

RADE

Recovery through Arts, Drama and Education

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THANKS TO:

The Abbey Outreach and Education Department – particularly Elena Gamble and Jean O’ Dwyer, Calypso Theatre Company, Tony Curtis, Arthur Kavanagh, Pat Boran, Judith Ryan, Bao Ying Lang, Sandra Upton, Jackie Rowe, Shane O’ Doherty and Down to Earth, our Dedicated Board, Anna Liffey Project, Merchant’s Quay Project, Cassadh Project, Tom Brunkard, Colm Browne, Lisa Cawley and all at FÁS, Joe Tunney, formerly of FAS, Daithi Doolan, Dublin City Councillor, Roddy Doyle, Tim Crowley, Christy Keeley, Paula Birmingham, Willie White, Niamh O’Donnell, and all at Project, Ronan O’ Donnell and Tom Scott of Dublin City Council, Brendan Keeney of Dublin City Council, Nico Fekete, Zelda Quilligan & Havana Tapas Bar, Maria Fernandez, Bernard Stanley, Noel Clarke and Niamh Cuminsky at Ulster Bank, Dorset Street.

RADE is funded by FÁS

Stopping by Clanbrassil Street on a Winter's Morning

It's Monday, pawn day, I hope Rory's in good humour.
My head's so numb I think I have a feckin' tumour.
I should be in work, at least that's the rumour,
But I'm pale and me farts aren't raspberry flavour.

I went out last night, you know, just for the one:
One Guinness, one vodka, one whiskey, a bottle of rum.
Then I staggered on to a party to have more fun,
And ended up sleeping with my friend's old one.

So here I am sweating on my way to the pawn,
Same old story, replacing the money that's gone,
And it has to be back before Maggie returns at one.
Pawning me wedding ring! Jesus, what have I done?

Rory, the whore, is as tight and as mean as they come,
All I was short of was kissing and licking his bum.

Thanks be to Jesus that's over and done:
I got forty euro, a fiver left over to have just the one!

Written by the group

RADE

Brian Murray

Waking the Dead

When I was nine, my twin brother
And myself always played
In the end room of our flat.
We had a game called “see
Who can break the light bulb first
Without our mother hearing us.”

We threw things at the swinging light,
Until I hit it. My brother shouted, “You sap!”
My mother heard the loud bang
And came into the room.
She screamed, “What are you doing?”
The woman underneath banging up.

“The noise of the two of yous,
You would wake the dead.”
Then my mother would say
“If yous two don’t stop
Your father will appear
To the both of yous tonight.”

So we both shut up
And said “Ma, you’re only messing.”
She said, “You’ll see if you don’t!
He will appear
If you don’t stop messing.
If you don’t stop...”

My Nephew

My little nephew, James,
Is always playing games.
Football he loves best.
He plays in a vest.
Running up and down the field
For a plaque or a shield.
He tries his best and does well.
On the field, mad as hell,
Pushing and shouldering people around.
Even pushed them on the ground.
The referee calls his name.
“Fuck off, Ref, it’s only a game!”

The Lamp

Went on a walk with me mate.

We went into a lamp shop.
There was one plugged in.
So my friend followed
The wire
all
 around
until
 he found
 where it was
plugged in.

He took the plug out.
Picked up the lamp.
And walked out of the shop.

When I asked him
Why he took the one that was on?
He replied, “I knew it was working!”

Denise Redmond

My Twins

There they are wherever I go.
Into everyone's face. Oh don't I know.
When I jump or try to run fast
I have to stop and remember the past.
One popped-out and everyone gasped.

I saw a girl with a pair like mine
And I heard all the fellas saying
"Aren't they just fine?"
Sometimes they are a blessing,
But other times I can't stand them.

I do say to myself,
I was blessed with what I have
Because I know others have to pay
For silicone fillets
That cost a year's pay.

