

GINGER. The fracas in the saloon bar last night.

JOHNNY. Bollocks. I had a quiet one. Couple pints. Spun the lemons. Come home.

GINGER. That's not what I heard.

JOHNNY. Right. Hang about. First up, that was not a fracas. Two, even if it was a fracas, it weren't my fault. It was Danny Anstey's fault. I'm in the saloon bar, playing pool. Winner stays on. Danny comes over, slaps down a tenner. I seven-ball him. Double or quits. He racks. I break. Seven-ball him. Next minute he's shovin' me in the chest. Says I moved the black while he was in the bog. Starts creating. Says I been burgling flats up the Wilcot Road. I nicked his mum's PlayStation 3. For a start, I don't know where she lives. Second –

GINGER. That's not the fracas I'm talking about.

*Beat.*

JOHNNY. What do you mean?

GINGER. Way I heard it, Danny leaves. You sit at the bar. Vodka Red Bull. Vodka Red Bull. Vodka Red Bull. Vodka Red Bull. Stagger to the gents'. Five minutes later, come barrelling out in your birthday suit waving your crown jewels around.

JOHNNY. Bollocks.

GINGER. Exactly. Then you pick up Bob Dance's pug and simulate a lewd act. Then you start humping up against Martha Figgis's barstool saying, 'Come on, you old slapper, how about a floor show?' Then the fracas occurred. (*Beat.*) You rang the bell, everyone's silent, clear your throat, say you never touched Danny's mum's PlayStation, but you did shag her when Danny's dad was away in the Falklands. Making him odds-on *not* Danny's dad, in which case he should show some bloody respect.

*Pause.*