

FIFTY SHADES
DAVE OF E

FIFTY SHADES OF DAVE: PART TWO

TRANSCRIPT

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FIFTY SHADES OF DAVE
CONTAINS STRONG LANGUAGE,
ADULT THEMES, AND CONTENT OF
A DISTRESSING NATURE.

Part Two.

Title Music - 'The Man With A Heart Of Stone'

[sung to title music] 'It's the damnation of societies creation of a man with a heart of stone, it's just the expected, he loves being rejected and now he's all alone. We've been through a lot, so many ups and downs, I can't seem to stop, take a stroll outside and gaze at the stars and realise how beautiful, how beautiful you are'

Scene 1.

Lady: [voicemail greeting] Welcome to THINK, when all is lost - we will find you. Please leave your name and number and a member of the team will be in touch shortly. If you require immediate help, please call 999.

[voicemail beep]

Rosie: [voicemail message] Miss Logan. My name is Rosie Barfield, I host a show on Bickenhole Radio. I'm looking for a mental health professional to come on air and [pause] chat to a gentleman. He's having a bit of an 'ard time and [pause] we have to get someone else involved. Please give me a call back as soon as you can. Thank you!

[background noise, bus engine whirrs]

Joyce: [to herself] Interesting...

[redialling, keys clicking, phone rings]

Joyce: [pause] Hello dear, is that [pause] Rosie? [pause] It's Joyce Logan returning your call. I have received your message, it's loud and clear to me [pause] I can be there this evening, what time would you like me there? [pause] Okay, I'll be there [pause] God bless.

[bus engine noise fades]

Scene 2.

[Ad begins - Gunshot. American Country Music starts]

Ad Guy with Hillbilly Accent: Yeeha! [pause] Are you strugglin' to get those doctor's appointments? Are you there findin' it hard to pay those damn medical bills? GOOD! Welcome to Alabama Care [pause] New to the UK!

[studio button clicks]

Neil: So, have you made the call?

Rosie: Yeah, she'll be here [pause] She has the hottest accent. You'll love her!

Neil: Oh, will I?

Rosie: What about 'Dave?'

Neil: Yeah [pause] he knows [long pause] Feels kinda weird being sat here again! It feels [pause] different!

Rosie: [excited] Yeah! it feels like we've been booted out of the school assembly [pause] do you remember that feeling? Sat there just waiting for the teacher to come and give us a royal bollocking [laugh, awkward pause] You have no idea what I'm talking about do ya?

Neil: [unconvincing] yeaah!

Rosie: [dismissive] No you don't - I bet you were in the school choir and brought your own sandwiches, in a [pause] lunchbox! [laughs]

Neil: What's wrong with that? [pause] Eh, we recorded a CD once!

Rosie: [feigned] Why don't you play it!?

Neil: Well, I could try and find it.../

Rosie: [sharply] I was *JOKING*.

Neil: [pause, deflated] Oh.

[Ad begins - Soulful saxophone]

Barbara Dish: Bickenhole Radio - Better than sex [pause] most... probably!

Neil: You're listening to Bickenhole Radio and you're in the Greenhouse with Rosie Barfield, and yours truly, Neil Folding [pause] we're on the fence right now with your tweets. So [pause]

we have @tuckiohare who says 'Bickenhole will host its first EVER Drag Queen 'What's the T and Coffee Morning' next week at the Cafetière, Bick Lane. Hashtag #chickswithbicks. Apply now queers!

[studio button clicks]

Neil: [irate exhale] I *hate* the word queer.

Rosie: What's wrong with it?

Neil: Well it's not odd is it, to be *gay*. Or [pause] strange to want to dress up as a lady as a matter of fact.

Rosie: I wonder if you'd still be of that opinion if the landlord down *The Popeye's* wanted to join in?

Neil: *THAT* is the only exception. But even that makes me sound judgemental.

Rosie: It's a slippery slope. Let's just leave alienating *the gays* 'til next week. [pause] If there's a next week!

Neil: What if there isn't?

Rosie: [pause] I'm actually not arsed [pause] I should be [pause] but I'm just not! In the Uber on the way home from the pub last night, the driver, [bad polish accent] Wictor, he said that he listens to our show every night on the job. He was actually lost because we weren't on!

Neil: Are you sure he wasn't just lost? When was the last time an Uber driver knew where they were going?

Rosie: [guffaw] True. Got me thinking though [pause] that's one guy out of thousands. Are we forgettable? I mean, will they even remember us?

Neil: [ponders] Hm. Well, if nothing else this little experiment will be interesting. [pause] Oh! [tentatively] by the way [inhales] Eaveson wants you to read *this* out.

[paper scuffle]

Rosie: What's this?

