

forced entertainment



Nights in This City

# Nights in This City

A coach trip to another world

## Performance text

Conceived and devised by the company.

Performers	Robin Arthur Richard Lowdon Claire Marshall Cathy Naden Terry O'Connor
Coach Driver	Martin Tether
Direction	Tim Etchells
Text	Tim Etchells and the company
Map Illustration	Penny McCarthy

Premiere performance: Sheffield, 16 May 1995.

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*Nights in This City* took its audience on strange coach tour of various locations in Sheffield. The performance consisted of commentary by two consecutive guides, a series of staged interventions in the city streets and, of course, the unpredictable events, weather, traffic and daily-life of the city itself.

The 50 seater coach departed from Paternoster Row near the railway station each evening at 7pm and at 9pm. Each tour lasted approximately one hour and whilst the first took place in early evening light the second took place as the light changed from dusk to almost complete darkness.

The following text makes only brief indications of the coach route and no attempt to map the kinds of connections between landscape, event and text, which audiences inevitably made. During the performance actor Richard Lowdon (who played the first guide) would depart from the text as he saw fit, adapting or adding to it to deal with particular unplanned events. In this way the passing of police car at high speed, or being held up in traffic could momentarily affect the course of the piece.

Crudely the route/structure for *Nights in This City* can be divided into seven parts.

1. Audience board the coach at Paternoster Row.
2. Driver 'Ray' announces the departure and his intention to show us something before picking up the proper guide. The audience are driven to Sky Edge and from this vantage point 'Ray' points out the place where he lives, the place where he first worked in the city and the place where he got married 15 years ago.
3. Guide one, played by Richard Lowdon arrives and the coach sets off. Drive from Sky Edge through the centre of town to the Town Hall.
4. Drive from the Town Hall up onto West Street. The coach then takes a 'wrong turn' and, after various diversions, we end up in an empty car park by the canal just off The Wicker.
5. Depart the car park and head out of town to The Manor Estate. On the brow of a desolate hill Alan stops the coach and leaves it, allegedly to get some cans.
6. Guide Two takes over (played, in different performances by Cathy Naden, Claire Marshall and Terry O'Connor). Coach travels back to the centre of town, a view of the city to each side of it as the coach descends.
7. Leadmill Road Bus Depot. The audience are asked to leave the coach and make their way out through the Depot. On the floor of the garage in ten 75 metre columns they find a huge A to Z of Sheffield written out in chalk on the floor.

At the far end of the space a red neon sign is suspended bearing the words: FLOATING & FALLING, and beneath this the date: SHEFFIELD 22 MAY 1995. (Date changed each day to correspond with the date of the actual journey).

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## Nights in This City

"That's the place where you first met someone and that's the place where you fell out of love, and that's the place where your money got stolen and that's the place where you ran for a taxi and it wasn't raining, and there's a building you slept inside, once perhaps, or many times, and isn't this a street you used to live on, and weren't you always the person staring out the car window, watching the world like the movies, and weren't you always the one who'd traveled a long way, through the day and into the night..."

