

SWEETS. The fuckin' Billy thing. The fucking Billy the Bass.

POTTS. The double bass -

SWEETS. The double Billy thing. The stand-up bass player. Getting his own -

POTTS. Says he wants -

SWEETS. About his own manager. Shows up one night he's got his own manager along. He's the *bass player*. What happens? Eh? I'll tell you what happens.

POTTS. To the manager. This is the Hyde Park -

SWEETS. They find him lying in Hyde Park. Sweets . . . I'll tell you what happens. They find him lying in Hyde Park.

POTTS. (. . . fuckin' . . .)

SWEETS. They find him *switching* in the Park.

POTTS. (. . . fuckin' . . .)

SWEETS. They've woken him up driven up the Hyde, staked the fucker out and and and and -

POTTS. The lawn -

SWEETS. . . and drove a lawnmower over him. Over his face. Drove a lawnmower over his face.

POTTS. Fuckin' hell.

SWEETS. Over his face.

POTTS. Fuckin' hell.

SWEETS. Lawnmower. Over his face.

POTTS. Fuckin' hell.

SWEETS. The bloke's a vegetable.

POTTS. He's chopped liver.

SWEETS. His face is chopped liver.

POTTS. (. . . a pool of its former glory . . .)

SWEETS. A mockery of its former self. Then they've had breakfast, gone round the bass player's and they've cut his thumb off.

POTTS. (*Simultaneous with 'cut'*). Cut his fucking thumb off.

SWEETS. I ah-di-dah - they've cut his fucking thumb off. Round his munn's. In front of his munn. Him in his Jimmy janns.

POTTS. (*Pysamas.*) Thereby depriving him of his livelihood.

SWEETS. Thereby depriving him of his *thumb*. The livelihood speaks for itself.

POTTS. You do that and it can speak for itself.

SWEETS. Then exactly.

POTTS. Good.

BABY. I don't know him no. But I'd like to meet him.

POTTS. Yeah? Well it looks like you're going to get the chance my son.

SWEETS. I know one thing. He comes back here I'm over the roof and in Stegney before he's had time to get his saw out again.

Re-enter SKINNY and MICKEY.

POTTS. So what's he like?

SKINNY. What?

POTTS. You ought to brush your teeth more.

SKINNY. What?

POTTS. Me? Nothing. What's that smell?

SKINNY. What are you talking about?

POTTS. Micky, can I say something. As it's all up in the air, I'm a bit jumpy, Sweets is a bit jumpy, can we have the little counsils down here in the open. Not up there with the gun. I mean I love you both but I'm a bit scatty with the pills and I might get the hump kill you both in your sleep. I'm not saying you're planning nothing but my mind might be damaged. You never know. (*Pause*)

MICKEY. You all right Baby?

BABY. I'm fine thank you Michael.

MICKEY. You feel better?

BABY. Sweets here got me a nice drink of water.

SWEETS. He's looking the part now.

BABY. Micky, can I have a word with you?

MICKEY. What?

BABY. In private.

MICKEY. What do you want to say?

BABY. It's not for everyone to hear. It's like . . . (*Laughs*) It's private.

MICKEY. Baby -

BABY. Seriously, I want a word.

MICKEY. Anything you want to say, say it to us all.

POTTS. Hang on. Hang on. Do I have to point out the fucking obvious here?

SKINNY. What?

POTTS. Giving me the what? Mickey. *Come on*

MICKEY. What's your problem Sidney?

POTTS. Why don't I tell you. I get a thump in the head Skinny gets a massage upstairs.

SWEETS. Let's all take a step back.

POTTS. You should hear the stuff he says when you're not here.

SKINNY. I do not.

POTTS. Mickey should have done this . . . Mickey fucked this up, Mickey knew all about the deal did nothing.

SKINNY. Mickey I did not.

POTTS. He did. He said you knew all about Sam wanting the kid and you done nothing.

SKINNY. He's lying Mickey.

MICKEY. Sid, relax

POTTS. I'm not happy Mickey. My ears still ringing.

MICKEY. I'm . . . listen. Relax. I'm sorry I hit you.

POTTS. I've got some things I could say. I've got some ideas.

MICKEY. I know.

POTTS. I'm not happy Mickey.

MICKEY. Just relax Sidney. Everyone knows you're here.

BABY. Mickey, I want to say sorry *(Pause)*. Uhhh. *(Pause)*. All right I think . . . Well. *(Laughs)* I know I don't do much to run things, in the past. And I haven't like . . . Well, I've decided to back myself up. Make improvements. Because I want to stay round here, and I think if we're going to uh . . . Well, that's it.

MICKEY. It's still too early for -

BABY. No, I'm serious. I've thought about it.

MICKEY. I'm pleased.

BABY. I know what you must think. But you know, there's nothing like someone cutting your dad in two for clearing the mind.

(Pause) I do think that, what with my making improvements, I should be allowed to be more of a help to you Mickey. As if we were going to run things together. I mean, obviously you're in charge, but we could like run the club together. Like I could tell people that we run it together. Do you know what I mean?

MICKEY. I'm glad you've thought about it. We need you here, like I said.

BABY. I know. And I know why and I understand. I'm happy with that I mean, where else would I go eh? Where else would I have this much fun?

MICKEY. Baby, I'm going to make you a deal. You don't dance me around, you leave Skinny Luke alone, then you help out a bit more then in a week we'll talk. That's all I'm gonna say.

BABY. I want to try.

MICKEY. You do that, you leave Skinny to get on with it, we're in business. Yes?

BABY. Okay.