[more paper scuffle]

Rosie: [enraged, pause as reading] *This* is shit!

Neil: [sympathising] I know.

[the Greenhouse Music plays, plucky piano]

Rosie: Yes, indeed! Welcome to another evening in *The Greenhouse*. Apologies to those expecting to hear our dulcet tones last night. We do hope that our favourite octogenarian Desmond Johnny filled the void you experienced in our absence [pause] but alas, we were sent on a bit of a mission! Now, [clears throat, scuffles paper] as you are aware, this week we have tried to help our caller 'Dave' who came to us at the beginning of the week. [pause] He told us he's been having a few issues [pause] as much as [angrily] *WE* felt we could help [angrily] *YOU*, the listeners, didn't..

[Neil taps on the studio glass]

Rosie: [sigh] we apologise for this. Here at Bickenhole Radio we pride ourselves on our [pause, continues reluctantly] *excellent* standards and despite causing upset we have a duty of care to ensure that 'Dave' gets the help he needs, therefore we have enlisted the help of [pause, tuts] *professionals* and after the weeks end we will return to our normal format.

[slams paper onto desk]

Rosie: [through gritted teeth] After the break [pause] we'll be joined in the studio by Joyce Logan [pause] of charity 'Think'. Hole General's resident centre for mental health, specialising in Acceptance and Commitment Therapy or 'ACT'. Joyce will be talking about ACT and chatting to 'Dave' very soon. Back in 5!

[quick studio button clicks]

Rosie: [furious] God, no other fucking man makes me seethe as much as he does. [pause, calmer] That's a lie. Maybe one other.

Neil: Who's that then? Your father?

Rosie: Who? That prick? Nah! [pause] Someone I used to know [pause] Someone who needs to stay the fuck away right now!

Neil: [awkward pause] Oookay, right you go, I'll call 'Dave'!

[studio button clicks]

Scene 3

[greenhouse theme plays, plucky piano fades in]

Neil: [over music] You're listening to Bickenhole Radio!

[Pre-recorded message begins]

Jess Gallier: The Martin Gallier Project prevents suicides, breaks down stigmas and supports families in the North West [pause] the project has been funded by The National Lottery to deliver applied suicide intervention skills training to families at risk of suicide in the area. The project was founded following my Father's suicide in 2017 and encompasses all the support we perceived to be lacking at the time. The Martin Gallier project truly creates suicide safer communities. For more info please visit gallierhouse.co.uk.

Rosie: Welcome back! That was our pre-recorded message from Jess Gallier, of the Martin Gallier project in the Wirral, recorded for us especially, thank you Jess. [pause] This week, it seems, purely by accident really, we've been focussing on mental health issues and we've been chatting to 'Dave' who contacted us on [pause] Monday! It's been quite a whirlwind of a week for us all, and we're joined on the line now by 'Dave'. Dave? How are you doing hun?

Dave: [through the telephone, tentative] Hi Rosie [pause] hi, everyone. Um, I'm okay!

Rosie: I'm glad you're feeling OK, and you're OK to do this yeah?

Dave: [through the telephone] Yep, Fine.

Rosie: Wonderful! We're joined in the studio by Joyce Logan, who's kindly given up her own time this evening - now, Joyce, you work for the charity 'Think', can you tell us more about you and your work please?

Joyce: It's so inspiring to be here, thank you for your invitation and glorious introduction. Yes, my name is Joyce Logan. I have been in this profession for some time and have seen many faces. In a group session, we discuss our individual problems and work as a group to share experiences, thoughts and love - to help those who need it, and we do [passionately] All of us.

Rosie: It sounds like an incredible project. Now, I've been doing a bit of research - am I right in saying, that one in four people in the UK experience mental health problems, with one in six reporting mental health issues every week! That's high isn't it!?

Joyce: Very high Rosie. It's incredible, even though the number of people reporting mental health issues hasn't dramatically changed, our lifestyles, our technologies and the world around

us, has. We are seeing a concerning increase in self harm and suicide. It's all about coping, these days it seems, or [pause] not coping.

Rosie: It really is very worrying. How did you get to where you are today and, correct me if I'm wrong, but people must put their lives in your hands every day. That's a huge responsibility - How do you cope with that, and forgive me for asking, how are you qualified to take that on?

Joyce: I think people should be transparent when offering help. I guess it can be easier to gain respect for those who can see through you and vice versa [pause] sadly though, respect is one of those words that appears very little in mental health. Attitudes seem to have changed. These statistics are there but [pause] it is not reflected in funding, awareness or support from those who should offer it. All of which makes respect very difficult - from all sides. I have suffered with mental health problems- as I grew older, I began to struggle to understand life and why things happen, and I lost respect in everything. Everything that had lost respect for me.