## Sky Edge to Town Hall

### Guide One

Good Evening Ladies and Gentlemen, my names er, Alan, and I'm, your guide and I hope you're all as comfortable and totally relaxed as I am... I'm going to ask Ray to pull out now onto the tree lined boulevards which characterize this area of Paris... and I think it's probably fair to warn you that I've been in the pub too long and I've never actually been that lucky, I mean we've never had any actual accidents as such but... I like to start this bit of the tour by saying "Welcome to Lisbon" which usually raises a bit of chuckle because everybody knows we're in Dresden... Aloha! Aloha! Ray try and stay away from the roundabouts will yer I'm ever so dizzy tonight... Ladies and gentlemen welcome to Rome... This city is known to me for three things - the beer, the historical buildings and something else... just there, behind these buildings, on the skyline you might just catch a glimpse of the leaning tower of Pisa... and those of you who've been to Venice before will recognise the smell... Ladies and Gentlemen, I have been drinking and I've never been that lucky, I mean one night I went out and got punched in the face by a bloke, for no reason, I didn't provoke him or anything... this city, er, this city, let's call it Berlin, Berlin is known for five things, (1) Steel manufacture (2) Football (3) Ray are you sure this is the right route? Ladies and gentlemen welcome to Delhi, these roads are terrible, just through there you can see the Garden of Gethsemene... Where the fuck are we? It begins with M, er Madrid, Manchester, Morocco, Ray, is Morocco a city or a country? Ladies and gentlemen, I think it's fair to warn you I've had bad luck all my life, I mean I've had bad luck ever since I was born, I was born on the same day as a lot of other people who had bad luck... Ladies and Gentlemen, welcome to Munich, Meine Dammen und Herren welcommen ins Munich, all the streets round here got named after famous football hooligans from history and all the buildings got named after ghosts and cleaning products and convicted kerb crawlers... C it begins with C - a lot of bomb damage - begins with C - Cyprus, Canberra, It's not Coventry is it? Ray give us a clue... go on Ray, give us a clue...

Ladies and gentlemen. (Ray you need to go right here, at the roundabout...) All the streets round here got named after various Voodoo gods and all the buildings got named after page three girls and they named the park after me dad, cos that's where he takes me, that's where he used to take me when I was a kid...

Was this the street where a woman saw a vision of the virgin Mary and those children brought flowers every day for a month?

There's a good pub near here somewhere... just down there on the left...

All the streets round here are named after ruined dictators and minor league cosmonauts from the 1980's, and the parks are named after bantam weight boxers, and all the buildings are named after Carry On stars... Sid James, the other bloke, with the nose... squeaky voice... shit... lost it.

Ladies and gentlemen. There are few people who aren't always criticising the city for one reason or another, for it's endless roundabouts, it's huge DIY stores, it's many unfinished buildings and it's er... lonely crowds.

I should warn you that I've never been exactly what you'd call lucky at all. We are going down.

I'm fainting. It's best not to panic. We are going down. All the streets in this district were named after the mistresses of cabinet ministers and all the alleys were named after battles in the Gulf War...

A lot of what you can see now, from here, Ladies and gentlemen, is, is um, is a film set, built for the final chase sequences of a big budget movie and then people liked the look of it all so much that they just left it in place. That's the kind of city this is. A lot of these buildings are just frontages or shells and you can't really go inside...

All the streets round here are named after different drugs aren't they Ray and all the buildings are named after cities out there in the empire...

As we come along the boulevard here, taking a left turn... er... Was it this street where there used to be palaces?

Was it this street where they used to sign treaties??

If you look out of the window you might just catch a glimpse of a milkman or a cinema usherette or a drunk or a lawyer... You might just catch a glimpse of a traffic warden in which case you should tell Ray because he's parked his car on a double yellow, just down there...

Was it this street somewhere we saw that graffiti saying BRUCE GROBILLARD IS A LYING POOF?

Ladies and Gentlemen we're going to be making our first stop shortly.

We'll be stopping just near to the place where the floodwater stopped in 1864 and er...

## Town Hall - The Stop

This street should be called, used to be called Bedlam Street on account of all the many languages you could hear spoken here by sailors, from all over the world...

Cities are great places for the beginning of a story, and they're good places for the end but for the middle you usually have to go somewhere a bit more out of the way, somewhere a bit more, you know, remote...

If you look out the window you might just catch a glimpse of someone who's getting married tomorrow, or of an engineer, or of someone who's just come back from a long sea voyage and you might wonder if all these people are going to meet...

Ladies and gentlemen, this building on our left is bothering me a bit. I know it's important but I'm er, I'm not exactly sure why... I'd like to ask Ray to er pull away now, into the strasse, the street, into the strasse...

## Town Hall to Car Park

Just... Ladies and Gentlemen... just to say that a story in the city should be complicated, um, a story in the city should have people in all the rooms, in all the buildings and all the houses, and there should be phone calls linking all of them, linking everyone.

