

Re-enter SKINNY.

SKINNY. Mickey.

MICKEY. What the fuck is it? I sent you to do a job.

SKINNY. It's just I found this on the doorstep.

SKINNY *holds out a box, big enough to hold a football, gift-wrapped with a silver ribbon. He puts it on the floor in front of them all.*

POTTS. I know what that is. I know what that is.

SWEETS. What?

POTTS. I know what that is.

SWEETS. What is it?

SKINNY. Fucking hell.

POTTS. Oh no.

SKINNY. Fucking hell. Fucking hell.

POTTS. It's the kid. It's the fucking kid's head.

SKINNY. Oh Jesus.

POTTS. Look at it. What do you think it is. It's the kid's head isn't it?

SWEETS. Oh Jesus.

POTTS. It's the kid's head. It's the fucking kid's nut isn't it. Well isn't it?

MICKEY. Shut up.

POTTS. Look at it. Perfect size. It's his nut.

MICKEY. Shut up.

SWEETS. Look. It's his fucking head. It's his fucking head in a box.

POTTS. How heavy is it? Heavy. I bet it's about a couple of stone. If it's a couple of stone it's his nut. One two stone it's the nipper's nut without much doubt.

MICKEY. Shut up.

POTTS. Oh my Jesus. They cut his head off.

MICKEY. Calm down.

POTTS. They're going to kill us all.

SWEETS. My God.

POTTS. It's over.

MICKEY. Shut up. All of you. Shut up.

SKINNY. Just say if it is because I don't want to see. Just nod if it is.

POTTS. We're finished. We're finished.

BABY goes to the box. He unties the ribbon and opens it. He stares into it, standing over it. He pulls out a silver jacket, folded up. He unfolds it and looks at it. He holds it up for the others to see. He puts it on.

He goes to the jukebox, jingles his pockets, finds a penny, drops it in the slot, presses a number and a tune begins.

Rock 'n' Roll plays loud in the office. All eyes are on BABY. He ties the silver ribbon round his head and begins to dance. He starts slowly, menacingly, quick steps, tight, arrogant. As the song builds he moves faster and faster until it has become a noise. The sound grows, the drums getting louder, the instruments in discord, the beat intensifies until it reaches fever pitch, a wall of sound. It grinds deafeningly as BABY gets closer and closer to MICKEY until he is right in his face. At its peak, everything stops except the drumming, with BABY frozen, staring into MICKEY's eyes. They are staring at each other. The drumming halts. Tableau.

Blackout. End of Act One.

MICKEY. What was your idea?

SWEETS. What?

MICKEY. You said you had an idea.

SWEETS. Good. I've come up with a plan and it makes sense to me in my head, but before you answer, mull it over for half a minute, live with it a tick then see if I'm wrong. Okay? So: *(Pause.)* I say we all do a scarper. *(Pause.)*

MICKEY. Sweets -

SWEETS. Mull it over Mickey.

MICKEY. Is that it?

SWEETS. Sounds obvious but the best ones always do. We've had a shock lah-di-dah who says we all of us put it behind us jump on a train. All of us, as a team, train down Margate splash in the sea. *(Pause.)*

MICKEY. Baby wakes up let me know.

SWEETS. Give it half a minute watch it grow on you.

MICKEY. Sweets -

SWEETS. The cool sea breeze. Cure-all. Works wonders for head cold. What?

MICKEY. We've got no lease on this place. We've got no deed.

SWEETS. Right . . .

MICKEY. It gets out about Ezra anyone who wants this place can walk in make themselves at home.

SWEETS. Uh-huh.

MICKEY. So we go down Margate, lark around, come back find it's gone. Then we've lost it all.

SWEETS. Absolutely.

MICKEY. So we're gonna stay here sweat out the weekend. See what happens, hopefully Monday it's still ours. After that, I don't know.

SWEETS. Horse sense. Twenty-four carat.

MICKEY. You see?

SWEETS. Mickey, go in there, close the door, lie down, let the dirt drop out your fingernails. Any news we'll give you the holler.

POTTS. There's a hole in your plan Mickey.

MICKEY. Oh yeah Sidney. Tell me.

POTTS. This. What if Mr. Ross comes back? *(Pause.)* Eh? Sam Ross gets his strength back comes here finds we hung around. What next?