Rosie: How did you overcome that?

Joyce: You don't. [chuckle] In my experience you learn to carry it with you - through the ups and downs of life. I say to my group, depression grows older *with* you, it lives *in* you. You [pause] feed it, water it, and like a flower it becomes larger and more beautiful in time. It wilts- yet it returns. The best example I can give is [pause] imagine you have to hold a cactus in your hands forever - taking it with you wherever you go [pause] whatever you do. Difficult? Yes - Impossible? no. The solution, learn how to hold the cactus less tightly.

Rosie: [in awe] Do you know what, what your saying is spot on. Learning to deal with a few pricks is easy when you know how. [pause] Speaking of which, we've received quite a bit of negative feedback this week, how do you keep going through such negativity and adversity?

Joyce: It's a problem I see increasingly in my work, and it never fails to upset me and it makes my blood [pause, angrily] *boil* from time to time. The way I see it, is that if you hurt, abuse or ridicule anyone who suffers with mental health issues, you are the lowest common denominator, and you insult me personally - which [laughs] isn't a wise choice. You insult everyone, because every single one of us hurts at some point, some, granted, more than others. Men, especially struggle to cope with their feelings. Masculinity is a mask. Bob the builder, with your loose attitude to women and your children; [pause] Grow. Up! For your children's sake if not for yours. You are

covering! You will hurt others because you can't face hurt yourself. People fear what they don't understand, as we know - this is how things like *Brexit* occur. Encouraging those to *feel* when they are afraid to is what I do. If you know what it feels like to feel alone in a room full of your friends, you know how it feels. If you know what it's like to feel physically sick to the stomach with shame at the sight of your own naked body, then, you know pain.

Rosie: [sincere] You talk so passionately Doctor Joyce.

Joyce: Oh, [laughs] I am not a doctor. They won't let me be.

Rosie: Okay, [pause] erm, we're going to take a break, and we'll get 'Dave' on to chat with you, that OK? [pause] Back after this.

[studio button clicks]

[Advert begins, soothing synths]

Barbara Dish: [Sensuously] Only the crumbliest, flakiest Radio [pause] Bickenhole Radio.

[studio button clicks]

Rosie: Thank you, thank you so much!

Joyce: You are welcome [long pause] You know [inquisitive] if you wanted to get anything off your chest, you can open up to me if you need to.

Rosie: Me? (dismissive laugh) I'm fine!

Joyce: That's what they all say.

Scene 4

[studio button clicks]

Rosie: Welcome back, we have a very special guest with us here this evening, Doctor Joyce Logan of Think, and now, we have another [pause] 'Dave' hun, welcome back!

Dave: [through the telephone] Hello? [pause] hi!

Joyce: Hello David, dear! [pause] I've heard a lot about you from your friends Rosie and Neil, and you've caused quite a stir. May I be the first to congratulate you. [laugh] Thank you as well for coming back, it can be difficult. I just want to start by saying that what you are doing is very brave, on a

public platform like this and deserves acknowledgement. Please, be as open and honest as you can. Are you currently safe Dave? No thoughts of self-harm or harm to others at the moment?

Dave: [through the telephone, hesitating] Uh, no, no. No.

Joyce: You've had these thoughts before though? Have you considered ending your life Dave?

Dave: [through the telephone, long pause, exhale] Yes. I think about death [pause] quite a lot. It's a concept I [stutter] can't quite [pause] grasp.

Joyce: Death is a fact of life Dave, therefore not an idea or a theory, or as you say, a concept. This may be a source of some of the issues you have. [pause] Have you experienced loss, Dave?

Dave: [through the telephone, long pause] You *could* say that.

Joyce: If you can, can you tell us, in your own time, and your own words, tell me what you think you've lost?

Dave: [through the telephone, long pause] Well [pause, exhale] I've lost everything! [pause] I had a good job, but, I lost that because I needed to give it up to look after my [pause] mother [long pause] she's disabled.

Joyce: Are you getting the right support with that Dave? It can be very stressful.

Dave: [through the telephone] If by support you mean having to constantly fight so *called* medical professionals just so my mother has some sort of [stutter] dignity left then [pause] yes.

Joyce: Some of us in this field still run efficiently, Dave - our hearts are still in the right place and the reason we do this hasn't changed despite current issues affecting our services. I do understand your frustration though, but [pause] we digress. Have you lost anyone in particular Dave?

Dave: [through the telephone] Well [pause] I've recently moved here to be closer to mum, so I've lost my friends. Not that, many of them have really understood the way I've been feeling. It's [pause] difficult to discuss any of this [pause] with them [inhale] now that they all have [pause] wives and lives. Busy, you know.

