

POTTS. Check.

SWEETS. Prickly face?

POTTS. Check.

SWEETS. Fits pouring sweat?

POTTS. Check.

SWEETS. Take a white one.

POTTS. You said -

SWEETS. It's up to you. Take a white one or die.

POTTS. What about black piss?

SWEETS. You want to be dead or you want black piss? (POTTS takes one.) Put your arms above your head and pant like a dog. (POTTS holds his arms above his head. He pants. Pause.)

SKINNY. Mickey. What we were talking about in the van . . .

POTTS. Bingo. I'm back.

SWEETS. Welcome home. You should get a rush.

POTTS. I'm getting a rush.

SWEETS. Euphoria. You're body's glad it's not dead.

POTTS. She's going like a cheo-choo . . .

SWEETS. You're glad to be alive.

POTTS. Great to be me. Great to be me. This is a fucking great time to be me. I'm all right.

SWEETS. Great night. Great night.

POTTS. I'm better than all right. I'm fantastic. Great night. Great night. Hey Mickey. Mickey. Guess what? I saw this bloke sick up in his bird's mouth.

SWEETS. I saw that.

SKINNY. Mickey. Enough. Remember what we spoke about in the van. And this isn't for me. It's for you. Fuck me. For you.

BABY. This is advice you're about to get Mickey.

SKINNY. Advice? Are you Italian now? No. You're not. You're a Jew. Be one.

BABY. Ah Mickey. What can I say? It's all my fault.

SKINNY. He doesn't mean that. He's not sorry. He says that out loud but in his head he's dreaming up new ways to kill me.

BABY. He's pulling them out his shoes. I'll just lie down and take it eh?

SKINNY. It fell on the ground. It falls on the ground you pick it up.

POTTS. Baby. I think you have something to say to Mickey.

SWEETS. Yeah, c'mon Babes and we can all get on with our fuckin' lives. (Pause.)

BABY. Uh, Skinny. (Laughs.) What are you staring at?

POTTS. Charming. Charming Baby -

SKINNY. Fuck off.

BABY. What, are you giving me the eye? Are you giving me the evil eye?

SKINNY. You nothing fucking piece of dog's splop.

SWEETS. Baby -

BABY. Because (excuse me Mickey). Because if you're giving me the evil eye you're doing it wrong.

SKINNY. I fuck your mother and she shouts your name.

BABY. Because you look like you love me. You look like you want to put your cock in my ear.

SKINNY (to MICKEY). You know? Is this telling you?

BABY. Look away. Look away.

SKINNY. Fuck off. I'm not playing.

SWEETS. Drop it Baby. We're all a bit honky tonk.

BABY. Lookin' like you want to put your cock in my ear. Look away. Look away. Look at the floor.

SKINNY. Big man. Big man.

BABY. Look at the floor. Don't look at me. Look -

SKINNY. I'm going to get hurt here Mickey.

POTTS. Oh this is helping. This is fucking perfect for a tired man with head cold to come to work to.

BABY. Sweets boy, put on something slow and evil. Mickey looks like he wants to dance.

SKINNY. This is it. Mickey. You see? It's time . . . (BABY starts to leave) . . . Watch this. Watch this. Look, he's walking out and saying, 'I shit on all of you who are beneath me'. Hear that Mickey?

MICKEY. Baby . . . (BABY stops.) Where you going?

BABY. Well, Mickey, you know I thought I'd pop out and get a toffee apple. (Pause.)

SKINNY. A toffee apple . . . What does that mean? For me he says 'toffee apple' it means Mickey you take it straight up the arsehole with a toffee apple big as my fist you let me walk out of here. I don't see how it could possibly refer to anything else. (Pause.)

MICKEY. Go out the front. Don't go out the back.

SKINNY. Brilliant.

MICKEY. Lock the door. And come back up here.

SKINNY. There he goes. Watch him go, as he walks out of here and we know there is no God.

MICKEY. Lock the door.

BABY. I don't have my key.

MICKEY. Where is your key?

BABY. I lost it. Dancing.

MICKEY. Don't go out the back.

BABY. How's your head cold Mickey? You feeling all right?

MICKEY. Did you hear me? Don't go out the back.

BABY. Oh, Mickey, I forgot to say. I love the sequins. They make the whole night sparkle.

Exit BABY. They imitate SKINNY.

POTTS. Hard man act.

SWEETS. Nutter act.

POTTS. Complete fucking bollocks.

SWEETS. Gaving it the stare. Complete fucking bollocks.

POTTS. You only do that when it's bullcrap.

SKINNY. Mickey, with the key bit. Did you hear? He lost it dancing... Eh? And some people get trusted with keys some don't -

SWEETS. Why do you even rise to it? You squared up he'd piss his frilly shorts.

SKINNY. You watch. Now we'll get the till nicked and we'll all stand around wondering how they got in. I get kicked in the shins, get my nuts squeezed. Now do something or don't do something but it's time to do something Mickey. It's time to do something.

