

JOHNNY. Last night, you say. (*Beat.*) It's coming back. No, it is. It is. And I can categorically say that that is bollocks. For a start, I was drinking brandy and Cokes. And I was not starkers. If you examine the CCTV, it clearly shows I had my socks on.

GINGER (*makes the umpire signal*). I think we'll refer that one upstairs.

Mate. It's taken years but you've finally done it. You're barred from every pub in Flintock. Phoenix Arms, you broke the bog. They let you back, you locked Jim's lad in the freezer cabinet.

JOHNNY. And he deserved it. Lippy bastard...

GINGER. Moonrakers, you broke the security camera then a week after they let you back, you pick a fight with a squaddie.

JOHNNY. I never started that. Bloody Rambo...

GINGER. First night back you set fire to the Christmas tree. Royal Oak, you were doing whizz off the bar during the meat raffle. Then on Kiddies' Fun Day you slaughtered a live pig in the car park.

JOHNNY. It was a rural display.

GINGER. With a flare gun.

JOHNNY. That was a bloody big weekend.

GINGER. Congratulations. You got the grand slam. To think they said it would never happen.

*Beat.*

JOHNNY. Storm in a teacup, mate. You watch. I'll buy Danny a pint, sambuca, pop over The Cooper's, pinch Sue's bum. Butter her up, give her a twinkle, ten quid says I'll be back in the snug by lasties. And when you see me, mine's a brandy and Coke.

PROFESSOR (*off*). Mary! Mary? Are you there? Mary? Mary?

