her.

Well, you'd have to be, wouldn't you? Eight appointments in as many months and all under twenty-five with no qualifications.

You can see her eyes move round the room whenever he walks by her glass partition, flashing a glance at him, calling him in for the most trivial of problems.

What was it this morning? Oh yeah, the coffee machine.

Did he think it needed new filters cos it just didn't taste the same as it did last week.

If she'd've fluttered her eyes much faster, she'd've taken off.

[Is distracted by the matter at hand. Glances back down to the paper as he lifts it up once more]

The Public's interest is waning in that milkman case even though it helped us to increase our distribution for a few days.

You know, there are so many murders each week that to single out just this one and ignore the others is downright peculiar - I don't know why nobody ever pulls us up on it or objects to how overboard we go.

Children go missing almost daily - perhaps even more often than that. I only remember a

vague statistic on the tv, I don't know if was 'official' or not.

What makes one worthy of the public's particular attention for weeks on end while thirty more are ignored or consigned to a few brief lines on a page that seldom anyone reads?

Want to know why?

It's about capturing the imagination of the Public, of course - partly because of the way the newspaper deals with it, partly because the subject matter can be used to draw our readership in to the articles.

The suggestion of some sex-related crime is going to be a winner every time.

Doesn't matter if, in the end, it's all bunkum. No worries.

But, while there's the opportunity for us to suggest a connection, we have a lead that'll get them buying us daily.

The milkman case was a winner from the start - mistress found dead while the wife is away, clothes a bare minimum written up as suggestive of a sexual assault.

And now the 'secret lover' or 'sex crazed madman' possibility in the arrest of the milkman.

Don't know how to play it just yet - must dig a little deeper.

Still not sure how to deal with this suspect.

But our reporters are out there, knocking on doors, asking questions.

[Sounds sincere with his questions - directed at the audience...]

'How long has Mr Smith lived on his own?'

'Did you suspect that he might be a killer?'

'Do you feel safe living beside an accused man?'

Of course, we won't print any of our questions - just their answers. We can't be sued for libel if we repeat word for word what they say - rip them out of context if we want, but faithfully record what they said and we're safe.

It'll make it sound as if they volunteered the information themselves.

You know the sort of thing?

Let me see...

[Puts his hand to his forehead as if thinking, looks at the floor. Snaps his fingers when a line hits him]

'The accused's neighbour told us that she never knew what he got up to at night'

See the implication behind that? Do you?

Here's another...

'One of his buyers said that they never liked the way he used to handle their empty milk bottles. It always left them with a sense of trepidation'

If someone tells us that they've felt sorry for him being alone and have wanted him to hitch up with a partner we simply interpret it as, let me see...

'Locals were concerned that he was a loner, unable to find anyone who would live with him'

Sew the element of darkness, the macabre - of mystery and suspicion no matter what they tell you.

I've been doing it for years - if ever there was a degree course in editorial interpretation, I should be the teacher.

[Scratches his head again. Begins to walk off stage. Rubs his chin]

The sooner they make an official statement in the case, the sooner we'll have a decent headline, something that we can work with.

But what for tomorrow?

Mmm...what for tomorrow, indeed.

[Lights]

7

The Witness

who comes forward to the Police after thinking about what he saw.

[The Witness starts by pacing to and fro slowly across the stage, pausing in his recollection of events seen. This is his attitude in the first of his recollections only. The next two are spoken as part of his own statements to the audience. In the fourth, he takes his seat behind a desk, his arms outstretched on the top, telling his story to an imaginary Police officer who sits across from him, writing his words on a witness sheet.

The Witness could occasionally stare down at the imaginary paper, twist his head as if reading what's being written, saying 'Yes, that about sums it up'

When he goes off at a tangent between recollections, he turns directly to the audience and speaks to them as if they were acquaintances]

Now, what did I see?

[Stops pacing, stares at ground in thought. Raises finger into the air]

I noticed the man going from door to door as I sat in my car. That was my first recollection.

I can't say I knew what he was doing at the time but I know he got a response from about half the doors at which he knocked.

At the house where the murder was committed...

...think, think!

What happened there?