MICKEY (*low*). Shut your fucking gob alright? Shut your fucking gob.

MICKEY *snaps the blinds shut*.

SKINNY. I'm sorry? Are you talking to me?

MICKEY. You fuckin' cunts. (*Pause*.) You stupid fucking cunts. What time did you leave?

POTTS. Whassup Mickey?

MICKEY. Shut up. What happened here last night?

SKINNY. That's fucking charming.

SWEETS. Relax Mickey. It all went like a clock.

POTTS. Look, Mickey you know what he's like, he's talks a lot. Chat. I'll make sure this don't happen again.

MICKEY. Fuck all this. You stupid cunt. We're finished.

SWEETS. It's not that bad. Take a minute to clear up.

POTTS. What's up Mickey.

MICKEY. What's up? What's up? Ezra's dead.

Everything stops.

SWEETS. Something... uh... (*Pause*.) Something happen Mickey?

MICKEY. Yeah. Yes. Something happened. (*Pause*.)

POTTS. He's fucking what?

SWEETS. You said that Mickey. You said he's dead.

MICKEY (*trembling, quiet*). Jesus fucking Christ.

Silence. Then, all at once.

OMNES. Oh Jesus. Jesus, Jesus fucking Christ. (*Pause*.)

SWEETS. Mickey. Okay. Can I ask you something? We're all going you know... going... bit honky tonk, and and and and things are pretty going pretty fast here now to be honest and I feel you know I got my fucking heart flutters and everything -

SKINNY. Okay. Okay. Take it back. Take it back to before.

MICKEY. I got a call.

SKINNY. Are you sure?

MICKEY. I got... of course I'm fucking sure.

SKINNY. Why didn't you fucking say?

MICKEY. It's... Why the fuck do you think? You're all sitting here going sixteen million -

POTTS. Mickey -

MICKEY. You're all... You fucking prick.

SKINNY. I'm sorry.

MICKEY. You're all doing six million miles an hour yap yap yap. You bunch of fucking children. Don't give me any mouth.

SKINNY. What did they say Mickey? When they rung.

MICKEY (*pause*). They said 'You're finished.'

SKINNY. 'You're finished.'

MICKEY. They said 'You're finished' and 'Look in the bins.' (*Pause*.)

SKINNY. Okay. Okay. Okay. Okay. Okay. We're fucked.

SWEETS. Jesus.

POTTS. Jesus Christ.

SWEETS. They say we're finished I believe them.

SKINNY. How do you know?

SWEETS. He got rung up this morning.

SKINNY. Yes. I know. Who by?

MICKEY. Alec Guinness. How the fuck should I know?

SKINNY. Mickey, who —

POTTS. How does he know? Eh? How does he know?

SKINNY. Mickey. Who off?

POTTS. People . . . fuck me gently . . . *People Ezra knows.*

SKINNY. Did they say who they was?

POTTS. No. No. Listen. (*Laughs.*) They don't tell you. They tell you it gives it away you catch them it makes it easy . . .

SKINNY. I'm not addressing you.

POTTS. Please. Please? Can I . . . Please . . . Someone he don't know isn't going to walk up to him for *fun*. He's not a fuckin' he's not some *slag*. He's not a fucking *spider* crawling across the floor.

SKINNY. I know they . . . Hey, Bullshit, slow down. Open a window take deep breaths. Have a bubble bath relax. I'm talking to Mickey.

SWEETS. Warm milk. I need some warm milk.

POTTS. You see someone walk across the room you don't know if he's gone or not, people float in and out and then they're dead.

SKINNY. I said. I said. You make a stink you attract the big lights.

POTTS. It's done.

SKINNY. Make a stink you attract big lights. Make a stink you attract big lights. (*Pause.*)

POTTS. What the fuck does that mean?

SKINNY. You know . . . fuck off. You know what it means.

POTTS. Make a . . . What the fuck can that possibly mean?

SKINNY. Fuck off *Stoney Futz*.

SWEETS. Mickey. Mickey. Mickey. Let's talk . . . Listen . . . Listen. Mickey Listen to me now. Okay. Okay? Mickey. Charlie *Dodd's*.

SKINNY. We'll . . . Mickey —

SWEETS. Please. Please. Couple of pistols just to make me feel better. Please. Listen, please, as a precaution — Listen . . . Mickey . . . Mickey . . . Please. Just in case. In a drawer. Something. A safety net . . .

SKINNY. Mickey listen . . .

SWEETS. One or two. Just one or two. You know? One or two in a drawer in a jacket. The shotgun's no good. We've only got two fucking cartridges. He's had them for three years. They're probably dead.

SKINNY. We're gonna make this worse. We're gonna make this worse.

SWEETS (*overlapping*). Just *something* down here just so it ain't the fucking — just so it ain't the fucking *Alamo*.