I was out on a date,
In the middle of a conversation
I glanced him straight in the face
But he wasn't looking at me,
He was looking at my twins, Mary and Kate.

Ma, Ma

Ma, Ma. I love her so much,
When I was fifteen,
I was more like twenty-one.
I wanted to do
What my work mates done.
Go out, have a drink
And then go on to a dance.

Ma, Ma. Me Ma used to say,
I'm tellin' you 12.00 not 2.30

Me trying to open the door
With drunken double vision
Creeping in and trying
To get up the stairs
Watching out for the

one
that
creaked.

Ma

Ma, Ma. I'd get up safely,
Ready to go asleep
And then I'd hear it.
"Wait till in the morning,
I'll give ya half past two.

Then the house was quiet.
You could hear a needle drop.

A Naked Soul On The Road To Hell

I stood there for a minute, trying to let what was around sink in. But have I a brain? I must have something up there or I wouldn't be able to ask myself these things. Jesus, do I look as good as all these other people? I hope I do. Right, where's the boat? Jesus, me Ma loved the bible. If she could have connected us up to a drip she would give us intravenous Bible lessons. Ah, who the fuck done that? I felt something solid hit my back like a ton of bricks. Wha' did you do that for? "Keep moving," says Charon in his deep voice. Right, I will. Now watch were your putting your oar. Fuck, I should have taken those swimming lessons. What if I fall into the river Archeron. That mean sadness and I'm in the height of it already. Right, Charon, do you want this money or what? Bollix, have you any change? Well, he gave me a look that nearly killed me, only I'm dead already. Here, take it all; just call the change a tip, you ugly motherfucker. This, of course, I thought to myself. Are we right now? He packed us all into the little boat. As we were about to leave he looked at me and said, "It is all ahead of you now. Rot in hell." We could still hear his vicious snarling groans, half way over. That's when it hit me; I'm going to hell. If only I had me life to live over again. Ah, fuck it; I'd still do the same. I remember more good times than bad.

John Devoy

Two Legs, Too Late

The body fights back

It was great, wasn't it John,
When we went on the smack
All those years ago.

You had veins like drain pipes.
All you had to do is throw the works
Like a dart and you'd get a hit in one.

It was good while it lasted,
But look now,
Time has changed over the years.

Now it's almost impossible
For you
To find a healthy vein.

You have my hands fucked up.
My arms aren't any better,
And look at my legs!

My fucking legs of which I was once
So proud of when I was young
And going swimming.

But that all is in the past.
It would be a real embarrassment
To go swimming now, or even to wear shorts.

My legs look like they were
Pebbled dashed with buck shot
From a shotgun.

If I could wrap my legs
Around your skinny neck
I would fucking strangle you.

Would you look what you've done.
Could you not cop on
And try to slow down or put a stop

To this destruction. Remember
You only have two legs.
Keep using and you'll end up with none.

Me, me Da and School

When I was young I hated school. I would do almost anything to get out of going. I can remember that when I would be caught on the hop I would not go home because my father was a very strict man and would give me some terrible beatings. So rather than go home to get a beating I would stay out sleeping rough. On gur, as it was called in those days. This became a big problem, and in the end I was sent away to St. Lawrence's school in Finglas. It was run by the brothers. I was only nine-years-old when I was sent there and was the youngest boy in the school. I was bullied every day when I was there and got many beatings from the brothers. I began to blame my father for sending me to this place and hated him for it. I had a terrible relationship with him because of it all and this went on for many, many years. It is only lately that we started talking.

Devoy phy! Do a Runner

As I finish my breakfast they call out. "Come on now, fall in." We all head out to the back yard for the morning count, and then we are sent to out different places of work. Everyone has to work down here, not like the 'Joy where you can do nothing and walk the yard if you like. Down here they even have a farm, and when new blokes come down they try to put them to work there. They have a lot of travellers working on the farm and they seem to like doing it. I work painting anything they want done, but I'm not into doing anything. I have been here for just one week and I feel like it has been a month. I'm doing a twelve-month sentence and would only have to do just half of it down here, but I know I won't last six weeks, never mind six months. I have been in for three weeks now. I've been off phy for two weeks after a five-day detox, and they tell you your cured, and

I've been on phy for ten years. I can't get my head around it down here at all. So I end up doing a runner. Two days later they take me back to the clinic and back on my phy, happy with myself again.