Act Two, Scene One

Downstairs at the Atlantic. Sequins everywhere. A staircase up to the office at the back with a chain across 'Private'. An enormous banner across the back reads 'Ezra's Atlantic Salutes Young People'.

A passage out to an area off-stage, and outside.

BABY is out cold at a table, wearing the silver jacket. MICKEY is talking on the telephone at the bar.

MICKEY. I can't talk now. We've got . . . no I can't. We've got a problem. I can't explain. Look, it will have to wait. I'm going to be away for . . . I'm going to be busy for a couple of days. Yes. Don't call me. I can't explain. When it's . . . I'll call you on Monday. No. No. I'll call you. I'll call you in an hour or so. Of course. Of course.

He hangs up. He pulls the banner down. Enter SWEETS and POTTS each carrying a dustbin.

Is the back locked?

POTTS. I've put the bolt on.

MICKEY. That bolt's too weak. A kid could break it in. Where's Skinny?

SWEETS. He's not back.

POTTS. Look. It's gone six.

SWEETS. Count on it Mickey. He's fucked it up.

POTTS. You sent the wrong bloke. Probably had his collar felt five pistols down his pants.

MICKEY. Tell me when he wakes up. *(Heads towards office.)*

SWEETS. Mickey. Can I have a quick word?

MICKEY. What?

SWEETS. Had a little idea.

MICKEY. What is it Sweets?

SWEETS. Quick little tiddy over here . . . *(MICKEY waits.)* Can I? Good. Lovely. *(Pause.)* You know that business earlier with Sid. I know he's sorry. It was the pills.

MICKEY. Forget it. None of us is ourself.

SWEETS. Couple of days we'll all be us again, go for a drink crack jokes about it, eh?

MICKEY. Then I don't know. *(Pause.)*

SWEETS. You don't know?

MICKEY. No.

SWEETS. Think about my plan Mickey. It's got something. Sun. Donkeys. Kiss Me Quick . . .

MICKEY. Nothing's keeping you here Sweets. You want a piece of what's left, okay; you want to go out in the sun get an ice-cream, go to Margate you're welcome. Train goes from Victoria. *(Pause.)*

SWEETS. Mickey come over here and piss all down my leg. How far do we go back? Don't . . . How far do we go back?

MICKEY. I know.

SWEETS. I walked in the old warehouse can I have a job I'll work for fuck all. Come over here and piss all down my leg.

MICKEY. I'm proud of you Sweets.

POTTS. Mickey. Do you think he's going to come for us?

MICKEY. You've met him Sidney. You tell me.

MICKEY goes up the staircase.

POTTS. What?

SWEETS. What? Nothing.

POTTS. I thought you said something.

SWEETS. No. Me? No.

POTTS. Handing out the cuffs. Fucking getting cuffy. I didn't start all this.

SWEETS. He's as shook up as any.

POTTS. My ears still ringing.

SWEETS. I know. Wake up tomorrow you'll be right as rain.

POTTS. We're not waking up tomorrow. You heard what he said. He hasn't got a plan. What if I cuffed him. That'd be it wouldn't it?

But no. I'll just stand there line up let you all have a swing. *(Pause.)* He tries it again I'm gonna start thumping back. And hard as I can.

SWEETS. Relax Sid. Have some cake.

POTTS. Who fucking discovered the kid?

SWEETS. Right.

POTTS. Fact. One solid gold forgotten fact.

Pause. BABY stirs in his sleep.

SWEETS. Poor bastard.

POTTS. I shouldn't worry about him too long Sweets.

SWEETS. Don't you feel a pang for him?

POTTS. I've got my own plate of shit to eat today thank you. I don't even know this hurts him.

SWEETS. Big heart Sid. 'Course it hurts him.

POTTS. Mickey first says it to him, Sorry Baby but your dad's been done. What does he do? He gives it the Buick. Some sketch about a car in the street. *(What he's already told you and me the day before, the same fucking words.)* Now chop my old man up see if I stand around swapping car models.

SWEETS. Yeah but there's dads and dads. You're thinking of a *dad*. Like in a book. Fucking figure of something.

POTTS. Yes but -

SWEETS. Not some bloke waits for you come home home from school stuffs his hands down your pants. Not one has you biting the sheets and then don't tell your mum.

