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Waste

JOHN COLLINGS

CHARACTERS

John

Maureen

Domonique

Pam

Model

Pink Floyd music is being played before the beginning of the play.

SCENE 1

The stage is split into two halves. SR is a grotty bedroom. Inside the bedroom there is an old blanket. Next to the blanket DS is an exercise book and a pen. SL there is a grotty photographic studio. In the studio there is a wooden chair, a camera with a flash and a cassette player on the floor. SL there is a imaginary window.

SR , in the half-light of the bed we see a male and a female struggling. There seems to be a rape taking place. The two figures struggle awkwardly for a few moments.

JOHN: It's no good, I can't do it!

(PAM turns over and goes to sleep)

(Blackout)

SCENE 2

(Lights up SL)

(JOHN picks up his camera/flash)

JOHN: (He calls towards USL) I'm ready.

(DOMONIQUE enters USL dressed in glamour wear. She begins to awkwardly pose. JOHN starts to take pictures/flash. No words are exchanged for several moments)

JOHN: Fantastic!

(DOMONIQUE strikes another pose, JOHN takes another picture/flash)

JOHN: Great!

(DOMONIQUE strikes another pose, JOHN moves round for another shot)

JOHN: Lovely!

(JOHN drops to the floor and looks up at DOMONIQUE through his camera, as DOMONIQUE strikes yet another pose)

JOHN: Lovely!

(JOHN continues to take pictures/flash for a few moments, while DOMONIQUE poses)

JOHN: That'll be ok. That's enough. I'm at the end of the film.

(Pause)

DOMONIQUE: I've got some money for you.

JOHN: How did it go?

DOMONIQUE: He was a TV.

JOHN: A TV.

DOMONIQUE: Yes, a transvestite!

JOHN: You're joking.

DOMONIQUE: No I'm not.

JOHN: The dirty bastard! It's not right a man dressing up in womens' clothing! I bet it was enough to put you off wasn't it?

DOMONIQUE: No.

JOHN: Did he touch you?

DOMONIQUE: No! (Pause) Well. Not until after he'd paid.

JOHN: What was it like having him fuck you! Dressed like that!

DOMONIQUE: No different.

JOHN: It would have turned my stomach!

DOMONIQUE: I'll get the money.

JOHN: No don't worry. (Pauses nervously) We could do it, another way.

DOMONIQUE: Another way?

JOHN: Yes. What if . . . what if, you keep the money, and do something for me, something. Like you did, did for him?

DOMONIQUE: Who?

JOHN: The transvestite.

DOMONIQUE: Oh.

JOHN: What if? I did. (Pause) What he did. (Pause) To you.

DOMONIQUE: What?

JOHN: What if? I did. To you. (pause) What he did. To you. Instead of you giving me the money. I've got protection.

DOMONIQUE: You'd have to wear two durex.

JOHN: Two?

DOMONIQUE: Yes, two durex.

JOHN: Oh . . . ok.

DOMONIQUE: How would you like me?

JOHN: What?

DOMONIQUE: How would you like me?

JOHN: Oh, could you just lay down there.

(DOMONIQUE lays on the floor, her body tense, her head turned away from JOHN her eyes wide open, pointing DS. JOHN quickly fumbles in his pockets for his durex, while hurriedly undressing)

(Blackout)

SCENE 3

(Lights up SR)

(PAM is sat up in bed reading a book. JOHN enters and sits on the side of the blanket. He picks up the exercise book and a biro, and starts writing)

(After a few moments)

JOHN: How do you spell (say clearly) chastity?

PAM: C-h-a-s-t-i-t-y.

JOHN: Fantastic, great, lovely, lovely.

(Pause)

PAM: You know John you never seem to ask me what my day has been like at work.

JOHN: (Not listening) I could have been a writer you know. I always loved observing people. You know there was a café near Covent Garden, I used to go in. (Pause) One of those Italian cafes. (pause) You know a bit run down, spaghetti bolognese, parmesan cheese, bread and butter. (Pause) After I'd eaten, I'd just sit and watch this woman behind the counter. (Pause) It was owned by an Italian family. (pause) But mostly, it was this woman working on her own in there. (pause) On her feet all day she was. (pause) I saw smooth shapely young legs, fill with varicose veins, as the years went past, on account of her standing so much. (pause) I saw her daughter, who helped from time to time, grow up and have a child herself. Who in turn, came and helped in the café. (Pause) You know, I went there the other day and the café had gone. (pause) It had closed down. (pause) It had been sold. (pause) They had gone back to Italy. (Pause) I felt betrayed.

