

HOPE AND BOBBY

BOBBY: What do you mean by that?

LOCKSTOCK: What he means is, you're a good boy, Bobby Strong. See that you don't end up like your father.

BOBBY: And how did my father end up?

(Pause.)

LOCKSTOCK: Well, we're off. Our work's never done. Good night.

HOPE: Good night, Officers.

BARREL: Good night, Bobby.

(They exit.)

START

HOPE: You ~~were~~ rather brave with them.

BOBBY: I don't care for policemen. Not those two, anyway.

HOPE: Policemen protect the peace.

BOBBY: Do they?

HOPE: Usually.

(Pause.)

BOBBY: Didn't I see you down by the amenity this morning?

HOPE: That was me. I was rushing off to work, first day.

BOBBY: Find your way all right?

HOPE: The gleaming tower on the hill? Couldn't miss it.

BOBBY: Beautiful.

HOPE: It's rather shiny, that's true enough.

(Pause.)

BOBBY: Did you mean what you said to those policemen? About everyone having a heart?

HOPE: Well, sure I did.

BOBBY: Because . . . well, because mine feels awful cold just now.

HOPE: Cold?

BOBBY: Or empty. One of the two.

HOPE: Not because of me, I hope?

BOBBY: Oh no. Because of something I did.

(The ghost of OLD MAN STRONG and TINY TOM appear in the distance.)

OLD MAN STRONG: Bobby! Bobby, reason with the woman! I'm a little short this morning!

TINY TOM: No shorter than yesterday. Unless I've grown.
(*They disappear.*)

BOBBY: Or, rather, something I didn't do.

HOPE: If it feels cold, then it must still be there, don't you think?

BOBBY: Unless there's a vacuum where it used to be.

HOPE: A vacuum? In your chest? It sounds so implausible.

BOBBY: I did something wrong this morning is all I'm trying to say. I can't seem to get it out of my head.

HOPE: The vacuum?

BOBBY: My action. I let someone down that I love dearly. I feel real bad about it.

HOPE: Well, maybe that's nature's way of telling you that now's the time to lift someone up?

BOBBY: Really?

HOPE: Sure. Do you think you'd be feeling as bad as you do if you didn't have a heart?

(*Musical vamp begins for "Follow Your Heart."*)

BOBBY: I don't know. I suppose not.

HOPE: Of course you wouldn't. Because then you'd be dead. (*She sings.*)

END

*When darkness surrounds you
And you lose your way,
You have your own compass
That turns night to day,
And it's even with you
Before you depart.
Be still, hear it beating,
It's leading you.
Follow your heart.*

BOBBY: Follow my heart? But to where?

HOPE: To wherever your heart tells you to go.