MICKEY. You start squeezing his nuts I've got a problem. Because he's a good little worker, and he's telling me now he's walking out of here you give him any more niggles.

BABY. You said that.

SKINNY. I've just had enough Baby. I want us to get along.

BABY. Skinny, I'm sorry. I'm not going to squeeze your nuts any more.

SKINNY. It's just it really hurts. I might want kids one day.

BABY. I'm sorry.

MICKEY. What time is it?

POTTS. It's sunset. Getting cooler.

MICKEY. All right listen, Skinny, bring up the other mattresses. Bring up some of the painting covers and stuff, make some blankets and things.

SKINNY. Right.

MICKEY. You two, take some full beer-barrels from in there, push them up against the back door.

SWEETS. Right.

MICKEY. Baby, give them a hand.

BABY. Okay. Uh. Mickey.

MICKEY. What?

BABY. What are you going to do?

MICKEY. I'm making a call.

BABY. Right. I've had an idea.

MICKEY. What's the problem?

BABY. I think maybe you should give them a hand.

MICKEY. Sorry.

BABY. I think you should. With the barrels.

MICKEY. That didn't last long then did it?

BABY. No. No. *(Sings out)*. It's just . . . What are you going to do?

MICKEY. I told you.

BABY. What was it again?

MICKEY. I'm going to make a fucking telephone call.

BABY. Who to?

MICKEY. What do you mean who to?

BABY. Just who might you have to call?

MICKEY. I've got to call a band.

BABY. Which band?

MICKEY. What do you mean what . . . a band that was gonna play here Tuesday lunchtime.

BABY. Right.

MICKEY. An oldies' band.

BABY. I'll tell you what Mickey. You help them. I'll make the call.

MICKEY. I'm sorry?

SKINNIN'. Mickey -

MICKEY. It's all right. What do you want to prove Baby?

BABY. Nothing. I just think you should carry the barrels. Pushing them up against the door. It's a good idea.

MICKEY. You want to make a big deal out of the first fucking thing we do?

BABY. No. No. I just think we should start like it's all fair, and you should help with the barrels.

MICKEY. I've asked you to.

BABY. And I've asked you to.

MICKEY. Have you finished being hilarious? Because if you have I've got a phone call to make.

BABY. What's the number?

MICKEY. Fuck off.

BABY. Tell me. Tell me the number. What's the big deal? It's only a phone call. Don't you trust me to make a phone call?

SWEBETS. Baby -

BABY. What? Mickey, listen, if Ezra asked you to carry the barrels, what would you do?

SWEBETS. Me and Sid can manage the barrels. You put your feet up.

BABY. Mickey. You know? If Ezra asked you what would you do?

Because the other day Ezra asked you to stick five thousand sequins all over downstairs and you crawled round on your hands and knees all day. You did. I saw you.

POTTS. Babes that ain't going to help.

BABY. What? I don't see the problem.

MICKEY. It's all right Sid.

BABY. What's the difference now? Just imagine I'm Ezra. *(Pause)*

MICKEY. All right Baby. You're the boss. Tell me what you want me to do. Why don't you tell us all what we're going to do? *(Pause)*

BABY. Are you serious?

MICKEY. I'm waiting. Tell us all your plan.

BABY. *(Laughs)*. All right. Who wants to go and find the blow job?

POTTS. Don't fuck around Baby.

BABY. I'm serious. Why don't we all chip up Sam Ross's let him know how we feel. Let him know we're not happy and all.

POTTS. He's gone.

BABY. I reckon we ought put up a bit of a struggle. What do you reckon Sweetie? All chip up at Sam Ross's door ask for him back. *(Pause)* Skinnin'. Fancy it? That's not very Dunkirk of you. I bet your Uncle Tommy would be game.

SKINNIN'. Baby, just do this and it will make Mickey happy.

BABY. What?

SKINNIN'. What?

MICKEY. Go upstairs Skin.

SKINNIN'. What did I say?

MICKEY. Just go upstairs.

SKINNIN'. What did I say? What . . . Mickey? What did I say?

Pause.

BABY. *(quietly)*. Kiss my pegs.

SKINNIN'. Fuck off.

BABY. Kiss my pegs.

SKINNIN'. Fuck off Mickey -

BABY. Do it. Kiss my pegs.

SKINNIN'. Two minutes. Two minutes and we're off again.

BABY. Kiss my pegs. Kiss my pegs.

POTTS. Baby

BABY. Kiss my pegs.

SKINNIN'. What did I say?

POTTS. Kiss his pegs.

SWEETS. Kiss his fucking pegs . . .

BABY. Do it. Do it. Do it.

MICKEY. Baby, why do you do this. Go upstairs cool off.

BABY (to SKINNY). Fucking get rid of me you cunt . . .

MICKEY. Go upstairs.

BABY steps. *He goes upstairs.*

SKINNY. That's it. I'm off.

MICKEY. Skinny -

SKINNY. I've had it Mickey. I'm going to get hurt I stay here.

SWEETS. Just wait down here. He's in shock.

SKINNY. Fuck shock. He's a nutter.

POTTS. It's an act. He's a bullcrap. Go up there, punch him in the face, he'll turn into Little Bo Peep.

MICKEY. All of you. Wait down here.

But BABY is coming back down out with the shotgun.

POTTS. Here we go.

SWEETS. Oh for fuck's sake Baby. Who do you think you are?

SKINNY. Now I'm going to get hurt. Now he's going to kill me.

POTTS. He's not going to kill no-one. It's bullcrap.

SWEETS. Don't shame yourself up Baby. Put the gun down. Look.