(Blackout)

SCENE 4

(Lights up SL)

(JOHN picks up his camera/flash and goes to window and looks out)

JOHN: Where is she?

(A rather down at heel MODEL sheepishly enters USL)

MODEL: I'm sorry, but the door was open.

JOHN: That's alright, come in.

MODEL: Thank you.

JOHN: Could you find it alright?

MODEL: Yes. Thank you.

JOHN: Would you like a drink?

MODEL: No thank you. It's just that I need to earn some money to feed my dog.

JOHN: (He puts his camera down) Oh. (Pause) Can I have a look at the pictures?

MODEL: Yes. (The MODEL goes to hand the pictures, then drops the pictures) Oh, I'm sorry.

JOHN: That's alright. (John picks up the photographs and takes a long look at the MODEL then looks at the pictures) Yes, they're good. I like that one, it's a very sensitive pose. What kind of dog have you got? (JOHN starts to use masterful, pathetic, sexual innuendoes/metaphors aimed at arousing himself sexually. MODEL does not realize and innocently carries on talking) Is she a bitch?

MODEL: Yes.

JOHN: (overstate) A real bitch.

MODEL: Yes, I must go, I've locked her in the bedroom. She'll be scratching at the door.

JOHN: (overstate) Does the bitch, like her fur stroked?

MODEL: She likes her tummy tickled.

JOHN: (overstate) Is she a dirty bitch sometimes?

MODEL: No I give her a bath once a week.

JOHN: (Shyly) Er would you mind if I put it in, I wouldn't move it, I'd just keep it still.

MODEL: Ok. Thank you.

(Blackout)

SCENE 5

(Lights up SL. JOHN sits on the chair and fiddles with his camera. JOHN stands up and begins to pace up and down. JOHN looks out of the window. And then returns to the chair and sits down and fiddles with his camera)

(MAUREEN enters USL. Carrying an envelope with picture in)

MAUREEN: The door was open.

JOHN: Oh, yes er, er come in.

MAUREEN: I rang.

JOHN: Yer, yes.

MAUREEN: Was it you who I spoke to on the phone?

JOHN: Yes how was the . . . er did you find it alright?

MAUREEN: Yes.

John: Er, would you like a, a coffee?

MAUREEN: No.

JOHN: Have you brought any pictures?

MAUREEN: Yes. (She passes her envelope over to JOHN)

JOHN: Let's have a look. (JOHN looks at the pictures) Fantastic, great, lovely, lovely. I like that one. Would you er, be willing to go nude?

MAUREEN: Yes.

JOHN: Would you do continental?

MAUREEN: Oh yes, every photographer asks for it.

JOHN: Er, would you mind (Pause) if I took a few test shots? It's so that the photographers can see what you look like, when they come.

MAUREEN: There is something I want to tell you . . .

JOHN: Oh, what's that?

MAUREEN: Well.

JOHN: It's ok. You can tell me.

MAUREEN: I'm . . .

JOHN: Yes.

MAUREEN: I'm a drug addict.

JOHN: A drug addict, don't worry about it.

MAUREEN: You're the first photographer who's said that, they normally want to run a mile.

JOHN: It doesn't matter to me.

(Pause)

MAUREEN: I was wondering.

JOHN: Wondering?

MAUREEN: I was wondering, would you mind if I had a fix? I'm starting to feel a bit wirey.

JOHN: No. No, I don't mind. Don't worry about it.

(MAUREEN takes a packet of heroin out of her pocket and opens it)

JOHN: Let's have a look. I've never seen heroin before. (He takes hold of the packet and looks at it) (Pause) You don't need this fucking crap!

MAUREEN: Yes I do!

JOHN: You're beautiful! You should have more respect for yourself! Sticking this fucking crap in your arms!

MAUREEN: I need it!

JOHN: I'm going to flush it down the toilet!

MAUREEN: No! Please! Please give it back to me!

JOHN: No!

MAUREEN: It's all I have!

JOHN: It will kill you this stuff!

MAUREEN: I don't care!

JOHN: I'm going to flush it down the toilet. (He moves USL)

(MAUREEN begins to cry and falls to the floor and grabs John's leg)

MAUREEN: No! Please! Please! (She holds on to John's leg)

JOHN: Get off!