SKINNY (*overlapping*). Sweets. Sweets. Sweets. Sweets. Sweets. Sweets. Sweets. Sweets. Sweets. Sweets. Fuckin' *ease down* mate. Lie down. Lie down take deep breaths

SWEETS. I'm fine.

SKINNY. Lie down.

SWEETS. I'm fine. I'm going to die.

POTTS. All right. All right. All right. Stupid question Mickey . . . and Good. Let's ask questions. Stupid, brilliant, we don't know till it's asked. Exactly. Right. Good. *Are you sure?*

MICKEY. Am I sure what?

POTTS. I don't know. I don't know. It's early. That he's dead. Good question. Eh? Mickey. Eh?

SWEETS. Good question.

POTTS. Eh? Eh? My question and it is a question is are you sure?

MICKEY. He's out there. (*Pause.*)

POTTS. Out where? Out the back?

SKINNY. Fucking hell. Now?

SWEETS. Fucking hell.

POTTS. It's a joke. It's Mickey's joke. It's Mickey's morning joke.

SWEETS. Out where?

SKINNY. Don't you listen? By the bins. That's what they said. 'You're finished' and 'Look by the bins'.

SWEETS. You said 'By the bins'. Mickey said 'In the bins'.

POTTS. By the bins in the bins. Is that the issue here? If it's 'by' are we safe? If it's 'by' is there a deal?

SKINNY. Mickey. O.K. Indulge me. Please. Are you sure? Are you ten times out of ten sure that he's passed away?

MICKEY. He's fucking out in half. He's in two bins. (Pause.)

SKINNY. You hear that? Is it clear now? He is dead because they fucking cut him in half. So yes, he's fucking passed away. Allow Mickey to know. So. So. So we know he's gone so we can stop the nag acting. Now at least we know. It's better. (Pause.) Sweet Fucking Hell Jesus and Mary.

POTTS. Fucking Nora. Fucking hell.

SWEETS. Suffering Jesus. They sawed him in half.

SKINNY. Poor fucking man.

SWEETS. You sweat your life away . . .

SKINNY. Poor fucking man.

SWEETS. Into a bucket . . .

SKINNY. Poor fucking man. Poor fucking man. (Silence.)

MICKEY. Fucking mess . . .

SKINNY. Poor fucking man.

SWEETS. Wake up have breakfast. They saw you in half.

MICKY. Hideous fuckin' mess . . .

SKINNY. Poor fucking man. Poor fucking man. (Silence.)

POTTS. Sit down Mickey.

SWEETS. Sit down.

MICKEY. I'm all right. (Silence.)

SWEETS. Who's got a pill? Get a pill here for Mickey. Or a glass of warm milk.

POTTS. Mickey -

MICKEY. I don't want a pill.

SWEETS. We need a blanket. Shall I put some music on? Soft music?

POTTS. You fucking prick. Yeah, and we'll all have a slow dance till the coppers get here.

SWEETS. I don't know. I'm not someone's mum.

POTTS. Jesus.

SWEETS. Fuck off. I'm not someone's mother. I'm not Mickey's mum.

SKINNY. Mickey. Do you see what we got here? Do you see what we got? Do you? Do . . . A crisis . . .

MICKEY. Okay. Okay . . . All of you. I have a question. I have a question. Where's the kid?

SKINNY. Fuck the kid. This -

POTTS. Mickey -

SKINNY. Excuse me Mickey. But really. Fuck the kid.

MICKEY. Where is he? Where's the kid?

POTTS. Mickey -

SKINNY. This isn't about the kid. Mickey -

MICKEY. Is my question.

SKINNY. This isn't about Silver Johnny.

MICKEY. Am I Satan? Am I suddenly Satan? Am I Devil? I asked. I opened my mouth and I asked what I was thinking. I . . . We're all thinking it someone's got to say it.

SKINNY. Wait two minutes eh? Wait two minutes we start tearing this place to pieces.

MICKEY. I'm not tearing anything. I'm speaking everyone's mind. I've been . . . Excuse me but I've been robbed. I've just had everything taken away. My fucking plans. My fucking everything. (To SKINNY.) You cunt. So don't begin to start with the chat because I want some fucking answers. Now. Where is he Sidney?

POTTS. I don't know. Well I'm not in charge am I . . .

MICKEY. I wasn't fucking here was I?

POTTS. He came off-stage, I didn't see.

SWEETS. We didn't see.

MICKEY. Did he leave?

POTTS. Don't know. Didn't see.

SWEETS. He'll be round his mum's.

POTTS. Don't know. Didn't see. That's it. He'll be round his mum's. He'll be having a nap.

MICKEY. I've been round his mum's. No-one saw him leave?

POTTS. Sorry. It's dark down there.

SWEETS. They were right. We're finished.

POTTS. Maybe you want the full story you should have been here. I don't know.

SKINNY. Hold it. Hold it. Mickey wasn't here. We were here. You were fucking here. You were here too so stop slinging shit.

MICKEY. Right. Right. All of you. Listen to me. Listen. What time did the kid come off?

