**MONOLOGUE LACES PART 2**

Everything seems to have a point. Elastic bands, ribbons… tie things together. Laces tie shoes. Hold them onto your feet. But what happens if you lose a lace? (DAD) Or if one becomes matted with mud, dirty, holey, ripped, completely ruined (MUM). What do you do with the lace then? Throw it out? But again if you lose one, what becomes of the other? It can’t really function as well without its partner. It gets paired with another but it’s not the same. It’s mismatched. Doesn’t properly fit together anymore. A connection has been lost. A tie disconnected. Altered. And nothing can be the same. The matted, holey lace’s point starts to fade. Things slip through the spaces, stuff gets caught, sticks to it. Makes it dirtier. I have to clean. I have to clean and make it pristine again. Return it to the state it was in before. But I can’t. The damage has been done. He’s never coming back. And neither is she.

It went downhill from the day the shoes disappeared. She just knew. Kept mumbling something about how she always knew but ignored it. Something about from the day she met him he was “a bit of a one”. (TINDER SCENE REAL BEFORE) It was all difficult to understand. I couldn’t really hear her. I think the bottom of the whisky bottle got an earful though.

I remember thinking after it was funny cos I was wearing my skull laces. Should have seen what happened next coming. When I was sat in the hospital waiting, picking at the large hole in the heel of my converse, the doctors said her liver and pancreas were shot. They suggested she get some help. The way they looked at me. It was as if they were judging me. You haven’t done a good enough job. But you see, the job shouldn’t be mine to undertake. No one should have that burden. I can’t fill the shoes of what she lost. I know that’s who she’s seeing when her eyes are unfocused, whose name she tries to say when her voice is thick and her words are slurred, who she’s looking for when I carry her tiny, frail, unconscious form upstairs.

It was the final straw. I just couldn’t take it anymore. So I left. I packed up what little stuff I had and left her. Another pair of shoes gone from the rack. And again not to return. When I arrived at Aunt Mia’s the first thing she did was take one look at my battered holey converse, sweep them off my feet and hastily remove them from my sight. I didn’t even complain. It was time for some new shoes. I was sick of getting my socks wet and cold anyway.

It was only when I was settled on Aunt Mia’s living room floor later that night that I realised my glow in the dark laces were not amongst the others. They weren’t in my bag. Everything was thrown onto the floor but no luck. The rest of my laces went in the bin. I didn’t want them anymore.

When 17th December rolled around I didn’t do much. Aunt Mia knew to leave me well alone and we just had a quiet day in. She went out to get a paper at one point and I was just aimlessly drifting through the house, wondering if Mum could stand. Wondering how she would get upstairs to bed without anyone there to help. I was just hunting through the cupboard under the stairs when I found a plastic bag. And there were my converse. Not thrown out as I supposed. When I looked down at my tattered old trainer… there they were. My glow in the dark laces. Twisted and knotted beyond fixing but there. Tied firmly into my shoes.

*Pulls glow in the dark laces out of pocket, ties it to something. Smiles contentedly and walks away*

**Notes**

What mum does is not actually explained – skull laces hint whatever she did was close

Dec 17th Mum’s birthday – linked in diary entry

Mum is the glow in the dark laces – always there and never forgotten even though it’s all knotted and messy

Throwing away of laces symbolises throwing away past and moving on with life. Fact glow in the dark laces saved shows it’s all a part of who they are and the fact they are able to keep them throughout their life - makes them into the strong person they are at the end.

Tying it to tree and walking away shows finally at peace and can now leave content.