Just stand there. Million pounds says he doesn't.

SKINNY. Sorry but that's not enough.

POTTS. We can do this again or we shift the barrels. That bolt won't hold.

BABY. Kiss my pegs.

SKINNY. All right. I'll do it.

POTTS. No you won't.

BABY. Do it.

POTTS. Tell him to fuck off!

SKINNY. Fuck off. I'll do it.

MICKEY. Baby. Get out.

BABY. I'm sorry? (Pause.)

MICKEY. I'm sorry for you, but I don't want you around here any more.

Pause. BABY is taken aback. He laughs.

BABY. That's not very nice.

MICKEY. Just go.

BABY. I see.

MICKEY. I hope you do. I hope you do. I'm sorry, but I want you to leave. (Pause.)

BABY. Now?

MICKEY. Yes. Now.

BABY. Right now. This second.

MICKEY. Yes. (Pause.)

BABY. Uh, Mickey.

MICKEY. I'm not listening to you Baby. You've fucked around here for too long. I'm sorry.

BABY. I've always liked you Mickey . . .

MICKEY. Leave. (Pause.)

BABY. Oh, Mickey. You've . . . you're so . . . you're a very decisive person aren't you. I mean, you've always been a bit of a dark one, a bit of a dogsboddy for my dad and now . . . well, you're showing qualities aren't you. You surprise me.

MICKEY. I'm sorry. I'm not going to ask you again.

BABY (pause). Mickey. (Pause.) Watch what you say to me.

MICKEY. I don't think I have to. I don't think any of us do.

BABY. This is my dad's place. And . . . there's . . . I'm his son. There must be deeds, and it passes on to me.

MICKEY. There's no deeds. You'd ever opened a drawer here you might know that.

BABY (quietly). Well, (Pause.)

Be-bop a lula she's my baby, be-bop-a-lula I don't mean maybe (Pause.)

Be-hop-a-lula, she-kee-hee's my Babuh, mah babuh. Mah Babuh.

Very long pause. On and on. BABY stands around. He points the shotgun at MICKEY's legs.

MICKEY. I don't believe you Baby.

BABY stands there. *In the end he lowers the gun.*

Now fuck off. And don't come back.

BABY stands there. *He leaves. Pause.*

SWEETS. Jesus.

POTTS. Mickey -

MICKEY. Put the barrels against the back door.

SWEETS. What? Right. Come on Sid.

Exit SWEETS and POTTS.

SKINNY. Mickey -

MICKEY. Skin, get the sheets.

SKINNY. Right. Thank you Mickey.

MICKEY. Get the sheets.

SKINNY. It's really got to me. I've been sleeping bad.

MICKEY. Use all the ones don't have paint on them.

SKINNY. Right.

MICKEY. You can tear them up into . . . well, you know . . .

SKINNY. Leave it to me Mickey.

MICKEY. And check all the doors and windows. You finish that, help the others.

SKINNY. Right.

MICKEY. I've got to make a call.

SKINNY. Okay, thank you Mickey.

MICKEY. Do the sheets.

Exit SKINNY. MICKEY is alone. Enter POTTS, holding a large bowl with a cloth over it.

POTTS. Mickey old son? I made you this. For your head cold.

MICKEY. What is it?

POTTS. It's hot from the steamer. Strictly you need Friar's Balsam but I've bunged in a couple gills of crème de Menthe. It's all spearmint or something. All does the trick on your pipes.

He sets it down.

MICKEY. I'm fine. Do the barrels.

POTTS. It doesn't hurt or nothing. You stick your head over, breathe it all in, fixes you up in minutes. Come here.

MICKEY. I'm all right.

POTTS. Nonsense Mickey, come here.

MICKEY goes to the table and sits down.

MICKEY. What do I do?

POTTS. You just breathe. You just put your head over it and breathe. Short while you'll feel like a baby. You'll be clear as rain.

MICKEY puts the cloth over his head and breathes.

I'm going to do the barrels now. You just stay there Mickey. All right? *(Pause.)* Just breathe Mickey.

Exit POTTS with a box, leaving MICKEY alone, breathing in the steam.

Blackout.

Act Two, Scene Two

Downstairs at the Atlantic. Hanging upside-down in the middle of the room, gagged, is a young man, wearing silver trousers and a pink shirt. This is SILVER JOHNNY.

Perched on a bar stool opposite is BABY, wearing the Silver Jacket and drinking beer. There are empty beer cans on the bar. The shotgun is across his knees.

BABY. . . . I was about nine, but younger, and my dad tells me we're driving to the country for the day.

He's got this half-share in this caft at the time, and it was doing really badly, so he was always really busy working day and night, so like, this was totally out of the blue.

So I got in his van with him, and we drive off and I notice that in the front of the cab there's this bag of sharp knives. And like, I saw and a big meat cleaver.

And I thought 'This is it. He's going to kill me. He's going to take me off and kill me once and for all.' And I sat there in silence all the way to Wales and I knew that day I was about to die.

So we drive till it goes dark, and Dad pulls the van into this field. And he switches off the lights. And we sit there in silence. And there's all these cows in the field, watching us. And suddenly Dad slams his foot down and we ram this fucking great cow clean over the top of the van. And it tears off the bonnet and makes a great dent in the top, but it was dead all right. See we'd gone all the way to Wales to rustle us a cow. For the caft.

Now a dead cow weighs half a ton. So you've got to cut it up there and then. And I was so relieved I had tears in my eyes. And we hacked that cow to pieces, sawing, chopping, ripping, with all the other cows standing around in the dark, watching.