Poetry Me Arse

It's small, round and, though
Mine fits into a size thirty,
I have been call a tight one
When it comes to lending money.
When I get fed up, I get a pain in it.
There was many a time my oul fella
Gave me a right size nine up it
When I done something to annoy him;
And many a Garda did it too.
Maybe that's because they were
Used to it themselves, getting
Bet around with a pitch fork
Back on the farm down in Kerry.
To tell you the truth,
I'm getting a right fucking pain
There now writing about it.



The Door

The door to my soul is surrounded with barbwire and a big rusted padlock. There are no windows in my door; it's made of solid steel.

Slowly, carefully, I cut through the wire. The key won't turn in the lock. I end up forcing the lock open. One look inside, and I close it fast.

I decide to open it again. To peep inside, to have a look back into my past. All I see are institutions and myself crying to get out. My hands grasp the cold metal bars as I look sadly out.

Joyce Wade

Led Astray

My feet are like eyes
They wander around
And bring me places
I know not my own.

They wander around
Day after day
Through streets broad
And narrow.

I sometimes
Have to say they
Bring me good places,
Sometimes Bad.

They lead me astray
I can't say, no way!
They come with me
For my drugs you see

Then, when I'm out of my head,
They bring me home to bed.



Paul Butler

My Teeth

They have been with me since
I was barely able to walk.
When they got bigger
I found myself able to talk
And talk I did
Never shut up
So my Ma always says.

But now I am older
And time has taking its toll.
Between accidentally breaking them
And having them rotten from methadone.
I will miss them if they go
I hope that will never happen
Because I won't be able to talk properly
Or smile, or eat for that matter.

I'll have to get to a Dentist soon
Or I'll miss my teeth forever
But even if they go
I'll get false teeth for life.

What Happened?

after a painting by Lucian Freud

Here I am lying on the bed
I'm wrecked from
The night before.
So tired
I cannot get up.

At least I have the dog as a companion.
Unlike my shy friend
Hiding under
The bed.

I am trying to remember what he or she
Was up to last night,
But I can't,
Head is
Still too foggy.

I just hope it wasn't sexually



Shay O'Hara

Spot

after a painting by Lucian Freud

I don't know where the other guy is!
I don't know who the other guy is!
I know we came home together last night.
I know we staggered home together some night.
God we had a lot to drink!
Anyone you like, we had a lot to drink!
I just hope he comes back for this fucking dog.



Listening to my Body

What the fuck were you thinking of?
It's not as if you didn't know,
Or you didn't get enough chances.
And God knows you were warned
Enough times by the doctors.
But no, you knew best,
Mr. Indestructible (Ha!)
You just kept sticking the fucking thing in.
And now look at the state of me!
Can't even have a kick about with the kids.



Traitor

The brother hit me again for the last time,
Or so I thought. I told him to fuck off -
Which was unheard of at the time -
And ran out of the classroom.

I ran all the way home.
I was still crying with temper
When I burst into the house.
My mother was there as I expected.

I ranted and raged about
What had happened to me.
I swore I would never go back
To that school or any other CBS again.

She gave me some milk and biscuits
And when I cooled down.
She gave me a good clatter
And dragged me back up the school.

I really hated her that day.

Tara Byrne

The Pig and the Dog

after a painting by Lucian Freud

I'd say he was out on the piss that night
And he saw a lovely lady at the end of the bar.
He said to himself, I'll go down and ask her
If she wants a drink and she said -yes please.