MAUREEN: I'm begging you! I'll get sick if I don't have it!

JOHN: Get off! It's going down the toilet!

MAUREEN: No! Please! I'll do anything! Anything! Anything!

JOHN: Look, I'm just trying to help you.

MAUREEN: Please. Please.

JOHN: I'm just trying to help you, you know.

MAUREEN: I know, but I'll get sick, if I don't have it. Please.

(JOHN hesitates, then slowly hands MAUREEN the heroin)

MAUREEN: Thank you, thank you. (She places the last of the heroin, from the packet into the spoon, then adds lemon juice from a lemon container and stirs the concoction with the end of the syringe cap that she has previously taken off, she then strikes a match and picks up the spoon, she places the lighted match under the spoon until the liquid boils. She then drops a small amount of cotton wool into the spoon, and with the syringe sucks up the mixture through the piece of cotton wool. She then holds the needle up to the light and flicks the syringe with one finger to get the air bubbles out of the syringe. Then she squirts a bit of the solution out of the syringe. Places the syringe sideways in her mouth and ties a tourniquet round the top part of her arm, she feels for a vein, she then inject herself. She loosens the tourniquet) Oh that's better. Would you like to fuck me?

(JOHN stays still and looks worriedly at MAUREEN)

(Blackout)

SCENE 6

(Lights up SR. PAM is sitting up in bed reading a book. JOHN sits on the edge of the blanket and looks at his exercise book)

PAM: John.

JOHN: Yes.

PAM: I thought we might try again tonight.

JOHN: (Not hearing) What?

PAM: I thought perhaps we could try again.

JOHN: Try what?

PAM: Try making love. (Pause) I have sexual fantasies, as well you know John . . . I'm walking along a beach, wearing a swimming costume. (pause) I can feel the sun's heat on my arms. (pause) I walk slowly. (pause) I am at peace with myself. (Pause) Then I see him in the distance. (pause) The heat haze is drifting off the sand, it makes his figure shimmer like a jewel. (pause) He moves towards me, slowly, I move slowly towards him. (pause) His tanned body is muscular. (pause) He moves closer. (pause) He has a face like Jesus. (pause) Hey reach out to me, and gently lay me down on the warm sand. (Pause) Oh John. I want you.

(John looks guilty)

(PAM tries to get hold of JOHN)

JOHN: I'm not in the mood. I can't do it! It's no good! (JOHN pushes PAM off and stands up)

(PAM turns away and goes to sleep)

I could have been a famous writer you know but there was no one to help me. (Pause) At school there was this English teacher, Mrs Rogers. She used to encourage me to write. I'd read my stories out in front of the class and everyone would listen. After I'd finished my story, there would be a silence, I'd hold my breath, then there would be a thunder of applause. After the thunder had died down and the air was calm, the teacher would tell me how good I was. She made me feel like I was somebody, I felt no one could touch me, no matter what anybody said they couldn't take it away, what my teacher had said. What she said was embroidered on my soul. I told my dad when I got home, what a teacher had said, I told my dad I want to be a writer. But he just laughed, "You a fucking writer, we'll soon see about that!" He rushed upstairs and got all my stories that I'd written out of my bedroom and threw them on the fire, and said, "You're going out to work my son!" Then

he started laying into me with his fists . . . I just didn't care what happened to me after that . . . (A tear runs down John's face, he lies on top of the blanket and goes to sleep)

SCENE 7

After a few minutes JOHN'S OLD TEACHER appears. (Doubling for the TEACHER can be used)

TEACHER: John

JOHN: Whaa.

TEACHER: John. Wake up John.

JOHN: What?

TEACHER: Hello John.

JOHN: Who are you?

TEACHER: It's me, Mrs Rogers.

JOHN: Mrs Rogers?

TEACHER: Your old school teacher you remember.

JOHN: This can't be real.

TEACHER: It's real John. I'm here to see how you've been doing after all these years.

JOHN: Oh bloody hell, I can't believe it, this is bizarre.

TEACHER: How have you been doing John?

JOHN: Oh er, just been going along, going along alright.

TEACHER: What do you do now?

JOHN: I've got my own studio.

TEACHER: A studio,.

JOHN: Yer.

TEACHER: What kind of studio?

JOHN: It's, it's a glamour studio.

TEACHER: An arts studio?

JOHN: Kind of.

