

game date - performance 26/29 March

Red Devils was first presented at the Liverpool Playhouse on 23 March 1983, with the following cast:

- PHIL (18)
- NITA (18)
- BETH (18)
- ALICE (18)
- Anna Lindup
- Ishia Bennison
- Angela Catherall
- Judy Holt

Directed by George Costigan
 Designed by Charlotte Bird
 Lighting by Steve Drummond
 Sound by Richard Sharratt

The action of the play takes place in the Manchester area prior to Cup Final Saturday 1979, in and around Wembley Stadium on the day of the Final between Manchester United and Arsenal, and at a motorway services car park after the match.

SC. Magazine: "United Reviews"

Scene One

PHIL's house. BETH is sizing up a huge Union Jack, taking various measurements and scribbling notes down on paper, ready for making a banner. PHIL reads the 'United Review' in silence.

BETH: Joe Jordan lays on more balls than Britt Eckland.

PHIL: No.

BETH: Why not?

PHIL: No.

BETH: Jesus Saves but Coppell puts in the rebounds.

PHIL: Oh yeah, dead original -

BETH: Is it?

PHIL: Ten years old -

BETH: Yeah, well you think of something, then -

PHIL: Don't need one -

BETH: Yeah, we do need one -

PHIL: You carrying it, are yer?

BETH: All of us -

PHIL: Not me -

BETH: Yeah, the four of us.

PHIL: Three.

BETH: Miserable bitch.

PHIL: Better things to do than stood about waving flags.

BETH: Yeah, well don't come asking for a lend when we start winnin' -

PHIL: Yeah, I come to see the match, Beth - not play semaphore with a bit of old curtain.

BETH: Be a work of art this. You wait.

PHIL: Obscene is art now, is it?

BETH: Balls is not obscene.

PHIL: Britt Eckland is.

BETH: *(fussing with the banner again)*: How about Bionic Reds Outshoot Gunners?

PHIL: Shut up, Beth.

BETH: Look dead ace on the telly, this will -

lost at watch

PHIL *(jumping up suddenly)*: Where is she?

BETH: She'll be here -

PHIL: What is she doing?

BETH: Well, maybe there's queues -

PHIL: Course there's bloody queues -

BETH: Dead long queues -

PHIL: Four o'clock this morning she was getting there. She should be at the front.

BETH: Yeah, I know, but...

PHIL: She should be back -

BETH: Well, give her a chance -

PHIL: She should be here - she's two hours late -

BETH: Sit down, Phil -

PHIL: I'm going - *Stop by door*

BETH: What for?

PHIL: Get up - out - anything - go looking for her -

BETH: No, don't go...

PHIL: Jus' get some air -

BETH: Well, what if I see her?

PHIL: Jus' cop hold of the tickets -

BETH: Hey, Phil, jus' suppose we didn't... *Set next to Beth*

PHIL: What?

BETH: Y'know... didn't... sort of... get anything...

PHIL: Get what?

BETH: Well... get... anything... like tickets...

PHIL: Beth -

BETH: I mean... we will get them... course we'll get them...

PHIL: Don't even say it, Beth - *Start*

BETH: No... right... I won't... I'm not - where y'going?

PHIL: Gonna phone her -

BETH: What for? - she won't be there -

PHIL: See where she is -

BETH: No, don't phone her -

PHIL: Why not?

BETH: She won't go straight home –
 PHIL: Well, where is she, then? –
 BETH: Will y' get us something? – bar of chocolate – down the off licence?
 PHIL: If she turns up here . . .
 BETH: Or nuts or something –
 PHIL: Jus' get the tickets off her. Okay?
 PHIL goes out. BETH resumes banner preparations.

BETH (under her breath): Gordon McQueen Eats Rix For Breakfast . . .
 NITA comes in looking panic-stricken.
 Y' just missed her.

NITA: Was in the coal shed. Watching her go.

BETH: Coming back though –

NITA: What's she say?

BETH: Well . . . nothing . . .

NITA: Nothing?

BETH: Well, not exactly . . .

NITA: What?

BETH: Not exactly nothing –

NITA: What, then?

BETH: Well, not exactly anything –

NITA: Why not?

BETH: 'Cos I didn't tell her –

NITA: Y' didn't tell her –

BETH: I didn't dare –

NITA: Oh, Beth –

BETH: What could I say, Nita?

NITA: Y' told me y' would –

BETH: Yer dead, Nita – you are, honest –

NITA: Y' said you'd tell her –

BETH: Yeah, well, I didn't did I?

NITA: What'm I gonna say to her? – what'm I supposed to . . .?

BETH: Just say, 'Oh by the way, Phil, y' know them tickets? – well there's just been this god-almighty jumbo-sized cock-up . . .

NITA: Oh yeah, thanks a lot, Beth –

BETH: An' then kill yerself.

NITA: Where is she?

BETH: Now?

NITA: Where's she gone?

BETH: Phone you – You goin' after her?

NITA: I'll have to tell her –

BETH: Geez, Nita, an' the face on it –

NITA: What'd y' mean?

BETH: Launch you halfway up the M6 –

NITA: I ain't even told her yet –

BETH: Nita, y' was late. Ten minutes overdue an' she's after knee-capping yer. Furning up late an' no tickets, she gonna wipe the walls with yer –

NITA (looking through the window): It's her. She's back –

BETH: Oh Christ –

NITA: Y' gotta tell her, Beth. I can't. Y' gotta tell her for me –

BETH: Saying what?

NITA: Jus' say. I don't know . . . say anything . . . say I got mugged –

BETH: Mugged?

NITA: Say I had them – an' I got robbed – an' stabbed – an' I'm in Hope Hospital chair –

BETH: Oh, Nita, can't you?

NITA: I daren't, Beth –

BETH: Neither do I –

NITA: Pernods – I'll give yer anything – just say . . . (Trying to propel BETH towards the door.)

PHIL comes in.

PHIL: Where y' been?

NITA: Phil, I bin . . .

PHIL: Where are they? – Gi's a look, then –

NITA: Phil, there's bin a sort of . . .

PHIL: Where are they, Nita?

NITA: I in't got them, Phil –

PHIL: You stop pissing about, Nita?

NITA: Phil, there is none. Something happened. I in't got them –

~~NITA: I don't know what happened –~~

~~PHIL: I do. I know what happened. Twenty thousand tickets on sale, ten o'clock this morning. You meant to be there – four o'clock – waiting –~~

~~NITA: I had it all worked out –~~

~~PHIL: Make sure, we said. Get there early. Ten o'clock, queues halfway down the Mancunian Way. Where's Nita? –~~

~~NITA: I know what we said –~~

~~PHIL: Where's Nita? On her back, dreaming. Twenty thousand tickets, Nita – going, going, gone! An' what's the score with Nita? – absolute bloody nil.~~

~~BETH: Saved us a bit anyway – coach fare an' that . . .~~

~~PHIL: You? – don't you open your mouth neither. You didn't shout up, did yer? Didn't bother lettin' us in on the good news –~~

~~BETH: Oh yeah, an' get me teeth kicked in for the sheer fun of it?~~

~~PHIL: I shoulda gone. I shoulda gone meself – let you lot go begging –~~

~~BETH: Yeah, well it's done now anyway –~~

~~PHIL: Y' what? –~~

~~BETH: Well, it is in it? – fat lot of use y' meanin' . . .~~

~~PHIL: Shut up, Beth, just shut up – Oh Christ, I could . . .~~

~~BETH: She only said she'd go as a favour . . .~~

~~PHIL: I don't believe this – this in't happening to me . . .~~

~~Enter ALICE.~~

~~ALICE: Hey, y' know what your Shameen's just said? –~~

~~NITA: Shut up, Alice –~~

~~ALICE: Oh it's not, is it?~~

~~PHIL (pointing to NITA): Ask her –~~

~~BETH: No, don't bother –~~

~~ALICE: Aw Nita, no . . .~~

~~NITA: Oh, don't you start an' all –~~

~~PHIL: Nice one, Nita –~~

~~ALICE: No, honest? I mean, straight?~~

PHIL: You in't got them –

NITA: I slept in –

PHIL: Y' didn't go –

NITA: Yeah, I went – I did go – only so did half of Manchester an' all . . . so's when it gets to me . . .

BETH: There's fuck-all left on sale, is there?

PHIL: No, Nita –

~~NITA: I know what y' gonna say –~~

~~PHIL (to BETH): This is a joke, in tiff? This is her kidding –~~

BETH: No, Phil –

~~PHIL: It's gotta be, Nita, you gotta be –~~

BETH: She's not –

~~PHIL: Nita –~~

~~NITA: Yeah, it was kidding. I'd say, wouldn't I?~~

~~PHIL: I don't believe this –~~

NITA: Phil, 'cos what happened is . . .

BETH: Dozy get slept in –

NITA: What can I say, Phil?

PHIL: Slept in? Nita, you stupid, dozy, tit-brained . . .

NITA: I've said I'm sorry –

PHIL: Say it's a joke, Nita –

NITA: I couldn't help it. You ask me mum – it wasn't my fault – she never woke me –

BETH: I told yer she'd hit the roof –

PHIL: You knew about this, didn't yer?

NITA: I didn't do it on purpose –

PHIL: How could yer sleep through?

NITA: Alarm was off –

PHIL: What did you say? – to let you go, y' said. Do the market, Phil, she says. I'll go, she says. An' now what? –

NITA: I was in late – I had a job on –

PHIL: What about us? We woulda gone, I woulda been there. Last night – twelve hours. You said you was going –

NITA: I thought I was –

PHIL: Nita, you bloody stupid get –

BETH: Oh what d'you think, Al?
 ALICE: Oh . . . *Awc*
 PHIL: Yeah. Right. Oh.
 ALICE: Well . . . I dunno . . . y'know, p'raps we could . . .
 PHIL: What?
 ALICE: Y'know . . . like . . . ask round . . .
 PHIL: *What?*
 ALICE: Y'know . . . fer tickets. Ask round. See if there's any spares going . . .
 PHIL: Ask round? Oh, great. Brilliant. Al. Tesco's prob'ly got an offer on right now.
 ALICE: Oh yeah, dead funny, Phil. I'm only saying . . .
 PHIL: I don't wanna hear -
 ALICE: Yeah, 'cos otherwise it means . . .
 PHIL: Yeah, what?
 ALICE: We can't go. Well, I mean, it does. Dun't it?
 NITA: Yeah, well don't try an' make me feel like I just ran over someone's cat -
 BETH: Your cock-up -
 NITA: So y'needn't rub it in -
 PHIL: Shut up, Nita -
 NITA: I been saying sorry all morning -
 PHIL: Shut it *now*, Nita -
 NITA: There must be other ways of gettin' to Wembley -
 PHIL: Oh yeah, there *is* other ways. None of which involve relying on you - an' all of which cost five times more than we can lay our mitts on.
 NITA: Well, what we supposed to do, then - give up?
 PHIL: Who says we're giving up?
 NITA: Well are we?
 PHIL: Okay, now listen -
 BETH: We could get a few cans in . . .
 PHIL: Said *listen*. Okay? Right. So think about it. First thing is, we stick an ad in the paper -
 ALICE: An ad?
 PHIL: In the *Evening News* -

ALICE: Oh, d'y'mean in Under a Fiver?
 PHIL: *Under a fiver?*
 BETH: Saying what?
 PHIL: Saying we want tickets. What else, dickhead?
 ALICE: How much'll that cost?
 PHIL: Nita's paying -
 NITA: Y'what? - Me?
 PHIL: *You* are paying, Nita. All right?
 NITA: Oh, ta very much.
 PHIL: You arguing?
 NITA: Yeah, okay - me - I'm paying. Right.
 PHIL: Four tickets needed. An' the phone number . . . after six o'clock -
 NITA: Whose number?
 PHIL: Yours, Nita. That in every day -
 BETH: How long?
 PHIL: F'r'as long as it takes. Right, get yer money out, Nita.
 NITA: What money?
 PHIL: Yeah, money, Nita - blue ones.
 NITA (*reluctantly getting her purse out*): Yeah . . . well . . . how much d'y'want? . . .
 PHIL: Gi's it here. Tenner - this'll do. Go on then -
 NITA: Oh yeah, but that's from . . .
 PHIL: What?
 NITA: Me two perms - did last night -
 PHIL: Tough. *Shut up*.
 NITA: All I made this week -
 PHIL: Next time, wake up, Nita -
 NITA: Saving up for new perm rods -
 PHIL: Get yer old feller to cough up -
 NITA: I can't -
 PHIL: Oh yeah, not much -
 BETH: So what d'y'reckon, then?
 PHIL: Hey?
 BETH: The chances?
 PHIL: What chances?
 BETH: Getting the tickets -

PHIL: There is no chances -
 BETH: Y'what?
 PHIL: We're getting them. Whatever.
 NITA: Glad you're so sure -
 PHIL: We're getting them. Else Nita is getting something. An' it won't be half as entertaining as a Cup Final.
 ALICE: So we just carry on?
 PHIL: So we plan it out, we book the coach - we just carry on -
 BETH: As if nothing had happened -
 ALICE: Yeah, well, nothing *has* happened - we didn't get tickets, did we?
 PHIL: Yeah, but that makes no odds - we're going -
 ALICE: Fingers crossed -
 PHIL: No fingers crossed - nothing - we're going. We'll be there.
 ALICE: Yeah, an' if we're not, we can always . . .
 PHIL: An' if we're not, Nita will wish she got an alarm that worked - 'cos where she's going, they don't need alarms. Fair enough, Nita?
 NITA: Yeah, thanks a lot, Phil -
 BETH: Hey, I know - ace idea -
 PHIL: What?
 BETH: Brainwave -
 PHIL: What is?
 BETH (*holding up the banner*): 'Stevie Coppell Sells More Dummies Than Mothercare.'
Blackout.

