

## Wet House - Paddy Campbell

Kerry:

Like that now is it? Just like the rest of em aren't ye? In facet you're worse. Least they didn't try to hide the fact they're cunts. What the fuck are you? Did I not lead up to your expectations? Have I let you down? Is that it? What? Were you hoping I'd make you God-mother? You sad bitch. Bet you did and all. Well fucking sorry about that.

Still least now you can look your nose down at me with the rest of the arseholes. shake your head and... What is it youse say? We've done so much for her, but she just wont help herself. You couldn't give a fuck weather I help myself or not. Get me a shitty dressing gown from Primark and I'm meant to jump with joy and live happily ever after. Just so you can congratulate yourself on what a wonderful fucking job you're doing. Well I'm sorry but this. This here, This is me. This is what I am - sucking off six pakis for a bag of shite gear. And no amount of fucking cuddles or support plans is going to change it.

(pause)

Thought you were going to come and visit me anyway?... Don't be sorry for fucks sake. What you sorry for? You think if you'd've come waltzing in with some grapes it would've turned out differently? I'd be bouncing him on my knee by the fire. You'd be knitting booties. Hate to break it to you, was never going to happen.

You think things are over for me? Things never fucking started for me. Suppose you think I'm sat here grieving my loss, crying myself to sleep. Don't you fucking tell me what I mean!

This bond, this precious bond I'm meant to... rip it out, take it away, so fuck. I feel nothing, nothing right. Aye you're right there, I don't care, I do not care one little bit.