SKINNY. Eleven. Did Boogie Woogie Flu come off.

MICKEY. Eleven.

SWEETS. Just before. I didn't see.

MICKEY. And Ezra left?

POTTS. Yes.

MICKEY. Right. Right. Who with?

POTTS. No-one.

MICKEY. He left on his own?

POTTS. Entirely on his own.

MICKEY. Skinny, did you see him leave?

SKINNY. I was handing out the fucking coats for a change.

MICKEY. Right. Then you all came up here. It's *(Pause)*. So I get called at eight say. That's five hours. And no-one heard nothing.

POTTS. What like.

MICKEY. What like? What like? Like someone sawing your boss in two outside the fucking window.

POTTS. We didn't hear nothing. We had the machine on.

SKINNY. You have to listen . . . Mickey, these are the people you got here. They fuckin' -

POTTS. I like the machine on.

SKINNY. They get it all day long they've got to listen to it all night.

POTTS. I like the machine on. You put on a quiet platter you don't expect to have to listen out for untold carnage in your fuckin' back alley.

SKINNY. You live in a dream world.

POTTS. So now I did it. I did it. It's all my fault. Charlie Chan. You caught me straight off.

SKINNY. Calm down . . . it's . . . calm down . . .

POTTS. I popped out to stretch my legs, bumped into Ezra, strolled around the back, and sawed him in two. Why don't we all kill each -

SKINNY. Listen you fuck -

POTTS. Yeah. Kill each other now make it fucking simple.

SKINNY. No-one stuck a fucking cannon up your nose for breakfast so shut it. You're jumpy?

POTTS. Oh you suffer here . . . ? This is about you now . . . ? Look at him getting on Mickey's side.

SKINNY. There are no sides. There's just our side and *them*.

POTTS. They just sawed one of us in two. I don't think I want to be on our side. *(Pause)*

SKINNY. Mickey. What do you think? I mean, Do you think we're finished?

Silence. MICKEY takes his tie off and puts it on the desk.

SWEETS. Mickey. There was something.

POTTS. Sweets -

SWEETS. He was talk - *(To POTTS.)* What?

POTTS. Can I speak to you? Please can I speak to you please. Aside for a tick. Please. Excuse me, Sweets Please.

SWEETS. What?

POTTS. Can I speak to you?

SWEETS. What?

POTTS *(quietly)*. Do we know about this Sweets? I don't think we know about this.

SWEETS. They said. It's finished.

POTTS. Fish are jumping Sweets. Fish are still jumping . . .

SWEETS. It's now.

POTTS. We spoke about this. And it's not over necessarily. It's not over necessarily. You see?

SKINNY. Is this some game between you two?

POTTS. Sweets. Sweets. My advice, please, and I've thought about this, is 'Shut the Fuck up'.

MICKEY. Tell me Sweets.

SWEETS. Um. *(Pause.)* I think maybe Mr. Ross was here. *(Pause)*

MICKEY. Where?

SWEETS. Last night. We thought perhaps Mr. Ross was here last night.

MICKEY. Look at me. Look at me.

POTTS. Mickey -

MICKEY. Shut up. Shut your mouth.

SWEETS. We thought you'd been told.

MICKEY. Did you see him?

SWEETS. Well not exactly.

MICKEY. Hang on. What do you mean not exactly. What the fuck does that mean?

SWEETS. Sid did. *(Pause.)*

POTTS. Okay. Okay. It's simple. Mickey. If you'll just give me thirty seconds and don't say anything because you don't want to get angry, I don't want to get angry, none of us does, we're all good ol' boys and all that so let's take it easy. Okay? Right. Now. It goes like this: What Sweets just said. It's a lie.

SWEETS. Sid.

SKINNY. What's going on?

POTTS. It's bollocks. It's not true.

SWEETS. Oh. Sid?

POTTS. That's - What? What?

SWEETS. It's just they said it's over.

POTTS. Shut up. Mickey. It's simple. What Sweets has said is not true. He thinks it's true but actually it's not. You see?

MICKEY. No Sidney. No I don't.

POTTS. Okay. Please. Please. Can I finish. Please? I know. I know. But. Hold on. Hold on. Exactly. Relax Mickey and I'll say.

SKINNY. I don't believe this.

POTTS. Hang on. Hang on. Hang on. Mickey. Listen. This is my point. There was a chap here. But it weren't Mr. Ross.

SWEETS. Sam.

SKINNY. What?

SWEETS. That's his name. Sam. Ross.

SKINNY. Oh for fuck's sake Sid.

POTTS. We don't know it was him. We - don't . . . excuse Mickey. Some bloke called Sam. Could be Sam Spade. Sam Cooke. Sam Davis Junior.

Excuse me. Excuse me. I cannot put my hand on my heart and say yes I saw him. Because I've never clapped eyes on the man in my life, I'm working all night I'm full of pills, people coming and going. Faces. Saturday night. I'm like who's this, who's this, drunk more, smoke more. Busy busy busy. Really can't say.