POTTS. Don't get me wrong. I like him. I'm not saying I'd run back in and save him the building catches fire but he's a mate. He's one of my best mates isn't he? But he's a cunt. Oh. He's had it tough. Oh. His dad did the funny on him. Well that's all the past isn't it. Fucker's dead. He ought to draw a line now. Start afresh. But he won't. I know he won't. The trouble with his type is they think the world owes them a big kiss and a trip down the zoo. *(Pause.)* Have you got any pills?

SWEETS. I've run out.

POTTS. Thank Christ for that.

Enter SKINNY.

SKINNY. Relax. It's all right. Panic over. It's sorted. You sweat for nothing and suddenly it's okay. Sweets you are a genius. This is your town. *(He removes a Derringer purse-pistol.)* Can you see that? Can you just make that out?

SWEETS. Christ.

SKINNY. A Derringer.

POTTS. Marvellous . . .

SKINNY. An antique . . .

POTTS. Sweets . . .

SKINNY. A collector's item. A curiosity.

SWEETS. Where d'you get that?

SKINNY. They crash in here it turns sour I'll gun them all down.

POTTS. Brilliant.

SKINNY. Mow 'em all down go up the Nellie Dean.
 POTTS. Marvellous.
 SKINNY. Five quid for the week off Charlie Dodd. Charlie Hi ho
 Dodd. Our private angel over Old Compton Street.
 POTTS. Fuck. It's a sign.
 SKINNY. It is. It's a sign. It says 'We are the men with the small
 gun'.
 SWEETS. Did you say you was with me?
 SKINNY. Yeah. Yeah. Yes. Yeah. 'Sweets Who?' (Beat.)
 SWEETS. Cunt.
 POTTS. That's a big hole in the plan then.
 SWEETS. My brother had two Webley's off him last March.
 SKINNY. Bow and arrow we've got the set.
 SWEETS. Colim did. Pair a Webleys.
 SKINNY. Have you bolted the back?
 POTTS. What's the point? A kid could break it. Hang on. How did
 you get in?
 SKINNY. Mickey gave me the key.
 POTTS. When?
 SKINNY. Last night. When he said I was in charge. I'm going to
 check the back. Come back find you all dead.
 Exit SKINNY. Pause.
 POTTS. Did you know that?
 SWEETS. I had no idea. (Pause.)
 POTTS. Do you believe him?
 SWEETS. He's got the key. (Pause.)
 POTTS. This, Sweets, is very bad for us.
 SWEETS. What the fuck is going on?
 POTTS. He's got the key. Mickey gave him the key.
 SWEETS. You're right.
 POTTS. This is bad.
 SWEETS. Big mistake. Mickey's made a big mistake there.
 POTTS. I'm disappointed. I'm disappointed in Mickey.
 SWEETS. No wonder. Mickey puts him in charge. Hey Presto Ezra
 gets chopped up the kid vanishes.
 POTTS. Harsh, but I know what you're getting at.

SWEETS. It explains a lot. The whole . . . the -
 POTTS. Minute we turn our backs. 'Mickey can I help' - 'Mickey can
 I help you with this.' Eh? 'Mickey let me . . . Mickey let me help
 you with that mattress.'
 SWEETS. You're right.
 POTTS. Mickey let me shake the *drips* off. With the keys . . . 'I think
 I should have a key.' Now look. Abracadabra he's got himself a
 key. I bet he 'forgets' to give it back.
 SWEETS. He's quick, I'll give him that.
 POTTS. Can you see this? Somebody here is Mickey's new friend.
 Before, right, before it's this is wrong with the club, that's wrong
 with the club, and and and as soon as there's aggro he runs
 under the fucking shawl.
 SWEETS. Don't waste any time do you Missy . . .
 POTTS. Getting snug. You watch, they'll share a fucking mattress
 tonight. And with the . . . with the Charlie Dodds. Who suggested
 that eh? Who suggested it?
 SWEETS. Me.
 POTTS. (beat). Exactly. And who gets packed off. Who gets trusted?
 You and me? Now . . . Now he'll walk in here and he'll want us all
 to kneel down kiss his crack.
 SWEETS. With all the ordering us about with the mattresses. Like it's
 a scout camp . . .
 POTTS. Getting into it. This isn't a fuckin' fresh air fortnight. This is
 real.
 SWEETS. Thinking he's in the trenches -
 POTTS. Giving it the Uncle Tommy -
 SWEETS. The fucking Uncle Tommy -
 POTTS. We're gonna get the Uncle Tommy. We're gonna get the
 Uncle Tommy. (Pause.) Fucking mess we're in.
 Re-enter SKINNY.
 SKINNY. Where's Mickey?
 POTTS. See?
 SKINNY. Where is he. (What?)
 POTTS. Never you mind love.
 SKINNY. What?
 SWEETS. He's upstairs.
 POTTS. He's got his head cold.

