

# **OVER THE HILL**

By  
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## **CHARACTERS**

TIM	Late 50's
ANYA	Late 50's
MICHAEL	Mid 30's

Time: The Present

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### ***TIM alone, disappointed***

Walking in the countryside, not so much walking as stumbling, staggering perhaps, shambling with intent.

Climbing the hill in the rain and the wind and the cold. Early morning. Early and cold.

Have you noticed what's happened to dog shit? Have you noticed how clean the streets are? Early morning dogs pulling reluctant, resistant, regretful, resigned owners round the byways? Have you seen what they have in their hands? Not the dogs, that would be paws.

Pause for thought.

*He searches for the words*

More the owners. Little plastic bags. Full of dog shit. With a knot in the top. To stop it falling out. Or smelling too bad perhaps. A good idea, sans doute.

Except that climbing the hill in the rain, the wind, the cold, I notice the hawthorn hedge is now littered with little plastic bags with topknots.

And having seen it, my shambling purpose is highjacked. I am indignant on behalf of all hedge dwellers.

In the same way that selfish car drivers are pigs of the road, are the perpetrators of these random acts of rural vandalism, I wonder, hedgehogs?

### ***ANYA at the police station. MICHAEL is there.***

ANYA:

Not you.

MICHAEL:

I didn't know

ANYA:

I don't want you.

MICHAEL:

There's no-one else

ANYA:

You can't help

MICHAEL:

Fine. Bye

ANYA:

Wait.

***TIM alone, getting riled***

And now they've banned them, plastic bags. What's the future? Biodegradable canine shit bags perhaps. Fuck! What would Plato have made of it? Or Nelson. Or Mother Teresa? My mother even? Sweetie, just pop Poochie's poo into a paper parcel, there's a pet. A bit alliterative perhaps? A morsel scatological perhaps?

I B S.

Irritating as a name for an ailment. Irritable bowel syndrome. Irritable. Not unreliable bowel. Irritable – capable of feeling irritation. 'How are your bowels?' Happy. Grumpy. Irritable. I don't believe my gut is irritable any more than my spleen is optimistic or my thighs neurotic.

Perhaps doctors got bored and decided to anthropomorphise body parts. A self help group for sentient organs perhaps. Irritable bowel, grumbling appendix, murmuring heart. Hello my name's Zack and I'm a recovering suicidal scrotum.

Not Zack, Sack perhaps?

All are then accorded syndrome status. By parity of logic, therefore, I have misanthropic dick syndrome. Magical! You can call me doctor. Doctor Dick.

***ANYA and MICHAEL***

MICHAEL:

Early morning Tesco's perhaps?

ANYA:

Him?

MICHAEL:

Perhaps not.

ANYA:

No.

MICHAEL:

How is he?

ANYA:

He was OK

MICHAEL:

But now? Is he...

ANYA

At risk.

MICHAEL:

To ...

ANYA:

I should say.

MICHAEL:

Himself.

ANYA:

Yes, definitely at risk. Not to others.

MICHAEL

And that's why you came to us.

ANYA

No. That's why I came to the police.

MICHAEL:

Yes.

ANYA:

I can't find his pills.

MICHAEL:

Anything else?

ANYA:

Yes

MICHAEL:

What?

ANYA:

I can't find him.

***TIM alone, taut.***

Definition: Total or partial loss of sensation, especially tactile sensibility, induced by disease, injury, acupuncture. Local or general insensibility to pain with or without the loss of consciousness.

Easy if you know how. If you have the wherewithal. Which I don't think I do. Inducing disease? Impractical under the circumstances. On a hill, early and cold. Acupuncture? Mere duck behaviour. Quackery no less. Injury? Perhaps?

Coat. Wellies. Socks. Trousers. Pants, sorry boxers. Shirt. Jumper. Hat. Scarf perhaps? No scarf.

Shit! Nothing. I'll fall on my head. Injure my head. Climb a tree and fall head first. Injury to cause total or partial loss of sensation. Anaesthesia.

Shit! No trees. Not a tree to be seen. Nary an oak, no ash, elm nor hornbeam.

I was angry with my friend:  
I told my wrath, my wrath did end.  
I was angry with my foe;  
I told it not, my wrath did grow.  
Dah dah di dah dah dah di dah  
Dah dah di dah, di dah di dah  
In the morning glad I see  
My foe outstretch'd beneath the tree

No trees though. Just a fucking hawthorn hedge full of fucking detritus left by fucking hedgehogs.

*He beats himself with his hands. Then stops.*

How futile.