SKINNY. I don't fucking believe this.

POTTS. If you stood on my chest Mickey, I couldn't say one hundred per cent it was him. I've never seen the bloke before in my life.

MICKEY. What did he look like?

POTTS. Normal. Everyday.

MICKEY. Sweets, what did he look like?

SWEETS. I didn't see him.

MICKEY. What was he wearing?

POTTS. Usual. Trousers. Shirt. Jacket. Menswear.

SWEETS. And uh . . . Sid . . .

POTTS. What? What the fuck are you going to say now? What the fuck else might you possibly . . . hold on . . . Hold on. Shut up. What might you possibly wish to say?

SWEETS. Well . . . About the fifty-fifty.

POTTS *(to MICKEY)*. I don't know what he's talking about.

SWEETS. About them saying fifty-fifty.

POTTS. I didn't say that.

SWEETS. Oh Right. I thought you did.

POTTS. That's not what I said. Mickey. I thought they *might* have. I thought they might have been said fifty-fifty. I was excited. All right I was excited and a bit honky tonk. It's not my business who comes here who doesn't. I take the tickets on the door and then I help clean up after. I drive -

SKINNY. Sid -

POTTS. I - Hang on. Hang on, because I . . . Some days I drive the van and I fix the machines. I don't front the place up. I hear a little rumour and I pass it on. That's me. I'm a cunt. Everyone knows it. So what? Doesn't make me Al Capone.

MICKEY. Sweets. Listen. Dad he have yellow hair? *(Pause.)* I'm asking you. Did he have bright yellow hair?

Pause. MICKEY *walks up to POTTS and slaps his face.*

SWEETS. Oh fuck . . . Oh fucking Nora. We're dead.

SKINNY. What?

MICKEY. Is it locked downstairs?

SKINNY. Oh mothering Christ.

SWEETS. They're coming for us. Mr. Ross is coming for us.

MICKEY. What did I tell you? Look at me. What did I fucking tell you?

SWEETS. He had about three blokes with him earlier. They're all coming for us Mickey. They had a meeting. They all came up here for a meeting.

MICKEY. Shut up. Now listen to me. Shut up.

SWEETS. They had a meeting. In there.

SKINNY. What did I say? What did I say when all this started? We should have stuck with the machines.

MICKEY. *Start up and listen. Listen.* How many of them was there?

SWEETS. I don't know. He was with some others but they went home.

MICKEY. How many?

SWEETS. Three or four. Two with tattoos. One thinks he's all fashionable. Maybe a couple more. I couldn't tell.

MICKEY. Sidney, tell me what you saw.

POTTS. Fuck off.

SKINNY. Tell him Sidney. What happened.

POTTS. Fucking handing out the cuffs. Getting all cuffy when I'm over here trying my best. Fuck off.

SWEETS. Give over Sid, we're all bang in this now.

POTTS. Really helps that. I'm feeling really relaxed now.

SKINNY. We should have stuck to the jukeboxes. A good business. A safe business. A business you don't get sawn in half by Sam Ross.

SWEETS. Why don't you go and sing somewhere else?

SKINNY. When we were doing the machines, I can't recall any of us getting sawn in half. With a machine you take it in, wire it up, take the money, Bingo. It's fucking when you when you include people. Look where it gets you. And I know you agree with me Mickey because I've heard you and Ezra in there.

MICKEY. Are you listening? Did they leave with Silver Johnny?

POTTS. Hold it. *Hold* it. It was fucking busy, we work here, it's the middle of the night it's packed and you're too ill to be here, I'm supposed to leave the party, leave the night in the middle of every-thing seek you out to report back some half piece of information ain't even our lookout. Sorry, I'm not doing my job, next time I'll know. Who made you Prime Minister anyway? I get my wage off Ezra and he's dead. I don't answer to you, and no-one else here does either. You have head cold. You weren't there so you don't know. You're walking in at the end.

Re-enter BABY.

BABY. They call it a teenage crush, They can't believe it's real.

They call it a teenage crush,

They don't know how I feel. *(Pause.)*

SWEETS. Baby . . .

SKINNY. Mickey. Mickey . . . Mickey . . . Fuckin' hell. You know I Fuckin' hell. Fuckin' hell.

MICKEY. Shut up.

SKINNY. You know? Fuckin' hell.

MICKEY. Shut up. All right? Shut up.

Pause. BABY *produces five toffee apples from behind his back.*

BABY. They've forgotten when they were young.

And the way they yearned to be free.

All they say is the young generation

Is not what they used to be.

He gives each person a toffee apple.

This is just for now. Tonight Skinny Luke I'm gonna buy you a drink apologise. I'm gonna buy Mickey a drink apologise. I'm gonna apologise to everyone

SKINNY. Mickey . . . Baby . . .

MICKEY. It's all right. Baby, I call . . . I got a call this morning. Somebody's murdered your dad.