[Slowly, deliberately] At that house - yes! - he also seemed to get an answer but, from where I was, the tree obscured the doorstep - that's why I couldn't see much of what happened - and I only saw him walk down the path a couple of minutes after his approach.

Not sure what happened to him after that.

[Pauses, thinking]

The house sits on the corner of the street so it's possible that he went round and into another.

You could call it destiny why I was sat there.

I wouldn't - I wouldn't call it anything of the sort.

It was a weekly ritual of picking my daughter up from her Dance Class.

Well, you have to, don't you?

We only live two streets away but, once darkness falls, you're never sure just who'll be on the streets, hiding in the dark alley ways and shadows of the buildings.

It's no hassle, really it isn't - it's about protecting the ones you love.

That's why I was there.

I noticed the man going from door to door as I sat in my car waiting for my daughter to finish.

It was obvious to me that he was collecting money cos he had something resembling a satchel slung over his shoulder [motions with his hands] from which he'd take change. The notes he'd put into his wallet [motions again] inside his inside jacket pocket.

At the house in question he must've got an answer cos I heard the jangling of money but,

from where I was sat in the car, the tree obscured the doorstep and I could only see his back as he moved from foot to foot.

I don't know what happened to him after that [looks puzzled] - the house is on the corner of the street so it's possible that he went round and into another.

The wife ran off with another woman, the bitch!

[laughs]

I never told my daughter - I don't think she'd understand.

At least I was only having flings with my secretaries at work - well, you get the opportunity and you'd be a fool to miss out.

The wife - no, the ex-wife - never suspected, not once.

Well, I don't think she did.

It was always done secretly, discreetly.

I'm not in a long term relationship right now - just a few one night stands when the kid's away on holiday, stopping over at a friend's. I prefer it that way - no commitment, no fear of being hurt again.

I'd actually noticed the victim a few times down that street, at that house - coming and going. Well, you'd expect me to notice, wouldn't you? I'm not dead yet.

I always thought the guy was her father [pause] - lucky bastard.

That's why I was paying particular attention to the milkman's approach - just in case I could catch a small glimpse, the flash of a leg, the flickering of her face. She was a peach.

Mustn't tell the Police that, though, that'd be too suspicious, it'd be too close to the edge.

I first noticed the man going from door to door as I sat in my car waiting for my daughter to finish her dance class. It's in the hall across from the victim's house, you know the place?

It was obvious to me that he was collecting money cos he had something resembling a satchel slung over his shoulder [motions with his hands] from which he'd take change. The notes he'd put into his wallet [motions again] inside his jacket pocket and he'd be at each house two, maybe three, minutes.

He definitely got an answer where the victim lived cos I heard the jangling of money and saw him handing out some change. I heard the sound of laughter, too, even though I struggled to see her. I strained my neck but just couldn't see what I wanted to at all.

The next thing I knew, a good five minutes had passed and he was walking down the path looking both left and right - he was acting very suspiciously as if he didn't want to be seen.

He disappeared from sight a few moments later.

[At the end of this following speech, he has to be near enough to the table and chair to be able to sit down and begin his last testimony of what he saw]

I hate people like the milkman - riff-raff.

How could you be having an affair with someone and then turn round and murder them?

They make me sick. What sort of love is it that prompts them to do it, huh?

[To someone in the audience] Will you tell me?

[To someone else] What kind, eh?

Papers are full of them and their twisted ways - oh, they think they can get away with it but sooner or later there'll be someone like me in the right place, at the right time.

Going about his business just like we always do, one who sees the evidence, who can testify to the facts of the evening so they'll be caught, uncovered in their deception and trickery.

[Sitting down and staring at the imaginary Policeman in front of him. He begins with arms outstretched on the table as he calmly and carefully tells the officer exactly what it was that he saw]

Yes, sir, I remember what I saw. That's why I thought it best to come to the Station and make a statement in case it's of any significance to your investigation.

I noticed the man whose face has been in the newspapers going from door to door as I sat in my car waiting for my daughter to finish her Dance Class. It's in the hall across from the house in question and I had a good view of his approach because he was on the same side of the street as I was and walking directly towards me.