SWEETS. He's got his head cold doesn't want bothering. What's it like out there?

SKINNY. Beautiful. Sunny. There's a few kids out there. Stupid bastards are queueing up.

SWEETS. Yeah, tell 'em the shows round Mr. Ross' tonight.

SKINNY (*i.e. the bins*). This him then?

POTTS. Yeah. Yeah that's him.

SKINNY. Fucking hell. (*Pause*.) You had a look?

POTTS. You haven't got the stomach.

SKINNY. A quid.

POTTS. Done.

SKINNY. Here. Half a crown and a Bazooka Joe.

POTTS. Done. (*They shake*. SKINNY *readies himself*. *He can't do it*.) Shutter.

SKINNY. It's harder than you think. (*He gives POTTS half a crown and the Bazooka Joe*.) I don't fucking like this.

POTTS. Don't you feel bad about it?

SKINNY. What?

POTTS. What with it all happening on your first night in charge. Not a pretty start, is it?

SKINNY. Fuck off.

POTTS. Saps your confidence though I bet. As a leader.

SKINNY. I'm not listening to you. (*Pause*.)

SWEETS. Poor man. One minute he's up on the stage. Introducing. Doing all the introducing. In his blue suit. His best blue suit. His little joke at the start. (*Pause*.)

SKINNY. We should have stuck to the machines.

POTTS. Here we go. What was that Skipper?

SKINNY. What? Ezra never saw straight again the day the kid walked in here.

SWEETS. It's over. It's gone.

SKINNY. Buying him silver suits. Wearing tight trousers himself. I mean an old man wearing tight trousers. It's asking for trouble.

SWEETS. That's true.

SKINNY. Eh? Thinking I am in love all's well in the world. Like he dresses up he can stare out Sam Ross. Thinks if he combs his hair puts on tight trousers it's All Hail the Prince of Clothes.

POTTS. You're all heart Skin.

SKINNY. Just because some old man wants to fuck children for a hobby don't mean we all have to die in his good name.

SWEETS. I don't know. He was always level to us weren't he Sid. POTTS. Treated me fair. Played the gent.

SWEETS. Poor man. I'll miss him. (*Pause*.) All right. Here's a good bet. Which half's his legs and which half's his head?

POTTS. Ten bob says left one's his head.

SWEETS. I reckon left.

SKINNY. Yeah you've picked 'em up.

POTTS. Yeah but we haven't looked.

SKINNY. Null bet. Null bet.

POTTS. Jeeez. Nice to be trusted.

SWEETS. You should be a bit more trusting.

SKINNY. I watch my back all right.

SWEETS. You should be a bit more trusting my son.

SKINNY. I watch my back all right. (*Pause*.)

POTTS. You get any sandwiches?

SKINNY. Mickey gave me a fiver. I spent it on a small gun.

SWEETS. Eat the cake.

POTTS. I've eaten the cake.

SWEETS. Eat the cake. It's got... It's the same as bread.

POTTS. I eat any more of the cake I'm going to die. I'm going to turn blue die of cake poisoning.

SWEETS. It's the same as bread.

POTTS. The cherries. They're wax. They taste like wax.

SKINNY. Chuck a bit over then. (... blue icing...)

POTTS (*to SWEETS*). Look at this...

SKINNY. What.

POTTS. Am I the cake fetcher?

SKINNY. I'm asking you -

SKINNY. Just gimme a piece.

POTTS. Am I your cake fetcher?

SKINNY. No. No. You're not. Absolutely. You jumpy cunt. I thought we were mates.

POTTS. Would you get me a piece of cake?

SKINNY. Mates. Friendship. You know?