BABY *stands still. He puts his toffee apple down on MICKEY'S desk, walks around the desk and sits in the chair. They watch him.*

BABY. Guess what I just saw *(Pause)* Out there. Go on. Guess

MICKEY. Baby -

BABY. Have a guess. Out there on Dean Street. Have a guess.

Silence.

SWEETS *(quietly)*. Some girl? *(Pause.)*

BABY. Wrong. Mickey?

MICKEY. I don't know.

BABY. Guess.

MICKEY. Baby -

BABY. Sidney?

POTTS. I give up.

BABY. Have a guess.

POTTS. I don't know.

BABY. Have a guess. Have a guess.

POTTS. Tony Curtis. Give up.

BABY. Guess. No. Guess.

POTTS. Henry the Eighth?

BABY *laughs at this. Pause.*

BABY. There's a Buick parked out there. A Buick in Dean Street. Right outside the Bath House. (Pause.) Makes it look like Las Vegas. (With a soft G. Pause.) Tonna kids hanging off it pretending they're . . . they're in a film. (Pause.) What's happening to this town? A Buick.

Silence.

MICKEY (to SKINNY). Is it locked downstairs?

SKINNY. I'll check.

MICKEY. Go and check. Check the back and the front and check the windows. Check everything then come back up here.

SKINNY. I will. I will. Mickey, I need to talk to you . . .

MICKEY. Check the windows check the doors. What?

SKINNY. I will.

MICKEY. Do that and come back up. Don't go outside.

SKINNY. Right. (Pause.) Baby, look, I'm sorry about before, I had the card in my sock. I'm sorry. I'm not . . . with the pills . . . (Pause.)

BABY (to SKINNY). Why didn't you say so earlier? I've just spent fivepence on presents.

SKINNY. What? Yes. Yes. I'm sorry.

BABY. Toffee apples. Fivepence.

SKINNY. I know.

BABY. You cost me fivepence. Penny each. Five of us. Fivepence. You've just said sorry. You owe me fivepence for toffee apples.

MICKEY. Okay look -

BABY. It's your fault (hang on). It's your fault pay for the toffee apples.

SKINNY. I don't have it.

BABY. Borrow it off someone.

MICKEY. Baby don't mess around.

BABY. I think things should be fair round here now, or we'll all start wondering if we're getting done fairly. We don't want any hard feeling what with everything else do we. Do we?

MICKEY. No . . .

BABY (to SKINNY). Then pay me. Pay me. Pay me. (Pause.)

SKINNY. Mickey can I borrow fivepence.

MICKEY. O.K. . . . O.K. Let's do this first. Because this is quite a laugh. Are you having fun?

MICKEY finds the money and makes to give it to BABY.

BABY. Ah Ah. Not to me. To Luke.

MICKEY. Just take the fucking money. Take the fucking money. Pause. He does, and puts it in his pocket.

BABY. I accept your apology Luke.

MICKEY. Check it's all locked up come back up.

SKINNY. I've got to talk to you Mickey.

MICKEY. Just do it. (To POTTS.) Bring the bins in.

SWEETS. Right. Mickey, I'm sorry.

MICKEY. It's all right.

SWEETS. It's the pills. Warm milk we'll be fine.

MICKEY. Bring the bins up. Don't go out the front.

POTTS. Shall I help him?

MICKEY. Yeah. And give us a minute. Don't go out the front.

POTTS. Right. (Pause.) I'm sorry Baby. (Pause.)

BABY. Fucking night eh Sid?

POTTS. Yeah. Yeah. Fucking night.

Exit SKINNY, SWEETS and POTTS. BABY sits in Ezra's chair, his discarded shirt over his face. He lies back. MICKEY watches him. He picks up the shotgun, breaks it, and carries it into Ezra's back office. He re-emerges. BABY's head is concealed, and MICKEY waits.

BABY. Have you seen his trousers?

MICKEY. What?

BABY. I go all the way down Monkeytown buy myself some stay-like-it twelve pleats. Midnight blue. Side slash pockets. I walk around in them one week. One week. Lo and behold Luke walks in last night it's like I'm looking in a mirror. Have you seen it?

MICKEY. I know.

BABY. You can't miss it. That's a pair of imported trousers I can't wear any more. I know. I know. Big deal. I saw them in a magazine, out of 'Chrysler City' and he doesn't even know what that is. Ask him. Ask him what Chrysler City is he'll look at you like this.

MICKEY. Okay.

BABY. What? It fucks me Mickey. I saw them there in Chrysler City. He never saw them. He saw them here, on me.

MICKEY. I know.

BABY. You know? And the red plims, right. Where's he got that idea from. Fucking twelve pleats and red plims. He's breathing down my neck Mickey. It's like looking in a mirror.

MICKEY. It's because he likes you.