I assumed him to be a milkman cos he was collecting money. He had something resembling a satchel slung over his shoulder from which he'd take change. The notes he'd put into his wallet, inside his jacket pocket and he'd be at each house one, maybe two, minutes.

His job intrigued me which is why I continued to watch him. Such a foul night, it was.

He got an answer where the victim lived cos I saw the door swing open. After a minute or two, the milkman went into the house and didn't emerge for a good ten minutes.

I know it was that long cos I noticed the clock on my dashboard. I was waiting for my daughter, you see, and she was late. It was seven-fifty when he went in and she didn't come out until eight-ten.

He emerged about halfway between those two times, looking behind him, to the right, to the left. Acting very suspiciously, he was. He fairly sprinted round the corner and disappeared from view.

He had plenty of time to kill her - I guess that's what I must have seen. I wish I'd've thought about what it meant cos I might have been able to save her life by dialing for an Ambulance on my mobile.

[Lights]

8

Commuter man

one of the people lining the streets when the defendant is brought to the court to hear the charges against him.

[The man should take an almost identical stand as he did in the first monologue to heighten the effect that it's the same person as soon as possible from the outset. Although there may be the illusion that he's standing waiting for a train again, the picture of him being constricted by the crowds should suggest that what the audience is seeing is not what they're expecting.

As he comes onto stage, using his elbows to get into the invisible crowd may work and give the audience the idea of a great many present, especially if he apologises 'Excuse me, madam', 'Sorry' and so on.

It will also be advantageous for him to squeeze passed a woman 'front to front', holding his hands high in the air but protruding his groin as he does so, saying 'No, it's alright, luv, the pleasure's all mine']

Late today.

I thought he was supposed to hear the charges against him in court over half an hour

ago.

[Checks watch]

Really late.

I wonder if they've taken him a different route?

No, can't've done.

There's the entrance *[looks the opposite way to where his eyes have been directed]*.

They have to use that gate, it's the only way in.

[Checks watch]

Never early, I guess.

[Looks back in the original direction]

Not that I've any experience of this sort of thing.

Not even once.

[looks in the opposite direction of the expected approach]

Wow! She's great - Nice figure.

Really neat little shape, that.

And I bet you don't get too many of those to the pound.

Wonder if I can get just a little closer...

[tries - sighs when he gives up]

...no chance. We're packed in here tighter than a frog's pussy.

I could always follow her afterward - time for chatting, time to sympathise with why we're here, a casual drink, to talk, to...

[Realisation and frustration...]

...Damn! Is that the boyfriend?

[looks back in the original direction]

They're late.

[Checks watch again. The crowd become excited as two motor cyclists turn the corner followed by the van that holds the object of their derision. The man should become excited, agitated, standing on tiptoe and appear to be straining over the heads of those present. He should also point with a great amount of exertion into the distance and then shout...]

There he is!

[Through the next dialogue, the man is to watch the approach, focus on the van as it slows down to avoid hitting bystanders, his eyes following its progress as it will eventually go passed his reach as he bangs on its side. The voice should increase in intensity, culminating with the italicised phrase being shouted at the van as it drives passed. The following list are just suggestions]

Murderer!

You murderer!

We hate you!

Chop his bollocks off!

Shame, shame on you!

You pervert!

You should be locked up forever!

Pervert! Call yourself human?

You're nothing more than a depraved animal!

Murdering rapist!

[Last phrase...and pointed at someone in the audience]

I hope you rot in hell, you bastard!

[Lights very quickly after the final word]

The Prosecution in the court of law

[There must be a place where the defendant is supposed to be standing in the dock and it needs to be well back from the front of the stage but probably best to one side. Some lines are delivered to this position while most of the monologue is directed towards the audience.

It begins with a raised voice directed at the defendant before the prosecutor turns towards the audience. There needs to be a voice contrast between the words spoken to the defendant which are over-bearing and harsh and those spoken to the audience which are softer]

So, you don't actually *have* an alibi for the night of the murder, do you, Mr Smith? Your stated whereabouts during the pathologist's estimated time of death place you at the scene of the crime.