Scene Two

NITA's house. NITA and ALICE are on all fours on the floor making a banner as the lights come up.
 NITA: What job?
 ALICE: Yeah, there was.
 NITA: Where?
 ALICE: Seen it.
 NITA: Go 'way.

ALICE: Last week.
 NITA: I was in every day last week.
 ALICE: Where was y'looking?
 NITA: How much?
 ALICE: Forty-two.
 NITA: For what?
 ALICE: Kitchens. Skivvying . . . I dunno - I couldn't get near the bloody counter -
 NITA: Watch where y' sticking it -
 ALICE: She won't like this, y'know - Phil . . .
 NITA: Hard luck.
 ALICE: I know what she'll say.
 NITA: Let her say. Who's making it?
 ALICE: She'll say it's a waste of time.
 NITA: Y'shoulda asked.
 ALICE: What?
 NITA: About the job. Y'shoulda asked about it.
 ALICE: Oh yeah, d'y see the queue? Halfway round the . . .
 NITA: Yeah, I seen the queue. There's always queues -
 ALICE: Wouldn't fancy it anyway. Not scrubbing. Not on me hands an' knees.
 NITA: Been talking to me dad.
 ALICE: Oh yeah?
 NITA: About money. About setting me up.
 ALICE: Up where?
 NITA: Me own shop. Hairdressing, y'know. Seen this little place round by here . . .
 ALICE: Oh yeah?
 NITA: He's thinking if he can afford it.
 ALICE: He's raking it in.
 NITA: People think that . . .
 ALICE: What?
 NITA: That doctors are raking it in. Well, they're not. They don't. Well, not all of them . . .
 ALICE: No. Just your dad.
 NITA: Anyway, he's thinking about it.

ALICE: All right fer you then, in't it? No point you hanging round Job Centre, is there? Nose stuck up against the windows. Looking at all the nice things inside.

NITA: Said y' wasn't fussed on getting a job —

ALICE: Oh yeah, I wasn't — till I met Kev. Till I sussed gettin' engaged.

NITA: Why, y' paying him, then, are yer?

ALICE: Yeah, it's steep though — gettin' engaged. Think it's all Babychams an' ruby clusters, don't yer —

NITA: No . . .

ALICE: Hen parties an' final flings? Yeah well, it's not. No way.

NITA: Oh . . .

ALICE: Ruby clusters cost, y' know. The earth. Well, depending if it's fake or real.

NITA: Yeah . . .

ALICE: I want real.

NITA: 'Course . . .

ALICE: No point getting engaged if all yer worth is fake. Know what I mean?

NITA: Oh yeah . . .

ALICE: Yeah, but guess how much. Go on, guess . . .

NITA: I can't —

ALICE: Hundred an' seventy-five quid.

NITA: Hundred an' seventy-five . . .

ALICE: Have to have it, though. Yer see it, y' set yer heart on it. Won't feel I'm engaged without. Not proper engaged.

NITA: Yeah, but Alice, think what y' could buy fer . . .

ALICE: Trouble is, he says I have to put towards it. Yeah, I don't think that's right, Nita. Should be the bloke buys the ring. Shouldn't have to put towards yerself, should yer? Dunno what sort of job I'm s'posed to get.

NITA: Shoulda listened more in class.

ALICE: Y' what?

NITA: Got CSEs.

ALICE: Don't need CSEs for what I want. Don't need certificates to have kids.

Don't need a degree to cook fish fingers.

NITA: Alice, there's more to living than frozen foods.

ALICE: Seen Phil breaking into the big time, then, is she? Eight O' Levels, what's she got? Saturday an' Sunday morning on the market, weighing out spuds. That's education.

NITA: That's just fer now.

ALICE: You an' 'all. Playing about with people's hair. Stick a bit of colour on, stuff a few rollers in — big deal.

NITA: An' I'm taking book-keeping. Do me own books. Run it all meself.

ALICE: Yeah, well, see me, two years time. Got me own house. Kev bringing in the money — couple of lovely kids — me knitting matinee coats . . .

NITA: If that's what yer after —

ALICE: Well, what else is there?

Enter PHIL with a newspaper.

PHIL: Seen it, then? Looks okay, dun't it?

NITA (*looking at the paper*): Four tickets . . . after six . . . telephone 707 . . . yeah, ace. That's us okay.

PHIL: Us an' about fifty others.

NITA (*looking down the column*): Oh God, yeah — there's millions of them . . .

PHIL: Yeah, well, we'll see . . .

ALICE: Tonight. They might ring tonight.

PHIL: Who?

ALICE: Somebody might.

PHIL: Where is she?

NITA: Beth?

PHIL: Meant to be here —

NITA: Said she'd be round. Feeling rough, she said. After last night.

PHIL: Oh yeah?

ALICE: Down the disco. Me an' her. Met these two lads —

PHIL: Never —

ALICE: Y' won't tell Kevin, will yer? —

PHIL: What lads?

ALICE: Beth had a fiver off her dad. Putting away a bit — doubles an' 'all —

PHIL: Getaway —

ALICE: Sick in the toilets — twice —

Enter BETH looking fragile.

BETH: Nobody mention Riccadonna — (*Nobody does.*)

Had this whole bottle of Riccadonna last night. God, I am never gonna look at that stuff again . . . I am never . . . oh God, me head's killing — I shoulda stopped in bed.

PHIL: You're supposed to be *here*. Somebody might phone.

BETH: Somebody might phone? — Somebody better bloody phone, after me getting dragged up half-dead at all hours of the day.

NITA: Six o'clock?

BETH: Well, there's sod-all else to get up for round here, is there?

PHIL: Well, are you stopping or what?

BETH (*taking her coat off*): Threw up over the peonies when I got in. Me dad's gonna go wild. He's training them for a show.

PHIL: He'll get first prize. *Just a show.*

BETH *looks as if she's going to be sick.*

PHIL: Y' sure it's the Riccadonna?

BETH: No, don't!

ALICE: What d'y mean?

PHIL (*tapping her head*): Use it, Al.

NITA: Y' don't see many pregnant Stretford Enders, do you?

ALICE: Oh . . . d'y mean? . . . hey, y' not, are yer, Beth?

PHIL: Who is it this time?

BETH: Don't know.

PHIL: Should try doing the pools. Perm any one from twelve.

ALICE: You'll have to start goin' in the seats —

NITA: Hey, we could have a whip-round among the likely suspects an' buy her a season ticket —

PHIL: Yeah, if the likely suspects clubbed together we could buy a new centre forward —

BETH: Get lost, Phil —

PHIL: So what if it's not the Riccadonna? So what then?

BETH: How should I know?

PHIL: Hadn't yer better start?

BETH: Y' never give it much thought, do you?

PHIL: Well, no — you don't —

BETH: Never think it's gonna happen, do you? Like getting run over by a bus. Y' always think it happens to someone else.

PHIL: Except if y' walk in the road all the time, y' stand a good chance of getting knocked over.

BETH: Pardon?

PHIL: Never mind.

NITA: So where d'y get to last night? You was seen . . .

BETH: What d'y mean?

NITA: Edging off with Gaz Jones —

BETH: Oh ta for that, Al — why don't you broadcast it next time?

NITA: Our Shameen saw you an' 'all —

BETH: Yeah, well actually it's got nothing to do with you lot —

PHIL: Y' mean you can't remember what happened —

BETH: I mean I prefer not to discuss my private concerns —

PHIL: Private? — that's a good one.

Everyone else knows what y' was up to —

BETH: Oh, I bet they don't —

PHIL: Down behind the multi-storey, next to the trolley check-out —

BETH: Your mouth, Al —

PHIL: Not just Al — we could hear yer the other side of Salford —

NITA: So in other words —

PHIL: She scored.

NITA: Y' make her sound like Joe Jordan.

PHIL: Joe Jordan? Hey, I wish he could keep up with her. That's what I'd call a decent striker.

BETH: Calling me a slag?

PHIL: Did I say slag?

BETH: Is that what y'calling me?

PHIL: Is that what I said?

BETH: Oh yeah, well, nobody says nothing about you, do they? You an' 'Ged Stewart.

PHIL: What's me an' 'Ged Stewart?

BETH: Yeah, well, we all know about that little episode, don't we?

PHIL: Oh, do we?

BETH: Oh yeah, well it's obvious, in't it. Y' must've -

PHIL: Pardon?

BETH: No messing, Phil. Y' must've Y' was going together three weeks.

PHIL: So?

BETH: So, he has anyone within three days.

PHIL: Y' mean you lasted three days -

BETH: Three an' a half.

PHIL: Oh, be a yer pardon - is this a record?

BETH: Hey, tell yer though - it's not up to much, is it? I mean, it's not as good...

PHIL: What?

BETH: As they say.

NITA: As who says?

BETH: Oh, y' know, people say, don't they - an' magazines an' that - say it's a beautiful experience -

NITA: Who says?

BETH: But it's not.

PHIL: What y' been reading, Beth?

BETH: Yeah, well, strictly speaking, of course, it's all meant to be all furry duvets an' candlelights - Demis Roussos givin' it hell on the stereo. I know that. I'm not daft. I don't expect the works. I'm not asking fer Barry Manilow.

NITA (to PHIL): What is she talkin' about?

BETH: But on the other hand, if yer stuck on the front-room sofa with half the springs poking through yer backside - his gran next door taking her teeth out an' liable to burst in any minute with a fresh brew... well it's not the same, is it? It's not yer love-is-a-many-splendoured-thing set-up, is it?

PHIL: 'Ged Stewart's front-room sofa? No, I wouldn't've said so.

BETH: Yeah, well - so yer 'magical moments' is all out the window, in't it?

NITA: Magical moments?

PHIL: Magical what?

BETH: Oh yeah, was yours 'magical' then? Was yours all 'beautiful'?

PHIL: Was what?

BETH: You know... the first...

PHIL: Oh yeah, fantastic. ~~screech~~

BETH: No, I mean, straight...

PHIL: Amazing. ~~screech~~

BETH: Oh, come on, Phil - I'm only asking yer -

PHIL: What's it to do with you?

BETH: Yeah, she's right, y' know - Janice Blake is - y' never know with you -

PHIL: Janice Blake says what?

BETH: Well, that's what she says. She says - 'Phil's dead cocky, in't she? - like she knows it all. But I wouldn't be surprised if she never had' -

PHIL: Y' what?

BETH: In fact she said - 'I wouldn't be surprised if she was a bit...'

NITA: What's she talking about? -

BETH: Well, y' know what it's like - people say things, an' y' start thinking... I dunno...

PHIL: Who says? - who says what?

BETH: Y' know, 'cos people starting to say yer never have...

PHIL: Oh, I don't believe it. Great, Beth. Y' don't go round like a slag, y' get accused of still being a virgin. Brilliant.

BETH: Hey, no - hang on - I never said - I wouldn't go spricaching things like that.

PHIL: Yeah, well, stuff the lot of them!

NITA: Except fer Stevie Coppeth.

BETH: That Garry Yates fancies you -

PHIL: Great.

