

# Dolphins in Concrete Enclosures

*A radio play.*

By Anthony Pollard

**NARRATOR**

**MARJORIE**

**DAVID**

**DAVID:**

Look at that fucking thing. Spitting fucking distance. Look at it.

Staring at me...

I see you. Do you think it'd be inappropriate if I masturbated at it? Loathsome fucking thing. I fucking would as well and it wouldn't be a fucking pervy fucking-fucking y'know creepy thing. It'd be a FUCK YOU WANK. Like a fucking squid, I'd spray ink on it and fucking run.

...did you just growl at me? I would sooner skin you and hang myself by your ginger fucking tail, before I see you walk out of here you fucking garbage. You filthy fucking WASTE OF-

-Hello Tina, how are you? Are you – oh really? Don't tell me he did. Brad? Oh my goodness, he had the nerve? Oh. Noooo. Really? Wow. Goes to show dunnit. Gosh. Alright, well see ya – take care.

...

PRICK.

Come on. Got me all fired up, I nearly fucking drop kicked Tina because of you. Fucking hell. Come on.

Go on fucking try it. You fucking try it. Stupid twat.

Yeah go on, get cosy mate. You have no idea – chubby little fucker, fatty-fatty-fat-fat.

I think it's the gingeriness and the fatness. You're a fat little ginger prick. And the world won't miss you when you die...Who the fuck is here? See. Purr all you like you little ginger cunt.

Not going to – stop me.

There. If I had my way I'd sling you out the fucking window hopefully onto one of your fucking kittens. I bet you don't even know about all your fucking kittens. Ginger fat rapist fat fucking fat cunt. Not only a rapist but an absent-Dad-rapist.

...do I eat it? Kind of want to eat it...no...definitely won't eat it...

Christ.

Right.

Who's next?

**NARRATOR:**

Do you want to try something? It might help if you close your eyes.

You are *You*. You are the adult *You*. You are in the home that you were in when you were a child. You are *You* in your childhood home when you were let's say...10 years old. Picture that home.

...

You're in it somewhere. So somewhere in this home is the room that you slept in. When you were 10. Now you're going to walk slowly to that door of that room, and I say slowly so you can really picture it. So you can remember the carpet and the walls. Now you get to the door and you're gonna open it and your 10-year-old self is sitting in the bedroom. On the bed. So, picture who you were when you were 10. You are who you are now. Now, will you describe that child physically?

...

Okay so 10-year-old you is sitting there in his room. What typically might they be doing?

...

You're going to sit down on the bed, a comfortable distance away from them. What do you think of them? And don't say what you think you're supposed to say, say what you really think of them. Praise them or judge them.

...

Now speak to them. Tell them what you think an adult should tell them.

...

Now breathe. Keep your eyes shut for a moment and breathe.

...

**MARJORIE:**

Lottie! Look at you. Hold on let me get that. Oh dear oh dear. There. Much better. I love it when you sparkle, you look darling.

You just look so handsome – I don't know how you feel about being called handsome, but you are!

Now where were we. Nine across, four letters. 'Snare'...

..Drum? Isn't it Lottie? Course you were just about to say it, course you were.

'Au courant'. Two words, two letters...a currant? Or cooraaant?... I know its second letter is O...unless we got that one wrong. That'd be just like us! Doing a crossword and getting the first one wrong!

...Sometimes I can hear you Lottie. Like then I thought I heard you. I thought I heard you laugh. You must think I'm some mad old woman but that's probably not news to you!...I didn't hear it then. Suppose it wasn't as funny. Who died and made you the Pope of taste?

I've always felt...in this room, especially when I come in the morning. And I've just put the teabag in my mug, and I look through the doorway and I see you up there. The light shining on you. Looks marvellous.

I look at you. While the kettle boils, I look at you. I think about how you're here. You never left and you're still here. And I'm not saying like get out like I want you gone. I just feel so lucky...

Today we were counting the pennies again from service, Roger oh he makes me laugh. Cheeky sod, he said 'why you got all that clobber on?' And I laughed and told him that I like to feel nice, is that a crime Roger?! Is it?! And he said, 'it's a crime such a young woman like yourself would be alone on a Friday night!'

Oh, he does make me laugh Roger...but I thought of you...I'm not...You're here aren't you. Obviously I know you're not, I've not gone mad. But I do hear you laugh but not in a mad way, in a nice way.

It's sort of strange – I feel...like a strange...in the house. I don't know. A strange sort of thing. And it's been so long Lottie. Just so long. I'm not remembering it the way I want to. It's all sort of melting away like – oh I don't know what like. I miss you Lottie.

When the sun shines on you in the morning through the bay window I just see all these marvellous patterns falling off you. You look splendid. I love feeling that, I love feeling you looking splendid...gosh look what you've gone and done...why'd I even bother with the makeup ey?

You're going to think I've gone barmy. But I think about putting you in my tea sometimes. In the morning when you look so gorgeous, I think about walking over – I'd bring my tea to you of course I was raised with manners.

And I bring my tea over and I take the lid off and I'd get just a little bit and I'd put you in my tea like demerara sugar or something! And I'd use soya milk just like you like, I only have the hard stuff as a treat, and I'd swirl it round and I think it'd be nice.

I think it'd be nice to be in the tea. It's warm. And I'd...it'd be so warm.

...what? ...oh Lottie – you make a daft old woman feel so - bless you.