We've previously heard the testimony of a member of the public who specifically remembers you knocking on the lady's door at ten to eight and entering the premises shortly thereafter.

Indeed, by your own admission, you were the last person to see her alive just moments before we know she died.

Of course, it doesn't matter if he *did* have an alibi.

It *never* matters if they have an alibi or if it couldn't possibly have been them at the scene of the crime.

You forget - I'm paid to get the decision in the court of law, I don't even have to believe that the defendant is guilty.

What? *[at the audience]* How can you say that about me?! *[points at the audience generally and walks over to them]* How dare you say that about me!

Of course not! *[indignantly and raising the voice loudly as if to humiliate them]*

This has nothing to do with morals - this has to do with convincing the jury that there's enough doubt attributable to the explanation offered by the defendant to make my proposition all the more plausible.

[Lowering his voice and turning to all the audience]

No, I don't even have to have a consistent explanation of how the murder was committed - that's not what I'm paid to do.

I can suggest he killed her in the kitchen, the dining room, the bedroom (with an obvious sexual innuendo that won't go unnoticed) or the bathroom (might throw sex in there, too - if there's a shower, all the better).

I can suggest he did it outside the house and within. On a train, in the car, at the restaurant.

Yes, all in the same case, too.

[Again to the audience] Yes, madam, I know there was only one body but I'm fishing. You see?

Doesn't matter if I don't get the right place at all - my job is to undermine the defence of the accused and sow doubt into the mind of the jury. I don't have to prove *anything* to get a conviction - not anymore.

[As he turns back towards the defendant, almost as an aside...]

Justice was replaced by politics a long time ago.

[Walks back towards the defendant, looks back at the audience...]

Let's face it, they've probably been reading the reports in the newspapers so my job is half done already.

So, you admit that you visited the lady in question on the night of her brutal murder...

...you see, I don't know it was, in fact, brutal.

I'm not absolutely sure that it's murder, either.

But the words help my case...

...and did you have sexual intercourse with her in the living room?

[pause while the defendant answers]

And you expect us to believe that you came to the front door only to collect the weekly milk money from your delivery round? I cannot think of a more implausible situation.

Here was a young, attractive and sexually desirable woman answering the door during the hours of darkness and you're expecting the jury to believe that you weren't in the least bit attracted to her?

You see? He can't deny that.

He has to admit that there *was* a sexual attraction or else admit that he isn't a real man in society's eyes.

Everyone would have found her attractive - she was well-proportioned and the prettiest face you're ever likely to see.

How can he admit that he didn't find her attractive?

If he denies it, the jury will find it suspicious, they'll think that he's got something to hide.

If he admits it - well, that's one more reason why I can get him inside the house to commit the offence and get the conviction.

Oh no, it doesn't matter that there's no evidence that any sexual intercourse took place.

Nothing at all as far as I can see.

But I've hidden the evidence of the pathologist so early on in this case that the jury will have long since forgotten about it.

All they'll hear is the accusation that will be echoed in their own minds - 'If I'd've been there, I would've wanted to go in and play around with her'

I mean, the guy was single, unattached - I mentioned that earlier to prime this question.

He probably hadn't had sex in weeks.

[Moves back to the dock]

Now let me move on, members of the jury...

[slapping forehead and briskly walking away from the dock with a worried and concerned look on his face...]

Damn! He answered that last question far too well.

Almost had me on the run there for a moment.

Tactical ploy - act like it was what you were expecting him to say and immediately change subject so he has no opportunity to bang the nail into the coffin.

That's the trick - keep 'em moving, insecure.

As if the ground that they suddenly find stability and victory on is swept from beneath their feet.

And mention the jury - it takes their attention away from his reply and back on to what I have to say. Not him, not the defendant - I have to get them listening to *my* voice.

They have to believe that I know what I'm talking about.

They have to trust *me*.

...let's move on to the strip of safety matches that was found at the scene of the crime.

[He picks up a strip of matches in a plastic bag and lays it down before the defendant.

Then speaking to the jury...]

Object D5 in the list of items that each of you have been given.

I wouldn't be able to get very far with the case if all the prosecution was relying on was a box of matches but I've primed the jury, you see?

Have you been careful to interpret what I've been doing?