You should start a story with your eyes closed and open them er... very very slowly...

Ladies and gentlemen. Cities are good places for the beginnings of stories. A story should start with a car pulling away at some traffic lights, or with one light left on in a high rise building at night...

A story should start in a crowded street, or, if that's not possible, it should start in an empty one...

Ray, how many fight do you think there have been in the taxi rank outside Kiki's?

This used to be a city of splendid houses, wide streets, green parks and Ray, we want to go right here, that's good...

This used to be a city of [magnificent castles, small houses] large alleys and crowded pubs. Ladies and gentlemen I've seen quite a few of those.

[Perhaps a story in the city should be magical. Perhaps it should make the everyday look strange...]

This is the place where the soup kitchens used to stand and this is the place where the flood water stopped... and this is the place where a king got killed and this is where someone ran out of a disco crying..

We're going to be taking you south on Love Street, past the place where they're thinking of building a new Macdonald's, [past a cinema] and past the entrance to Knife Walk, so called on account of all the murders that are commonly done there...

I should warn you ladies and gentlemen that geography's never exactly been my strong suit...

Ladies and gentlemen. The people here, the people here have sixteen different words for sunset or is it sixteen different words for rain, I'll have to check... Doncaster. Let's er... lets call it Doncaster. At six o'clock the streets are crowded exclusively with olive skinned men dressed in purple, filling the pavements and thronging the pavements. Ladies and Gentlemen, senor and senoritas, if you look out these windows you might catch a glimpse of a murderer, a thief, a cobbler or a night-club bouncer, waiting for the night of fighting to begin...

That's the place where my uncles lit a fire...

Ray, is this the right road?

It begins with R. Sounds like racing car, red car, Rotterdam, no.

Ladies and gentlemen, it's er 1996 er you can tell by the clothes people are wearing as we travel through swinging London, past the er, the er, that statue, of a bloke... you wanna go right here, right right!... Ladies and gentlemen here is where the fab 4 got it together and there Cavern Club, just down there, down there, er, no, er, there's a polythene bag in that tree... we've gone slightly wrong I hope you'll bear with us...

[There are few people who aren't always criticising this city for one reason or another, for it's noise or it's heat or its grey buildings or its lonely crowds.]

Look that's the maternity hospital.

Ray, did you... Ray you missed the turn, you have to take right turn here somewhere, or a left...

## The Descent

I didn't count everyone when we got on the bus so if anyone's not here just stick your hand up... Ray, Ray stick to the route, stick to the route, please stick to the route, Ray I don't know this bit, I don't do this bit, I'm not familiar, Ray please... this is awful, this is awful... Ray, Ray for old times sake... stick to the route, stick to the route, please please stick to the route, Ray I don't want this, I don't do this please Ray please...

Ray ... Looking at the map the roads are just wishes for a journey, demanding to be traveled over, red roads, blue rivers,

All the streets round here are named after killers from history and bad politicians, and all the avenues are named after pointless incompetent wars...

All the buildings are named after poisons, and fraudsters and children that died...

Was it in this street that someone had written on a burnt out building, GET WELL SOON??? No. Was it. Was it here that someone had written THE POLICE ARE NOT 100% TO BLAME?

Ray, Ray, I think we're lost Ray...

The next stop we're going to make will probably be down near the canal, but for the moment we're headed towards the centre, down this road, past the traffic lights...

This used to be a desert and before that it was a swamp.

Here, at five o'clock in the morning you can always see a crowd of bent lawyers waiting for the delivery of a payoff...

And here at six o'clock in the morning a pride of hungry lions always gathers, to hunt through dustbin scraps...

Here at seven o'clock in the morning you can always see a line of Chinese school children, waiting to wave flags at the Queen...

Here at 8 o'clock in the morning there's always six foot of snow... and the snow falls behind the bus covering it's tracks like you've never been here at all...

Ray. A lot of the people you can see here are ghosts. Ray, where are we? Ray? Stick to the route Ray...

