

Practical Resources

Extract 2 from *Hospitals and Other Buildings That Catch Fire* by Phil King

A decision to leave

Tom K I sit here having killed someone. I mean ... I think I've killed someone and ... and I ... need to sit still and I need to ... to ... think I am sitting here having killed someone. I don't know what that means. I don't think it's raining but it feels like it should be. Maybe it's raining on my head, inside this room, above this chair. I think she's dead. I mean. I have killed her. She is dead. It was for the best. She was sick. Little Aimee was sick. I have killed her. She wasn't breathing when I left the room. And that smell ... The smell of her. The beautiful smell of her. *[beat]* Should I, I run? Should I protect myself by running away and hiding? A different Hotel room every night and being vigilant when I go to buy milk? Should I just turn myself in? I mean I think I killed her ... Her hair. Oh my God her hair ... soft hair, so soft hair. And eyes, so wet eyes ... Pressing my lips to her. I want to. I want to ... I mean I think she's dead. She might still be alive and that way I wouldn't have killed her, wouldn't have anything to atone for. But if she came round she'd be scarred ... have to take her to hospital and explain. I'll have to kill her if I haven't killed her. The room is filling with water. I can feel the room slowly filling with the water from the cloud raining above my head. My slippers are damp. The water is cold and it makes me breathe harder. She might be alive ... The water is up to my waist now and it's freezing ... I think I have killed her. Books float past me and I can't help but think of the mess this is going to make when the tide resides. I don't think I could kill her. I think my hand would have filled with sweat and the blunt instrument would fall from my hand *[beat]* It's up to my neck *[beat]* and she'd turn round and catch me, catch me ready to kill her, to end her, to stop her life and she'd say ...

Annabelle holds the puppet of a beautiful little girl dressed for bed. The puppet of Aimee floats as if delicately flying.

Annabelle Daddy.

Ros Because she can talk now. In this moment of need. This moment she needs to let her father know she wants to go on living.

Annabelle Daddy.

Tom H But he can't hear her say anything. She looks as removed as she always does.

Ros The doctors have tried to assure him that she's fine but they know she's in constant pain.

Annabelle Daddy.

Tom K And it has passed my head now and I am underwater but I'm not floating as my shoes are full of lead and the radiator has a stream of bubbles coming from it. And I choose to sit here with the lead in my shoes because I've killed her, because she's dead.