The defendant has already admitted that he was at the scene of the murder about the time that it took place - his explanation of what took place is hardly credible and far too much of a coincidence.

I've intimated to the jury - and, to some, specifically proven - that the defendant wanted to have sex with the scantily clad woman who came to the door - doesn't matter that he denies it.

They know differently.

Now I just have to prove that there was the possibility that they'd met before on some common ground, some place in which *something* happened that would finally culminate in her death.

Would you please read out the name of the night club on the front of the strip?

[Pause]

Yes, the Flamingo Warrior. Is that what you said?

[Pause]

Do you remember going to this night club on November 17th of last year, just six days before the murder took place?

Infer the presence at the club had to do with the murder - tactical ploy.

I'm not actually saying it did, you understand, I'm just putting all the information together so that to admit being there is to associate the fact with the offence in the mind of the jury.

It's clever, of course.

It has nothing to do with the reason for murder but it does tie in the loose ends to let them think all manner of possible situations in their suspicious minds.

We have already heard, members of the jury, that the owner of the night club has positively identified the defendant as being present on the night in question along with the victim.

And we've also heard the statement of one of the barmen who stated with *[emphasis]* *absolute certainty* that they *[quieter]* *may have* been the couple he saw at the bar chatting together over a glass of whiskey.

Let me ask you, Mr Smith.

What do you normally drink when you go to the night club?

Of course, I know the answer...

And do you smoke?

[Pause]

Do you use this type of match supplied by the club to its members?

You see how many connections between the two I'm able to make?

By the time I've finished with my questions, the jury will believe that they were lovers, had had a row and that the murder charge was the result of his jealousy at her affair with the owner of the house.

That's what I need - a motive.

Without a motive - even a supposed one - it's going to be hard to get a conviction for murder.

I do wish I could bring up the previous conviction of that assault to show that he's violent. It would help my case no end.

Still, I can't have everything on my side - if the jury listen carefully, they'll hear the defence omit the obligatory 'no previous convictions' statement in their summing up.

They'll know by its absence that he's got a criminal record.

[Incredulously but slowing down towards the end]

And, in spite of all the evidence presented to the court so far, Mr Smith, you expect the jury to believe that on the night of the murder, you simply collected the milk money and walked away into the night?

[He doesn't wait for an answer - and much quicker - he speaks this as he walks off stage...]

No further questions, my lord.

[Lights]

10

The Juror

[This monologue is inserted here for those who feel that the transition from 'The Prosecution' to 'The Deviant' is too abrupt. If it's used, 'The Prosecution' needs to be harmonised with the scene layout of 'The Juror'.

It's the author's belief that this scene can be skipped with no harm to the overall thrust and meaning of the play. Many will feel that this character is an extremely cynical comment on the Jury system but it was based on a specific individual who sat on a jury that I was a part of.

In the first production of this Play, this monologue was axed as it was felt that the 'high' of the Prosecution and the following intensity of the Deviant were undermined by the weakness of this scene]

[The judge is sat 'in the audience' while the Juror within the Jury is on their left, facing them fairly close so they can see his facial expressions. This leaves the rest of the stage to be the place where the lawyers and, behind them, the crowds will sit. The dock is directly across from the Juror or slightly to his left.

The opening of the scene demonstrates to the audience that the Juror is struggling with tiredness. The first thing he does is have a wide, satisfying yawn after which he folds his hands and pushes himself up into a fairly upright position. He yawns again.

His eyes begin to flicker with tiredness and he uses, first, his fingers to press his eyes in an attempt to remove the tiredness from them while scrunching his eyes together, then tries to manually open them wide - which doesn't succeed. His eyes continue to flicker into the closed position.

Now his head begins to fall down across his chest as his eyes continue to flicker. He catches himself several times and pushes his neck up to force his head back to an acceptable attentive position. A couple of the occasions that his head falls over, the Juror should let out a half-snore immediately before he recovers his composure.

Finally, he sits back, perfectly upright and opens his eyes wide as if staring, his head slightly inclined back so he appears to be looking down his nose but trying to prevent himself from nodding off. He struggles with them until they close again.