It's gone very quiet. If you listen you can hear the sound of the sea. This where a motorbike got sold and this is where sheep grazed and this is where an old bloke used to take a sleep in the back of his car each afternoon. All this used to be desert and the wind blew trough the desert, making patterns in the sand like the streets of a city...

Ladies and gentlemen, I think if you take a straight line due east from here you hit Toronto, 16,000 miles away, and in the opposite direction you hit Kuala Lumpa, more than 23,000 miles, right down this street behind the bus and keep going...

Ray, it's not funny. Stop it Ray. Stop it now. I don't do this bit. I never had good luck. One night I went out for a walk and a star fell right out of the heavens to the earth, right at my feet and it looked good so I took it in the house to keep it but then it melted and caused lots of damage. I've never had good luck.

Ladies and gentlemen. You could get lost here, you could lose yourself for a month if you took a wrong turn... it could be very difficult... things could get a bit tricky... Indeed the truth is this, when a man is riding through this city by night in winter and something happens to make him loiter or lose touch with his companions, by turning back to the pub to get some fags from the machine or for some other reason, then he hears spirits talking in such a way as they seem to be his companions. Indeed they often seem to hail him by name. Often these voices make him stray from the path so that he never finds it again. And in this way many travelers have been lost and have perished.

Ladies and gentlemen, I think the bus may have been bewitched in some way, or, or, perhaps we may all have been enchanted and somehow transported here.

All the streets round here are named after pits that got closed or ships that got sunk somewhere...

Cities are good places for the start of a story but stories should go forwards, not backwards. Ray: Do you think there are rotten training shoes on top of all the bus shelters in town?

Mes dames et messieurs. If you walk in an absolutely straight line from here, due North, ten miles then you get to the nearest town. And if you walk twenty miles you get to another town and if you walk in a straight line 230,000 miles you get right back where you started...

[That's some traffic lights and that's a shop. Ray this isn't the route. Ladies and gentlemen er... this city is known to me for no reasons at all...]

## Late Wicker into Sheldon Row

We have heard the roaring of great waters, and the ship has been thrown on the storm like throwing something delicate and tiny into the water of a swimming pool when the wave machine is turned on, and the fog has wrapped us, and the stars have been hidden from us as surely as if Allah himself desired it that we should not have sight of them.

For twenty days and twenty nights we have been storm worn, we have drifted, we've suffered, hungered and thirsted, we have been saved or lost, seen this and that and this and nothing but fog...

## Car Park

Ladies and gentlemen up on the skyline their you'll see the Big Fainting Buildings, so called because they sink down an inch or two into the hillside every year, and over there there's a pub which they used to call the Last Chance Pub, where men and women awaiting a verdict in their trials at the court nearby would enjoy a last drink and hope for a good result, and just to the left you might just be able to make out the Upside Down Club which used to be called Barry Noble's Roxy, so called because normal rules don't apply there... Just there you can see the Hotel Amnesia, where few people stay more than once, because they can't er, remember where it is...

Ladies and gentlemen. You could get lost here, you could lose yourself for a month if you took a wrong turn... Indeed the truth is this, when a man is riding through this city by night in winter and something happens to make him loiter or lose touch with his companions, by turning back to the pub to get some fags from the machine or for some other reason, then he hears spirits talking in such a way as they seem to be his companions. Indeed they often seem to hail him by name. Often these voices make him stray from the path so that he never finds it again. And in this way many travelers have been lost and have perished.

And sometimes in the night travelers in this place are conscious of a noise like the clatter of a great cavalcade of riders away from the road; and, believing that these are some of their own company, they go where they hear the noise, and, when day breaks, find they are victims of an illusion and in an awkward plight.

And there are some travelers who, in crossing a street in this quarter have seen a host of men coming towards them, and suspecting that they were robbers, have taken flight, so, having left the beaten track and not knowing how to return to it, they have gone hopelessly astray.

Yes, and even by daylight men hear these spirit voices, and often you fancy you are listening to many whisperings, or the strains of a pub disco and instruments, especially drums and the clash of voices. For this reason, bands of travelers make a point of keeping very close together and before they go to sleep they set up a sign pointing in the direction that they have to travel.