BETH: You like him an' all, don't yer?

PHIL: Oh yeah, Beth - is this joke time or what?

ALICE: Yeah, go on Phil - I seen you an' him - eyeing each other -

BETH: Love at first sight -

PHIL: Guess what Beth - Love is not having to have your name blasted across his windscreen in blue psychedelic tape -

ALICE: Bet you'd go with him. If he asked yer. Bet yer would.

PHIL: Oh yeah, I would -

BETH: Dead right -

PHIL: If I really fancied getting brained by a pair of giant furry dice, yeah.

ALICE: I've been in his car. Dead smart it is. 'Cept he forgot to take Sharon's name off the windscreen when they finished.

BETH: Felt a bit of a dick, sat there, looking like I was someone else.

PHIL: Great car, though -

PHIL: Bloody deathtrap. Y' could suffocate in all that tiger-fur. Should make it an endorsable offence, having a red furry dashboard.

BETH: One of these days, lads is gonna stop asking you into their motors altogether.

PHIL: Oh my God - no, really...?

BETH: You hang on to it much longer, no one's gonna want to know -

PHIL: Yeah, tragic -

BETH: Yeah, well, y' should have fun while y're young - I think.

PHIL: Yeah, the maternity wards is stacks of fun, Beth - it's one big laugh.

BETH: Don't ask for your advice, Phil. Don't need it.

PHIL: Good. Don't ask. Don't care.

ALICE: Hey, what if they don't phone? What if no one phones? What if there is no tickets?

PHIL: What if you kept it shut, Al? What if y give us a chance to hear the phone if it does ring?

ALICE (offended, to NITA): Y' coming to town, Sat day morning?

NITA: What y' getting?

ALICE: Looking at rings -

NITA: Might do -

BETH: Yeah, well don't ask her - (meaning PHIL)

ALICE: Why not?

BETH: Working, in't she? Gotta work, dun't she?

PHIL: Should be bloody glad you don't need to -

BETH: Sick of hearing you moaning about it -

PHIL: Got no choice, do I?

BETH: Pack it in - it's so terrible -

PHIL: Goin' a bit dense, are you?

BETH: Yeah, well, if y' need the money -

PHIL: If I need the money? - oh yeah, well, it comes in, y' know, Beth. Bit extra, y' know - helps out - stops me goin' begging to me dad to keep me in Permoids -

BETH: If it's that bad, leave it -

PHIL: Hey, our house in't like your house, y' know. We don't get paid to keep out the way like you do.

BETH: Yeah, I make it worth his while, don't I? Keep out when he's got his posh-get mates round. Don't show him up. Worth a fiver any time.

PHIL: Could do without all the crap, Sat day mornings. Do without all the ear-ache.

NITA: Yeah, Sat day mornings, get yer self all geared up fer the game. One-track-minds -

PHIL: Right, 'cos yer thinking, two points today or forget the title. Half the team's got groin strains or ears missing. Y' wanna weigh up the odds an' some -

PHIL: Right, 'cos yer thinking, two points today or forget the title. Half the team's got groin strains or ears missing. Y' wanna weigh up the odds an' some -

PHIL: Right, 'cos yer thinking, two points today or forget the title. Half the team's got groin strains or ears missing. Y' wanna weigh up the odds an' some -

PHIL: Right, 'cos yer thinking, two points today or forget the title. Half the team's got groin strains or ears missing. Y' wanna weigh up the odds an' some -

PHIL: Right, 'cos yer thinking, two points today or forget the title. Half the team's got groin strains or ears missing. Y' wanna weigh up the odds an' some -

PHIL: Right, 'cos yer thinking, two points today or forget the title. Half the team's got groin strains or ears missing. Y' wanna weigh up the odds an' some -

PHIL: Right, 'cos yer thinking, two points today or forget the title. Half the team's got groin strains or ears missing. Y' wanna weigh up the odds an' some -

PHIL: Right, 'cos yer thinking, two points today or forget the title. Half the team's got groin strains or ears missing. Y' wanna weigh up the odds an' some -

PHIL: Right, 'cos yer thinking, two points today or forget the title. Half the team's got groin strains or ears missing. Y' wanna weigh up the odds an' some -

BETH: An' you're all set to fork out fifty quid to watch a football match? - want yer head testing -

PHIL: Y'what?

BETH: So short of money, give up the Reds -

PHIL: Give up the Reds?

BETH: If it's that desperate -

PHIL: It's not -

BETH: Well, then -

The phone rings. They all freeze.

ALICE: It's the phone . . .

PHIL: Here y'are - get it - get it -

BETH: You get it -

NITA: Go on, will you?

BETH: What'm I gonna say?

PHIL: What d'y mean say?

BETH: Oh God . . . what shall I . . . ?

NITA: Go on . . . someone . . . one of yer . . .

PHIL: Oh, fer Christ's sake -

NITA: Just say . . .

PHIL: Here - gi's the bloody thing -

She picks up the phone. Takes a deep breath.

Hello? . . . hello? . . . yes. Yeah, that's right. What? Nita? . . .

NITA: Me?

PHIL: Yeah? . . . who wants her? . . . Who . . . (To NITA:) Nita, it's someone wanting a cut and blow an' green bloody highlights . . .

NITA: What?

PHIL: Just get hold of it, will yer?

NITA picks up the phone.

NITA: Hello? . . . yes. Oh yeah, fine . . . yeah, great. Seven o'clock. Fine, yeah . . . ta yer much . . . yeah . . . ta-ra then . . . (NITA puts the phone down. She looks shame-faced.) Yeah . . . it was someone wanting . . .

PHIL: Yeah, we heard.

NITA: Well, I couldn't help it, could I?

NITA: What aggro?

PHIL: We're all going -

NITA: Yeah, all right then - only I was gonna . . .

PHIL: What?

NITA: Mix up some green tint . . . yeah, but I got a seven o'clock -

PHIL: Don't try it, Nita, hey? - just don't - all right?

Blackout.

Scene Three

The car park of the Old Pack Horse. PHIL, BETH, NITA and ALICE are waiting around - they look as if they have been there for some time.

ALICE: Whose idea's this anyway?

BETH: He might've come early.

ALICE: Well, he might, but he's not - has he?

NITA: Five minutes.

BETH: What?

NITA: Got five minutes. Till he's due.

PHIL: He'll be here.

BETH: He better be.

PHIL: He said nine -

BETH: Yeah. Well, then . . .

Pause.

P'raps he meant the Hare and Hounds . . .

Pause.

I mean, have y' thought?

PHIL: What?

BETH: Yeah well, just think - what dicks we're gonna look . . . if he meant the Hare and Hounds . . .

PHIL: He said the Old Pack Horse.

BETH: Yeah . . . but just suppose . . .

PHIL: Shut up, Beth.

Pause.

ALICE: Hey . . . look . . .

PHIL: What?

ALICE: Look who it is -

PHIL: Where?

ALICE: Stood over there -

BETH (diving for cover): Oh Christ -

NITA: What is it?

BETH: Get me out of it -

PHIL: Where y'going?

BETH: Kaz Johnson -

NITA: Is it?

PHIL: Who's he?

ALICE: Oh, y'know he's the one that . . .

BETH: Don't wanna see him - don't wanna be seen . . .

ALICE: Oh, he's got someone with him -

BETH: Oh God, this is just . . .

PHIL: What?

BETH: Dead embarrassing -

PHIL: Who is he?

BETH: Tryin' to avoid him all week -

ALICE: I think it's Maxine -

BETH: His dad, y' see -

PHIL: Pardon?

BETH: Last Friday - come in - without knocking -

PHIL: Come in where?

BETH: An' me an' him there on the settee -

PHIL: Whose dad?

ALICE: Jesus, what's he say?

BETH: He says to get some clothes on -

ALICE: Oh God, I woulda died . . .

BETH: Dirty old bugger, just stood there - smirk all down his face. Me, half-stark, groping about under the stereo, hunting for me tights -

ALICE: An' what's Kaz doing?

BETH: Kaz? He's doing nothing, is he? - puttin' his own house in order, not stirring a foot to help me get decent. Then he leaves us at the bus-stop - all stood there with ripped tights an' tits all over the place . . .

NITA: Yeah, I heard he was good like that –
 BETH: Then halfway home – realise it's getting a bit draughty –
 ALICE: Not another pair?
 BETH: Left behind the cushions on the settee . . .
 NITA: P'raps he's come to return them –
 BETH: Honest, if I'm not dead pissed off with lads, I am. Tell yer, if Joe Jordan come here – now – begging me . . . I'd make him wait at least three minutes.
 PHIL: Oh yeah, he's that short of something to do, isn't he?
 NITA: Hey, who's this?
 PHIL: What, y' mean him?
 NITA: What d'y think?
 ALICE: He looks like a spiv – he looks like a really mean bastard –
 PHIL: Nita, that's Father Flaherty –
 NITA: Is it?
 PHIL: He's got a wooden leg –
 NITA: Does that mean he can't be a tout?
 PHIL: Curning old bugger – where's he get his mitts on four Cup Final tickets?
 BETH: Confession – that's his game – bet yer – some poor sod's penance – ten Hail Mary's and four Cup Final tickets –
 ALICE: He should be reported – he should have his frocks taken off –
 PHIL: It's not him –
 BETH: Why not?
 PHIL: He's not coming here – he's away into the pub –
 BETH: Bloody disgrace –
 NITA: What if he dun't come – the man?
 PHIL: You better hope he comes, Nita –
 ALICE: Hey, here y' are –
 BETH: Is it?
 ALICE: Over there –
 PHIL: Is that green, y'tit?
 ALICE: Did he say green?
 PHIL: He said green –
 NITA: Chevette.

PHIL: Green Chevette.
 ALICE: Oh –
 PHIL: That's a Datsun.
 ALICE: Oh, yeah . . .
 NITA: It's a blue Datsun.
 ALICE: Yeah. Right. Here . . . no . . .
 BETH: Where?
 ALICE: Gone past –
 PHIL: He said nine.
 NITA: Any minute then –
 ALICE: What if he asks for more?
 PHIL: He said thirty.
 ALICE: But what if he asks?
 PHIL: He won't.
 ALICE: He might've got a better offer.
 PHIL: How much y' got?
 BETH: I'm not paying more than thirty –
 PHIL: How much – give it here –
 BETH: Hey, no chance –
 PHIL: Beth –
 BETH: This is to last me two weeks –
 PHIL: Y' don't wanna go?
 BETH: Thirty quid's a lot of money –
 PHIL: The Final, Beth –
 BETH: Yeah, I know, but . . .
 PHIL: Yeah, but . . . what? Yeah, but it's the Final. If it costs fifty, hundred – y' gotta be there –
 BETH: Me dad's got a fiver on Arsenal –
 PHIL: He's what?
 BETH: Old wanker –
 NITA: Who's gonna give him the money?
 BETH: What money?
 NITA: To the bloke. When he gets here –
 PHIL: Does it matter?
 NITA: In case it's someone . . .
 PHIL: Who?
 NITA: That we know . . .
 PHIL: Who's bothered?

any of them dick-heads who rip up trains an' rob old ladies –
 BETH: Stuff it, Phil –
 PHIL: Yeah, I do. In fact, I'm quite prepared to swear on Matt Busby's big toe that I think Beth is a real dick, an' if she continues to make such astonishin' progress she could soon find herself supporting Stockport County.
 BETH: Oh yeah, like to see you carrying a knife around with yer –
 NITA: Oh God, not the knife again –
 BETH: Yeah well, think on – (*She pats her inside pocket.*)
 ALICE: Yeah, but yer never use it, do yer? –
 BETH: Do me for carrying offensive weapons then, wouldn't they?
 ALICE: You do carry them –
 BETH: Yeah, but I don't use them –
 NITA: Dun't matter if y' use them – y' still get done for carrying them.
 BETH: Well, that's a bloody cheat.
 PHIL: Soft get –
 BETH: Might as well use them if y' gonna get done fer carrying them –
 NITA: Well, at the Final . . .
 BETH: At the Final – oh Christ, they've bloody had it – just let them bloody try it . . . We Are The Stretford Enders' . . . (*She starts to dance around waving her scarf.*)
 PHIL: At the Final – listen, you – at the Final y' bloody watch y' self, right?
 BETH: What?
 PHIL: Cup Final, right? No messing, okay? No way I'm paying thirty quid to view the inside of a police cell, right? So you wanna start – you see it through. On yer own, okay? Don't come wingeing to me. I'm not gonna be there.
 NITA: Me neither.
 BETH: Hey, I got two feet, y' know. Got two fists. I can look after meself.
 PHIL: Good.
 BETH: Don't need your help.

