



SEEING THE SEA THROUGH THE CRACKS  
BY  
ROD DUNGATE

Extract

A SMITH SCRIPT

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# Seeing the Sea Through the Cracks

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Two Young Men Actors

Brighton

*Seeing the Sea Through the Cracks* was given its professional premier at The Old Joint Stock Theatre, Birmingham in July 2014.

*The Two Men: Carl Thornley and Jack Richardson*  
*Directed by Rod Dungate*

## Seeing the Sea Through the Cracks

1

TWO YOUNG ACTORS

TWO OLD MEN

A BEACH

A MODERN DIGITAL CAMERA

step back step back a bit

a step or two just one more step

*I'll get wet feet*

no not if I'm careful

not if I'm quick you won't

just a step and look relaxed

*the sun's in my eyes*

I can get the pier

over your shoulder

and a ship a cruise ship

right in the distance

*cruising perhaps to Portsmouth or Southampton*

or Lisbon or Gibraltar or further still

into the Mediterranean

stand still quite still

a moment just one more

*two old me we are*

we are yes yes we are  
we are washed up on a beach  
*mere flotsam on a beach in Brighton*

*time to go now time to pack up your things*  
the sun is setting  
*the sun is slowly setting*  
the sun is slowly setting over the lake  
*Anya Anya it's Varya*  
*can't she leave us alone*

*is it allowed to comment on the sea*  
*to mention the light in motion*  
*to mention the texture of saffron waves*  
*that look from a distance*  
*like crumpled crepe de chine*  
*we could go for a pint*  
celebrate the end  
of an imperfect day  
*plenty of time now*  
*plenty of time*  
*to admire the view as we sit*  
to watch the trollops  
cruise along the front

*a six o'clock pint for medicinal purposes*  
the decadent taste of peccadilloes  
chance to reconnoiter the no mans land  
that separates daytime from evening  
jacketed against a nip in the air  
while nighttime darkness washes in with the tide  
something nice about a pint at six o'clock

2

TWO YOUNG ACTORS

TWO YOUNG MEN

A SMALL CAMERA FROM THE 1960S

I was watching you  
*when*  
earlier on the front  
*you were watching me*  
on the front this afternoon  
*spying were you spying on me*  
spying yes yes I was spying  
a secret admirer hidden behind the palms  
*cruising I was cruising*  
trolling to and fro like a tart  
*it's how I like to spend an afternoon*  
and I was spying on you  
*I watch heads turn*  
*watch men nod in my direction*  
*the old the young the Adonis*  
*and the dog the British suit*  
*and the tantalizing promise of abroad*  
*the men who turn and nod*  
*and those who just walk on*  
*I love them all*  
*for all are part of me and I of them*  
*it's how I like to spend an afternoon*  
I could see you from quite a distance  
to and fro  
*sometimes I return a smile*  
*and turn and follow*  
*into a café or a club*  
*even into a hotel bar*  
*once or twice to a flat*  
*a few times into a cottage just for the thrill*  
*and one spectacular Sunday gloaming*  
*directly into the local nick*  
but not today  
*but not today*

*not after yesterday*

what happened tell me what

happened what happened yesterday