TEACHER: What do you do there John?

JOHN: Er, photography.

TEACHER: Do you still write?

JOHN: I've given the writing up.

TEACHER: Is this photography more successful then?

JOHN: Not really, er, I find it frustrating you know, erm, it's not as good as the writing.

TEACHER: So why did you give it up?

JOHN: I gave writing up, because, I didn't think I could write.

TEACHER: But you wrote such beautiful stories, you had such a vivid imagination as a young boy.

JOHN: I know, but, I never sort of worked at it.

TEACHER: Do you ever write just for your own pleasure now?

JOHN: No, no, I don't, well I do, I try to write short stories.

TEACHER: And how does that make you feel?

JOHN: Erm, how does that make me feel, erm, it makes me feel good, you know, but I can never finish the stories.

TEACHER: What gets in the way John?

JOHN: What gets in the way, erm, I don't know, erm, I'm always sort of like busy with my photography, you know, and erm.

TEACHER: Do you enjoy photography more than writing?

JOHN: Erm not really, not really. I prefer to write, but it's harder, the writing seems to be harder, you know.

TEACHER: What's hard about it?

JOHN: Erm, finishing a story, erm, I haven't got the know how.

TEACHER: Is writing something you'd like to do?

JOHN: Oh yer, I really would like to write.

TEACHER: So how do you think you might do that in the future?

JOHN: Well, I suppose I could go to college.

TEACHER: Is that something you would do or are you just saying that?

JOHN: No it's something I'd really like to do but, I don't know if I've got it in me. I always feel, that I could never write as well as other people do.

TEACHER: You don't think you've got anything good enough to say.

JOHN: Yes, my things aren't important, what I'm trying to say isn't important.

TEACHER: Don't you remember us talking in the classroom about everybody being important?

JOHN: Yer, sort of.

TEACHER: Who's more important than you?

JOHN: I'm not too sure, who's more important than me.

TEACHER: Is it an excuse that you haven't been writing though John, is it just a cop-out saying you don't think you can do it?

JOHN: It might be, I mean it's just so hard, you try to write, then you have these feelings about yourself, erm.

TEACHER: What kind of feelings?

JOHN: Well, feelings of inadequacy. Like I would never make it, what's the point in writing, if I'm not going to become a writer, what's the point, I feel so useless.

TEACHER: So you sabotage yourself before you start.

JOHN: I suppose I do really.

TEACHER: You don't believe in yourself.

JOHN: I suppose so, I should have more belief in myself. How can I get more belief in myself?

TEACHER: Well I think it's about, trusting yourself. Listening to yourself. Try to do what you want to do, and accepting that there'll be lots of times, when it won't turn out how you want it to. But to keep trying and keep believing that what you have to say, is as important as the next person's. Care about yourself more, and believe what you've got to say is important too.

JOHN: Right.

(Pause)

TEACHER: Well John, you always were good, you always had a good imagination. You always had the ability to write and had interesting things to say, because as a young boy, you always looked at things from a different perspective. And that's what most successful writers do. So I think now, it's up to you, it's up to you to go ahead.

JOHN: I will really try.

TEACHER: But it's only you who can do it.

JOHN: Yer right.

(TEACHER moves upstage)

TEACHER: Good luck John.

JOHN: Where are you going?

TEACHER: It's time for me to go now.

JOHN: Why do you have to go?

TEACHER: There is a time for everybody to go and it's my time to go now, good luck John, believe in yourself, bye John.

JOHN: Just, just a minute.

(JOHN looks sad and in a quandary as to what to do)

(Blackout)

SCENE 8

(Lights up SL. MAUREEN enters SL)

MAUREEN: Cor, you look happy.

JOHN: I've decided to go to college and become a writer.

MAUREEN: You a writer?

JOHN: Yer.

MAUREEN: You're having a laugh aren't you?

JOHN: No. I'm really going to do it this time. I know I can write. I've been wasting my time for so long. I'm not going to let the past mess up my future any more.

MAUREEN: What about me, what am I going to do?

JOHN: Oh you'll be alright. I'll keep Rent-A-Model and the studio on. Have it as a side line, to bring in some extra cash.

MAUREEN: I've got something here, that's better than going to college.

JOHN: What's that?

MAUREEN: (She produces a packet of heroin, she's been palming) Henry.

JOHN: Oh that.

MAUREEN: The friend that never lets you down. I've just had mine. Why don't you try some?