Joyce: Friendship is important Dave, you are *more* than welcome to join my group, we are a spirited bunch, and of course you have made friends in this very studio as well! [pause] Tell me, do you have a partner Dave?

Dave: [through the telephone] [pause] uh- no. I did, but it [pause] wasn't to be. In fact, it wasn't meant to be quite a few times.

Joyce: Have you had a long history of non-commitment then?

Dave: [through the telephone, confidently] I don't think it's a commitment issue [pause] In fact, I think I wear my heart openly on my sleeve for whoever wants to peck at it, when it comes to love. I have been hurt by women who don't understand [pause, sounds emotional] my depression [pause] One actually said to me she wasn't going to be my *shrink*. [pause] You know it's funny- I can't recall asking her to be. I guess, I haven't always been like that though [pause] Yeah, I've made mistakes [pause] not been proud of my actions. I was acting out, I guess.

Joyce: Sounds to me like you are afraid of being on your own. Would you agree?

Dave: [through the telephone] Absolutely.

Joyce: We'll revisit that again, but [pause] is there anyone else you've lost, Dave?

Dave: [through the telephone] [long pause] I guess I'd have to say [pause] *myself* really [pause] I've lost *me*.

Joyce: I wondered when you were going to start talking about you, Dave. What *you* feel and what *you* think. You do seem lost. Those who struggle to talk about themselves often have a lot they need to say. The same works in reverse!

Dave: [through the telephone] [laughs] I'm [stutters] really not that [stutters] interesting.

Rosie: May I, Doctor Joyce, Dave - you have caught our attention this week and you've divided an entire listener base! You have the whole 'hole hooked my friend! [laugh]

Joyce: [laugh] Indeed, little victories are still victories Dave! Now, going back, you said that you feel you've lost you. What's missing in you Dave?

[faint melancholic piano starts. Increasing in volume]

Dave: [through the telephone, long pause] Oh, boy. Well, it's tricky to, um, get it all out really. But I'll give it a go. [clears throat] About eight years ago, I had a good job, a flat, a girlfriend [pause] Life seemed to be going, somewhere, for once. What everyone wants, I guess. I was comfortable, well, at

least I pretended I was. [stutters] My partner was a musician, [pause] a singer. She played gigs [pause] locally, went in for music competitions etc, and I wrote songs for her [pause] We were no [stutters] Lennon and McCartney, but I tried to put these feelings I had [pause] into the songs! I wrote about us in an idealised sort of way. She had no idea [pause] She'd go and play these songs, about us, whilst I sat at home, waiting for her to come home. She [pause] didn't like me being at her gigs. I made her nervous. My life soon started to fall apart when I couldn't share her successes with her, attend events with her or even be with her as she was just so [pause] busy, all the time [long pause] That's when I truly felt lost. I spent most evenings alone and there's nothing worse than being alone and bored. The mind wanders. My mind turned against me. I tried to tell her, hell, I wrote how I felt in songs for her, in the hope I'd get through, but [small laugh] the songs were awful. You know what guys are like in expressing their thoughts. I found myself getting angrier and less involved in the [stutters] relationship [pause] She used our home as a hotel, really. She didn't respect how I felt. She [stutters] had an ability to make me angrier than anyone ever has before or since. Her blasé attitude [angrily] pissed me off! [pause] I don't know whether she didn't fully understand how I felt, or she just didn't care. Either way [pause] I just couldn't, handle it.

[long pause] A deeply rooted insecurity, set in. Jealousy, lack of trust, call it what you will. I felt like I was floating away from, from my [stutters] home, from everything we had whilst she was swimming towards her dreams. We [pause] we separated for [pause] a while, I stayed in the flat, she moved back in with her parents and during certain [pause] *conjugal* visits - we'd soon argue and fight. [earnestly] I never hit her! I didn't! I destroyed my own home, smashed it to bits [pause] every time. It was clear it just didn't work, so I started seeing other people. Met someone [pause] through work, and [pause] she showed me what I was missing in my relationship and what I needed [pause] what I knew I needed all along. It was all going well, until, [stutters] predictably - I was ordered back to the flat by the all too familiar voice. [pause] When I got there, she had a smile on her face, that I hadn't seen for [pause] a while. I didn't trust it either. She sat me down [pause] took my hand and [pause] placed it on her [pause, exhale] stomach.