BABY. I know. He likes me so much. Except I know the things he says about me. All the horrible things I supposed to have done. Whenever I'm out the room. What he tells people. Like I'm some kind of snake. (Pause.) I know why he does it. It's 'cos he loves me so much.

MICKEY. You should let him get on with it.

BABY. You think so? He copies my walk. I'm seeing myself everywhere. I'm looking across the room there's another me. You know the smoke ring thing I do?

MICKEY. (Pause.) It's because he likes you.

BABY. He likes me. I know I know. He loves me Mickey. Tonight I'm gonna buy him a jacket like, you know my blue one. Like that, yeah, and I'm gonna present him with it. And I'm gonna take him out the front, walk him up and down, buy him a frothy coffee, then take him round the back play a tune on his head with a brick.

MICKEY. (Pause.) You need a sleep.

BABY. Me? I feel great.

MICKEY. You look horrible.

BABY. I feel lovely. I feel like I just flew in from Rio.

MICKEY. Have a kip we'll do this later.

BABY. But it's a working day. And I'm a working man.

MICKEY. When did you last sleep? When did you last sleep? (Pause.) I don't know how you must feel.

BABY (sings) She wore a picture of a cowboy,
Tattooed on her spine
Saying Phoenix, Arizona,
Nineteen forty-nine.

Me? Peachy. In the pink. (Pause.)

MICKEY. We'll do this later.

BABY. What's the matter? Relax Mickey. You look tired.

MICKEY. I'm fine. We'll do this later.

BABY stands and offers MICKEY the seat.

BABY. Sit-down soldier.

MICKEY. I'm fine Baby.

BABY. You want a drink? There's some . . . you want a Pale Ale? I'll get you a Pale Ale.

MICKEY. I'm fine.

BABY. Sure? Whiskey? Little morning spring-in-your-step?

BABY sits back down.

MICKEY. Sid says you saw Mr. Ross here last night.

BABY. Hold it. Hold it. I don't feel right. If we're going to talk business I'm not looking right.

MICKEY. Okay. Okay I hope there's a way . . .

BABY. I don't feel right. Something's missing. I need a tie or something.

MICKEY. What?

BABY. That's it. Gimme your tie.

MICKEY. Why do you do this?

BABY takes MICKEY's tie off the desk and puts it on.

BABY. I got to feel the part. I got to look right.

MICKEY. I don't know what to say to you.

BABY. Mickey. Relax. Relax. You want a drink?

MICKEY. No.

BABY. Are you sure?

MICKEY. I'm fine. Sid says Sam Ross was here last night.

BABY. Who?

MICKEY. Sam Ross. Sid said you saw him.

BABY. Well, you know. Saturday. Place is chocker.

MICKEY. He said -

BABY. You know you should have been here. It was great. Banners and girls and everything.

MICKEY. Sid said you pointed him out.

BABY. Yeah, there was a lot of people.

MICKEY. Baby don't fuck with me. We're dead otherwise. There's been a deal on.

BABY. Oh, there's been a deal on.

MICKEY. You know there has.

BABY. No-one told me.

MICKEY. I know you know. Even Sweets knows.

BABY. No-one told me . . .

MICKY. You know there was.
 BABY. This is fun. Two businessmen enjoying the morning.
 MICKY. All I know is Sam Ross was offering some deal. But your dad wasn't interested. The money was going up and up. Ezra was being nice, but he wasn't going to swap the kid for anything. Now we think Sam Ross has got the kid.
 BABY. I know, I know in my heart,
 But you say I'm trying to rush
 Please don't try to keep us apart
 Don't call it a teenage crush.
 Mickey, I just drink the beer, have a laugh, kiss the girls and make them cry. Don't ask me.
 MICKY. You think you're in a book.
 BABY. I am. I'm Spiderman.
Re-enter SWEETS and POTTS.
 SWEETS. Mickey. I've just...
 MICKY. What?
 SWEETS. Sorry. It's just I've just had a thought.
 MICKY. What?
 SWEETS. Well it's just this. What about Ezra's Sunday Parlez-Vous?
 MICKY. What?
 SWEETS. The Sunday... Ezra's Sunday Parlez-Vous. Everyone's gonna wonder why we're shut...
 POTTS. What time is it?
 SWEETS. Eleven. Says noon on the ticket.
 POTTS. He's right.
 SWEETS. There'll be a queue.
 POTTS. I sold about a twenty tickets last night alone.
 MICKY. Listen. Listen.
 POTTS. It's going to be very popular. We'll have a queue round the block in twenty minutes.
 MICKY. Listen. Listen. Fuck the Sunday Parlez Vous. I'll... fuck the Sunday Parlez Vous. I'll worry about that.
 SWEETS. Yeah but Mickey, there's going to be a queue outside in ten minutes.
 BABY. It's a problem Mickey. What are you going to do?
 MICKY. I worry about that. We'll put a sign on the door say we're decorating -