Then when we'd finished, we got back in the cab and drove back to town. Covered in blood.

Pause.

Takes out the papers and the trash,
Or you don't get no spending cash;
If you don't la la la la la,
You ain't gonna rock 'n' roll no more
Yackey yack, don't talk back.

(Pause. He drinks. Pause. He laughs.) Yackey yack don't talk back (He laughs, he gets up and walks around.) Yackey yack don't talk back (BABY laughs. He moves the chair to right in front of SILVER JOHNNY and sits down.)

So, like . . . (Pause.) So like when you met Little Richard, what were you gonna say? (Pause.) Evening Richard . . . I . . .
(Pause.) Evening Little. Can I call you Little? 'Sure, if I can call you Silver.' (Pause.) Seriously, you must have had some pretty nifty plans. What did you have planned? Were you going to go to Niagara Falls. Just you, Sam and the majestic spray.

Pause. BABY clicks his fingers along to a tune in his head. He stops. He drinks. Pause.

What do you think of my singing then? See I know all the words. I know all the words to lots of songs. I know all the words to 'Little Darlin'', I know all the words to 'Susie-Q', 'Gangster of Love', 'Dream Lover', 'Try me', I know loads of songs. I know all the words to your song. (Pause. He sings it.) Do you think I'm good-looking? Seriously . . . No come on, I mean . . . Do you think I'm quite good-looking? (SILVER JOHNNY nods helpfully.) Seriously. Am I, like . . . and I would you say rugged or striking? (Pause.) Hold on. Am I rugged? (SILVER JOHNNY shakes his head.) I'm not. Am I striking? (SILVER JOHNNY nods.) I am . . . You think so.

BABY finishes his drink, crumples up the can and puts it in the pocket of the Silver Jacket. He searches through the other pockets of the jacket. He finds a guitar pick.)

What this? Is it a . . . guitar pick? Plectrum. Is it a plectrum? (SILVER JOHNNY nods.) Do you play the guitar? I didn't know you could play guitar. Can you play it? Seriously? (SILVER JOHNNY shakes his head.) Then what have you got this for? (SILVER JOHNNY doesn't respond.) What am I going to do with you blowjob? Eh? What am I gonna do with you? (Pause.) What am I going to do with you?

Enter SWEETS with the Derringer.

SWEETS. Who is it? Who's there?

BABY. Who's that?

SWEETS. I've got a gun. Don't move.

BABY (quietly). Sweets. My man. You should be asleep.

SWEETS is half way down the stairs. It is dark and he can't see SILVER JOHNNY.

SWEETS. Oh. Watcha Baby. We thought you'd gone.

BABY. Ah . . . you know . . . I thought I'd drop by.

SWEETS. Right. How are you?

BABY. I thought I'd pop back in. (Fine, yeah).

SWEETS. What time is it?

BABY. No idea. Must be . . . You been asleep?

SWEETS. Yeah . . . we're all . . .

BABY. Must be nearly morning. It was getting light out.

SWEETS. Yeah?

BABY. Gonna be another beautiful day. What you doing up so bright and early?

SWEETS. Oh. I'm supposed to be on watch.

BABY. What for. Badtime?

SWEETS. Yeah. Something like that.

BABY (pointing to Derringer). The fuck is that?

SWEETS. This? It's a . . . you know Charlie Dodd?

BABY. Yeah . . .

SWEETS. It's off him.

BABY. Give it here.

SWEETS. It's shit.

BABY. Give it here.

SWEETS. Wouldn't scare a kid.

BABY. It looks like a Turkish Delight.

SWEETS. Yeah. (Pause.) Baby, can I ask you a question?

BABY (points it at SWEETS). Fire away.

SWEETS. Right. Um . . . How did you get in here?

BABY (stops). I came down the chimney. Like Father Christmas.

SWEETS. Right. Right. We never thought of that.

BABY. No. No. You know my key. The one I lost dancing.

SWEETS. Yeah.

BABY. Yeah? Well, I never lost it dancing. It was in my shirt pocket all that time.

SWEETS. Right. Right.

BABY. I found it. I had it all the time. In here. *(Beat)*

SWEETS. Yeah actually, because I've been writing you a letter.

BABY. You have?

SWEETS. Yeah. Sounds a bit draft saying it like that.

BABY. What does it say?

SWEETS. Well, I've only just started it. It's just... I didn't know I was going to see you.

BABY. Go on, I'm touched.

SWEETS. Silly really. I don't know how you were supposed to get it or anything.

BABY. I always knew you had a soft spot for me Sweets.

SWEETS. No. You know. It's all bollocks really. Wish I'd never said it now.

BABY. So come on. What was in it?

SWEETS. Nothing really. Just, you know all that stuff Mickey said...

BABY. What stuff?

SWEETS. Things to you. Things about you.

BABY. Oh yeah.

SWEETS. About you and us. Well... I, for one and I think certainly Sid, right... Anyway. Just to say I don't really agree with Mickey on that one. I think he's wrong.

BABY. Thank you.

SWEETS. Because we've always been mates.

BABY. We have. Yeah.

SWEETS. And, you know Mickey's like chucked you out. Yeah.

Well, as far as I'm concerned we should still go for drinks and stuff. I mean, who knows what's round the corner? And I bet Mickey changes his mind. Between you and the lamp post.

BABY. Yeah?

SWEETS. What? Yeah. Yeah. Who knows? Who knows eh? What the fuck...

BABY. Yeah... Thing is Sweets, that's really nice and all, but the thing is I've always thought you were a bit of a tosser. *(Pause)*

SWEETS. What? Oh.