POTTS. Would you fetch me cake?
 SKINNY. I thought we were mates.
 POTTS. We're business friends.
 SWEETS. I'll get you some. You want some of the cake?
 SKINNY. Grow up.
 SWEETS. I'm sorry?
 SKINNY. No.
 SWEETS. What did you say?
 POTTS. He said 'Grow up'.
 SKINNY. I don't want to play.
 POTTS. He said 'Grow up'.
 SKINNY. I don't want to play that's all.
 POTTS (to SWEETS). You see?
 SKINNY. What?
 SWEETS. Fucking Victor Mature.
 POTTS. Fucking coming-of-age party.
 SKINNY. You two live in a dreamworld.
 POTTS. Whereas you have a long flowing beard.
 SKINNY. A world of your own.
 POTTS. You have the long whiskers of wisdom.
 SKINNY. You know nothing about the real world. My Uncle Tommy was in the R.A.F, yeah, and when they were pinned down, and some, say someone said, here Tom, Tommy, fetch me a bit of cake or a cuppa tea you did it because of team spirit.
 POTTS (to SWEETS). With the Uncle Tommy ...
 SWEETS (to POTTS). Do you hear that?
 POTTS (to SWEETS). What did I say ... ?
 SKINNY. What?
 POTTS (to SWEETS) ... Fuckin' Uncle Tommy who won the war on his own ...
 SKINNY. It's true ... they helped each other out. Someone says can I have a cup of tea -
 POTTS. Uncle Tommy and his Halifax bomber. Uncle Tommy who shot down Hitler. Uncle Tommy who pinned down the Bosch single-handed at the Somme.
 SKINNY. He fought in both World Wars.

POTTS. Here we go. And they're off.
 SKINNY. What? Fuck off. He fought in both World Wars.
 POTTS. Every time.
 SKINNY. He fought ... he said he was older than he was in the First and younger than he was in the Second.
 SWEETS. And he had four brothers and they all died in action at the Somme.
 POTTS. Shame.
 SWEETS. Four older brothers mind.
 POTTS. I bet they did it on purpose. I bet they did it on purpose to get away from Uncle Tommy.
 SWEETS. Fucking ... Skin, give Uncle Tommy a call get him round here and when Sam Ross gets here he can kill him for us.
 SKINNY. I'm not listening to you. I asked you for a piece of cake. You just have no understanding of history. Those people died for you.
 POTTS. Are you still here Sunshine. Why don't you fuck off and join up.
 SWEETS. Join up fight the jippos. Take your little gun. See if they'll have you.
 SKINNY. You have no understanding of history. (Pause.)
 SWEETS. There's toffee apples.
 POTTS. I know there's toffee apples. Stop fucking toffee apppling me.
 SWEETS. They're good.
 POTTS. Fucking mess we're in. (Pause.)
 SWEETS. Anyway, why's he called your Uncle Tommy when he's shackled up with your mum?
 SKINNY. Fuck off. I'm not listening.
 SWEETS. Eh? Sid. Uncle.
 POTTS. Fucking friendly uncle.
 SKINNY. I'm not listening. (Pause.)
 POTTS. Fucking mess we're in.
 Enter MICKEY from the upstairs.
 MICKEY. What did Charlie say?
 SKINNY. Mickey. I'm sorry. He only had this.
 POTTS. Might as well give Sam Ross a Chinese burn as pop him with that. Waste of Sam's time.

SWEETS. He's got more. I know he's got more.

POTTS. Mickey, sorry but you sent the wrong bloke.

SKINNY. He doesn't even know you.

POTTS. That's nice Skin. Mickey gives you a job, you walk around in the sunshine, fuck it up, come back point the stinky finger at Sweets.

SWEETS. It's got a lovely bone handle.

MICKEY. Give it here. (MICKEY takes the gun.) All right. Don't worry. We've still got the shotgun.

SWEETS. Where is it?

MICKEY. It's up there.

SWEETS. We've only got two shots for it. What if three of them come? Or ten? or more? Shouldn't we have it out here? Handy.

MICKEY. Leave it. Have you eaten?

POTTS. Mickey, it's about the cake. I can't actually eat any more or I'm going to sick up.

SWEETS. It's the same as bread.

POTTS. We need some supplies. You're in charge. What next?

SKINNY. Mickey, can I have a word?

MICKEY. What about? (Eat the cake).

POTTS. Sorry. It makes me gag.

SWEETS. There's toffee apples.

SKINNY. Mickey -

POTTS. Fucking leave it with the toffee apples.

MICKEY. For tonight it's the cake. We'll get something else in the morning.

SWEETS. Mickey, what do you suppose he's doing right now?

MICKEY. Who?

SWEETS. Silver Johnny.

