

# **LIVE A LITTLE LONGER**

**By Nigel Hurlstone**

**Adapted for audio by  
Steve Doherty and Nigel Hurlstone**

**Produced and Directed by  
Steve Doherty of Giddy Goat Production**



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## **3: Rainy Days**

DOCTOR ... Tudur Owen

NURSE ... Isy Suttie

DEWI ... Sion Pritchard

DEWI'S MUM ... Rhian Green

NIGEL ... Nigel Hurlstone

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**A GIDDY GOAT PRODUCTION**

NIGEL (N) On Thursday they said rain would come and then Friday came and still nothing. Saturday was the same so it seemed that by today the threat would have passed, but a nurse arrives at dawn complaining that a storm is on its way. Deftly switching on every light in the ward, she also turns on the TV. The weatherman is looking rather glum and issues a stark warning to viewers. Torrential rain causing widespread disruption is anticipated across the entire region.

Soon, the storm arrives and it's as the weatherman predicted: torrential. A doctor strides up to the window to view the spectacle unfolding outside, and is rather concerned. Staring at the ceiling, he points to water beginning to drip down the inside of the glazing.

ATMOS HOSPITAL WARD / RAIN ON WINDOW

DOCTOR Can you believe it? Those windows only went in a few weeks ago and they're already leaking.

NIGEL (N) We all shrug. Nobody is surprised. My neighbour Dewi is watching the storm from his bed and is getting anxious.

DEWI What happens if the ward floods? How do we get out?

DOCTOR What did we talk about yesterday young man?

DEWI You said I mustn't worry. Worry is bad. Really bad.

DOCTOR        Yes, it is bad. And you tend to worry more than normal. We call it catastrophising. You mustn't catastrophise.

ATMOS        OUT

NIGEL        (N) Returning to look at the leaking window, the doctor is sure that every frame on this level is possibly faulty; there's ingress in the staff room and damp patches have been reported in x-ray. The potential consequences of an entire floor having to be re-fitted will be disastrous.

ATMOS        HOSPITAL WARD

DOCTOR        We've only just moved in and it'll be a case of having to move out again. I don't know why they didn't knock this wreck of a place down and start from scratch. And all that asbestos the builders found. It's a lethal combination.

NIGEL        (N) Problems have been reported in the bathrooms too and before long, it seems that leaks are springing up everywhere.

DEWI        I'm all wet doctor. Down there.

DOCTOR        I don't think that's the case Dewi. It's because you're looking at all this rain, it makes everyone feel like they need to pee. Isn't that right nurse?

NURSE        Absolutely. You had a bottle not long ago. There's nothing in there to get wet with!

DEWI                Well, I'm leaking.

NURSE            We'll have a look at you later, but right now it's change-over and we're very busy.

ATMOS        OUT

NIGEL            (N) After breakfast, I look down at the car park from the window. There are people eddying around the doors. Some are running for cover, holding umbrellas in front of their faces whilst others plod at a steady pace, bent over and seemingly resigned to the fact that resisting a drenching is futile. There are people sitting in their cars waiting for the worst to pass, but not really knowing if the worst is yet to come.

Two women have decided to be reckless and ignore the trappings of coats, hoods, and brollies. I can just hear them shrieking as they run from the shelter of the hospital and out into the open air, twisting and turning as they go. They splash in deep puddles and invite wet feet.

The splashing stops for a second and they spread their arms out wide, spinning around as if poised on top of a music box. And there she is, the nurse from our ward, dancing in a car park, in the midst of a storm, and enjoying every minute of it.

----- MUSIC / DISTANT ACTION -----

NIGEL (N) I wish I was her, out in the rain, getting drenched. I'd like to be gasping for air with rain falling on my face and feel my vest and pants clinging to wet skin. I'd quite like other bits of me to be soaked through too. Whilst I've never really enjoyed the sensation of wet feet squelching in socks, right now, it'd please me no end. I decide to go and take a shower with my socks on; it might heighten the enjoyment of what is usually a non-event. The new wet room at the top of the ward is exactly that, very wet. The water struggles to reach the drain and there's always a puddle by the door. Luckily, a broom has been provided to encourage users to coax it away from the threshold when showering, but judging by the dry condition of the bristle, it hasn't been utilised for some time. Instead, visitors to this facility have used their own initiative on how to prevent a flood. A circle of wet towels forms a small enclosure beneath the shower head and whilst there is water seeping from this construction, it seems rather an ingenious alternative to the broom, and certainly less arduous.

It may be the sensation of showering in socks that stirs my libido for the first time in weeks. I stand under the spray and look down at what I thought was irredeemably dormant and feel instantly brighter. This sexual resuscitation also possesses an added wonder; my manhood appears more generous than I remember. Distracted from shoring up the towels, I spy a pair of abandoned incontinence pads float towards the door. But it is too late to stop the flood. The water has escaped outside.

ATMOS        HOSPITAL WARD / Knocking on door

NURSE        You've swamped the corridor! Turn the shower off! I say, turn the shower off!

NIGEL        (N) I stand motionless in the enclosure of towels before frantically trying to locate my pants.

NURSE        Hello? Hello? Are you OK in there? Do you need assistance? Can I come in?

ATMOS        BATHROOM

NIGEL        Hello yes! I can hear you! No assistance required thank you very much.

NIGEL        (N) Grabbing the brush from its anchor on the wall, I commence the business of limiting the seepage. It's some time before I emerge.