BABY. Yeah. I've always had you down as a right nasty little cunt underneath. Like, all sweetness and light to your face, and then as nasty as can be in the real world. Also, you're not very bright and I think you only hang around Sid all the time because you want his cock up your arse. *(Pause)* You know? To be frank.

SWEETS. Right. Well. What the fuck eh? *(Pause)* I don't you know...

BABY. Don't what?

SWEETS. He's just a mate. *(Pause. The penny drops.)* You rotten bastard.

BABY. Aaaaahhh!

SWEETS. You dirty shit.

BABY. I got you sunshine.

SWEETS. You dirty bastard. You had me there.

BABY. Your face.

SWEETS. I was thinking. What? What's he on about.

BABY. You should have seen your face.

SWEETS. You dirty bastard. I twigged though.

BABY. You went grey in the face.

SWEETS. I knew pretty soon.

BABY. You need a drink after that don't you.

SWEETS. Telling me. You rotten git.

BABY. Drink?

SWEETS. Fuck it. Why not. Mickey comes down. I'll just tell him you forgot something.

BABY. Is it a problem?

SWEETS. What? No. I'll just give him a spiel. Lovely.

BABY. Ice?

SWEETS. There's no ice.

BABY. What? There's always ice.

SWEETS. Not today.

BABY. No pills. No ice. Place is falling apart.

SWEETS. Yeah...

BABY. I turn my back for half an hour. place falls down round our heads. Let's have a look...

SWEETS. Ezra's in there actually.

BABY. What? In here.

SWEETS. Actually. Yes.

BABY. In with the ice?

SWEETS. Yeah. It was my idea. Just until further notice.

BABY. Both halves?

SWEETS. Yes. No. The legs are in the Frigidare.

BABY. In the Frigidare up there?

SWEETS. Pretty much.

BABY. Well, best leave him. Cheers.

SWEETS. Lovely. (Cheers).

BABY. To Ezra.

SWEETS. Yeah. Nice one. To Ezra.

SWEETS has seen what is hanging in the middle of the room.

BABY. Top up?

SWEETS. What? No. No. Cheers.

BABY. You sure?

SWEETS. Uh-hh. . . (SWEETS takes in the scene. He looks at

BABY, at SILVER JOHNNY, everything is very quiet in the glow for ages. Then he bellows.) Mickey!! Mickey!! Mickey!! Mickey!! Mickey!!

BABY. Sssh. Quiet. Keep it down. You want to wake up all Soho.

SWEETS. Where'd that come from?

BABY. Keep it down. What?

SWEETS. Where'd you get that?

BABY. Oh, you know.

SWEETS. We thought -

BABY. Say hello to Sweets, John. You remember Sweets. The Sweets Man. Does the pills

SWEETS. What's going on? I'm lost.

Enter POTTS from down the stairs.

POTTS. Sweets? You all right?

SWEETS. It's . . . look.

POTTS. The fuck is all the clatter?

BABY. Sidney Potts coming down the stairs there. Bet you never thought you'd see his ugly muzz again.

POTTS. Baby. We thought you'd gone.

SWEETS. He still had his keys Sid.

BABY. Sidney. We've got four of us . . . we can have a little party.

POTTS has seen SILVER JOHNNY

POTTS. Suffering Shit

SWEETS. Precisely

POTTS. Sweet Georgia Brown.

BABY. Do you like it?

POTTS. Where the fuck did you dig him up from?

BABY. What do you think?

POTTS. That is him isn't it. (POTTS looks through his legs upside down.) Baby, you fucking champion.

SWEETS. We thought he was in America.

POTTS. Will you look at this. Will you look what is hanging up there.

SWEETS. I don't understand.

POTTS. The one and only Johnny Shiny.

SWEETS. I'm lost.

POTTS. Okay. Okay. Baby. I'm catching up. I don't get it but so far I like it very very much.

BABY. You want a drink Sid?

POTTS. Yes. Yes. I do want a drink. I want a big drink. And I think we should talk because this makes a different story.

SWEETS. Get Sid a drink.

POTTS. My fucking . . . right. Right. Back to plan one. (To SILVER JOHNNY.) First things first. You little upside down queer bastard. The shit you're in. We get you down work this one out I'm going to spend a whole week kicking the crap out of your arse. You little roundabout bowl of fuck.

SWEETS. You little shiny cunt.

POTTS. Right. Good. I'm waking up. I'm awake.

BABY. Do you like it?

POTTS. Yes. I like it. I like it very very much. But. But. One thing. What the fuck is going on?

BABY. He was on the telly. I went round the back, opened it, and got him out.

POTTS. Baby. Okay. Listen. This changes a couple of things. First of all, you're my hero.

BABY. Thank you Sidney.

POTTS. What? Bollocks. Don't give me that. You've done a very very wonderful thing for me. For us. Thank you.

BABY. Ah. It was nothing.

POTTS. This whole fucking night. This whole fucking two day night we've been stinking this place out on a false one. Sitting around. Filling our pants. You little wanker. Sweets here that his pants because of you.

SWEETS. I didn't. It was the pills.

POTTS. What? Exactly. You cunt. You've put ten years on me. And I'm going to take it out of your arse for the next ten. Promise. You little prick.

SWEETS. We ought to get him down.

POTTS. Nobody does anything. I've got to think. Baby. As far as I'm concerned, all that stuff Mickey said. He can go fuck himself because you did this. You. He's had us cooped up here like a bunch of children, it's all gonna change. Fucker thinks he can cuff me, kick you out. He's wrong. I say we sit down with him, draw something up. Because this changes everything. Get Baby a drink.