Then they got talking and one thing led
To another and she ended up
Going back to his place,
And then they were having sex like nobodies business.

They heard someone coming up the stair
And he said, "It's my wife!"
And he said to the new bird – quick hide
But the only place was under the bed and the bird said -alright.

But all of her body would not fit under.
The legs were hanging out
And after all that it turned out to be the dog on the stairs
And he jumped into the bed.

The woman went blessing mad at him,
Saying "you should have told me you were married.
If I knew that I would never have come back with you, you pig.
You and your dog, have a good time

A Horrible Day

I never can forget that day. I never forget on Christmas Day there
was a drought on.

I was out since one o'clock in the morning, and I was
walking to the places that they sold the gear and there was no one
had a thing.

I was starting to feel a bit sick and the more I was walking
the worse I was getting. I swear I felt like I was dying. I don't know

where I got the energy to walk up to Ballyfermot to get it and when I got there the fellah said to me “Are you alright, you look white in the face?” I said “Wouldn’t you, if you were walking since eleven this morning? And if you walked from town to all the way up here?”

I looked at my watch and it was five o’clock and I could not believe it was that long walking. Then I met a fellah that had some and I thought it was my Birthday.

When I got it I went to a broken building where the peoples go to have a turn on.

I went in there and it went straight on a spoon. I cooked it up and I put it straight into my arm and a few minutes later I was out of me head and then I had to walk all the way home again. But I did not care, because I was out of my head.



My Brain That Never Shuts up

My brain is always talking to me. It does be saying, I got to do this and that and it does say to me, “Why did you used to take all them fucking drugs, they used to do nothing for you and they did mad things that you wouldn’t do if you were in your right me. I am just sick of you giving me mad things to take. Will you just stop before... I will give up on you one day and you will be so sorry for not listening to me.”

My New Clerihew

Ray Burke
Is not at work.
He's in jail,
Because he couldn't get bail.

My First Play

Four weeks after I started a C.E. scheme, I got brought to my first play. I was excited about it. I was only starting to get to know the people I was working with, let alone go out with them. Most of all, I didn't know what to expect of a theatre.

I had a completely different frame of mind about it, than towards going to the cinema or watching a DVD with the kids. In my mind, I was thinking about it all day long. The play was fantastic. Afterwards, I just thought to myself that I must have had no confidence in the last year; because I thought only posh people go to the theatre. I was so wrong.

As soon as I put my foot inside the theatre it felt as if I was just walking into a shop. Everybody was just the same as me. Nobody blinked an eyelid. I must have been paranoid. I sat in the front row with Mick, my boss, and Jen, my other boss, on each side of me. I couldn't have wished for a better seat. The whole group and me.

I just got there before the doors closed, and then the play began. I didn't take my eyes off any of the actors or actresses from start to finish. It was like being in the play with them. The reality of it was fantastic. If only they got the credit they deserve. I was astonished.

My Hands

My hands have gone through thick and thin with me.
They have helped with my growing up when palm
Was invaluable to me. In school they were very helpful.
When I started my haul on drugs, I used them more than
Any other part of my body, even my penis.
Because when the heroin became my life,
Sex became a secondary vice.
My hands had to get me my money
By hook or by crook – mainly the latter.
I had to give it to the tangerine man for a bag.
Then hold the spoon, put the C on it with the gear
Then artistically inject into the right spot
Exactly to get the exact effect.

Don't Pay Charon

What the fuck will I tell this bastard? Will I tell him the truth or will I tell him a load of pork pies? I'll tell him some of the truth and throw in a few lies. The truth: I better tell him about them two blonde twins who had the pleasure of sharing a beautiful night with me when all my fantasies were fulfilled, accept when their twin husbands came home early. I was down the drainpipe like a two-year-old. I tell him that I worked voluntary for the St Vincent De Paul for forty years, I avoid saying anything about the back-handers I got, or the good stuff I kept for myself. I don't know what to tell him. I don't want to stay here to rot and die. I hope I don't meet herself over there. No, no way would she be allowed in. Not with the moaning she put me through. Suicidal, she had me for years. If I don't see me kids, I don't want to go. I wonder what the fuck it's like. It's probably all a big anti-climax. I think I'll go with the truth and hope for the best.



