

EASY ACCESS (FOR THE BOYS)

Claire Dowie

MICHAEL: I love my dad. I love my dad so much. For years, since I was six it was me and him, him and me. We were like that, we were so close. There were times I could've killed him, there were. Times I hated him, hated what he did, but he never hurt me, never did anything really bad. Except of course when he stopped. When it all stopped, just sort of sudden. But it wasn't sudden really, when I think back, I suppose it got less and less, but it seemed sudden to me. That very last time and then waiting, months and months of waiting and nothing happened. He never came, never said anything, it was just like it never happened in the first place. I felt worse then, that was the worst time, I thought I'd done something, thought he was mad at me or didn't love me any more or something I just ... (*Shouts.*) WHY DID IT STOP? God, you drove me mad. Nothing ever being said, everything covered up, normal, up in the morning, off to school, bright, breezy, sitting on the bus thinking, not sure, not wanting to be sure, did you think about it? Did you ever think about it the next day? You never said anything! It was always so silent, wasn't it? So unacknowledged. I don't even remember how it started. Too young. That's the point of it, isn't it, get the kid young and he won't understand. That drift, that slow, steady, knowing drift, so clever, so steady, all the time in the world, little by little, bit by bit, so the kid won't know, so that everything becomes blurred and ... sliding. It just slid, it just slid to a point where I couldn't say stop, I couldn't say ... anything because ... because ... exactly that. The slide down.