SWEETS. He's got one. He's fine.

POTTS. Good. Good. Sweets. What did I tell you.

SWEETS. Miracle. Fucking miracle.

POTTS. All that bollocks about Sam Ross. Hiding. Eating blue cake. This is what Mickey has us doing. It's all back on boys. We're back. Baby, I... the last day. All this. I like you. Sweets likes you, none of us has been ourselves... it's... everything's come perfect.

BABY. Thank you Sidney, that's very touching.

POTTS. What? I mean it. I mean it. I mean, I for one am very relieved. I found this little cunt singing in the corner of a room. I thought—

Enter MICKEY and SKINNY.

SKINNY. Fuckin' hell.

POTTS. Eh? Feast your eyes Skinny. Luke. Feast your eyes.

SKINNY. Where'd you find him?

POTTS. *(to SILVER JOHNNY)*. You fucking little bastard, not so fucking groovy now are you? You better get used to that chain because it ain't coming off chum. I'm keeping you on that from now on.

MICKEY. What the fuck have you done?

BABY. Hello Mickey. You asleep?

MICKEY. What have you done Baby?

SKINNY. I don't understand.

POTTS. Mickey. Hello. Welcome. I think you've got a couple of things to say to our friend here.

SKINNY... Fuckin' ell...

POTTS. I thought... Oy... Go upstairs... Crawl back under Mickey's blanket, do something else, I'm talking to Baby.

SKINNY. Fuckin' hell. It's him. Mickey, it's him.

POTTS. Makes you think doesn't it. We're all in here crouched down. Baby goes out and does a day's work. Does what he can for us. And Skinny, it's not sweeping up and it's not fixing jukeboxes. It's saving our fucking everything. A real day's work.

MICKEY. Baby, where did you find him?

BABY. Sorry, Mickey?

MICKEY. You heard me.

BABY. Ah, he was round Sam Ross's. *(Pause.)*

POTTS. Okay. Okay. Okay. What?

BABY. Yeah. Turned out Mickey was right.

POTTS. Okay. Okay. You fucking what?

BABY. 'If your man ain't treatin' you right, Came up and see you Dan, I rook 'em roll 'em all night long I'm a sixty-minute man.'

MICKEY. You don't know what you've done to me.

POTTS. Baby. Let's clear something up. Where was he?

BABY. I told you.

POTTS. You just said he was round Sam Ross's.

SKINNY. What's going on Mickey? Baby, what have you done?

BABY. Well, I left here and I walked around for a bit and then I sort of walked back up here and I saw... you know that Buick? Well it was still sitting there. Shiny Red Car. And I'm looking in it checking it out and the fucking keys are only sitting there in the hole. So I thought toodle-oo, why not? You ever driven one Mickey?

MICKEY. What?

BABY. One of those big yank motors. Like sitting on a velvet cushion. Floating past Nelson's column, sitting on a velvet throne. Through Waterloo, down Chamberwell, all the way, press a button, the roof comes off. Press another, the radio comes on. Straight on the back seat. I felt like General Patton.

And I parked it, right, and I asked around, and the first bloke I ask actually knows where Mr. Ross lives. So I get back in, swing round a few streets, arm out, and I pull up opposite this big house. Keys out, in the pocket, belly up, knock on the door. And this bloke with yellow hair answers. And I shot him.

SKINNY. You did what?

BABY. Yeah. I shot him in the tit.

SKINNYY. Baby, you shot him. You shot Mr. Ross?

BABY. Yeah. It's easier than you think. He just opens the door, and you pull the trigger. *(Pause.)* So there's no-one around so I step inside. First door I try, the living room, watching telly, sandwich on his knee, the one and only Silver Johnny. Bit surprised to see his old mate Baby in such a place, so I take him outside, walk him up and down, put him in the motor bring him back here. Except coming over Vauxhall the engine packs in. And the buses have all stopped so this one paid for a cab. *(Pause.)*

SKINNYY. Baby? Did you kill him?

BABY. Well, Skinny Luke, I don't know. It's actually really difficult to tell . . .

POTTS. We're fucked. We're dead. I'm dead.

SWEETS. That's it. He's coming here.

SKINNYY. Oh Jesus please.

BABY. So I can't say for sure I killed him . . .

POTTS. He's killed Sam Ross and we're fucked. He's killed Sam Ross and we're fucked . . . *(Pause.)*

MICKEY. Sweets. Get upstairs.

SWEETS. Mickey -

MICKEY. Did you hear me. Do it now.

POTTS. Mickey what -

MICKEY. Fucking get up there. Do as I say. Get upstairs.

POTTS. We're going.

SKINNYY. Mickey -

MICKEY. Do you want to die today? Eh? Do you want to die today.

POTTS. Oh my Sweet Life.

MICKEY. Do you want to die today. Get upstairs you fuck. Do as I say. Do as I say.

SKINNYY. Right. We're going.

SWEETS. We'll be upstairs.

MICKEY. Do as I fucking say.

Exit SWEETS, POTTS and SKINNYY, upstairs. Very long pause.

MICKEY. Are you all right?

BABY. Bearing up. *(Pause.)*

MICKEY. You spoken to him?

BABY. We did have a natter on the way. Yes.

MICKEY. Right. What did he say?

BABY. He told me.

MICKEY. Everything?

BABY. Everything. *(Pause.)* You want a drink Mickey? Little whiskey?

MICKEY. No.