MICKEY. I don't know. He's with Sam Ross.

POTTS. He's on a plane to Acapulco with Sam Ross. He's sitting in a bubble bath. I know he is. Right now up to his scrawny neck. Eating a goose off a floating platter.

MICKEY. He's got a big fat smile across his face I can tell you that much.

SWEETS. Do you know what I think? I think he's had all his teeth covered in silver, and he's got silver plated hair and nails, silver feet and silver pubes and he's singing at the Washington Bowl with loads of famous people watching. (Pause.)

SKINNY. Mickey?

MICKEY. What?

SKINNY. Can I have a quick word? It's private.

MICKEY. What is?

SKINNY. The quick word. Can we go up there?

MICKEY. Okay. Go up. (SKINNY goes up the stairs.) Tell me when he wakes up.

Exit MICKEY up the stairs.

POTTS. Stick a pin in me.

SWEETS. If I hadn't seen it

POTTS. Did I fall asleep miss the wedding?

SWEETS. Bad for morale that. Very bad.

POTTS. You see it? Can you see it. You know?

SWEETS. Got his feet nicely . . .

POTTS. Exactly. Under the table. Nice and cosy.

SWEETS. Someone here is saying one thing to do another.

POTTS. You know he can stand in the corner down here clicking his fingers being big with the twelve-year-olds waving like he don't drive the van

SWEETS. Cosy.

POTTS. He drives the van and I say he should drive the van.

SWEETS. Standing at the bar like he don't drive the van . . .

POTTS. In the corner . . . with the twelve-year-olds . . .

SWEETS. 'Mickey, this is what I told you about.'

POTTS. 'I should have a key. I should be the . . . sociable . . . on the door.'

SWEETS. And . . . and . . . With the fuckin' -

POTTS. The fucking American.

SWEETS. With the American accent.

POTTS. Honestly. It's sad.

SWEETS. To girls. In this stupid American accent.

POTTS. 'Welcome to the World of Atlantica. Continental style drinks and an occasion for all.' He sounds Welsh.

SWEETS. Getting snug.

POTTS. Cuddling up to Mickey . . . this is wrong that's wrong. With his fucking bunch of keys.

SWEETS. . . . fucking bad breath —

POTTS. Fucking bad breath van boy. Fucking bad breath van boy with chat.

BABY *suddenly sits up*.

BABY. Whoa!!

He sits there, not moving.

POTTS. Here we go.

SWEETS. Hello Colonel. How's that?

POTTS. Bit more like it eh?

SWEETS. Now that feels a lot better don't it.

POTTS. Sweets, get Baby a glass of water.

SWEETS. How you feeling Baby-o. Ready for the party?

Pause. BABY sits there.

BABY. What time is it?

POTTS. What? It's the evening.

SWEETS. July. Lovely long evening.

POTTS. Still hot. Long shadows down Dean Street I bet.

SWEETS. Lovely out. Must be.

POTTS. Boiling hot. Skin said.

BABY. Yeah? (*Pause*.) I miss anything?

POTTS. Yeah. There was a wedding.

SWEETS. Yeah. Mickey and Skinny got hitched.

POTTS. Whirlwind romance. Very touching.

SWEETS. That's the cake over there. Potts was best man and I sung the carol.

BABY. Where's is he?

SWEETS. Mickey? He's up there mate.

POTTS. Up there with the lucky lady.

SWEETS. He's up there bumming him off right now.

POTTS. Yeah. He's bumming off his bad breath van boy bride. So. Mickey don't love us any more. That's what's happened. That's all you missed. (*Pause*.)

BABY. You know it is a hot evening. I can smell it on the breeze.

POTTS. Yeah.

BABY. Yes. I can smell it. Like when you're a kid and you wake up and it's summer.

SWEETS. Typical eh? Rains all July, then the day they chop your boss up you go into hiding, wouldn't you know, a scorcher.

POTTS. Shut it Sweets.

SWEETS. Absolutely. Sorry Babes.

POTTS. It's the cake. He's eaten nothing but cake for ten hours.

SWEETS. It's the blue icing.

POTTS. Relax. (*Pause*.)

BABY. So who wants to go up the pictures?

POTTS. That'd be the one wouldn't it. Normal Sunday have a cold lemon go up the Curzon.

SWEETS. Fuck about after up St. James.

POTTS. Maybe head down Monkeytown. Hang out.

