

# FERRY PORT – AUDIO PLAY #8

## FERRY PORT FINALE - PART II

performed by David (Harry)

The following is performed from the deck of the Cremyll Ferry.

**HARRY:** Goodbye Plymouth!  
This is the last you'll see of me.  
I'm on the ferry and you are getting smaller and smaller.  
If I turn around, you disappear completely.  
And that's just the way I like it.  
Never again will I be woken at five in the bloody morning by the  
Squawking of seagulls or sailors or students.  
I won't have to check my watch anymore on Mondays at 11:30, just to check if  
we're on the eve of a Nuclear Winter -  
Or call myself a Plymouthian, Janner or Devonian for that matter!  
I am out - birthed again from your dock.  
Plymouth, you used to have so much promise.  
Like the big screen in the city centre - what happened to that?  
That was good. I watched the cricket on it.  
Or remember White Rabbit, the club? A casualty of the new Barcode building.  
Which by the by, is almost completely void.  
What's on the second floor? Are we meant to go up there?  
Now I'll never know.  
But that's just fine by me.  
Because Plymouth, you had a good run.  
A cinema, Frankie and Benny's and Bowling alley all in a row, for instance.  
That's a hat trick in my book.  
And although the festivals and such were all a bit pretentious for my taste, I  
respect that they happened. Hopefully they made some people happy.  
One bit of art I know was as controversial as Marmite was that statue.  
Messenger, or Our Sculpture or that lady from Othello.  
Whatever they ended up calling it.  
I didn't really have strong feelings about it. Didn't bother to take a selfie.  
Thought I'd spend the rest of my life walking past it, so wouldn't need one.  
Didn't act like a tourist, now all I'll have are the memories.  
You know what was good? Your Pantos.  
The last one I saw was Dick Whittington, with the bloke from Masterchef.  
It was ace. But not as good as a few years before when you got the Basil  
Brush.  
Shame it's all shut now. I had Aladdin tickets on pre-order.  
Well, those tickets are worthless to me now. I'm not going back,  
If they weren't emailed to me, I'd be ripping them up right now, to prove a  
point.  
Oh Plymouth. I've done everything I can in you.

Even if I never did climb that Lighthouse.  
Or attend MTV Crashes.  
Or figure out where the wooden animals from the city centre went.  
Or swim in the sundial.  
Or learn to skate, sail or surf.  
Ah well, those last three I can do in my new place.  
Given that there's flat surfaces, wind and waves.  
There probably is.  
Probably.  
Oh who am I kidding, Plymouth, I love you!  
I'm coming back, buying a second one way ticket as soon as we dock.  
Which won't be very long, given that this is the Cremyll Ferry.  
I'm sorry I ever thought about going to Cornwall.  
I was out of my mind!  
I like the sound of birds and alarms and drunks.  
They're like a white noise that sends me to sleep.  
I'd bolt upright in bed if a sheep bleated outside my window -  
So I'm staying in the big city.  
And this time, I'm gonna live every day in Plymouth like it's my first.