

GINGER. Well, that's that. I've missed a party. That's one I'll never get back. Cheers. I'm just saying. Cheers. Thanks.

JOHNNY. Look. You want the truth? I was minding my own business. Settling in, spliff, *Antiques Roadshow*, when there's a knock on the door. I get up and I answers, and standing outside are all five birds off of Girls Aloud. They've got a case of Super T, two hundred Rothmans. Five Mars Bars. I try to slam the door but they bum-rush me clean across the kitchenette and onto the bed. Nicky guards the door while Kimberley, Nadine, what's-her-name and the other one go to work. Three hours. Unspeakable acts. Finally I manage to slide out from under Cherry Cole –

GINGER. Cheryl. Cheryl Cole –

JOHNNY. Exactly. I slides out from bottom of the scrum, into to the bog, grab my mobile, text, 'Ginger, for fuck's sake, it's an emergency. It's all kicked off round mine with the Girls Aloud. Come and help me get it shifted.' By this point the girls has worked, they're next door riding on each other. It's a complete waste of time. They could have done that at home. Now they're fucking furious. They're taking turns to shoulder-charge the door. My thumb is hoverin' over 'SEND' when the door flies in, and the rest is history. (*He reaches into his pocket.*) That's what happened. That's all you missed. But don't worry. We saved you one.

*He tosses GINGER a Mars Bar. GINGER looks at it, then instinctively drops it as if it's unclean. JOHNNY cackles.*

GINGER. So you're barred from The Cooper's, then.

JOHNNY. What?

GINGER (*innocently*). I just bumped into Wesley. Says he's barred you.

JOHNNY. Why?

GINGER. On account of the fracas.

JOHNNY. What fracas?