

Heartache No.1

He walked along the corridor and into the cell. The warder shut the grill. He was there, sealed in, in a final way, not just a night in gaol. He began to think of the outside immediately, in away he'd never thought about it. The way he might have thought about gaol before he was inside. But it was different because if he'd thought about gaol when he was outside, he wouldn't have thought about it in a situation where he felt a sudden panic like he was feeling now. It wasn't a matter of comparison, it was to do with being inside the cell which was so unusually small and desolate.

A figure dressed in green and white satin space-age clothes (the Fifties version) is standing as though to open a performance, with his arms stretched sideways. The stage is a desolate piece of land running back to a cliff which acts as a backdrop. It is painted pale blue and has painted on it a quarter of a lemon, very large. The figure is screaming, scarcely audible because of the wind: Go away, go back where you came from.

There is a figure coming down in the half light. He appears to have a cloak on, which has a tall collar reaching to the top of his head. But as he comes closer the collar seems to be like a collar of skin, stiff like cartilage. He smiles and deftly pulls the collar round to cover his face so that only his slanting black eyes are showing. Then he quickly swings it back again and laughs outright.

A man wearing a trenchcoat and soft hat pulled over one eye throws his cigarette down, stubs it out with his foot and speaks sideways into the microphone: You know, when you're on a horse and it puts its head down and breaks into a gallop, the feeling of power, of the thing taking off, is much more exciting than a fast car. You've got to hold on so you won't fall off backwards. It must be terrific to be a jockey.

Throughout the performance and down the corridors of the gaol, past the cells, a song is playing. Ray Price singing Heartaches By The Number: Now I've got heartaches by the number, troubles by the score. Everyday you love me less, each day I love you more. Yes, I've got heartaches by the number, a love that I can't win but the day that I stop counting that's the day my world will end. Heartache no.1 was when you left me, I never knew that I could hurt this way. And Heartache no.2 was when you came back again. You came back and never meant to stay. Heartache no.3 was when you called me and said that you was coming back to stay. With hopeful heart I waited for your knock on the door, I waited for you must have lost your way. Then Diana Trask: Boy, the mood I'm in, the pain I feel in missing him my boy. I can't explain, it haunts my mind, wracks my brain. I could comb every home every neighbourhood bar, I could ride every greyhound and railroad car just to find him and say, hey wherever you are, come on home, we love you boy.

A meeting is arranged where Ray and Diana in silhouette run away from each other on a beach at sunset. Or where he runs away from her, hides in a rock cave further up the beach and drowns as the tide comes in. She wanders sadly back to the blue cliff and falls to pieces on the sand.