ATMOS        HOSPITAL WARD/CORRIDOR

NURSE        Good God! What *have* you been doing? Not only have you flooded us out, but you've upset Dewi too. He was worried about a flood in the ward, and now he thinks it's really happening.

ATMOS        OUT



NIGEL (N) Climbing back into bed, I notice that Dewi's mother has arrived and is busy looking for a spot to dry her umbrella.

ATMOS HOSPITAL WARD

D'S MUM It's biblical out there! Just look at the state of me! Drenched!

DEWI Mam! Look what's happening! There's water everywhere!

NIGEL (N) After squeezing the sleeves of her coat into a hanky, she snatches a handful of tissues from the locker and soaks up a puddle under her feet.

D'S MUM You're 52. Don't be a baby. How many times have I told you that a bit of water isn't going to kill you.

DEWI But Mam, the water's come down the corridor and through the glass already, and *you're* bringing more of it in.

D'S MUM Well, I'm sure it's all fixed now. And look what I've got you! This'll take your mind off it.

ATMOS OUT

NIGEL (N) Dewi is thrilled with his present. It is a 1 to 48 scale model of a Blackburn Buccaneer ready to be glued together. Boasting 288 separate pieces and a sheet of instructions that almost covers the bed, it will require 13 colour pots to paint and an anticipated 220 hours of work.

ATMOS                      HOSPITAL WARD

D'S MUM                      That'll keep you busy. For a while anyway.

NIGEL                              (N) Stretching her legs under the bed, Dewi's mam closes her eyes and lets her face fall. She does look tired. Thankfully, her son is fully occupied for the next few minutes.

DEWI                                The fuselage is the best bit Mam. I'm going to save it to last. That's where the bombs are. Should I start the cockpit first? If I do the cockpit, the pilot can sit in it while I make the nose. Mam? You listening?

NIGEL                              (N) Receiving no response, Dewi reaches out a hand and tugs at his mother's sleeve. Grunting a little, she continues to slumber. Dewi pulls her sleeve again, but a little harder this time to make sure that she wakens.

DEWI                                I'm wet, Mam.

D's MUM                        So am I. Soaked through, actually.

NIGEL                              (N) Closing her eyes again, she shifts in the chair to get comfy. Five minutes later, Dewi has another attempt at waking her, but this time pulls her hair.

D's MUM                        Oh sweet Jesus! OK! I'll get a nurse!

NURSE            How long have you been wet like this young man? If you've had an accident, you should tell one of the girls. Why didn't you say? Mum, can you wait outside whilst I change him. And perhaps take that umbrella with you? There's a lot of clutter around this bed.

ATMOS        OUT

NIGEL            (N) Standing in the middle of the ward with her broly still dripping, Dewi's Mam spins around looking for somewhere to settle. I tell her that there's a washroom at the top of the ward; the umbrella will be safe in there. She seems rather disorientated and heads off towards the sluice, so I get off the bed and accompany her to the wet room. Opening the door, vapours of wet laundry, deodorant, and soap fill the air. It's hot and moist. Propping her broly by the sink, she steps over the piles of towels and pulls up a plastic stool designed for patients who need to sit rather than stand in the shower.

I keep watching the wet room from my bed. Dewi's Mam has been inside for over ten minutes, and so far, the door has remained closed. I hope she's found the switch to turn on the fan and isn't too uncomfortable, that shower stool's rather hard and scant. But behind Dewi's curtains, there's lots of activity. The sheets are soon stripped and new ones tucked in around a freshly scrubbed rubber mattress, but despite being dry, Dewi is restless.

ATMOS      HOSPITAL WARD

- DEWI                Where's Mam nurse? Has she gone home? Mam?
- NURSE             She's probably gone to have a nice cup of tea. Anyway, don't fret.  
We'll be ship-shape soon enough.
- DEWI                I hate ships. One killed my Taid. It was sunk by a submarine, and he  
drowned in the water.
- NURSE             Is that so? Well let's not worry about that shall we? You get on with  
your model and don't forget to say when you need a pee; save  
making all this work. Your Mam will be back soon.

ATMOS      OUT

- NIGEL             (N) But Mam does not come back soon. She is still in the wet room  
half an hour later, so I decide to tap on the door. "Are you OK in  
there?" I enquire but get no reply. "Do you need any help?" I ask but  
hear nothing. "I'm going to come in and see if you are alright!"  
Opening the door, I find her still sitting on the shower stool.

ATMOS      BATHROOM

- D'S MUM          Sorry love. I just wanted a moment.

NIGEL (N) I let the door close behind me and stand rather awkwardly by the sink wondering what to say. She stares at me, eyes bulging before resting her head in her hands. I go to give her a hug, but she backs away.

D'S MUM Oh no! Don't. I'm absolutely fine. Just being silly. You won't understand anyway. It's just Dewi being Dewi. I really, love him, but he won't leave me alone. I wake up; he's by the bed. I make the tea; he's in the kitchen. I put a pan on; he's by the cooker. I'm in the shed; he's on the lawn. That's my life.

NIGEL (N) Dewi's mam returns to her son's bedside clutching her umbrella. He welcomes her back with one of his enormous, toothy smiles whilst teasing some bombs from a sheet of aeroplane parts. Pinging into the air, they land at her feet. Impatient to retrieve his stock, he pinches her arm.

#### ATMOS                      HOSPITAL WARD

DEWI Come on Mam. Pick them up.

NIGEL (N) But Dewi's mam is gazing out of the window and does not flinch. It is still raining, and I think she is drowning.