He opens them abruptly from fully closed to open so that he 'jumps' to being fully awake as he takes up the monologue...]

Gaw-streuth! This is a boring case!

[Pause]

Wish I was playing golf.

[Sighs. Looks round the court with boredom, up to the ceiling]

At least I had a good night last night - not often you're fifty.

[To the audience...] It's a once-in-a-lifetime experience, you know?

My family had been organising it for months, I guess - everything was so meticulously planned.

Started in the local where they all gathered - I thought it was just going to be a quiet evening with a few friends but it seemed like the world turned up.

Restaurant meal after several shorts and a couple of pints, then the theatre - not that I remember too much about that part of the evening. Can't even remember the title of the play we saw. Or who was in it. (*Name of Actor*) or someone, I think.

[Pauses. Looks puzzled...]

Did we go to the theatre?

[His face struggles with the memory]

I think we got in around midnight.

Wish I could get rid of this damned headache.

The pills normally kick in by now but all I've got is the drowsiness.

[Sighs again with boredom]

Blah-blah-blah.

[Pause. Looks round]

Blah-blah.

[Pause]

Blah-blah-blah.

[Sighs with a voice rather than just an exhalation. Then loudly...]

Get on with it!

[Pause. To the audience...]

My son wants the latest DVD release - must get that at lunch time.

I don't like going out, being a Juror. I'm just a little wary of being nobbled - you hear stories, you know, about members of the Jury being *[slows his speech to infer a sexual*

innuendo] interfered with [*grins only if the audience laughs*].

I shall rush out and back again. I can get some sandwiches from the canteen.

[Puts his arm over the back of the chair and slouches showing the lack of concern that he's treating the proceedings with. Turns towards the people watching the trial. Points but speaks to the audience...]

They're just voyeurs - not really concerned about the accused's guilt or innocence - just proud that they'll be able to say to their grandchildren that they were there, present at one of the headline cases of the year.

Some have an interest, admittedly.

Some are related to the murdered youngster - but some are just reporters.

These sorts of trials seem to drag out all types of people.

[His eyes drift towards a fixed point to his left where the defence and prosecuting lawyers sit]

She's a pretty lawyer.

[Eyes dart back to the proceedings. Then back again]

Eyes as big as a well that you just want to swim in.

[Eyes dart back to the proceedings. Then back again. Proceedings and back again]

Bet she looks better in tight jeans and a tee shirt.

[His eyes imagine it, going from head to toe and back again. Returns his gaze to the proceedings very quickly]

Oops, she caught my eye. *[Puts his hand to left side of his face to hide his eyes away from the lawyer...]* Not very professional of me. I *must* look professional.

[Pause. Looks at the Judge and also the audience]

I wonder why you don't get many women judges?

[Pause. Says the following with a fair amount of intolerance]

You know, I've heard enough to know this guy's guilty. I just don't understand all this about manslaughter, about murder. What's the point, eh?

He killed her, that's all that's important - has to be murder if he killed her.

Murdering bastards get off with manslaughter all too often just because the Jury haven't the balls to give the right decision. If the case has come this far, you can be sure the reason there's smoke is because there's a fire.

[Pause. With a note of sarcasm...]

Oh, thank goodness!

Lunch!

[He rises and shuffles towards the stage exit, muttering...]

I really don't think I can take another bloody afternoon of this.

[Lights]

11

The Deviant

[The idea is to deliver this message in a sinister fashion, to add an air of threat by the delivery of the words. The Deviant should be ordinary looking - ideally, he should be wearing something plain and ordinary, over which each of the other characters has put on their costume.

In the very first production of this play, the actor carried a large suitcase onto the stage. Because costume changes 'off-stage' were a little bit predictable and boring, characters

changed with a short dimming of the lights followed by the putting on of the new 'dress'. The old costumes were thus strewn about the stage. As the Deviant's speech was being delivered, the actor moved about the stage and gathered up the discarded costumes into his suitcase to show that they were merely images that he'd been portraying. The costume of the Anorak, however, was left behind.

A lot of the Deviant's words need to be spoken slow and deliberately, never rushed.