*While Richard has been speaking two figures, dressed in dark clothing have been making their way across the car park, staring directly at the coach and the people on it. As they arrive within ten feet of the coach and have stopped still Richard completes the text above.*

## After the Car Park

Ray? Ray? Are you OK to drive?

I think we should make a move.

Ladies and gentlemen, times hurrying on and the next stop we've got to make is far far away across the desert, you know on the other side of the ring road.

Ray, I think that last pint was off.

Ray, what's this street called? Ray, what street is this? I have on the map H7 which is on page 23 and this should be the corner of Hope Street and Rain. What street is this exactly Ray, please?

Ray, we have to make haste, how fast does this bus go? Could it get near the speed of light? No.

Ladies and gentlemen, you should see this city in the spring when the cherry blossom blows across the park like snow and the drunks are laughing in the underpasses. You should see this city in the Winter when the snow falls like cherry blossom on the streets and the pavement cafes put out braziers; when the lakes and streams are frozen solid and the trees are made of ice. You should see this city the autumn when the fog rolls in from the hills and the high rises look out onto a strange new beautiful sea, when the bars are full and the streets are packed and bonfires burn all night every night in the parks and gardens. You should see this city in the rainy season, when the trees are in fantastic bloom and when the streets fill up with kids in masks carrying helium balloons and firecrackers, or you should see this city in June when the sun shines all day and everyone's houses are open to visitors. You should see this city at carnival when the town doesn't sleep for a week and the men and women here will grant three wishes to a stranger.

But you have come in the dry season. You have come here in the season of the dead, and all the people that you'll see here are ghosts...

Normally about this time in the tour I like to tell some stories about my drunken exploits... but tonight's not a normal night.

Ray, we need to go faster...

Out there it's 1978, you can tell by the light, it's hard to find light like that anymore... Ray, look at the light...

All this used to be desert and before that it was mud.

I can't get the map to match Ray, C19, page 26, I can't get it to match...



Ray, keep going. Normally by this point in the tour we'd be doing historic Gleadless, or looking at that big fossil in the Botanical Gardens... Ray, we're adrift...

Ladies and Gentlemen. All the streets in this district are named after me mates, and all the buildings are name after different places we went on holiday when I was a kid and the further away the buildings are from my house, the more exotic the names they have...

Out there it's 1848 and all of this is still fields...

There are two parks near here and one of them's named after my second wife and the other ones named after our kid who's called Helen, because she really really likes the park...

All the bridges round here are named after my brothers because we used to throw stones off them. One of them still lives here and the other one has emigrated but they didn't change the name of the bridge...

This streets named after my crazy uncle Pete cos it's got a bend in it and he went round the bend...

All the houses on the other side of town are named after my favourite records, I like Motown and Roy Orbison...

Ray this isn't the route is it, this isn't the route anymore. We're adrift. Normally by now we'd have looked at the war memorial in Endcliffe Park and we'd be on our way to see the statues outside the Mappin and the fountains in the centre of town...

Ladies and gentlemen. Some powerful spell has been wrought upon us. Ray, I need to think. I can't speak Ray. I'm struck dumb. Think. Think. I'm bewitched.

It's 1985 out there. It's still the miners strike Ray. They think there might be power cuts but there's so much coal stockpiled it's never going to happen...

All the houses in the city are named after my sister's kids, she's got lots...

That avenue back there is named after a bloke I met once...

And that ones named after something I saw a bit of on TV...

[Ray, can you see the moon? We're adrift.]

All the streets in the city are named after dreams I had and things that I saw in my sleep...

It's the Jubilee, look, look, it's a street party...

All the houses in the city are named after things that I can't remember and all the roads are named after things I haven't been able to forget...

It's 1969 out there. Ray. Can you see the moon? There are men walking on it. It's July 19th 1969, the first men on the moon are up there now...

Can we navigate using the moon? No, no, I can't even see the stars...

Ray can you see the moon?