NITA: 'Cos me dad, see – go mad if he knew what I was spending, getting to this game –
 PHIL: You an' all now?
 NITA: He dun't understand –
 PHIL: I'll give it him –
 BETH: Hundred and twenty quid.
 PHIL: Hundred and twenty. I'll give it him.
 NITA: God, it is a . . .
 PHIL: What?
 NITA: Lot. Of money. Isn't it?
 PHIL: Yeah, Nita. Would try not to mention money if I was you, Nita. On account of we might remember . . .
 ALICE: Yeah, Nita – just think . . . know what this is from? – deposit on me ring, this is – been saving since Christmas.
 PHIL: On account of just think, Nita – how we could be paying three quid face value – if it weren't for you, engineering the biggest cock-up this side of Malcolm Allison –
 NITA: Gonna be dark soon anyway. Not gonna know *what* colour the bloody car is.
 BETH: Know what we *could* do? – duff him up a bit –
 PHIL: Duff *who* up a bit?
 BETH: The bloke. Whoever he is. Sort of negotiate for the tickets . . .
 PHIL: Yeah, and find y' self negotiating the inside of Stretford Police Station?
 BETH: Y' scared, are yer?
 PHIL: What of?
 BETH: Yer bloody are – aren't yer?
 PHIL: Try acting yer age, Beth –
 BETH: Oh yeah, we're not all soft, y' know – we're not all like you –
 PHIL: What y' tryna prove, Beth – prove y' can hit hard? – prove y' can hurt – just like a bloke?
 BETH: Yeah, why not? – they don't corner the market, y' know.
 PHIL: Hey Beth, who's arguin' with yer? / believe in bein' equal. I think you're just as capable of making an arse of yerself as

PHIL: Glad to hear it. Pleased for yer. Three of us here witness to that.

BETH: Course, if there's any real bother—

PHIL: No—

BETH: Any trouble—

PHIL: Nothing, Beth. Keep it shut, okay?

BETH: That's assuming we get there—

PHIL: Shut up—

BETH: That's if we ever get to Wembley—

PHIL: Y'never learn, do yer?—y'never listen—

BETH: Could end up watching it in our front room—

NITA: Was you born dense, Beth—or did y' just pick it up as y' went along?

BETH: Just being realistic—about the chances—

PHIL: What would y' give for *your* chances, Beth? Against the three of us, here?

ALICE: Here y' are. This is it . . .

PHIL: Where?

ALICE: Green Chevette—

NITA: Christ, yeah it is—

PHIL: Right—that's it—gi's the money—

BETH: All of it?

PHIL: Gi's the money—

She collects the money—she steps forward.

BETH: Try an' look hard, Phil—y'll get ripped off if he thinks yer a girl . . .

Blackout.

Scene Four

Cup Final morning. Downstairs at NITA's house. PHIL and NITA sit waiting. PHIL suddenly jumps up and starts pacing about.

PHIL: Eight o'clock, Nita. We said eight.

NITA: Yeah, an' he was called out, wasn't he? If y' called out, y' have to go.

PHIL: Don't you have clocks in your house, Nita? Don't you have alarms?

NITA: He's allowed, isn't he?—some rest?

PHIL: No way, Nita. Not Cup Final

morning, he in't. Not without here—all sat an' waiting since seven o'clock.

NITA: Half the night he's been up—

PHIL: That's what he's paid for—

NITA: What if he drops dead at the wheel?—of exhaustion. What if he carves up a lamp-post?

PHIL: Imagine he's called out now. Imagine there's people, now at their last gasp—waiting on your dad condescending to drop in. He'd have to get up then, wouldn't he?—he'd have to stir hisself.

NITA: Not just been sat on his backside all night, y' know—

PHIL: What then?—you'll have me crying in a minute—

NITA: Every Friday night, Phil, someone drops dead—

PHIL: Pardon?

NITA: Three o'clock, in the car, gets there, not dead at all. Dead drunk more like. Someone's idea of a good time. What about his idea of a good time? Not dragged up at three in the morning, treating heart attacks that end up as indigestion. So now he's ten minutes late taking us to get the coach! So what?

PHIL: He better bloody move it—

NITA: Coach dun't leave till nine o'clock. Takes ten minutes getting there.

PHIL: We wanna get good seats, don't we?—we don't wanna get shoved off somewhere naff—

NITA: Phil, we're queuing for a coach—not the bloody Cup Final—

PHIL: Enough kip to last him till Christmas—

NITA: Phil, yer bloody pathetic sometimes, you are—

PHIL: Well, if he dun't shift hisself, I'm out an' catching the bus—

NITA: Alice isn't done yet, is she—

PHIL: Yeah, an' where's she playing about?

NITA: Upstairs. Ironing her jeans.

PHIL: Oh God, Nita—

NITA: She got new jeans, just for the Final—an' now she's putting creases in them—

PHIL: She always gotta look like she just stepped out the front window of Top Shop, dun't she?

NITA: Yeah, ~~and the face—~~

PHIL: She's not getting her eyes on—

NITA: The works—red mascara—

PHIL: Oh God, Nita—don't let on she's with us—

Enter BETH. AND ALICE.

BETH: We all ready then?

NITA: Since seven o'clock.

PHIL: What's all this lot? (*Pointing to bags BETH is carrying.*)

BETH: It's provisions.

PHIL: What?—

BETH: Y' know, scrab—

PHIL: What for?

BETH: In case we get bit peckish—

PHIL: Peckish?—what y' talking about?—telling me yer even gonna *think* about eating today?

BETH: I can always think about eating—

PHIL: I don't believe it. I couldn't eat a crumb. Inside here feels like being on Belle Vue's Big Dipper. (*She points to her stomach.*)

BETH: Me mum made these fr' us. I nearly died. She must have another feller. She gets dead generous when she's feeling guilty.

PHIL: Or maybe she just sobered up—

BETH: Nah, no chance. Took her six port an' lemmons to start de-frosting the dinner last night. Then I get stuck fer smelling of half a cider.

PHIL: Yeah, Beth, but throwing up on the dahlias—

BETH: Peonies—

PHIL: Not a nice gesture—

BETH: Should stop breeding flowers, shouldn't he?—else plant them well away from the front gate—

Enter ALICE hardly able to move in skintight jeans.

NITA: Very nice, Alice—

PHIL: This what the fuss is all about?—

ALICE: I hope I'm not gonna be doing too much bending—

PHIL: Where's the creases?

BETH: Why'd y' have to buy jeans a size too small, Al?

ALICE: D'y' think they look daft?

PHIL: They will with a great split up the backside.

ALICE: It's to incent me to slim.

PHIL: Get yer jaws wired up.

ALICE: Can't see meself being dead active with these on.

NITA: You'll have to stay stood up all the way to Wembley.

PHIL: Are we right, then?

ALICE: D'y' think y' could pass us that bag . . . I don't wanna move about too much . . . (PHIL hands bag to her.) Just let me get this sorted . . . (*She gets out a small radio.*)

PHIL: What's that for?

ALICE: It's for the match, in't it?

PHIL: The match?—

ALICE: What d'y' think it's for?

PHIL: Yeah . . . I had this idea we was going to the match—

ALICE: Yeah—but so I know what's going on.

PHIL: What d'y' think these are for? (*Indicates eyes.*)

ALICE: Oh, watching it, yeah—but I mean, knowing what it's all about.

PHIL: What it's all about?

ALICE: The significance. Y' know, like appreciate—

BETH: The what?

ALICE: Yeah, like Shakespeare—like modern art—

PHIL: What is?

ALICE: Understanding—

PHIL: Alice—

ALICE: No, 'cos y' there, right? - goin' cross-eyed lookin' at it - an' it's all wiggly lines, in 't? It's all funny words an' things that don't rhyme till someone comes an' explains it all to yer -

NITA: Explaining what?

ALICE: 'Cos what I reckon is - this dun't come cheap, right? Just forked out thirty quid a ticket. Well, I'm not paying thirty quid a ticket an' not understand what sort of Final it is.

PHIL: What sort of Finals is there?

ALICE: Just watching it, don't get much idea, do yer? Y' need Bob Wilson to analyse it for yer. He knows what to look for. Y' need him 'cos he tells yer if it's good or not -

PHIL: If you think I'm stood up there with that thing racketing on ...

ALICE: An' Kevin'll want to know all about it -

PHIL: Why, dun't he believe Bob Wilson?

ALICE: No, from my point of view -

PHIL: You don't *have* a point of view -

ALICE: Not that Kevin's much into football. He prob'ly won't even watch the match. He'll be at karate -

PHIL: Rippin' up phone books -

ALICE: Oh no, they don't do that yet. That's fer advanced. He done an A-Z last week, though -

PHIL: He's practising backhanders for when y' get married -

ALICE: Hey, y' know, I hope we win today -

PHIL: Never. *Do yer?*

ALICE: Yeah, 'cos this might be the last one there'll be -

NITA: Great supporter *you* are - great faith in them -

ALICE: For *me*, I mean.

PHIL: Copping out, are yer?

ALICE: Yeah, but when me an' Kev's married, he won't want me to keep coming.

PHIL: Tell him to sod off.

ALICE: Yeah, but y' can't, can yer?

PHIL: Y' bloody can.

ALICE: I'll have other things to do then.

NITA: Like what?

ALICE: I dunno. Sat'days there's lots to do when y' married. Shopping, an' tidying. Cleaning up -

PHIL: Sounds a barrel of fun -

ALICE: Shifting the furniture round - stuff like that -

NITA: Alice, getting married doesn't mean acting like an old woman -

ALICE: What d'y mean?

NITA: There's other things going besides polishing furniture an' peeling spuds -

ALICE: What y' talking about?

PHIL: She's talking about not turning into a bore -

ALICE: I don't think it's boring - I like peeling potatoes -

PHIL: She means not letting y' world close in on you -

ALICE: Pardon?

PHIL: She means still being able to *choose* -

ALICE: I don't know what y' talking about. I *choose* to get married -

NITA: But being married doesn't have to *change* anything -

ALICE: Oh I think it does. I think it changes lots. It means y' don't have to bother sticking make-up on every time he comes round. It means daring to be seen in face packs an' wearing slippers. It means y' can relax.

PHIL: Let y' self go.

ALICE: Not have to put on a parade.

PHIL: Act like a tramp.

ALICE: Oh yeah, Phil - I don't see anyone rushing to get engaged to *you* -

PHIL: I don't see a stack of lads I'd exactly like to get engaged to -

ALICE: Yeah, well y' can't spend the rest of yer life drooling round after Stevie Coppel -

PHIL: Yeah, well - not seen anyone else comes close yet -

ALICE: Should try going after something y' can get hold of - instead of something miles out of reach -

PHIL: Not interested in something to get hold of, Al. Not interested in jerks y' can pick up on any street corner -

ALICE: Y' should be so lucky -

PHIL: Yeah, pick up a lot in this dead end dump -

ALICE: Dead end dump, yeah - what's wrong with it?

PHIL: Depends what yer after -

ALICE: Got big ideas all of a sudden, have yer?

NITA: Yeah, what's wrong with that?

ALICE: Big ideas, yeah. Where's it get yer? Same place, Nita. Same place as the rest of us. They don't have special dole queues for people with big ideas.

PHIL: Not aiming to make a career out of bein' on the dole, Al -

ALICE: Oh, listen to her - get a few good marks, few right answers. I think yer something special now, don't yer? Bloody secretarial college -

PHIL: Yeah, Al - bloody learning to make a living an' not banking on some poor bastard bloke to give me house-keeping -

ALICE: Training to be a typist - big deal -

PHIL: Secretary -

NITA: What's the difference?

PHIL: Don't you start -

NITA: Dogsbody -

~~PHIL: We've had all this before, Nita -~~

~~NITA: Yeah, Phil - fifty words a minute, eternal tea-maker - paint yer nails, file the odd letter - Big deal.~~

~~PHIL: Big deal. So what? S'a job, in 't? S'a career. Better than smack at home washing baby's nappies.~~

~~NITA: Career? Oh, yeah - career in getting nowhere. Training to be a what, Phil? Somebody's toe-rag?~~

~~ALICE: Yeah, right. Only difference is, you get paid for it.~~

~~PHIL: Nita, you know as well as I do ...~~

~~NITA: What you sat exams for, Phil, and~~

up being dictated to? - Most highest qualified dish-washer?

