

~~JORDAN YATES 3~~
Kidd steps. Takes his hat from the hook. Kidd holds the hat, looks at Jordan.

KIDD. I loved watching you play. Good luck to you.

Jordan nods. Kidd puts the hat on.

John. You killed me. But I forgive you.

YATES. Thank you, Jim.

Then slowly, respectfully, Kidd doffs his hat to Yates. Kidd exits.

JORDAN. I let you down. I shoulda told you I was injured. I needed to play.

Yates nods, understanding.

Jimmy said...you went right under. Was that true?

YATES. Yeah.

Yates thinks a moment and then hands his peg to Jordan.

Would you put this back for me?

Jordan takes the peg over to the wall and starts to screw it back on. Yates turns away, stares out at the pitch.

JORDAN. I got off the train today. At Euston. And I was certain, "Go missing. Never be seen again." I couldn't face you. Couldn't face no one. I couldn't bear this life. I lay outside the station. On the grass. And I imagined it, a long time. Escape.

Jordan has finished the peg. Yates nods his thanks.

I came home and my mum got herself a new man. They are *doing* it. I'm movin' out. I ain't listening to that.

YATES. Mmm.

JORDAN. You know?

YATES. There is no more appalling sound. Reminds us where we came from.

Was it your father, broke your leg?

Jordan nods.

I asked too much of you. I needed too much. All heart. No touch.

Pause.

JORDAN. You gonna look for another club?

Yates shakes his head. He goes to the sink, washes his face.
You should. You got knowledge. Up there I was thinking, "I wish
John was here. He'd know the drill. He'd fit in."

YATES. (*Softly, distantly.*) When I was born.
My mum brought me to the match.
They said, here's a young Lion.
After the game, after a drink...
They brought me up here. Bathed me.

Yates dries his hands.

I could play a bit...
Way back when...

Yates stares at the room.

This dreaming game...
Seven years old.
Here are my knees...
My boots...

A goal...
I remember.
The sound.
Booof...
Silence.

A cheer.
Is this it? That thing?
Yes! Turning away. Reeling.

Arm in the air, one arm in the air, like my father, like the men I
revered, my arm raised, wheeling with joy.

Running, running...
I ghost through me.
Vanishing child...
Seven.

To be free.
To be a boy.

Greatness...
Oh.

How would that be?

END