Ray, isn't this the street where we saw the graffiti that said FLOATING AND FALLING?

[All the buildings here are named after things I found in the street, or snatches of people talking that I heard...]

This is where the fire started and this is where all the buildings burnt down and they built them back up again just the same.

There used to be street lamps on this road.

There used to be houses.

There used to be trees near here.

There used to be cars parked on this street.

I think about Snow Hill and Furnace Road, I think about Quiet Lane and Moonshine Street.

Ray look. I can see the moon.

Keep going, keep climbing. We need to get to the top of the hill. Slow down Ray, slow the bus right down.

Ray, slow the bus right down.  
Ray, I'm er, I'm er going to get some cans. Pick me up later...

*Richard leaves the coach, heading off dazed across the expanse of grass to the point where the two performers from the car park can be seen waiting for him. As he approaches them the second guide stands as if to speak...*

## Manor Top to Bus Garage

### Second Guide

Ray, I think we'd better make a move, it's getting late... can you pull the bus away now Ray??

Ladies and gentlemen, we've traveled a long way and I think it's time to find our way back once again.

If you are sleeping wake up, for even if Allah were speeding the journey it would take you a year and a half to get here from your city, and yet you say you've got here in about half an hour! If you came here in less than a full year and a half it is because the seas around this kingdom were somehow contracted or bewitched, or because you yourselves were enchanted. If you are sleeping still, I beg you, wake up...

You could get lost here. You could run and you could hide. All this was mud and before that it was sand.

You've never been here before, you've never seen this city before, you're tired and you don't know anything at all.

You've traveled a long way, through the day and into the night, you're sleeping and its time to wake up...

This is where the fire started, and this is where a car crash was, and this is where the stonewalls stood. This is where the bomb dropped and didn't explode for a month, and this is where a king got killed, this is where a tree got planted to celebrate a marriage and this is where there used to be a house. All this used to be a desert and before that it was mud.

This is where the shoot-out started, and this is where the lovers fell in love, and this is where the barricades were. This is where they found the children, and this is where the bridge collapsed, and this is where the birds flocked, and this is where the alarm was raised. You could get lost here. You could run, but someone would find you.

And isn't this the street where someone had written the graffiti DOWN WITH CHILDHOOD?

And isn't this the place where you walked each evening?

And isn't this the place where you saw the graffiti GEORGE DAVIS IS INNOCENT and there on a wall somewhere isn't that where someone had written HELTER SKELTER SOON COME SOON?

And isn't this the street where someone had written JANE COME HOME YOU KNOW I'M SORRY?

All this used to be desert and before that it was mud.

If you are sleeping wake up, for even if Allah were speeding the journey it would take you a year and a half to get here from your city, and yet you say you've got here in about half an hour! If you came here in less than a full year and a half it is because the seas around this kingdom were somehow contracted or bewitched, or because you yourselves were enchanted. If you are sleeping still, I beg you, wake up...

All the people you can see from here are ghosts. And the cars that are driving are cars being driven by ghosts. And all the houses you can see are the houses of ghosts, and all the windows you can see are windows on the houses of ghosts.

All the paths you can see have been trodden by ghosts, all the pavements, steps and alleys have been trodden by ghosts.

All the people you can see from here are ghosts. All the people walking, and all the people waiting and all the people driving. All of the people you can see tonight are ghosts.

This used to be a look-out point, and this is where the newsreel cinema was, and this is where the tall trees were, and this is where the flood water stopped. This is where the courts stood, and this is where the politician stopped on his journey into hiding, and this is where something got invented and this is where someone died.

This is where the tunnel stopped, and this is where the race ended, and this is where the trains used to start their journeys to places far off and this is where the glass of milk got spilled...

And isn't this the street where someone had written DARK DAYS, ENDLESS NIGHTS

And isn't this the street where you found a letter torn into a thousand pieces?

And isn't this the street you used to call Snipers Alley?

And wasn't it here you saw the sign said PRIVATE LAND?

You've never been here before, you've never seen this city before, you're tired and you don't know anything at all.