~~BETH: Good career, being a secretary - me dad says - says his secretary got herself a dead cushy number - got all the perks -~~

~~NITA: Yeah, I bet -~~

~~PHIL: I can't go to college -~~

~~NITA: Why not?~~

~~PHIL: Because I can't -~~

~~NITA: Scared -~~

~~PHIL: No -~~

~~NITA: What then?~~

~~PHIL: What for?~~

~~NITA: Get out. Do something decent. Not some pissing little shorthand school where they teach you to dress like prison wardens an' not answer back. Come top in three languages just so you can lick envelopes -~~

~~PHIL: Come top here, yeah - out there, where am I? Get to college an' find out I'm the only thick-head on the course -~~

~~NITA: You might, yeah -~~

~~PHIL: Right, then -~~

~~NITA: Chance y' gotta take -~~

~~PHIL: No chance -~~

~~NITA: Oh no, 'cos that's not what you want, is it, Phil? 'Cos basically yer just mouth, Phil. Y' shout about it, but deep down yer play safe. Yer a bloody coward, you are, Phil -~~

~~PHIL: Oh yeah, you reckon?~~

~~NITA: Yeah, I do reckon, Phil. I reckon you're all mouth an' nothin' else. Saving it all for Sat day afternoons an' the rest of the week can go stuff itself, right?~~

~~PHIL: Dead easy for you, Nita. Bloody talk y' cheap. Landed nicely in it, you. All set up, daddy with the readies. Don't talk to me about copping out. You sat on yer backside all yer life an' let it come to you.~~

~~NITA: Yeah, well it won't come to you, Phil - so bloody get up off yer arse an' get after it -~~

~~PHIL: I'm going, Nita. I'm going to teach - learning to type letters -~~

~~NITA: Get yer head seen to sometime~~

BETH: Hey, are we going or what?
 PHIL: We're waiting, aren't we? Till the man of leisure gets hisself stirred up —
 BETH: Or are we gonna be stood about screaming all morning?
 NITA (to PHIL): Yeah, an' don't bother listening to her fer advice. She's not gonna starve neither.
 BETH: Hey, don't drag me in an' all —
 NITA: Old feller's not short of money there neither — she won't be on the streets —
 BETH: Who's on the streets?
The sound of a car horn from outside.
 PHIL: 'Bout bloody time.
 BETH: Are we taking all this stuff?
 PHIL: Leave the radio —
 NITA: Who's got the tickets?
 ALICE: I want it —
 PHIL: Leave it —
 NITA: Ask Phil — she got more brains than Bob Wilson —
 ALICE: Y'better tell me, Phil . . .
 BETH and ALICE go out.
 PHIL (getting ready to go): Don't start, Nita — cos I'm not going —
 NITA: Cop-out —
 PHIL: I know what I'm doing here, Nita. Know where I am.
 NITA: Playing safe —
 PHIL: Don't notice you going off training to be an engineer —
 NITA: Don't have it up here, Phil. (She points to her head.) Don't have the right equipment.
 PHIL: Just want a decent job, Nita — me own place — an' watching the Reds every Sat'day.
 NITA: The Reds is not the end of the world, Phil.
 PHIL: Well, mire it is, Nita —
 NITA (as they go out): Yeah, well . . . bet yer Stevie Coppel dun't marry a typist . . .
 Blackout.

Scene Five

Quiside Wembley Stadium. PHIL stands, as if looking down Wembley Way.

PHIL: Oh, God, let me be here — please God, let me be here . . .
 NITA (running on): Phil, is there a fire?
 PHIL: Don't let me wake up —
 NITA: You on speed or something?
 PHIL: Oh God, jus' look at it Nita — jus' look . . .
 NITA: Phil, will y stand still —
 PHIL: Say it's for real, Nita — tell me it's happening —
 NITA (yells her hard): Y'feel that? —
 PHIL: I'm awake — thank Christ fer that — (She throws her arms round NITA.)
 NITA: Phil, will y get off me starf —
 PHIL: Nita, I forgive . . . everything . . .
 NITA: For what?
 PHIL: For the thirty quid — for the cook-ups. — it's nothing —
 NITA: Oh yeah?
 PHIL: Nita, y could double it — three times it —
 NITA: Could you repeat that?
 PHIL: Anything, Nita — don't care —
 NITA: See the result first —
 PHIL: Don't let anyone wake me up —
 NITA: Twenty to five, y'll be awake —
 PHIL: Nita, we gonna piss on them, aren't we?
 NITA: Exterminate —
 PHIL: Yeah, like rats —
 NITA: Brady first —
 PHIL: Best day of my life this, Nita.
 NITA: Better than Liverpool? — '77?
 PHIL: Oh yeah, Liverpool was good — but not best — 'cos we weren't here for Liverpool. (He had to sit squashed between me old Auntie the Family who's out there shouting fer Bolton Wanderers — yeah, well, I couldn't get it through to her they weren't playing . . . her, an' that deaf old bugger from across the way who's too

~~light to rent his own telly. An' I didn't much feel like kissing either of them when we scored.~~

NITA: Brilliant game, that —
 PHIL: Today, though — be better — be 3-1 today, no messing — nothing piddling — we want a big score —
 NITA: Four at least —
 PHIL: Five — too bloody moderate, you are —
 NITA: Six then —
 PHIL: Stevie get a hat-trick —
 NITA: Brady sent off —
 PHIL: Bob Wilson lynched —
 NITA: But poor Alice —
 PHIL: Best day of my life this . . .
The sound of fans chanting:
 QUE SERA SERA
 WHATEVER WILL BE WILL BE
 WE'RE ALL GOING TO
 WEM-BER-LEE
 QUE SERA SERA
 PHIL and NITA join in.
 PHIL (top of her voice): Yeah, an' the next — an' the year after — an' the year after . . .
 NITA: I hope I'll still be here then —
 PHIL: Why, where y'going?
 NITA: I mean there . . . I mean, with the Reds —
 PHIL: Why, what else is there?
 NITA: Things happen —
 PHIL: What things?
 NITA: People stop coming —
 PHIL: Part-time supporters —
 NITA: Get older — get grown up —
 PHIL: 'We'll support you evermore, Nita —
 NITA: Que sera sera —
 PHIL: Yeah — evermore — whatever —
 NITA: Some of us missing, come next Cup Final —
 PHIL: Like Al, y'mean
 NITA: Next season — you wait — Sat'day afternoons, out with his mother, sizing up

baby buggies an' spit roast ovens —
 PHIL: Please herself. Dun't deserve it, anyway —
 NITA: What?
 PHIL: Coming here. She's bloody ignorant, Nita. She is, honest. Last week — y won't believe this — can't even name '68 Cup Winning team. Forgets who Shay Brennan is —
 NITA: No —
 PHIL: Straight. Asks if Kiddo's playing. Can yer imagine — calls herself a supporter, can't even tell yer who got the goals.
 NITA: I can believe it —
 PHIL: Gormless get. I reckon she's a bit light up here.
 NITA: Me dad reckons that —
 PHIL: What's Alice?
 NITA: Bout me. Calls us a bit tapped —
 PHIL: Good of him —
 NITA: For keep coming, he says —
 PHIL: Watching the Reds? — that's common sense, that is? That's IQ miles above the average —
 NITA: Sees me going out — all weathers — no money — blizzard, gales — earache, backache, frozen feet — calls it insanity. Says I want seeing to.
 PHIL: Oh yeah, well it is, in't it —
 NITA: What?
 PHIL: Sometimes. 'Cos y gotta admit, Nita — what's sane seeing them go down two nil to a bunch of 3rd Division wankers? — Midweek cup-ties, stood there, getting hammered — nails chewed off . . .
 NITA: Sleet down yer neck —
 PHIL: Some bastard spissed in yer pocket — half time scores is up an' how's it happened? City's in front — the tea's got lumps in — some drunk's thrown up on yer foot . . .
 NITA: An', there's you screaming down me ear — Nita, I'm not coming again —
 PHIL: When did I ever . . .
 NITA: Spurs game last season, yeah? — half time getting hammered — second half . . .

the tunnel, animated as a bunch of wet rags -

PHIL: Don't remember -

NITA: Yeah, an' you going, 'God, give us a goal - give us two an' I'll give up biting me nails - make it three an' I'll give 50p to the donkey sanctuary -

PHIL: Oh yeah - I remember that - I remember saying about the donkeys. An' I says to you, didn't I, Nita, how the air's gone nippy - y' can see your breath in front of you - an' the floodlights, dead bright -

NITA: Frost on the rails -

PHIL: Hush on the terraces - getting restless -

NITA: Then that corner -

PHIL: Played short - an' the cross in from Macari -

NITA: It was McIlroy -

PHIL: Wham! In the net like a bloody 125 -

NITA: Second goal in - forty yards out -

PHIL: Five minutes to go, an' no voice left. Me, kissing anything that moves - an' thinking... just one... just one more an' I promise I'll sponsor a whole knacker's yard fer just one more goal - an' it's there, back of the net - an' there's me, dead in a heap at the foot of the terraces, going 'that's it, that's it' - ever an' ever - world without end -

NITA: Amen.

They both laugh.

PHIL (after a pause): So he's got a point, right - your dad -

NITA: Sort of -

PHIL: 'Cos what is it, Nita? - it's a game, right? It's twenty-two fellers hooking a pig's bladder between two sticks. Okay, this is your old man talking now...

NITA: I've had it all before -

PHIL: 'Cos here's us, right - this is what he reckons - not dim, not stupid -

NITA: Quite rational, even -

PHIL: Yeah, quite rational, even. So what's rational about this, he says - what is the sanity of it? Okay, so y'tell him, Nita - so I'm rational, so what? Sod that.

~~Analysing y' don't analyse. In't mental arithmetic - is it? Y' don't try an' make it add up.~~

~~NITA: What I told him. You're a doctor, I says. Should be able to find reasons for it. It's irrational, he says -~~

~~PHIL: Bloody disgrace that. Money spent on education - fortunes spent teaching your dad the right answers - doesn't understand football.~~

~~NITA: What I tell him - he's a great embarrassment to me, Phil - doesn't even know who Dave Sexton is -~~

~~PHIL: Hey, those two - what they playing at?~~

~~NITA: Al's probably sticking her face back on -~~

~~PHIL: Hey, Beth, y'know - she's asking fer trouble -~~

~~NITA: Why d'y' let her bring that bottle?~~

~~PHIL: Didn't know she had it, did I?~~

~~NITA: She had some cans an' all -~~

~~PHIL: Alice coulda said something -~~

~~NITA: Oh yeah, as if -~~

~~PHIL: She's half pissed already -~~

~~NITA: You better keep an eye on her -~~

~~PHIL: I'll bloody have her if she starts something - or if we have to carry her - or if she gets sick -~~

~~NITA: Dead cert - one of the three - bet yer she tries something -~~

~~PHIL: Yeah, she gonna feel the back of my hand if she does -~~

~~Enter BETH.~~

~~Speed on yer -~~

~~BETH: There's queues a mile long -~~

~~PHIL: Where is she?~~

~~BETH: Zip got stuck -~~

~~NITA: I don't believe it -~~

~~BETH: Ten minutes to get them peeled off fer a piss - now can't get them up again -~~

~~NITA: We should leave her -~~

~~BETH: We can't leave her -~~

~~PHIL: She deserves leaving -~~

~~BETH: I said where we'd be -~~

~~BETH: Nah - Macari's at right - stuff him right out the game.~~

~~PHIL: Joe Jordan - I hope he bites the lot of them. I hope he has a feast -~~

~~BETH: Hey, d'y think anyone's gonna...~~

~~PHIL: What?~~

~~BETH: Start. Y'know, start something -~~

~~PHIL: Start something?~~

~~BETH: Yeah, y'know... bit of...~~

~~PHIL: What?~~

~~BETH: Aggro -~~

~~PHIL: What?~~

~~BETH: Stick the boot in -~~

~~PHIL: Aggro?~~

~~BETH: Bit of... y'know... (Shows fists)... well it's the Final, in't it? There's bound to be somebody...~~

~~PHIL: Don't you dare -~~

~~BETH: Y'know, 'cos everyone's gonna be... bit niggly an' that. Bit of needle. An' y'know what it's like - when we're on telly - get a bit of attention...~~