BABY. Sure? *(Pause.)*

MICKEY. Um . . .

BABY. Take your time Mickey.

MICKEY. What? No. I'm thinking.

BABY. I'd have a drink Mickey. *(Pause.)*

MICKEY. We should get him down.

BABY. Leave him. *(Pause.)*

MICKEY. The bloke answered the door. What did he look like?

BABY. How do you mean?

MICKEY. What was he wearing?

BABY. Just for fun? White shirt, green trousers. *(Pause.)*

MICKEY. How tall? Taller than me?

BABY. Oh. Six footer no bother.

MICKEY. Did he have . . . did he have a humming bird on his neck?

BABY. Little bird here.

BABY. That I didn't see. *(Pause.)*

MICKEY. It sounds like him. Was there anyone else about?

BABY. I didn't see no-one. Anyone saw me, they kept out of my way.

MICKEY. He's always got people at the house. There's Clarence. Big bloke with . . . you didn't see no-one?

BABY. I'm back here aren't I? In one piece, as it were.

MICKEY. Are you sure he was dead?

BABY. Who?

MICKEY. Sam Ross. Because if he's not dead -

BABY. Mickey, he's got a hole in his chest the size of a seventy-eight. And it's a hell of a reek. I reckon if he is coming he's going to need a jolly good lie down first.

MICKEY. Okay. Think. Did anyone see you?

BABY. That was it.

MICKEY. Okay. Okay. *(Pause.)* Baby I don't know what to say.

BABY. Relax Mickey. Do you want a drink?

MICKEY. No.

BABY. Sure.

MICKEY. My mouth is dry. *(Pause.)* There's about three others of them. Jacks won't come after us. The others might. I don't know. If they do, it'll be today. *(Pause.)*

BABY. Mickey, like you say, I don't really know about that side of things.

MICKEY. I don't know what to do. I tried to make him see sense. But he was blind with the kid. I tried and tried Baby.

BABY. I believe you Mickey.

MICKEY. Ask Skinny. He heard us arguing about it upstairs. More than once. What could we do? We were going to lose it all. This way we at least kept the club.

BABY. The one I feels sorry for is John here. What a fucking night for a teenager. Eh?

MICKEY. I'm going to talk now and tell me to shut up if I'm saying the wrong thing -

BABY. Shut up Mickey. Please. *(Pause.)* Coming over the bridge sun was just creeping up behind St. Paul's. Right there over the city. Gonna be another beautiful day. Day like today, do you know what I like. I like to walk down Charing Cross Road, up into the Square. I like to take my shirt off. Be on one of the big hours. Feel that warmth seeping into your back. And I like to lie there, hour, hour and half, turn over, maybe get an ice-cream. Comic. Been doing that a lot this summer. While you been delivering machines, buying outfits, stocking sequins on the walls. I been doing that. *(Pause.)* Will you tell me something Mickey? Were you actually in the room when they cut him in half?

Pause. MICKEY shakes his head.

You wasn't?

MICKEY. No.

BABY. Where was you?

MICKEY. I'd gone by then. I was back home.

BABY. Back home?

MICKEY. Yes. They said wait. *(Pause.)*

BABY. Did they come to you?

MICKEY. Look, if Sam Ross wants something... *(Pause.)* Baby, this is a new time for both of us -

BABY. A new time. A new time. *(Pause.)* I like that Mickey. You have a very pleasant way with words. *(Pause.)*

MICKEY. What do you want to do? Because we can do whatever you want to do. *(Pause.)* Only as far as I can see....

BABY. You're dead.

MICKEY. What?

BABY. He's going a very odd shade. We probably ought to help him do with.

MICKEY. Yes.

BABY. Help him down Mickey. Help Johnny down.

MICKEY engages SILVER JOHNNY. *He lets out a moan. A moan. Last.*

BABY. It's all right John.

MICKEY helps him down. *He snives him.*

MICKEY. Are you all right?

SILVER JOHNNY. Fuck you. Fuck you Mickey.

SILVER JOHNNY runs upstairs.

BABY. Let him go. *(Pause.)* Fancy. You're sitting there with the tally on and your supper and all them all that EH? He was in remarkably good shape after. Even tipped the cab driver. That's the young eh? They really bounce back, don't they.

MICKEY. I want you to decide. If you want me to stay here. I will. I'll work for you. I'll tick everything over, you can just do what you want. We can sit here, decide, then do what you want. *(Pause.)* He wasn't going to let the kid go. I had to go to them Baby. We were lost.

BABY. Sometimes when I wake up I feel totally not there. I feel completely numb. And I think. Come on. Come alive. Feel it. Like you used to. But I'm numb. I lie there, and my mind spins on nothing. I hear people next door, in the next one along, fighting or laughing and I can't feel their... pain or nothing. *(Pause.)*

Wake up this afternoon, I just knew it was going to be one of those days. Beautiful, sunny, but one you're just not there for. Sorry Mickey. I just can't feel your pain.

MICKEY. Okay. Baby, I'll do... what can we do. I'll ask you.

BABY. You're asking me?

MICKEY. Who knows. Maybe what you've done is good. Maybe it will scare a few people. Who knows. All we know, Ross is dead, we go from there.

Enter SWEETS and POTTS.

SWEETS. Mickey?

BABY. All right Sweets?

SWEETS. Mickey, we've got a problem.

BABY. What's that then?

SWEETS. Something's happened.

MICKEY (*quietly*). I'm dead. I'm dead. I'm dead.

BABY. What's the problem then?