You think about Snow Street and Anvil Lane and Furnace Hill and Esperanto Place. You think about Sky Edge and Chapel Street, about Telephone House and The Limit Club.

Where are you in this? You only just got here. You're not properly awake. Coming down through the universe and closing in on here.

You're very very here and very now,  
You're very here and now

Your flesh is night. You're as thin as death and you've traveled a long way and you're sleeping and it's time to wake up.

And this is where witches burned, and this used to be a field, and this is where the first neon sign ever stood and this is where the army halted and where a lawyer served a writ and this is a place of betrayals and this is a place where meetings took place and right underneath us, right beneath the bus is, a river, 200 miles beneath the earth...

You are now very far from home... You wondered what it might be like, to disappear.. That's the place where you first met someone, and that's the place where you fell out of love, and that's the place where your money got stolen and that's the place where you ran for a taxi and it wasn't raining, and there's a building you slept inside, once perhaps, or many times, and isn't this a street you used to live on, and weren't you always the person staring out the car

window, watching the world like the movies, and weren't you always the one who'd traveled a long way, through the day and through the night...

Your flesh is night. You're as thin as death and you're sleeping and it's time to wake up.

A story should end with a long road running down into town, there should be people and shadows, there should be ghosts,

This is where the river ran and this is where the fair was and here, here is where the Ferris Wheel stood, and that house was a plague house, and that house was a happy house and that house, that house wasn't there before...

And this is where the singing started and this is where the trail of blood began in earnest and this is where the horse bolted and threw the rider to the ground...

And this is where a miracle happened and this place was always a mystery and this is where the prison gate slammed and this is where a boy fainted and this is where assassins waited and this is where the lights dimmed and the crowd roared and stood on its feet and this is where a shopkeepers heart got broken and then mended again and this is where the bluebells grow and this where the rocket got launched and this is where the séances were and this is where the arrow struck home and this is where the sky always looked so good in the summer nights and this is where the sirens sounded and this is where the camera clicked and this is where your heart skipped then beat then skipped a beat and this is where the party was and this is where the cover got blown and

and weren't you always the one dreaming from the window of the car..

Coming down through the universe and closing in on here.

and weren't you always so busy writing the world and weren't you the one who'd looked and seen and joined the dots.

Wasn't it here that someone had written NO WAR FOR OIL?

Wasn't it here that someone had draped a banner saying HAPPY BIRTHDAY KEITH?

You've traveled many miles to get here and you're tired, and you're sleeping and it's time to wake up.

Coming down through the universe and closing in on here.

You're breath is warm and even, your eyes are closed. You've traveled a long way, thru the day and into the night, and weren't you always the kind of person other people watch? And weren't you somehow in the thick of it?

And weren't you always the one dreaming from the window of the car and weren't you always so busy writing the world and weren't you the one who'd looked and seen and joined the dots...

Coming down through the universe and closing in on here.

You're breath is warm and even, your eyes are closed, and you're heavy and when I count to ten it will be time to wake up and you'll find yourself in another place.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10...

Ladies and gentlemen a story should end with a long road running down into town, a story should end in the middle of the city as the night just begins...

Ladies and gentlemen we've traveled a long way and there's just one more stop to make.

Ladies and gentlemen. A story in the city should end with a long road running down into town, there should be people and shadows, there should be ghosts in it.

I'd like to thank Ray, our driver, and I'd like to thank you for joining us tonight.

Ladies and gentlemen a story should end with a long road running down into town. Everything you can see out of the windows tonight is absolutely real.

Ladies and gentlemen, a story in the city should be complicated. A story in the city should end on foot. end A story in the city should end with some music.

### Inside the Bus Garage

Ladies and gentlemen, we're now inside what used to be the cities central bus depot. This is our final port of call tonight. When you leave the bus a guide will be waiting to take you through the garage to the exit... don't feel you have to rush. Thank you again for traveling with us. If you could gather your belongings together and make your way off the coach, the guide will be waiting to take you outside...