As a lot of this scene is atmosphere, to deliver it close to the audience and to speak the more offensive sentences directly to those who 'thought the play would be a good night out' would add to the tension (without making them feel too uncomfortable, though). Now we've got their entrance money, it doesn't matter what they think of it...]

You know me. I'm the one you hate.

Everyone knows me - I'm a part of everyone.

I'm the dark side of the light you reflect into the world.

Not that very many people turn back on themselves and hate those things that they see within. Most people simply look beyond their own lives and direct their hatred at the one they see in the people, in the society around them.

I take many forms - some of which you love.

Some you tolerate, some you hate.

I can be the black guy on the bus if you're white - or the white man if you're black. I could be Mexican if you're American or a Frog if you're English.

It might be I'm from the wrong side of town, support a different soccer team or go to the school down the road instead of the one up the hill.

I could even be a Methodist rather than an Anglican, a Hindu instead of a Buddhist, a Muslim or a Druid - even an atheist instead of a believer.

You see, it doesn't really matter - my methods can be simply to divide up society into segments, to create divisions that you kick against.

But I'm more than discrimination - much, much more than someone different.

I can be the one you call 'evil', the wickedness that you recoil from when my head's raised on your television screens or when you hear me in your radio bulletins.

I'm the one who'll sleep with your daughters, who'll murder your children, who'll take from your families. I'll watch and wait for you to go on holiday, sit patiently until one day you forget to lock that door or bolt that window.

I'm the one who'll wait til you're alone and then attack, the one who drives back and forth until that one split second of time when you're the only one on the street and there's no one to see what my desire for you is.

I don't care what I do or through whom I do it.

My armies are the massed ranks of humanity and I'm their leader.

No more than that.

No less, either.

I'm so much a part of what *you* are that I'm the enemy within, the one who controls your prejudices and fears, the one who prompts you to identify me in those around you and to react with hate.

You can't fight me - I'm too much a part of you to be rid of me in your own strength.

I'm your familiar friend.

I grew up by your side and was there for you from the very beginning, since you were *[motions with his hand]* this high. We've been together years.

I taught you how to hate that kid who used to steal your sweets. Remember the one who

made your days at school misery? Remember his name?

I was the one both inside him working my will out and the one inside you who wanted to take his head and smash it against the wall, to see his blood splatter on the floor.

And you recall the times when the same happens now?

You know how you react don't you?

You see, I've trained you well - you don't want me to go cos you wouldn't know what to do without me. You think you're controlling me but it's I who have my iron grip on *[points with his head] you.*

[Points with head] And you.

[Points with head] And you.

You recognise me now, don't you?

For every one who allows me to work my will through them, there are ten thousand more who harbour the thoughts in the shadows of their imagination, a million who'll live out the very same fantasies in their mind.

Until that day when it spills over and you see it, when you witness it in the very street you live - perhaps in this theatre *[pause]*, on the road home, at work.

And then you hate it.

No importance that you're the same on the inside - your instinct is to hate, to condemn.

Your own moon's dark side is very often the reflection you see in others around you.

But when you judge others on what's an integral part within, you condemn yourself - not the other person.

[Pleads] Don't condemn me inside you, please!

I want to stay with all my detestable thoughts and vile practices - you don't want to be free, you can't imagine what it must be like to be apart from me. You only know me as a part.

[Pause. With the following, the Deviant begins to slither off stage...]

I'm going away now - back into society to hide myself amongst the people you meet every day of your life. I've just come from the shadows *[points off stage]* and it's to them that I must now return.

Back to the dark side of your moon.

You'll see me from time to time and hate me like you always do - you'll react to me the way you've been programmed, the way that makes *you* acceptable to the people around you.

You forget that, if you knew what was inside your friends and family, what was hidden deep down on the inside, you'd spend the time of day with almost no one.

But when you react against one of those images of me that you witness, it makes you feel better. It justifies who you are, it causes you to think of yourself as an upholder of society's morals.

You forget that I'm every bit as integral a part of you as the person who lives next door or the one who's guilty of a crime that you recoil from.

Look out for me, won't you?

I'll be showing myself in your life *real* soon...

[Laughs - lights out]

[Curtain]