[piano echoes and fades]

Scene 5

Dave: [through the telephone, continues] At first I was enraged with jealousy, because she was [pause, shouting] *MY* girl! [raised voice] How dare someone do this to her, how dare she do this to me! [pause, calmer] I knew [pause] that I was being

hypocritical. I knew I couldn't argue my innocence. I tried though, and failed. In that split second, even though I was engulfed by anger and resentment I realised I didn't want her [pause] I just didn't want anyone else to have her, which of course they had [long pause] Like so many other times in my life though, I was completely wrong. [long pause] I [pause, exhale] I, was the father. [long pause] My world changed in that moment, and it's never changed back. I felt sick, euphoric, then sick again, because deep down, I didn't love her, and I didn't think she loved me. [pause] We both laughed and cried. A lot. I felt stupid for [stutters] crying but I know now *why* I was crying so much. [long pause] As the weeks went by, we got closer, again, but she became quite... sick. She would [pause] cancel plans and not show up because she had this terrible morning sickness which had rendered her housebound, and she had to stop working. I couldn't see her, because her parents hated me, not only for what they'd so obviously heard about me but they'd also gotten wind of me seeing someone else! The 'not knowing' just killed me [pause] every day. [long pause] I had a responsibility for her and [slows] our little life, which I couldn't take. I wanted to; god knows. I was getting about, 150 to 200 messages from her *a day*, [raising voice] A *DAY*. Some were really rather beautiful and some [pause, defeated exhale] really weren't. She was in turmoil, mentally and physically, I knew that! But the relentless guilt [pause] she made me feel [pause] mixed with feelings of protectiveness and love, was such a mindfuck [pause] you know? From wanting to bring our beautiful baby into this world with my help in one minute to calling me stupid and irresponsible for doing this to her the next! It was utterly exhausting. I didn't dare ask what she wanted to do! If this was what she really wanted, I was petrified of the answer...

[faint melancholic piano starts. Increasing in volume]

[continues] On one of her good days, we had been invited to a friend's house he and his wife had just celebrated the birth of their own child and I remember him telling me that there was nothing like it. Nothing. My mate was so happy for me and wanted to offer us a-an evening of, baby time [pause] I guess. Holding it, talking to it, changing its nappy. All to prepare us [pause] you know. As she held his little boy, awkwardly and uncomfortably, [deflated] my heart just [pause] sank. I could see it in her eyes, she didn't want to be there and I knew [pause] she didn't want to be a mother [long pause] On the way home, I asked her [pause] why she was like that even though I knew the answer. She told me without any remorse or reservation that if she was to have our baby, then it would mean I'd be in her life forever. [long pause] What she didn't know was that, at the flat, our flat, I'd bought her a gift. A teddy bear [pause] little booties, and a card for her, telling her how much she and her tiny, beautiful, precious cargo [pause] meant to me.

[long pause] I got out of the car, and she just drove off. [long pause defeated] I didn't see her [pause] for some time, of course, and the messages kept [stutters] coming. Until, [pause] one day, they stopped. In itself this was un [stutters] settling. The silence was deafening to me..

[Background train whistle]

[continued] I got home from work quite late that day and was making myself [pause] some tea [pause] and [pause] the front door [pause] started to open. I ran into the hallway and saw her just standing there, frozen. I remember she was silhouetted against the sun streaming through the window [pause] but she looked as if she'd been caught in the rain. She stumbled towards me, she had no energy at all, to walk or talk. Her strength of character and her resilience in being herself was the quality I fell for [long pause] and *hated* in equal measures, now, she stood before me, beaten. My mind began to race, confusion, worry, panic- I lost all sense of time and space, and with a [stutters] shuddering, screaming, whaling realisation, I could sense that there were only [pause] two of us in that hallway, and not three.

[piano echoes and fades]

[long pause, broken] The pain I felt that night, I cannot [pause] describe. I felt so utterly [pause] utterly torn between suffering [pause] and compassion for her [pause] who'd had to go through so much that day, I wasn't even there. I wasn't there [pause] to save my little baby.

[Dave fights back the tears and exhales, silence]

Joyce: Oh Dave. I am so sorry.

Rosie: [upset] Excuse me.

[slams studio door]

Joyce: [shaken] I cannot imagine how you feel Dave [pause] My son, is seven years old and I would be lost without him. That story [pause] is beautiful, and tragic. My heart... bleeds for you. That [pause] right there is what you've been holding onto for so long. It will never leave you; you'll just learn to take it with you.

Dave: [through the telephone, still upset] No [pause] I'm sorry [long pause, exhale] I've never really talked about it before.

Joyce: [Slow, methodical wording] Never apologise Dave. It's who you are. Infant loss and child bereavement are so painful. Life

is so unfair sometimes. I guess the only consolation is that you had each other and that you both worked together to get through this difficult time in both your lives.

Dave: [through the telephone] Well [pause, exhale] not [pause] not... exactly.

Joyce: Not Exactly Dave? What happened?