BABY. We just decorated...
 MICKY. I don't fucking care. We're doing it again.
Enter SKINNY.
 SKINNY. It's all locked. There some kids hanging around out the front.
 POTTS. It's the Par... Mickey. What did I just say? Eh? It's the Parlez Vous.
 SKINNY. What? Fuck.
 POTTS. What did I just say?
 SKINNY. Fuck. Is it Sunday?
 POTTS. You watch. They'll flock.
 SWEETS. Everyone was on about it last night.
 POTTS. You watch.
 SWEETS. That Sylvia, with all those mates. Knows those Mick builders.
 POTTS. Who's suggestion was it? Eh? Turn Sunday, a dead day in the week, make it something. Who thought up the name. The continental feel. Who was it?
 MICKY. Sidney Please.
 POTTS. I'm just pointing it out.
 MICKY. I know. Just... Just keep the door locked they'll fuck off. Shut up, just keep out of sight they'll all fuck off.
 BABY. Where'd you get those trousers?
 SKINNY. Sorry?
 BABY. You heard me pretty. Where'd you find such lovely pegs?
 SKINNY. I bought them.
 BABY. You bought them. Where?
 MICKY. Leave the trousers.
 SKINNY. I bought them over Monkeytown.
 BABY. You're a liar Skinny Luke.
 MICKY. Baby go downstairs.
 BABY. Kiss my pegs.
 POTTS. Here we go.
 BABY. Kiss my pegs.
 SKINNY. Fuck off.
 BABY. I know why you say all those things about me. It's because you love me so much. Mickey says.

MICKEY. Baby, leave him alone.

BABY. It's because you're fighting with yourself. I know what I do to you Skinny Luke. Now show me. Kiss my pegs. Kiss them. (BABY throws a chair at SKINNY.) Look at the floor. Look at the floor.

SKINNY. Great fucking game. Great fucking game. Great fucking game.

BABY. Look at the . . . Look at the floor. I'll close your fuckin' eyes. Kiss my pegs.

SKINNY. Fuck off.

BABY. Kiss my pegs. Kiss my pegs.

SKINNY. Fuck off. Mickey -

BABY. Kiss my pegs. Kiss my pegs.

POTTS. Kiss his fucking pegs.

SKINNY. Throwing chairs Mickey. That's a new one. That's an escalation. What did I tell you about the pattern. Insults, spitting, squeezing, sneezing. Throwing chairs. I'm going to end up dead Mickey. You watch.

MICKEY. All right. Calm it down.

SKINNY. I've had enough.

MICKEY. Skin listen. Go over Charlie Dodds.

SKINNY. I've had enough.

MICKEY. Shut up and listen. Go over Charlie Dodds.

SKINNY. Right.

MICKEY. Do you know where he is?

SKINNY. Who?

MICKEY. Charlie Dodds. Do you know -

SKINNY. Yeah. Yes. Old Compton up the top.

MICKEY. See what he's got. Go there come back. Don't talk to no one. Don't get stopped.

SKINNY. Right.

MICKEY. Stuff it up your shirt down your trousers. Don't get fuckin' pinched.

SKINNY. What if I bump into someone?

MICKEY (handing over money). Act.

SKINNY. Right. And I'll get some sandwiches.

MICKEY. Listen. For fuck's sakes. Are you listening to me? Just go Charlie Dodd's come back here. Go now.

SKINNY. Right. I've got to talk to you Mickey.

MICKEY. Do it now then come back here.

SKINNY. Good. Good. I've . . . we'll talk Mickey. I might want to have children one day.

Exit SKINNY.

SWEETS. This is it. This is it. We're all going to die here.

MICKEY. We're not going to die. We're going to stay here, we'll be alright.

SWEETS. I'm scared Mickey.

MICKEY. It's alright. Go out the back get those old mattresses.

POTTS. Are we staying here?

MICKEY. Just get them.

SWEETS. Are you sure Mickey? That we're going to be alright?

MICKEY. Yes. I am. I'm sure it's all right. (BABY gets up to leave.) Where are you going? Baby.

BABY. I fancied a sandwich.

MICKEY. Stay here.

BABY. I'm hungry.

MICKEY. Stay here. Do you want to still be a part of this or not?

BABY. Do I want to be a part of this . . . ? This is brilliant!

MICKEY. Because you are a part . . .

BABY. Is this an . . . an invitation . . . ?

MICKEY. You're supposed to be a part . . .

BABY. Am I being asked? Am I being courted?

MICKEY. Look. I don't care what you do long term, I don't mind. But for a couple days I need you here.

BABY. What for?

MICKEY. For the outside.

BABY. The what?

MICKEY. To the outside. It goes Ezra you me to the outside.

BABY. That's why I've been here? Decoration. Like the sequins.

MICKEY. They're going to come here. If not Ross, anyone wants this place. Now to the outside you're the son, so you're the man.

BABY. So why did they call you? (Pause.) Somebody decides to kill my daddy, do they call me tell me? No Mickey. They give you the call (Pause.) You see what I mean Mickey? You got the call.