Greg Walsh

Hands

My hands are my friends
They help me every day
Sometimes I notice them
Wrinkles even get on them
They've got me into trouble
They've made some money
I can decorate them
With Silver Rings
Touch is a nice emotion.
Hands even wash me
Without them
How would I live?
I may wish to die
But I know I'd live on
Just like Christy Brown.

In Hell and Sinning

How did I get here to this river?
What is this place? Oh yeah, I was told not to be
too lustful or angry while I was alive. Now here I am on the
river waiting for my fate. Jesus, that's the Minos fella. Fuck this
death thing, but there again you can't be alive forever. I could
try fool the ferryman, tell him I lost me money on the way here.
No, that probably won't work. That Charon is a nasty bastard.
I don't think I'm going to get out of this one. Jesus Christ, all
these people are all frightened to death.
A good pun. I wonder could I get my last bit
of lust or gluttony here.
Well,
I'm already angry
and dead.

Grace O'Shea

The Boat Man

Nervous I was feeling, but amazed at what was in sight. Thousands of souls lying by the river Acheron. Others standing on the hills that surrounding the river. I never felt so alone, and yet I'd never been among so many souls. There was a feeling of emptiness. Suddenly, souls start heading for the banks of the river as Charon, boatman to Hell, appears.

I hesitated to move at first as all I did wrong in my past life was bashing through my head. Even sins I was aware of only now. I had my fee for Charon and knew I'd no way out but to board the boat and face my judge. I always longed to meet some people who where either my idols or just people of high profile. Here I did, but they were no different to me. All naked we stood. No one had any worldly possessions, only their fare.

Charon was a burly looking man who passed remarks on anyone who boarded his boat ahead of me. As it came to my turn to board, I felt his eyes go through me. His over sized hands he trust out in front of me to pay my fare, and then his deep harsh voice said " Hey girl, there's no hope for you. Well, that one remark gave me an insight into what was to come.

grace

John O'Toole

I Have Been One Acquainted with the Night

after Robert Frost

I have been one acquainted with the night
I was trying to bring a horse into the house.

I have been one acquainted with the night
I rob a motorbike to get home from the pub.



I have been one acquainted with the night
I rode some dog rough slapper.

I have been one acquainted with the night
Me brother nearly killed me.

I have been one acquainted with the night
I got brought home by the pigs (I was only 11).

The gas thing, my mother told the pigs to fuck off.
She too was one acquainted with the night.

The Unknown Lady

after Picasso

When I looked at her first,
I knew there
Was something wrong.
Then she reminded me of
Someone who was on drugs.
She looks so lost, so unwell
But yet she has something
That makes you look again.
To me she looks lost
In her own world of drugs.
But, then again, I could be wrong.
But she is lost in her thoughts.

II

Fifty Years Later

What the fuck was I doing with myself
Back then. I look at it and say to myself
The painting I thought nothing of is
A priceless masterpiece now.
Well one thing I can say is no matter
What way I look in the painting,
It's me, and that makes me proud.





The Poor Old Man

Old Ned used to sit in the pub smoking with his
Dog and his pint beside him. What does he do
Every morning for his pint and smoke now?
What harm was I doing, he is probably saying
To himself. If I was harming anyone,
It was only myself and these old bones.

So I wonder, to myself, what will he do now?
The only place he could go out to
With his dog was down to the pub
For a pint, a few smokes and a chat.
I wonder what does he do now,
Or does he even get out any more?