Dave: [through the telephone] Well [pause] after we talked for a while [pause] she left. She said she needed her family around her. I didn't want her to leave, I knew I couldn't handle it on my own, and [stutters] I was right! I don't remember much about that night, really, but what I do [stutters] remember is burned into my memory. I [pause] just could not calm down. It was like [thinking, inhales] I was possessed [pause] with grief. [exhale] I'd gotten used to the idea of the three of us having a lifetime of [pause] memories together but [long pause] it was gone. [pause, disbelief] All of it.

Joyce: You mentioned her family, and that she wanted to be with them. Did you find solace in your family too Dave?

Dave: [through the telephone] Ah [pause] no. My family didn't know [pause] she was pregnant. They were very traditional and [pause] we weren't married so they wouldn't have [pause] approved. I've never been able to be honest with my family about a lot in my life really.

Joyce: I'm sorry to hear that [pause] How long did the relationship last Dave, after the loss of the baby?

Dave: [through the telephone, long pause] As she had to stop work for a while and, I'd lost my job because they wouldn't give me enough time off, we had to give notice on the flat. She moved out and went back to her parents. I [pause] just didn't have that option [pause] so the only place I could afford was a shared house, which was worse than this! [pause] where I live now! It felt as if it was a haven for the helpless. My housemates all had their reasons for being there. To go from comfortable and even [pause] privileged perhaps to [pause] destitute [pause] was hard - on top of everything else. She used to visit a lot. We even talked about [pause] trying again. [instantly angry] Stupid, really!

Joyce: [concerned] Why was that stupid Dave?

Dave: [through the telephone] Well [exhale] one evening, she came around and she offered to cook dinner, I was in my room, as I only had [pause] one room and she was in the kitchen. A text came through on her phone from a friend [long pause] of her

mother, of whom she was very [pause] close. As the screen lit up on the bed, it said 'Have you told him yet' [pause] My mind began to race, as it so easily does. [pause] When she returned I acted, for a short while, as if I hadn't seen anything, giving her the chance to bring it up. She didn't. [pause] I thought, up until that point, that we were in this [stuttering] together [distant train] and that we shared a mutual loss and a shared pain. I [stutters] wasn't prepared for what she was about to say. [long pause, slowly] She told me that her friend who'd [pause] text her, was asking to see if she told me the truth about what had happened the day our baby died. [long pause] She [pause] told me, that on that day [pause] having known for some time that she'd had enough with how awful the sickness was making her feel, she had pre-booked an emergency [pause, stutters] termination. [softly spoken] As it turned out, her mum's friend had [pause] taken her, personally. She told me, that her mum had [pause] paid for [angrily] 'it' on her [furiously] credit card!

[continued] The betrayal was inconceivable. I had invited her back into my life [pause] after both suffering the same pain but it *wasn't*. She was suffering guilt at what she had done, and *failed* to even discuss it [pause] with me! Again, it's a blur in my memory, but I remember feeling dangerously [pause] angry. I told her to leave, I needed her to because I'm ashamed to admit it, but it was the first time I had thought about hitting her. [getting angrier] Hurting her! [shouting] Hurting them all! [low tone, slow pronunciation of every word] How dare they [pause] take *my* child away from me! [pause] Who gave them all the right to decide *my* child's right to live or [louder] to die! [long pause] A life for a life, I thought. [increasing in volume, pace and anger] It was pain on top of pain, on top of pain. So I hurt myself, instead, as I intend to do!

Joyce: [cautious] that is not what I expected to hear, Dave [tentatively, voice nervously cracking] You do know though, and I know you understand, that it is the mother's body, therefore the mothers right. I know, that's not what you want to hear and I imagine you've heard it a lot. In no way though, am I condoning the way in which she did this. If there are two of you in this, and you are a part of a relationship that could bring someone wonderful into this world, [exasperated] as adults, as *grown-ups* you need to discuss it together. It's one of the most important decisions anyone can make. It shouldn't be made in isolation [pause] so, I feel your anger and betrayal. It's obviously made a difficult situation even harder. How did you deal with it?

Dave [through the telephone]: [dismissive laugh] how *do* you deal with it? The idea that your ex-partner and her family will go as far as killing your baby just to get you out of their lives!?! [long pause] I didn't know I was *that* bad a person! [given up]

but I *must* be [pause] right?! [long pause, exhale, calmer] I, [pause] I drank heavily. Had to. I couldn't afford to, but I did. I slept around [stutters] as if that's some terrible hardship but I realise now though that I had no self-respect or respect for anyone I met! If you act like a monster, you will become a [pause, stutters] monster [pause] and I did. When I realised I did I raided my housemates [pause] pill drawer, he was like a walking boots pharmacy and I took what I could see. Life just wasn't the same, and I didn't like it.

Joyce: You took an overdose?