~~PHIL: Pardon?~~

~~BETH: Well, somebody's bound to...~~

~~PHIL: Somebody might, yeah. That somebody best not be you, Beth. 'Cos this (She grabs her round the neck and shows her fist into BETH's mouth) will be clearing space between your front teeth, an' no help needed from visiting supporters. All right?~~

~~BETH: Yeah, well, if somebody hits me, I'm not just gonna be stood around -~~

~~PHIL: Who's gonna hit you?~~

~~BETH: Twenty thousand Arsenal fans out there -~~

~~PHIL: All of them profoundly uninterested in you -~~

~~BETH: Not just gonna be stood around, Phil -~~

~~PHIL: Depending on you getting hit, depending on who hits first, y' might just find yerself entitled to some assistance. But then again...~~

~~Enter ALICE, hardly able to walk.~~

~~PHIL: Thanks fer turning up. A life -~~

~~PHIL: She better bloody move it.~~

~~BETH (looking down Wembley Way): How many, d'y reckon?~~

~~PHIL: Who?~~

~~BETH: Come up from Manchester?~~

~~PHIL: I dunno... conservative estimate, I'd say... millions -~~

~~BETH: Wouldn't believe it, would yer? Getting this far.~~

~~PHIL: Me, I would. I said, didn't I? Third round tie, I said - get through this one, go all the way.~~

~~BETH: Don't see none of their lot. Where are they all? Too bloody scared, aren't they? Fuckin' petrified. Stretford End on the rampage - all run for cover.~~

~~PHIL: They'll be in already -~~

~~BETH: That's if they got any -~~

~~NITA: There's one... no, two... I do believe it's two -~~

~~BETH: Oh yeah - mebbe go down an' fettle them up a bit -~~

~~PHIL: Maybe you won't -~~

~~BETH: Kidding, Phil - joke, Phil -~~

~~PHIL: Killer, Beth -~~

~~BETH: Hey, what's the odds, then? - favourites?~~

~~PHIL: You askin' us, Beth - straight face?~~

~~BETH: Nah - don't need - got a winner either way -~~

~~PHIL: Pardon?~~

~~BETH: Fiver on Arsenal - so's if the Reds blow it, I won't be too disappointed -~~

~~PHIL: Beth, I'm touched -~~

~~BETH: What?~~

~~PHIL: Great faith y' got - great supporter -~~

~~BETH: Y' well, gotta cover y'self, don't yer?~~

~~PHIL: Backed a loser, Beth -~~

~~BETH: Oh yeah - but if Liam Brady...~~

~~PHIL: Stuff Brady -~~

~~BETH: Oh yeah, stuff him -~~

~~PHIL: Not gonna even see Brady -~~

ALICE: Zip was jammed –
 PHIL: Twenty minutes you bin in there –
 ALICE: I've had to put a pin in it . . .
 PHIL: Let's just get in there, shall we?
 NITA: Beth, you coming with us?
 BETH: Who says I am?
 NITA: Stay together –
 BETH: Go off on me own, can't I?
 NITA: Best if we don't split up –
 BETH: Who's asking you? – want your guidance, I'll ask fer it, won't I? –
 NITA: I'm only saying –
 BETH: Don't start instructin' me, Nita – too handy at that sorta thing, you are –
 PHIL: Leave her, Nita –
 BETH: Don't need lookin' after –
 NITA: Good –
 PHIL: Let's get in there –
 ALICE: Yeah, come on – I wanna see the doggies goin' through the hoops –
 NITA: Get a drink first –
 PHIL: You are?
 NITA: Tea –
 BETH: What a surprise –
 NITA: Yeah, I'd rather know what's goin' on round me. Rather not be seein' two of everything –
 PHIL: Specially not two of her –
 BETH: Someone is gonna get their head kicked in this afternoon . . .
 PHIL, NITA and ALICE go out, followed by BETH trailing behind. The crowd sounds and chanting rise to a crescendo.
 Blackout.

Scene Six

Half-time – the back of the terraces. BETH sits on the floor, head in hands. ALICE kneels beside her, dabbing at a gash in the back of her head with a scarf.
 BETH: An' who's Gary fuckin' Bailey anyway? – where's he dug up from? –

second goal coulda saved it meself, eyes shut – Sexton's out, that's a dead cert – he should be fuckin' shot –
 ALICE: Say if it hurts –
 BETH: An' Jordan's playin' like a geriatric – only slower –
 ALICE: Hold still a minute –
 BETH: Bloody crap – bloody disgrace it is –
 ALICE: Will y'keep still –
 BETH: Thirty quid pissed down the drain – thanks to that dozy bitch –
 ALICE: It's quite deep, y'know –
 BETH: Bloody starve before they get me there again – thirty quid to see a bunch of stiffs get ripped to rags –
 ALICE: Should get it cleaned up really –
 BETH: Bin more entertained queuing f'r a bus – an' them lot out there call themselves . . . Hey, watch where yer poking it –
 ALICE: Prob'ly looks worse –
 BETH: Than what?
 ALICE: Worse than it is. Prob'ly just nicked it.
 BETH: Oh, ta fer that consolation, Al. Where I'm sat, it dun't feel to me like just nicked. Feels like some bastard's took half me head away with him –
 ALICE: Just a bit of a gash –
 BETH: Want stitching?
 ALICE: Doubt it – maybe just half a dozen . . .
 BETH: Feels ripped up enough –
 ALICE: Dead lucky, you was –
 BETH: Blood all down me neck –
 ALICE: Kid next to yer took a dart – through here. (*Poitus to head.*)
 BETH: Bloody animals –
 ALICE: Aimed fer you, bet yer –
 BETH: Black bastard –
 ALICE: Yeah, c'mon, you was spoiling for it –
 BETH: They want locking up –
 ALICE: Shoulda kept yer mouth out –

BETH: Stick 'em in cages –
 ALICE: Still bleeding this, y'know –
 BETH: Have her bloody neck –
 ALICE: Oh yeah, an' that bunch of lads?
 BETH: I'll have the lot of them –
~~ALICE: Y'want this seeing to –
 BETH: Stick them in a gang – hard as nails. Get them on their own – shit scared. Bloody petrified. Hang around in packs, don't they –
 ALICE: Y'shoulda kept out – not get involved –
 BETH: Black bitch –
 ALICE: You went f'r it – you first –
 BETH: Look on her face – fuckin' insolent –
 ALICE: Shoulda bin watching the game –
 BETH: Not looking at me like that – Bloody wogs –
 ALICE: She's all right. Just leave it. Don't get involved –
 BETH: Hey, don't you start – getting to sound like her – bloody Nita – I'll have her before the end of the day, an' all –
 ALICE: Nita's gone fer some tea for yer –
 BETH: Big of her – see them two pissed off pretty sharp, didn't they? Somebody gets a bottle out, they dive fer cover –
 ALICE: Watch yourself, maybe – second-half. Coppers getting edgy. Took out them lads along from us –
 BETH: Not getting me out.
 ALICE: ~~Maybe shoulda settled down a bit.~~
 Enter PHIL.
 PHIL: You stupid bitch.
 BETH: Me? Oh yeah, I thought it'd be me. Don't mention her, will yer? – don't mention her that half split me head open.
 PHIL: Stupid cow.
 BETH: You ask her – go on, ask her – was it my fault, Al?
 PHIL: You have to open yer mouth, don't yer? Bloody trap always on the go –
 BETH: Y'don't ask who started it, do yer? don't bother asking that –
 PHIL: Don't care who started it, Beth. Who~~
 bloody finished it? Who finished it with a spanner through her skull?
 BETH: Y'shoulda seen her face, then.
 PHIL: Yeah, yer proud of that, are yer? Chalked yerself up a couple of points?
 BETH: 'Bout the only two points we are gonna chalk up today.
 ALICE: If we hadn't stuck with them lads . . .
 BETH: Oh yeah, well you was keen enough to get palled up with them –
 ALICE: Yeah, an' don't no one breathe one word to Kevin –
 PHIL: Stuff Kevin – I'm talking to this bitch here –
 BETH: Yeah, well ta fer the sympathy.
 PHIL: You got a bloody cheek –
 BETH: I never said nothing –
 PHIL: You never said nothing? – What she say, Al?
 ALICE: She never said nothing – not till she got called . . .
 PHIL: What? – what she get called?
 ALICE: Fascist bitch –
 PHIL: Who called her that?
 BETH: Yeah, well, like to see you stood by an' get called things like that –
 PHIL: You? – y'don't even know what it means –
 BETH: Yeah, well I do, Phil – I do know an' I don't fuckin' care –
 PHIL (*to ALICE*): What did she say?
 ALICE: When?
 PHIL: What did she say to her?
 ALICE: To this girl?
 BETH: Nothing.
 PHIL: Nothing?
 BETH: Nothing . . . only . . . where to stuff herself –
 PHIL: Sounds more like it –
 BETH: Yeah, I told her to piss off back to the jungle, if y'must know –
 PHIL: That what you said?
 BETH: Bloody wogs, yeah – all of them –

PHIL: You stupid bitch –
 BETH: Bloody animals they are. Seen this?
 PHIL: That all you can say?
 BETH: Need stitching, that will –
~~PHIL: Beth, y bloody sick, you are~~
 BETH: Bloody sub-cultures –
 PHIL: Pardon?
 BETH: My dad was in South Africa. My dad says they live like pigs. Live in hovels –
 PHIL: Yeah, Beth – that's all they're fuckin' given, in't it?
 BETH: Act like pigs, he says –
 PHIL: Treated like pigs –
 BETH: Same over here now. Turn yer back ten seconds – knife between yer shoulder blades – streets not fit to walk out in –
 PHIL: Just thank Christ you're pissed, Beth –
 BETH: Who's pissed? – I've had half a bottle –
 PHIL: Oh, who had the other half?
 BETH: I don't get pissed on half a bottle –
 PHIL: You're pathetic –
 BETH: I started nothing. That one – she's the one started it –
 PHIL: Yer a bloody liar. You started it. You were first. An' if Al had more gumption to her, she'd bloody admit it –
 BETH: I was just stood there – wasn't I, Al? – watching the game . . .
 PHIL: Stood there. Stirring it. 'Cos you was bored. 'Cos we was losing – 'cos you had nothing better to do –
 BETH: Bored? – yeah, wouldn't you be? Bailey an' McQueen – wanna stick them in the ground an' drive a tank over them –
 PHIL: Oh yeah, well, let's face it, Beth – you don't give two shits what goes on out on the field, do you? You come here to make an exhibition of yourself. To talk through yer arse an' give yer mouth a work-out –
 BETH: Last time I'm paying to see this shit-heap –
 PHIL: Tell yer this fer now – fer nothing – you keep it tight shut, second half. Else

y'll be hearing the final whistle from the back of an ambulance –
 BETH: Oh yeah, who's gonna put me there? – not you, fr'a kick-off.
 PHIL: I wouldn't chance it –
 BETH: Oh yeah, don't make me laugh –
 PHIL: Promise you, Beth – you keep it shut – else I'll knock you to the middle of next week an' back again.
Enter NITA with tea.
 NITA: Got yer some tea –
 BETH: Piss –
 PHIL: Drink it.
 BETH: Get off me –
 NITA: C'mon, drink it –
 BETH: Get away from me –
 ALICE: Shall I get someone?
 NITA: Ambulance?
 PHIL: She's all right –
 NITA: It's bleeding –
 BETH: Mind yer own bloody business, you –
 PHIL: She's pissed, that's all –
 BETH: Not your charity, Nita –
 NITA: Only offering, wasn't I?
 BETH: Don't need favours from pakis – PHIL *suddenly leaps up and smashes BETH in the face.*
 NITA: What y' doing? – get off her –
 PHIL: Bitch –
 NITA: Phil, don't touch her –
 BETH *(sitting up)*: I'll have you fer that –
 NITA: Just leave her, will you?
 BETH: I'll bloody have you –
 PHIL: Don't fuckin' talk to me – PHIL *gets up and walks about.*
 ALICE: Tea here, Beth –
 BETH: Vodka –
 ALICE: What?
 BETH: Coat pocket – bottle stashed –
 ALICE: Where?
 BETH: Gi's it here –