Simon White

Legs At Eleven

after Lucien Freud

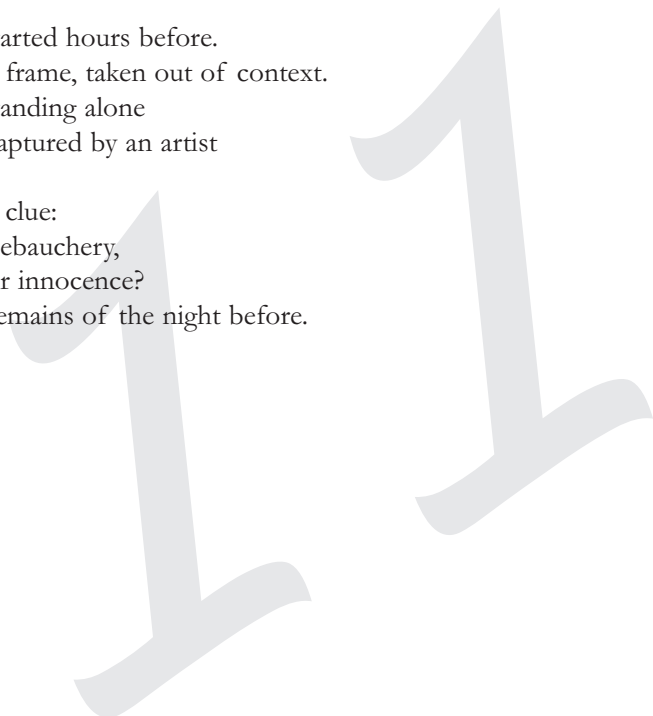
A Clue:

Man and dog lie on bed
Both are as nature intended
Naked.

Another pair of legs sprout
From beneath
The bed.
A story unfinished – a rumour began.

Started hours before.
A frame, taken out of context.
Standing alone
Captured by an artist

A clue:
Debauchery,
Or innocence?
Remains of the night before.



4

4 O' Clock Was Coming Quickly and I Needed a Hit

At the beginning my drug use was organised. Thinking back, I would say that the organisation itself was a large part of the addiction. It gave me a kind of security. I had the cash, yet scoring could be a dangerous business, especially if one was “disorganised”. And today my usual man had gone a.w.o.l.

I pulled on a heavy overcoat. Leaving the flat, I was on automatic as I descended the two flights of stairs. Outside the air was crystal; it hurt my face as I crossed the Liffey at O'Connell Bridge. Then I went as the crow flies down the back lanes towards Amiens Street Station area. I was feeling sick. I was experiencing something familiar to me that I called the “escalator effect”. When an addict is sick and walking to score it is like being on an escalator, but walking against the flow. Time also plays tricks.

Finally I arrived at the flats. The sun was going down and I could see the moon hanging in the sky. Jesus, I needed something to take the edge off and quickly.

Vivienne Mills

Swinging Baby

As she swings and swings
In and out
Up and down
Side by side
Giggles and giggles
Doesn't know where she is
Face is shocked
So small she is
So fast she swings
Bouncing and bouncing
Up she goes
Like the leaves in the trees
When the wind blows.

baby

Mary Fitzpatrick

The Door to My Soul

The door to my soul reminds me of a cell door, with just a little hole to peep into. Its grey and made of steel, the baggage that's in there I want to keep there and yet I want to know that I and I alone can go there and peep into it when the need arises, I have the only key.

I unlock my door, so many skeletons. Some parts of my room are full of light some parts are grey and dark, I don't want to go in there (too many memories, too hard to face).

I go to the light and bright side of the room and see my younger days, my childhood days when all was innocent and simple. There were so many happy times, trips to the seaside when we were safe and not a care in the world. I cross over to the dark side when I am older but no wiser this is the part I don't want to see. I know at this time I hurt so many people. I was living in darkness then but no one can change my baggage. I'm sure there's more to come.