Dave: [through the telephone] Yes [long pause] A girl I had started seeing was concerned about me, so [pause] she called the [pause] police. I was furious. I didn't want the fuss! [pause] I just wanted some peace! I often wonder where she is now, she really did care! Maybe she could have saved me from all this. In the police car, the two officers ran my name through their system, and they were surprised that they couldn't find anything on me?! [pause] I was in a bad way, they took me to get my stomach pumped, and left me outside to [pause] recover, I guess. A doctor came to check on me, and he walked me [pause] to his room. I remember him saying to me 'You look like a sensible guy. Why are you here?' [dismissive laugh] I was so numb, and so exhausted that [stutters] I didn't have the energy to explain why! He then said, and this may be the one sentence I will remember forever, he said 'It's a Friday night, we are *busy*. We don't have time for *this*' Then he turned to me and said 'Would you like to go to A&E? [pause] I can show you hundreds of people fighting for their lives and many won't survive, *they* want to live! [pause] and then, there's *you* [long pause] and you want to *die*.' [long pause] Maybe he thought I was so out of it that I wouldn't remember [long pause] But how can you forget that - to be made to feel guilty when you already feel so useless for not achieving what you set out to do is [pause] heinous! [pause] They just let me go. They let me walk over a [angrier] fucking duel carriageway, over a bridge! But [nervous laugh] I got home! I'm not even sure how, I had those ECG electrode things still stuck to my chest and arms. I should have just ended it. The more I think about that [pause] doctor and what he said to me, it just destroys me. How little he thought of me! [long pause] Should have saved everyone the bother, including you guys.

Joyce: [shaken] Dave, we are here to help and yes, from the way you tell it, that was a very poor choice of words. It should have been handled better.

Dave: [through the telephone; interrupts, shouting] He would have been OK though, wouldn't he!? If I had, died! He wouldn't have given a shit!

Joyce: [increasingly nervous] You must understand Dave, doctors...

Dave: [through the telephone, interrupts again, shouting louder] Don't give me that bullshit!

[Neil knocks on the studio glass]

Dave: [through the telephone, continues] these people have a responsibility and like everyone has else, they too let me DOW-
[cuts away]

[footsteps, the studio door swings open]

Neil: [Concerned] Rosie, you have to.../

Rosie: [Talks over Neil] Oh mate, I've gotta talk to ya.

Neil: [catching breath] You can always talk to me, you know that.

Rosie: [Crying] Fuck, I'm just, so scared! I feel.../

[Door swings open]

Joyce: [Panicked] Dave has hung up! He's not taken it well, he was [pause] very angry!

[mobile phone dial tone, increasing]

Neil: Shit, we got dead air. Rosie, come on!

Rosie: [faintly] fuck

[door slams]

Joyce: [panic stricken] Hello? Yes, Um. [pause] Can you get Linda for me, thanks. [long pause] Linda, I wasn't able to help him. [desperately] It's all gone wrong!

[studio button clicks]

Rosie: [shaken, out of breath, panting] Thank you to Doctor Logan and to Dave, of course - we are trying to get hold of him. Ah [flustered] if you're listening Dave, I hope you're okay. Erm, tell you what, let's go the phones.

Neil: Really?

Rosie: [flustered] Yes! Line one!

[studio button press]

Caller 1: [old man, shouting] Boycott Bickenhole Radio!

[studio button press]

Rosie: [exhale, nervous laugh] Line 2, hello you're on the air!

Caller 2: [angrily] Hello? [pause] My daughter listens to your show every evening whilst doing her homework and she's just told me she hasn't done it this evening 'cuz she's too depressed! Depressed, for Christ's sake. *She's 12 years old?! If I have to take my daughter to counselling, you're getting the bill.*
[studio button press]

Rosie: [Sighs] Line 3, Who do we have?

Caller 3: [older man] My name is John. I'd just like to ask, I mean, just as fan of the show. [stutters] What is going on? This, this isn't *the Greenhouse* is it?

Rosie: [tired] Respectfully John, I disagree.

Caller 3: You do? [affronted] Well, [stutters] It's a shambles! Even Dave's gone to kill himself.../

Rosie: [shocked] John!

Caller 3: [continues] ...just like the rest of Bickenhole.

[cut off, studio button press]

Neil: I think we'd better leave it there, thank you John. [pause] in fact, John?

[phone line is dead]

Neil: Hello, John?

[Studio door slowly opens]

Declan: John's gone. The show's over.

Rosie: [outraged] What? [despairingly] We did what you asked us to do!

Declan: [calm] I respectfully disagree [pause] you had one more chance. I suggest you both leave, I've showed your friend out.

Neil: [defiant] We have a contract!