JOHN: No I'm alright.

MAUREEN: Oh go on, one little bit wouldn't hurt you. Are you frightened?

JOHN: No.

MAUREEN: You are.

JOHN: No, I'm not.

MAUREEN: Well try it then.

JOHN: No.

MAUREEN: Come on. Scaredy cat.

JOHN: I'm not scared.

MAUREEN: I think you are.

JOHN: I'm not.

MAUREEN: I think you're shitting yourself.

JOHN: No, I am not.

MAUREEN: Well, try it then.

JOHN: Well . . .

MAUREEN: One little bit won't hurt you.

JOHN: Well, ok then. I suppose I need to try everything, at least once, if I'm going to be a writer.

MAUREEN: That's it. Good boy.

(MAUREEN starts to prepare a syringe)

MAUREEN: I'll just give you a little bit, we wouldn't want you overdosing, would we? Roll up your sleeve.

JOHN: I'm not sure.

MAUREEN: Come on roll your sleeve up and don't worry.

(JOHN rolls his sleeve up)

I know what I'm doing. (MAUREEN proceeds and injects JOHN with heroin, as described above) There you are. That didn't hurt did it? Push this down hard with your thumb and hold your arm.

(JOHN pushes down hard on the injection mark, with a piece of cotton wool under his thumb and folds his arm)

JOHN: No. Nooooooooo. (He is stoned)

MAUREEN: Is that good?

JOHN: Ffff-aaaaa-nnnn-tttt-aaaa-sss-ttt-iiii-cccc. Gggg-rrrr-eeeeee-aaaaa-tttt. Llll-

ooo-vvvv-eeee-llll-yyyy. L-o-v-e-l-y. Aaaaa-hhhhhh. (JOHN slumps forward on to his knees and grabs MAUREEN round the ankles) You're so beautiful. I love you, I will always love you. I'll do anything for you. I love you so much. You're bloody gorgeous, bloody gorgeous. You're fantastic. You're great. You're lovely. You're lovely.

MAUREEN: You're waffling.

(Blackout)

SCENE 9

(Lights up SR)

(PAM is sitting up in bed reading a book)

(JOHN enters and sits on his side of the blanket)

PAM: You're late. I was worried.

JOHN: Oh, there was delays on the trains. I had to walk from New Cross.

PAM: Are you ok?

JOHN: Yes.

PAM: You look odd.

JOHN: I'm alright.

PAM: Your dinner's in the oven. Would you like me to dish it up?

JOHN: No. (Pause) How was your day?

PAM: Ok. Why?

JOHN: No. I was only asking. (Pause)

PAM: Asking?

JOHN: Oh nothing.

PAM: What is it?

JOHN: Nothing.

PAM: Come on tell me.

(Pause)

JOHN: Well, what . . . what if . . .

PAM: What if what?

JOHN: What if . . .

PAM: What are you trying to say?

JOHN: I'm trying to say . . .

PAM: Trying to say . . .

JOHN: I don't know what I'm trying to say. (Pause) Look . . . what if . . . if you lost, lost something . . . how would you feel?

PAM: It depends on what it was.

JOHN: Pretend, pretend this thing, erm, was important to you.

PAM: Important.

JOHN: Yes. Say it was something, something you were fond of.

PAM: I suppose I'd be upset. Are you trying to tell me something?

JOHN: No no no.

(Blackout)

(JOHN exits)

SCENE 10

Complete blackness, then play a section of a track called:
"Echoes" by Pink Floyd
for a few moments. Start the track 8 minutes 55 seconds in.

SCENE 11

(Lights up SL)

(JOHN is sitting on the chair in the studio having withdrawals, hallucinating and mumbling)

JOHN: Come on! What's taking you so long!?

(MAUREEN slowly enters USL smiling)

JOHN: Did you get it?

MAUREEN: (Looking pleased with herself) Of course I did.

(JOHN quickly rolls up his sleeve)

JOHN: Do me! Do me!

MAUREEN: (Nastily) Wait a minute. Let me enjoy mine first. I had to use a pub toilet to have mine in. There was no lock on the door, so I had to hold the door shut with one foot, while I injected myself.

JOHN: I need it, I'm in so much pain.

MAUREEN: I had to show my track marks to this bloke, before he'd sell me any, he thought I was Old Bill.

JOHN: Please, I'm begging you!