NITA: Al, I don't think she should have any more . . .
 BETH: You – don't you try it, Nita –
 NITA: Y' tryna kill yerself?
 BETH: Oh yeah, love that, wouldn't yer? – get in there, couldn't yer? – another job taken over –
 ALICE: You haven't got a job . . .
 BETH: Al, just get me cleaned up, will yer?
 ALICE: Cleaned up? – what with?
 BETH: Hankie – wet it – clean it up –
 NITA: Should get her to First Aid –
 ALICE: Give her her own way –
 BETH: Jus' 'cos your dad's a bleedin' doctor – dun't give you the right to start prescribing me what I'm s'posed to be going –
 NITA *(to ALICE)*: She's stupid –
 BETH: Call me stupid once too often, you will. Not all got dads pinching a living, writing out pills, can't speak six words of English –
 NITA *(ignoring her)*: Go septic, that will – needs proper cleaning –
 ALICE: I'll see to her –
 NITA: Tetanus or something –
 ALICE: Y' coming, Beth?
 BETH *(being helped up)*: Getting back in there –
 ALICE: Get it seen to first –
 BETH: Getting back. See them get hammered. Be some fun tonight. C'mon, what you gapwing at now?
 BETH *goes back into the ground. ALICE looks blank, then follows.*
 NITA *(to PHIL)*: You coming?
 PHIL: Y' okay?
 NITA: She's only pissed –
 PHIL: Dun't make it okay, does it?
 NITA: Two goals we gotta get now –
 PHIL: No chance –
 NITA: All we need. Two goals. Extra time, murder them –
 PHIL: Y' never gonna see two goals out there –

NITA: Forty-five minutes yet –
 PHIL: Play all night, they're never gonna score –
 NITA: Two goals, Phil – easy –
 PHIL: That's what I hate about you, Nita – yer such a fuckin' optimist . . .
*They go out.
 Blackout.*

Scene Seven

On the terraces, as if at a crash barrier. Sound of the crowd shouting. PHIL looks completely dejected. ALICE is looking bored and miles away, NITA eagerly watching every move on the field. BETH is fidgeting up and down, taking no notice of the game, trying to aggravate anyone who will notice her. No one does. She then tries to rile NITA by flicking cigarette ash on her.
 BETH: Oh, sorry 'bout that, Nita . . .
 NITA: What?

BETH: Ash all over yer . . . *(Feroiciously starts to flick ash off her coat.)*
 NITA *(intent on the game)*: S'okay . . .
 BETH *(seeing no one is taking any notice)*: I want me head testing. *(Pause.)* I do. I want me bloody head testing.
 NITA: No one's arguing with yer.
 BETH: I mean, what is all that? – must be short of something to do, stood here watching that. In 'yer got no homework to do, Phil? In 'yer got no dissecting of rats to be getting on with? Give yer a hand if yer like – better than stood here gettin' rigor mortis –
 PHIL: Give it a rest, will yer?
 BETH: Oh, look at that, will yer – Jesus Christ – could do better meself, blindfold with one leg tied behind me back –
 PHIL: Yeah well get out there then – could bloody use yer –
 BETH: Is it a bird? Is it a plane? No, it's a Stevie Coppel shot at goal.
 PHIL: Beth, I'll bloody leather you –
 BETH: Hey, hey, steady on – this is getting daring – another twenty yards an' we could be out of our own half. Christ, in 't

a shame the goal's not on the halfway line - we'd really be looking dangerous then, wouldn't we? - (Pause. Everyone ignores her.) Hey Phil, is that a shot or a cross?

PHIL: Shut up.

BETH: I'm only asking 'cos it didn't look like neither - but being as it was Stevie, I felt sure there must be some logical, strategic reason why he hoofed it twenty yards over the fuckin' crossbar.

PHIL: Okay, so he's having an off-day -

BETH: No. Is he? You'd never think it, would yer? Y' mean every time he goes for goal an' it just skims the corner flag, it's all a big cock-up?

PHIL: You leave it out, Beth - three shots on target he's had today -

BETH: Shots on target? Is that what he's getting paid for? I thought it was to give the ball boys a bit of exercise.

PHIL: Yeah, okay - he's playing pretty naff.

BETH: Pretty naff . . .

PHIL: Shut up.

BETH: Yer a bit of a wizz at understatement, aren't yer, Phil. S'pose that comes of being more intelligent than the rest of us, hey? With the benefit of her education she calls him pretty naff - when the rest of us poor mortals would call him absolutely fuckin' rubbish.

ALICE: Which is Brady?

BETH: Talk about pinching a living -

ALICE: Who's that number seven?

BETH: I don't know what the fuck I'm stood here for -

NITA: Makes two of us.

BETH: Beg yer pardon?

NITA: Two of us, I said.

BETH: Oh, don't you start an' all, madam -

PHIL: Watch the bloody game, will yer?

BETH (to NITA): Left up to me, wouldn't have you here - tell yer that fer nothing -

PHIL: Ignore her -

BETH: Tagging along with us, can't get shot of yer -

NITA: Not arguing with yer -

BETH: Dun't mean yer in, y'know. Wear the colours, fly the bleedin' flag - dun't

mean yer belong. You wanna start reminding yersef of a few things, Nita - few facts, maybe -

NITA: Like what, Beth?

BETH: Like I'm out of work, Nita -

NITA: Three of us out of work, Beth -

BETH: No jobs, Nita. So what's going, Nita? Watching the Reds. An' you have to come along an' cock that up an' all, don't yer?

NITA: What is up with you today, Beth?

BETH: Just you, Nita, start reminding yersef. Fact One, I in't got a job. Fact

Two, there is no jobs. Fact Three, so how come you's all lined up with a job?

NITA: Beth . . .

BETH: Yeah, 'cos like, seven people in your family, Nita. That's seven people, no rights to be here, - taking seven people's jobs an' seven people's homes that does have rights to be here -

NITA: What's rights to be here when it's at home, Beth?

BETH: Belonging here.

NITA: Who decides that?

BETH: Brought up - lived here -

NITA: When?

BETH: Hundreds of years -

NITA: I was born here.

BETH: You in't lived here hundreds of years -

NITA: Not getting involved, Beth -

BETH: Tag along as much as y'want, Nita - dun't mean yer belong -

NITA: Y'wann see me passport? -

BETH: Pardon?

PHIL: British citizen, Beth - now watch the bloody game.

BETH: Oh yeah, so bloody clever, in't she? So bleedin' smug -

NITA (to PHIL): What's the matter with her?

PHIL: Pissed up an' pissed off. Ignore her.

BETH: Oh, so reasonable, Nita, in't she?

NITA: What?

BETH: Nita so fair, so bloody smart. Can't lay nothing on Nita, can't point the finger - always so nice -

NITA (to PHIL): What've I done?

PHIL: Nothing. She gets like this.

BETH: Knows what she's doing, dun't she? Got it all stuffed. Bloody racial discrimination, that is.

NITA: Pardon?

BETH: Against whites =

NITA: What?

BETH: That's what it is. Look down on us 'cos we in't got rings through our noses, don't eat with our fingers . . .

PHIL: Oh, here y'are, this is a good one. This is the 'anti-whites-racists-bit' -

NITA: What is?

PHIL: Her dad, y'know - got a soft spot for this one. One of his favourite pieces -

NITA: Her dad?

PHIL: Hey, y'didn't think it was all her, did yer? Thought it all come from up there!

(She indicates BETH'S head.) I love this one, y'know. Professes to hate the bloke's guts. He's there, churning out all this crap - she's there, taking it all in, storing it up. What happens? - gets a few drinks inside her - out it all comes - passing it off as her own work. Don't you believe it, Nita - she in't got an original idea in her skull.

BETH: She knows what she's doing -

PHIL: What is she doing, Beth?

BETH: Undermining -

PHIL: Oh yeah?

BETH: Slow needle - quiet nag-nag-nagging away -

PHIL: Don't know what the hell you're on about -

BETH: She does. She bloody does, though. Pushing it - further an' further. Stood back, all wide eyes, innocent -

PHIL (to NITA, deciding to ignore BETH): Got any chewy left?

BETH: Setting people at each other's throats -

PHIL (to NITA): I am gonna bottle her in a minute -

BETH: That how they go about it in the jungle?

NITA: What is she talking about?

BETH: My best mate before you come along -

NITA: What?

BETH: Me an' her - just us two - then you come an' stick yer nose in -

PHIL: Don't be so bloody soft -

BETH: What's bloody soft? - notice you're not saying much, are yer?

PHIL: I'm tryna watch this, Beth, okay? - so will yer just put a fist in it, before I do it for yer?

BETH: Oh, watch the game, is it? Game, is it called? Not a lot of fun where I'm stood -

PHIL: How long, Nita?

NITA: Not sure. Ten minutes?

ALICE: 'Bout eight.

BETH: What a bunch of wankers -

PHIL: Christ, if you don't fuckin' shut up -

BETH: What? you'll fuckin' what? - yeah, go on then - go on -

PHIL: What you doing here? C'mon, what you here for? -

BETH: Christ knows -

PHIL: Does he? - he knows, does he? - I wish I did -

BETH: Bloody ask him, then -

PHIL: Stood next to you, Beth - five seasons, every week - heard the mouth on yer, seen you looking round, grinning like a dick - see who's watching yer, thinking yer bloody great -

BETH: I am bloody great -

PHIL: All mouth, arsing around with some kid's penknife in yer back pocket - great in a crowd, aren't yer - so fuckin' tough.

BETH: Scared the shit out of you enough times -

PHIL: Oh yeah? Get yer on yer own, then what? Bloody shaking, aren't yer?

Couple of twelve-year-olds, shaved heads, Doc Martens - bloody petrified.

BETH: Fuckin' do you any time -

PHIL: I wouldn't try it.

BETH: Any time -

PHIL: Don't bank on it -

BETH: Hey Al, y'still awake - surprised you in't dropped off -

ALICE: Fat chance, you lot gobbing it like

BETH: See, Alice appreciates the finer points of the game – 'cos Al knows a thing or two about class, dun't she? – Riveting stuff, in't it, Al?

ALICE: Was thinking about what to do fer Kevin's mum an' dad when they come round next week –

BETH: There y'are – told yer –

ALICE: Was thinking about doin' a beef curry, but what's the point? – might as well give them a couple of quid an' send them down the Takeaway –

PHIL (*under her breath*): I don't believe this –

BETH: So who's Man of the Match, then, Al? – go on, nominate someone –

ALICE: I dunno . . . who's that number seven? –

BETH: Stevie? – are you kidding? –

ALICE: I mean theirs –

BETH: Not them, y'daft get – nominate us –

ALICE: Oh . . . I dunno . . . Sammy maybe . . .

BETH: Oh, is he still playing? – thought he'd retired years ago –

~~NITA: He's having a good game –~~

BETH: Oh is he? Good game! – made my day, that has, Nita.

NITA: He's doing all right –

BETH: Oh yeah, not exactly scintillating, is it? – ~~When he's at his best, can't see him gonna be achieving any part of this little balls-up in years to come.~~

PHIL: Shouldn't get so pissed then, should yer? Might enjoy yerself a bit then.

BETH: Wanna be paralytic to enjoy that spectacle – need to be arscholed –

PHIL: I wouldn't worry, Beth – got some battle scars, don't you? Plenty of laughs showing them off when we get home –

BETH: Should try it some time –

PHIL: Fighting's not my idea of laughs –

BETH: Yeah, what is your idea of laughs, Phil?

PHIL: Bit over your head, Beth –

BETH: Bit over my head? Yeah, all of three

inches over my head to be exact, Phil. That, out there? – five foot eight nothing? – that's your lot, is it?

PHIL: Better than what you're knocking off every week –

BETH: Bit old for that, aren't yer? Bit old for crushes, wall papered in pictures of something y'can't get hold of. Y'wanna try pulling yer own lads, Phil.

PHIL: Not interested.

BETH: Well, bloody get interested – 'cos no way you're ever gonna be on the receiving end of anything he's giving away –

PHIL: Don't need it, Beth –

BETH: What do y'go with Ged Stewart for, hey? 'Cos in a bad light an' all dressed up he got half a look of Stevie Coppel? –

PHIL: Y' must be joking –

BETH: Oh yeah? Three weeks an' he's getting restless. Three weeks an' not even a bit of tit. Then he gets the red card, dun't he? – 'cos the virgin Mary dun't go for physical contact, does she? But up here she's getting laid every night the week (*Stie points to her head*). – provided it wears a red shirt an' plays outside fuckin' right.

PHIL: Y' finished, have yer?

BETH: Gof any answers, have yer?