Meanwhile

Meanwhile back at home the kids were pulling the house apart, I didn't care I sat having my drink, meanwhile the phone rang it was for me, it was my daughter to tell me she was having a nervous breakdown (interesting fact) and would I mind her 3 kids for her while she killed herself. Meanwhile that dope that is my other half came into the pup and told me to get home and mind the kids. Meanwhile he was ordering a large vodka and coke for himself. Meanwhile I thought to myself I think I'll join my daughter and get it all over with.

I know these facts are boring to you but I had nothing else to do.

Interesting Fact: I don't drink.

Sharon Talbot

Dabbling

When I was growing up I started dabbling. It was a terrible thing. All sorts of things happened me and my friends called it the grown thing. We used to look forward to Saturday nights taking E and dabbling in gear after to come down. That was all right until it got more than weekends. It had grown to twice and three times the amount I had started with and before I knew it I was there at the stage called “monkey on your back”. But I never recognised it. I was at the corner thing. I had the flu, when a friend of mine said the size of your eyes, you’re dying sick. I did not know what that meant. If I was not told I think I would have thought I had a bad flu and probably went to bed and slept it off. But I got a bit and the pains went away. Slowly no nose running, back pains or sore legs. Just normal as I was. So than I knew I was fucked. So there was nothing but heartache to come along.

*Sharon
Talbot*

Painkillers and Sexual Exhaustion **An Afterword by Mick Egan**

(after a writing class by Tony Curtis...)

Tuesday's creative writing class. John's telling a story to Tony, that I can't follow, cause Grace is talking with Shay. Rory is in and out. Mumbling and grumbling as he goes, saying he can't find his folder, pulling on a drawer that's stuck... Vivienne is out of the room. She enters again. She shuffles about as Tony starts to read a poem, turning pages and adjusting her A4 paper, just so.... Tara gets up and goes to the loo.

Vivienne takes out her orange drink of fizz, takes a swig and words come tumbling back out her mouth towards Tony's ears. She doesn't like the fat lady in the picture that he had written the poem about.

Tony responds. Don't know what he said. John is calling my attention to know if I think the painter is a paedophile, cause he was drawing naked pictures of his daughters. I ignore him. He asks Tony and bumps Vivienne out of her conversation. Grace says something to Vivienne. Tara returns from the loo and climbs into her chair. John looks to me, eyes in pain. He holds his jaw. I feel compelled to listen to him. He insists. He's asking me if I have a Panadol.

"No"

"Can I get some during the break?"

"Yes."

Tony continues showing more pictures from Lucian Freud. Rory looks for my attention. He wants to know if he can have a pain killer. Can he go to the shops?

"Yes."

Tony's talking to the class. John interrupts to know how to spell 'underneath'. Rory returns and says "apologies". Denise's phone goes off

"Sorry Mick, I thought I had it switched off... But I have to take it. It's the corpo... Very important..."

A painting is passed around that we've to write a poem about. At a glance it looks like something raked up from the holocaust: scrawny limbs poking out skin from animal and man. The naked truth. Legs spread wide. Red bollix on a white sheet. Ugly flesh.

Is there a story in the picture? I ask myself and search for a poem. They're all dead. The dog, your man with his mouth and legs open wide. And the bloke under the bed.... And the talk drifts to sex in the group.

tamara

“Dying of sexual exhaustion he is,” says John as he threads a page into a plastic folder to keep it neat and tidy.

“Well, I wouldn’t,” says Vivienne and mumbles with Rory for a bit.

“It’s hard to imagine an image of erotic nudity after seeing these pictures,” I say and John’s folder slides open on his knee and his pages vomit all over the floor. Rory chimes in his pen hits the deck. Tony tells of Leonardo and Michaelangelo, that they hated each other. Vivienne asks was there another one called Rapahel.

“Yes, they were painters,” says Tony.

“They were turtles too,” says Vivienne.

John’s on his feet. Another phone goes off.

“It’s after one Mick. It’s five past.”

“See you tomorrow. It’s Drama tomorrow.”