SWEETS. Well, Silver Johnny said Mickey was round Mr Ross's Saturday night. (*Pause.*) He said that's why you weren't here. He said you were there when he and Ezra arrived, and that you all had a meeting.

MICKEY (*looking at BABY*). I'm sorry Baby.

POTTS. Mickey, what have you done?

MICKEY (*to BABY*). I had no choice.

POTTS. It was you. It was you, you cunt. This whole thing. Fucking head cold. You cunt.

SWEETS. It's not true is it Mickey? It's because he's been hanging upside down so long.

BABY. They're really rocking in Boston...

Enter SKINNY.

SKINNY. Fucking little cunt. Relax. It's bullshit. I know it's bullshit.

SWEETS. I told you.

POTTS. How?

SKINNY. Little cunt's twiced us all wants to blame someone else. It's a joke.

SWEETS. What happened Mickey?

SKINNY. Mickey's done nothing. Bastard's been hanging upside down for two hours he's gone back to front. And I'll prove it. I'll prove it. Because Mickey was at home and then he came here. He was all. He was ill then he came here. Anyone listens to some little fuck ditched us all in the lurch is a sissy. I believe Mickey. (*To BABY*) Shut your fucking mouth, Jew. You don't belong here. You've got no place here. None of us want you. You're nasty and you lie. We've all had enough. Take your lies somewhere else.

BABY walks across the room with the Derringer, puts it to SKINNY's head and fires once.

Oww. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. What did you do that for?

Blood pours from the side of SKINNY's head.

What did you do that for? What did you do that for?

POTTS. Skinny...

SWEETS. Skinny...

SKINNY. I'm shot in the head. I've been shot in the head...

POTTS. It's only the Derringer...

SWEETS. Help him.

POTTS. It's only the Derringer.

SKINNY. I've been shot in the head. Right in the fucking head.

POTTS. It's only the Derringer.

SKINNY. What do you mean it's only the Derringer? I'm shot. Look at all this blood.

POTTS. Help him. Call a doctor.

SWEETS. We can't. We can't.

SKINNY. Call a doctor. I might die.

SWEETS. It's only the... it's only a little hole.

SKINNY. What did you do that for?

SWEETS. You'll be all right. You'll be all right.

SKINNY. I wasn't doing anything. I wasn't doing anything. I was only trying to help. You twat. You didn't have to... look. Look at all this blood. Look at all this fucking blood.

SWEETS. We've got to get a doctor.

POTTS. Skinny sit down.

SWEETS. Sit down.

SKINNY. Look. I've got... I've fucked up my new trousers. I've got blood on my new trousers.

POTTS. Try to relax. Get a towel.

SWEETS. Sid take your shirt off.

SKINNY. Fucking great. Fucking great. What if I die. What if I die eh? Did you think of that? What if I die. How much blood do you have to lose before you die?

POTTS. You've got to lose pints of the stuff. You'll be fine.

SKINNY. Look. I've lost, look. Mickey. That's about a pint right there. Have I got any on my back?

POTTS. Your back's fine. Your back's fine.

SKINNY. My teeth have all gone loose. Look. Feel. He's unshipped all my fucking teeth.

POTTS. Sit down. You're all right.

SKINNY. Feel. My teeth have gone wiggly. How much blood have I lost.

POTTS. Hardly any. Sit down.

SKINNY. I've already lost at least two pints. How much do you have to lose Mickey. How much do you have to lose Mickey, Mickey?

How much blood do you have to lose before that's it?

SKINNY *dies*. POTTS *has just taken his shirt off*.

POTTS. Skinny . . . (Pause.)

SWEETS. Is he all right? Skinny.

POTTS. I don't know.

SWEETS. Skinny. Sid, I think he's gone.

POTTS. Baby, I think he's gone.

SWEETS. Skinny? Skinny?

POTTS. Is he breathing?

SWEETS. He might still be alive. Is he breathing?

POTTS. He's stopped.

SWEETS. He might still be . . .

SILVER JOHNNY *appears on the stairs*.

SWEETS. Skinny. For fuck's sake Skinny . . .

POTTS. Try to keep him warm.

SWEETS. I think he's gone. (Pause.)

MICKEY. Baby -

BABY. Mickey, be quiet.

Pause. MICKEY *is hunched over SKINNY's body*. POTTS *stands above them*. He kicks MICKEY *in the stomach*.

POTTS. Let's get out of here.

SWEETS. Mickey. I thought you loved us. I thought were my friend.

Exit SWEETS and POTTS. Pause. BABY *walks over to the desk and sits down*. SILVER JOHNNY *comes down the stairs*. MICKEY *lies on the floor, panting*. BABY *watches him*. SILVER JOHNNY *comes into the middle of the room*. He watches BABY.

BABY. Are you all right?

SILVER JOHNNY. Yes. Yes I am.

BABY. You sure? (Pause.) Are you dizzy?

SILVER JOHNNY. No. I'm fine.

BABY. That's good.

SILVER JOHNNY. I opened the windows.

BABY. I can smell the dawn. Good. Is the sun out?

SILVER JOHNNY. It's getting hot. Out in the street. There's people.

BABY. Good. Good. (Pause.) That's good. Do you want to go out there.

SILVER JOHNNY. What?

BABY. Out in the street. Get a nice cool drink. Walk around. It's lovely out this time. It's my favourite time of the day. Before anything happens.

SILVER JOHNNY. Okay.

BABY. Good. Good. Let's do that.

BABY slips out of the Silver Jacket and leaves it on the floor. Exit BABY and SILVER JOHNNY into the light. MICKEY *lies on the floor*. Music.
Curtain.