Declan: No. You don't. [rips up paper] Now get [whispers] out.

Scene 8

[advert begins, soft gentle harps]

Barbara Dish: Radio for when you're out of time. Bickenhole Radio.

[Silence for 10 seconds]

[voicemail beep]

Rosie: [on voicemail, anxious] Dave? [pause] It's erm, Rosie. [pause] Could you give me a call back hun? Just wanted to check you're alright [distantly, in the background] He's not answering!

[call terminated]

[voicemail beep]

Neil: [on voicemail, concerned] Rosie? I [stuttering] don't know where you ran off to [pause] I'm worried about ya. We need to talk.

[voicemail beep]

Unknown Caller: [on voicemail, angry] Eaveson, you wanker! You told me you were going to sort this out! Just checking you got rid of them all. Gimme a call!

[call terminated]

[voicemail beep]

Rosie: [on voicemail, shaken] Doctor Logan? [pause] It's um, Rosie. Rosie Barfield? I didn't get a chance to say thanks or goodbye, um, and I can only apologise for whatever was said to you on the way out [long pause] I'm really concerned about Dave, he isn't answering me calls. Just wondering, *exactly* what he said to ya. [long pause, voice breaking] Erm, I'm going to check the pub now, I know he drinks there. If he makes, contact could you let me know? [pause] thank you, and, erm, also, could we... [change of tone, stern] wait I have another call coming in, bye.

[call terminated]

[voicemail beep]

Neil: [on voicemail, tentative] Dave? It's Neil, from the [pause] Radio, um. Could you give me a call please? [stutters] I just want to know if you're safe and that you're OK. Uh, Joyce told me you'd hung up earlier [long pause] Hope all's well. [long pause] Please call back. Bye!

[call terminated]

[voicemail beep]

Unknown Caller: [on voicemail, gravelly voice] Rosie, babe. Gimme a call, please. [sharp intake of breath] I know you don't want to see me, but I know. [nervous breath] It's OK. *I know.* You [stutters] you didn't mean to send me down. They told me you didn't give any evidence. I know I've not treated you right babe, but, I need to see ya. [pause] I'm going to make my way over to yours now, okay? [heavy breathing] I need to see ya babe, I miss you so much.

[call terminated]

[voicemail beep]

Rosie: [on voicemail, distressed] Neil? Where the fuck are ya? Look I have to meet you. Can I come to yours? Call me back!

[call terminated]

[voicemail beep]

Neil: [on voicemail] Hello, Miss Logan? [pause] Neil here. Um, I wanted to ask if could chat to you about something rather delicate, when you have time, please. I [stuttering] can't keep living a lie like this [pause] I guess I've been inspired to speak out. [sad] Not even my friends [pause] my *best* friend knows who I am! [long pause] I'm sorry, um. Could you call me back, thank you so much.

[call terminated]

[voicemail beep]

Rosie: [on voicemail] Hello? Doctor, It's Rosie again, sorry. I still can't get hold of Dave. [pause] I need to chat to you as soon as possible as well. I guess, hearing you talk and hearing Dave, I just [pause] have to say it out loud to someone. [long

pause upset] I had a really, *really* bad abusive ex, years ago. He h-hospitalised me and broke me ribs and left me for dead! [long pause] He was put away. I didn't want [chokes up] that to happen, coz I loved him! Now, he's out [pause] and I'm [voice cracks] petrified. [knock at the door in distance] Sorry, let me just... [inaudible male, scuffle in distance] (Rosie Screams)

[line goes dead]

Joyce: Oh God.

[bus engine whirrs, mobile phone vibrates in hand]

Joyce: Hello? [panting, long pause] Oh [pause] I see [pause] I was afraid this would happen. [pause] Yes, of course [pause] I will [begins to cry] let them all know. [pause] Goodbye.

[cries, fades out]

Disclaimer Narrator: If you've been affected by any issues raised in this episode or if you're finding it hard to cope, please, don't suffer in silence. We know how difficult it can be and sometimes how impossible it seems to open up and talk, but by doing so, you could find the help you need and it could save your life. Please research local advice hubs, community groups and NHS initiatives in your area that will listen, advise and support you through whatever you are going through. Alternatively, reach out to us directly. Contact us through social media and get involved with the hashtag #wearealldave to share your story.

You've been listening to Fenella Fudge, Claudia Grier, Allan Lear, Curtis Ledsham, Nadya Lee, Richard Oliver, James Phillips, Michael Prosper, Hannah Thompson, Ashley Tyler and David Tyson. 'Fifty Shades of Dave' was written and produced by David Lee and recorded at Material Studios, Liverpool and has been made possible with help from The Martin Gallier Project and Involve Northwest.

Thank you for listening.