SWEETS. Town's your oyster.

BABY. What about it? Quick flick. Eh? Quick Bob Mitchum.

POTTS. Yeah. Sorry Babes. Can't.

SWEETS. Love to Babes. Not allowed.

BABY. Come on. Who wants to go and see a Wild West?

POTTS. I personally would love to. But Mickey's decided it. We're all stopped here.

BABY. Who says?

POTTS. Mickey says.

BABY. Mickey says.

SWEETS. Yeah. (*Pause*.)

BABY. There's probably kids outside.

SWEETS. Skin said there's a few.

BABY. Shall we get them in. Open the bar?

SWEETS. We can't mate. Love to. Can't.

BABY. Oh. (*Pause*.) Sidney, quick film?

POTTS. All right Baby. Stop pulling my cock.

BABY. What?

POTTS. You know we ain't going out, having a party, doing a conga, nothing. We're sitting here on these pissy mattresses. Why? Because of what's in those bins. Blunt as it is, I've had nothing but sorrow and birthday cake since sun-up, so stop the Music Hall. All right love?

SWEETS. Relax Sid.

POTTS. I'm relaxed. I'm talking.

BABY. This him?

He lifts the lid off one. He looks. He puts it down. He lifts the lid off the other. He looks, then puts it down.

Sweets?

SWEETS. Yes Babes?

BABY. I think I'll have that glass of water now please.

SWEETS. I'll just get you one.

Exit SWEETS.

POTTS. Fucking weekend. You feeling all right?

BABY. Tell the truth I'm a bit tired.

POTTS. Yeah?

BABY. Yeah. Feel . . . tired like when you see old people and they look tired. You know what I mean?

POTTS. You'll pick up. It's the shock. *(Pause.)* You shouldn't have done that.

BABY. What?

POTTS. Had a look. You'll only have a bad dream now. I remember when I was four I saw this dog get ripped up by these pykies. They had it tied up on a swing and they had these pinking shears and a rake. *(Pause.)* Carried that little doggy round in my head for weeks.

BABY. Yeah. Maybe I'll have a bad dream or something. *(Pause.)*

POTTS. You should hear what Skinny was saying about you Babes. *(Pause.)*

BABY. About me?

POTTS. What?

BABY. You just said.

POTTS. Yeah. He was saying stuff to Mickey. About you.

BABY. What about me?

POTTS. How now's the time to brush you off.

BABY. Did he say that?

SWEETS. Fucking bad breath . . . He opens his mouth something uncouth plops out.

BABY. What did he say then?

POTTS. He saying to Mickey he reckons we should brush you off. That blah blah pissing on we don't need the Jew no more.

BABY. Ah . . . He doesn't mean that.

POTTS. He said it. Something like it . . .

BABY. He doesn't mean that. He only says that because he loves me.

POTTS. Yeah? They're up there right now. Luke and Mickey. He's fucking got his feet nicely under the table.

BABY. I take no notice. I know it's just because he wants to walk like me. You all right Sid?

POTTS. Me? Tops.

BABY. You look white.

POTTS. It's the pills. I'm crampy. My stomach's all shrunk.

BABY. Your tummy? Does it hurt?

POTTS. It's like a lump of stone.

BABY. You had a sleep?

POTTS. What? No. I can't.

BABY. You should have a sleep Sid. I'll keep watch.

POTTS. Go downstairs stick your head under the tap. Clear your thoughts. *(Pause.)* I'm fucking shitting myself Baby.

BABY. Ah I shouldn't worry. Mickey's got it all under control.

POTTS. He ain't even got a plan. Besides, they made him God I missed it. Fucking getting cuffy with me.

BABY. He hit you?

POTTS. Right on my eardrum. It's ringing.

BABY. Mickey hit you? Did he hurt you?

POTTS. What? Not bad. But it knocks you back you get a cuff.

BABY. I'll say. That's not like him.

Re-enter SWEETS.

SWEETS. Here you go. Nice chilly drink.

POTTS. You run it for a bit? The nippers climb up there slash in the tank. Always run it count to six.

BABY. Thank you Sweets.

BABY *drinks the water.* *Pause.*

SWEETS. You ever seen him before?

BABY. Who?

SWEETS. Mr. Ross.

POTTS. Fucker's a legend South of the River.

SWEETS. Last year. Last year, when the Billy thing. Billy the . . .

POTTS. The Billy thing.