

Every Night
By Steve Lawrence

MUSIC: 'O MAGNUM MYSTERIUM' PLAYS FROM 0'30. THE WAVES AND SEAGULLS COME IN AT ABOUT 0'50 AND THEN FADE DOWN TO 1'10 AS THE FIRST LINE IS SPOKEN.

SCENE 1 EXT: SEASIDE DAY

FX: LAPPING WAVES /

BBC Radio 3 Monologues Every Night
is how dull it is. You can't do family, your job options are limited at
best and then there's the hunger - the worst symptom of this disease.

**MUSIC: LOW THUD OF DANCE MUSIC PLAYS FROM INSIDE
THE CLUB. IT'S MUFFLED BY THE WALLS.**

It gnaws at you, I can't tell you how long I've been like this, hundreds
of years maybe. It dominates my thoughts so much that I struggle to
form any kind of memory. It's like my whole existence is one long
hangover punctuated by flashbacks to a shameful night before.

But in a way it's better to forget. To survive like this you need to hard-
en yourself. The hunger doesn't leave room for feelings.

FX: HEAVY DOOR OPENING

SCENE 3 INT: SUBTERFUGE NIGHT

**MUSIC: A BURST OF DANCE MUSIC PLAYS AS WE ENTER
THE CLUB. IT PLAYS LOW IN THE**

My choice of feed tonight is also somewhat limited. There are a few options but nothing truly appetising. I consider an older lady - a Sharon maybe - who looks like she's come straight from the office but when I see she's dancing round a pile of bags I presume she has back-up. Also sizing up his options is a goatee wearing man in a lime green shirt - a predator by choice rather than necessity. His type disgust me but they make useful hounds - I follow his gaze to her.

FX: RTBT1 0 0 1 328.63 742.78 T(h)RD1 0 0 1 141.5 585.91 Tr EMC

And then it's just the two of us and for once I don't know what to do or say, there's something about her that makes me dizzy - nauseous even - like I haven't fed for a couple of days. She takes my hand and sends a jolt of electricity through my being. I want her.

She spins herself, she's a spinner. She spins again and again and then spins me and then her and then

FX: ROAR OF FIRE

We sit by the fire. An arm around her shoulder and a hand resting above the life growing inside.

FX: KNOCK AT THE DOOR

She tells me to answer and I know it's him. I want to bolt the door or open it and stick a piece of wood through his black shrivelled heart. Inside I scream 'no' but I go and do what I do every time.

FX: DOOR CREAKING OPEN

SCENE 5 INT: SUBTERFUGE NIGHT

And then I'm back in the club. I pull her close and taste her sweat as I suffocate her in my arms.

MUSIC: 'O MAGNUM MYSTERIUM' PLAYS FROM 2'40 TO 2'47 AS HE'S

val stands alone and stares the type of vacant stare that ends with him falling asleep in the midst of trying to pleasure himself.

We exit past a long line of people waiting for a hot dog.

SCENE 6 EXT: SUBTERFUGE NIGHT

Outside the club we navigate a drunken brawl, Sharon from the office's nose is bleeding and she's using her bag as a weapon against the bouncers. I don't fancy their chances.

FX: PUNCH THROWN

My dance partner wants to get some food which is ironic since this is the first time in forever that my hunger isn't the only thing on my mind.

SCENE 7 INT: CHICKEN KINGDOM NIGHT

I study her as she studies the menu in the less than aptly named Chicken Kingdom. In this light her resemblance to the girl of my dreams is a bit less uncanny, her forehead a normal size, her green eyes a kind of turquoise.

We sit at a table in the corner and she picks at garlic bread whilst I pretend it's not giving me a rash, she talks and I listen. It seems like she spends a lot of time watching television boxsets and true crime documentaries. There's an ex-boyfriend but he only contacts her when he's drunk and sad. Its been a long time since I spoke to someone who isn't like me and I find it fascinating how she creates drama and meaning out of such small moments. I want to tell her that none of this really matters and that her loneliness isn't anything special or unique but I'm not sure if that's true.

Our legs brush and she runs her foot down the back of my calf, I take her hand and I start to focus my hypnotic powers. But this isn't the time. Not yet.

SCENE 8 EXT: ROAD NIGHT

We take her chips and leave. She grabs my hand and suddenly there's an urgency to our encounter.

She drags me along the pavement and I try to ask where we're going but she's on a mission.

SCENE 9 EXT: LOCAL PARK NIGHT

We come to a park and she vaults over the gate. She skips and runs to the ladies side of a severely neglected public toilet waving me in after her. My stomach lets out a tiny groan as I follow. I'm suddenly aware that we're alone and my needs are growing stronger.

SCENE 10 INT: PUBLIC TOILET NIGHT

The place stinks and the walls are covered in graffiti - phone numbers promising a good time that surely won't arrive - straight away she's on top of me wrapping her arms around my neck pushing her tongue into my mouth. I kiss her back and try to find room for my own tongue.

She grabs at my trousers and fumbles with the belt buckle. I move down to kiss her neck and my mouth fills with saliva, I'm doing everything I can not to dribble on her. My body is literally trembling, I'm ready to feed, I need to feed but something is telling me no.

my gut so strong that I feel like I might pass out, I've been suppressing it so long it takes me a moment to realise what it is - guilt.

I clutch my stomach and back away from her tripping and stumbling over my trousers. She asks if I'm going to be sick and all I can reply is 'I am sick' and point at the dirty mirror failing to show my reflection. She stares at it for a long moment, touches it, checks to see if it's some kind of trick. She rubs

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