MAUREEN: You know I had to go all the way to Piccadilly to get this I hope you appreciate it.

JOHN: I will, I do.

MAUREEN: Ok then, let's sort you out.

(MAUREEN proceeds to inject JOHN as described above)

MAUREEN: I wish I had veins like yours. Big thick black veins. You're so lucky.

(She then injects him then she loosens the tourniquet)

JOHN: (He looks up at her) Yes.

MAUREEN: You're so lucky. (She loosens the tourniquet)

JOHN: Mmmmmmmm.

(JOHN slips off his chair and holds on to MAUREEN's legs)

JOHN: Yyyyoouuuurrr'eee fffffaaaannntttaassttttiiiccc. Yyyoouuuurrr'eee gggrrreeeaattt. Yyyoouuuurrr'eeellllooovvveeeellllyyyyy. L-o-v-e-l-y.

(Blackout)

SCENE 12

(Lights up SL)

(MAUREEN is sat on the chair in her dressing gown, putting on her make up and looking into a small mirror. PAM enters USL)

PAM: Hello.

MAUREEN: Hello?

PAM: The door was open.

MAUREEN: It always is. It's in case we get any passing trade.

PAM: I'm sorry to bother you.

MAUREEN: You're not bothering me.

PAM: I'm looking for John.

MAUREEN: Oh him. He's not here. He's gone out. Who are you?

PAM: I'm a friend.

MAUREEN: He's gone out to get some money.

PAM: Oh. (Pause) It's just that he hasn't been home for a few days. And I was wondering if he was alright. I was starting to worry.

MAUREEN: Oh he's ok.

PAM: I don't mind what he does as long as he's ok. He just seemed to be acting oddly the last time I saw him. I thought there was something he wanted to tell me. I mean, it seemed like he wanted to ask for help, but couldn't ask, bring himself to ask . . . he's not

in any kind of trouble is he?

MAUREEN: No. Well not as far as I know.

(Pause)

PAM: Well . . . as long as he's alright.

MAUREEN: I've got to get to Dagenham East by 7. He's a regular of mine. The bloke's a TV, a transvestite. He dresses up in women's clothing. Some of them look better than us, when they've got their make up on and their hair done nicely. You know I think you can have a better conversation with them, when they're dressed up. He likes to have a little chat before we fuck. Likes to talk about bra sizes. "What size are you. I'm 34A", he says. I say I'm 34D cup, just to pretend they're bigger than they really are, to make him feel more horny, so it's over quicker. He's a small man. He just sits there with his little mini skirt on and his knees together on the settee and looks up at me, and asks me whether I like corsets, high heels, fish net tights and seamless stockings. Then mumbles something about menstruating. I don't listen half the time.

PAM: Aren't you afraid?

MAUREEN: No. He'd faint if he saw a drop of blood. He's like a little lamb with me. Sometimes he asks me to dress him. His wife hasn't got much taste. I do the best I can from his wife's wardrobe, but he still looks like a reject from Marks and Sparks. (Pause) I don't like travelling at night, in case I get mugged and my money's stolen, that's the only thing that worries me.

PAM: Would you tell him I called?

MAUREEN: Who? Tell who?

PAM: John.

MAUREEN: Oh yes.

MAUREEN: Men are pathetic. One minute they're happily chatting away. Next minute you've got the smell of their bad breath in your face, while they're fumbling to get it in.

(Blackout)

SCENE 13

(Lights up SL)

(MAUREEN is sitting on the chair in the studio)

MAUREEN: Come on! What's this secret you want to show me! You're going to make me late!

(JOHN sheepishly enters USL dressed as a woman)

MAUREEN: Fucking hell!

(JOHN moves CS and faces the audience)

JOHN: I could have been somebody you know. A famous writer. My old teacher used to think I was good. I'd read my stories out that I wrote in front of the whole class. They'd all be listening, you could hear a pin drop. Then after the applause had died down, she'd say to the whole class how good I was.

MAUREEN: You're fucking mad! I'm going! There's another hit there for you, if you want it! (She throws a packet of heroin on to the seat as she gets up)

(MAUREEN exits USL. JOHN picks up the packet of heroin and sits down on the chair. JOHN looks at the packet of heroin for a few moments, then proceeds to inject himself as described above)

Then he puts on the music "Shine On you Crazy Diamond" by Pink Floyd, on his cassette player. He then slumps forward, overdoses and dies.

(Lights slowly fade)