PHIL: Paid to watch this game, y'know – not get earache from you –

BETH: Oh, bit near the knuckle, Phil? Bit too much like true? Is it Phil? In it, Philippa?

PHIL: Talking to me?

BETH: That your name, in't it?

PHIL: Phil.

BETH: Y's christened Philippa.

PHIL: I'm called Phil –

BETH: Nothing wrong being a girl, Phil. Dun't hurt, Phil. Play yer cards right, it's a good laugh –

PHIL: Good laugh? – yeah, play yer cards right, that's how y'get treated.

BETH: Calling yerself a boy dun't change it –

PHIL: Beth, are you watching this or not? –

NITA: Buchan . . . give it Buchan . . . here y'are – free kick –

PHIL: Oh yeah, well we all know what happens to our free kicks, don't we?

NITA: Here – Stevie's taking it –

BETH: Straight over the stand –

NITA: Give it McQueen – on his head –

BETH: No chance – don't let him near it –

PHIL (*suddenly animated*): Yeah, Jordan's there – get up there, Joe –

NITA: McQueen – take it through – give it McQueen –

BETH: No way. There is no way they are gonna . . .

The crowd suddenly erupts. NITA and PHIL leap into the air. BETH follows suit. Even ALICE is dancing about on the spot.

NITA: Oh God, it's there . . .

PHIL: I don't believe it . . . I don't believe it . . .

BETH: Bloody ace. Bloody great. Told yer, didn't I?

More hugs, kisses, cheers.

PHIL: I can't believe it –

NITA: What'd I say, Phil? – what'd I say?

ALICE: McQueen – he's Man of the Match – that's who it is –

NITA: I said no giving up –

PHIL: It's only two-one, Nita –

ALICE: Yeah, two-one – I mean, they're never gonna get two –

PHIL: Chance'd be a fine thing –

NITA: Yeah they could. We got . . . three minutes?

PHIL: Less –

BETH: Nah, no chance. Flash in the pan, Nita. One off.

NITA: Due for some luck –

BETH: That was it.

PHIL: Oh well, it was good. Great while it lasted. Least they can't call it a massacre. Least we didn't get pissed on.

NITA: Still a bit left –

PHIL: There's nobody there –

BETH: Oh, we still playing, are we? – thought we'd packed it in –

NITA: S'a good game –

~~BETH: Should pack it in – should face up to it. No one gives a monkey's now anyway. All dropped dead of boredom.~~

NITA: Still got time left –

BETH: Look at that, Nita –

NITA: Unlucky –

BETH: See that pass? – seen better balls on the bench at Blackpool –

ALICE: Their number seven's having a good game –

PHIL: Wish I could put a brick through him –

BETH: Had more fun cleaning me toe-nails out than watching this lot perform. Oh Christ, what is that meant to be? (*Shouting.*) Who's that for? Jerk.

PHIL: Greenhoff's too slow –

NITA: Been injured –

PHIL: Shouldn't be playing then –

BETH: I'd have Coppel off fr'a start –

PHIL: What's left?

NITA: Five minutes – at the most –

PHIL: That's it then, in't it?

BETH: Y'do wake up sometimes, then, do yer? – we're getting leathered an' she still thinks we're in with a chance?

NITA: Seen them pull back before –

BETH: Bit old for fairy stories, aren't yer?

PHIL: I'm going.

NITA: What y'doing?

PHIL: Not stopping here, watch them get walked on –

NITA: Stop to the end, Phil – y'never know –

PHIL: Bloody do –

BETH: Still arsing about in our own half, y'notice –

PHIL: They're not gonna do it, Nita –

NITA (*ignores her, shouting*): Get it down – all the way –

PHIL: There's nobody there –

NITA: Yeah, go on Reds – double it –
 BETH: Bloody play for time now, won't they – you wait –
 PHIL: Yeah, just play possession –
 BETH: See? Seen that? – smack it over the stand – anywhere 'll do – (*Even louder.*)
 Bloody timewasting, ref – get him off –
 NITA: Just take it right down – take it slow –
 PHIL: Can't take it any slower, can they? – they're knackered –
 NITA: If we make it evens – extra time – we'll kill them –
 BETH: What extra time?
 NITA (*shouting*): Hang on to it now –
 PHIL: Out on the right – use it . . .
 NITA: Get it across – over here, over here – give it Jordan –
 BETH: Go on, Joe, bite his balls off –
 PHIL: Move it about – come on – get it down here –
 NITA: That's it – go on, go on – down this end –
 PHIL: Give it Sammy – give it him –
 NITA: Go on, Sammy – get it, get it –
 BETH: Have his knee-caps, Sammy –
 PHIL: All the way Sammy, take it through the . . .
An even louder roar. They all leap into the air.
 PHIL: Oh my God . . .
 NITA: They did it, they did it, they did it . . .
They all leap on top of each other, hugging and kissing. The noise is deafening. PHIL extricates herself, wipes away tears.
 PHIL: Oh God . . .
 NITA: We'll hammer them, Phil. Dead on their feet – two minutes left – we done it now –
 PHIL: Oh God, we are gonna do it, aren't we, Nita? We are gonna make it?
 NITA: It's ours. We are. We done it.
 PHIL: Just let them do it – I'll give anything . . . I'll give anything . . .
 NITA (*bracing herself*): Right, now – just gotta stay calm –

PHIL: Yeah, right – keep it cool – slow it right down –
 BETH (*loud*): Possession, Reds – waste all the fuckin' time you want . . .
 ALICE: That number seven – should have him off – who is he?
 NITA: Right, now get it back – keep it away from them –
 PHIL: Oh God, now look at that – (*Loud:*) Who was that to?
 BETH: Keep it away from that Irish bastard –
 PHIL: Look at it – who gives him all that space?
 BETH: Bastard Brady – cripple him someone –
 ALICE: Is that Brady?
 PHIL (*loud*): On him, somebody . . .
 NITA: All that space – who's meant to be there – where are they all?
 PHIL: Yer giving him too much room –
 BETH: Kill him, f'Christ's sake – have him down –
 PHIL: Oh Jesus, get him stopped –
 NITA: Where is everyone?
 PHIL: Stop the cross – watch Sunderland – McQueen, where is he? – someone stop the bloody . . .
 NITA: No . . . ~~oh no~~ ~~no~~ ~~no~~ . . .
Another deafening roar from the crowd. They stand horror-struck. PHIL, head in hands, leans on the crash barrier.
 BETH: Fuck.
 NITA: Oh no, Phil . . . they couldn't have . . .
 PHIL: It isn't fair – oh Christ, it isn't fair –
 BETH: Bastards –
~~PHIL: It isn't fair, Nita –~~
~~BETH: The bastards –~~
~~NITA: I can't believe it –~~
~~PHIL: Oh Nita . . . (*She cries on NITA's shoulder.*)~~
~~BETH (*dancing up and down with rage*): They've had it now – bastards –~~
~~PHIL: Nita, I can't stand it –~~

NITA (*half-heartedly*): Still a minute left –
 PHIL: No, don't Nita – don't say it – I couldn't stand it all over again –
 BETH: That's it now – they've had it – we'll have their fuckin' necks for that –
 PHIL: If we got another, Nita – I couldn't take it – I would just . . . drop dead . . .
 NITA: We won't get another.
 PHIL: I can't watch it, Nita.
 BETH (*dancing about, chanting*): You're gonna get your fuckin' heads kicked in – You're goin' home in a fuckin' ambulance –
 NITA: Beth, will y'stop waving that thing about?
 BETH: Don't you speak to me, paki –
 NITA: Put it away, Beth –
 BETH: Have the whole bloody pack of them –
 NITA: Get it off her, will yer –
 BETH: Starting with you, Nita –
 PHIL: Alice, get it –
 ALICE: What? – what'm I supposed to . . . ?
 NITA backs off. ALICE behind makes a pathetic attempt to grab the knife. BETH rounds on her. She backs off. BETH lunges towards NITA.
 BETH: This is for you, Nita –
 BETH topples forward, trips and collapses, dead drunk on the terrace.
 PHIL (*picking up the penknife*): Get these free with Weetabix –
 ALICE: Oh Christ, what's she . . . ?
 PHIL: Pissed. Leave her . . .
 ALICE: Yeah, but she might've . . .
 PHIL: Leave her . . .
 NITA: She okay?
 PHIL: Rat-legged. Don't touch her.
 PHIL prods BETH with her foot. BETH snores.
 PHIL: Flat out – (*She kicks her.*) – absolutely fuckin' flat . . .
The final whistle. There is a roar from the

crowd. NITA stares dejectedly ahead.
 ALICE looks annoyed. PHIL, head in hands, leans on the barrier.
~~ALICE: Well, I'm not watching this – I'm not seeing them go up for the medals –~~
~~NITA: Don't be daft, Al – we best stay together – not get lost –~~
~~ALICE: Have to cart her out an' all, I suppose?~~
~~NITA: Got plenty of time –~~
~~ALICE: Dead pissed off now – wish I'd stayed at home an' watched it with Kevin –~~
~~NITA: Alice –~~
~~ALICE: Yeah, well, we got colour now y'know – dead life-like – what's the use coming all this way? – y'can see them lose on telly an' cos's yer nothing –~~
~~NITA: That is not the point, Alice –~~
~~ALICE: What is the point, Nita?~~
~~NITA: Being here –~~
~~ALICE: Coulda stayed at home – Kevin woulda made me tea an' all –~~
~~PHIL looks up~~
~~PHIL: Nita, I'm getting out –~~
~~NITA: Y'can't go yet –~~
~~PHIL: Not watching them go up fer the Cup –~~
~~NITA: See us collect our medals –~~
~~PHIL: Loser's medals –~~
~~NITA: Least we got here –~~
~~PHIL: Big deal –~~
~~NITA: Phil, the world doesn't end, y'know – just 'cos the Reds lost the Cup –~~
~~PHIL: Doesn't it?~~
~~Blackout.~~

Scene Eight

A few hours later. The coach park of the Watford Gap Motorway Services. PHIL, NITA, BETH and ALICE are drinking coffee. BETH appears quite recovered, PHIL almost still in shock.

PHIL: There isn't a God –
 ALICE: Y' shouldn't say that –
 PHIL: I can. I am doing. There is none.
 ALICE: Well, there might be –
 BETH: Yeah, an' he's on loan to fuckin' Arsenal –
 PHIL: I wanted that so much. ~~Every Sunday, you're begging for it. On the sabbath now.~~ There is no way do I set foot inside St Peter an' Paul's again. Not ever.
 ALICE: That's blasphemy, that is – y' won't go to Heaven –
 PHIL: There is no Heaven. It doesn't exist.
 ALICE: She shouldn't say that. What if He hears yer?
 PHIL: What do you know about Heaven, Al? ~~Heaven is what you want. Not arising about in wings and white dresses. Heaven is Old Trafford on European Cup night.~~
 BETH: An' purgatory is blowing the fuckin' Cup in the final thirty seconds –
 ALICE: No, don't, Beth – you'll get done – He listens to all this, y' know –
 PHIL: What else can He do? – what is there, worse than this, what happened today?
 NITA: Well, yer still breathing aren't yer?
 PHIL: Probably not. Probably dead an' don't know the difference. ~~Feel like the seats must feel good through the spine drier.~~
 BETH: Y' been asleep two hours –
 PHIL: That all? Feels years away. Feels like a dream.
 ALICE: Hey, I in't got no pulse. Should I be clinically dead?
 NITA: Well, we're all still here. I mean, we blew the Cup – an' nothing went bang, did it? Nothing fell apart –
 BETH: Bar the fuckin' defence –
 PHIL: That's easy for you to say, Nita –
 NITA: That's not easy for me to say, Phil –
 PHIL: How long we got?
 ALICE: Ten minutes, the bloke says –
 BETH: An' anyone late back gets left –
 PHIL (*looking round*): The Blue Boar –

BETH: The Boar's Arse more like.
 ALICE: D'y get boars that colour?
 PHIL: Y' coulda saved us some vodka, Beth –
 BETH: Medicinal reasons, Phil – sup all or nothing. So I opted for...
 PHIL: Yeah, we know.
 BETH: Hey, y' know what I *have* got, though – all that scran – not touched it yet.
 PHIL: Brilliant. Get it out.
 BETH gets out food, hands it round.
 NITA: Needed that.
 BETH: Pure nectar.
 PHIL: ~~WHAT?~~
 BETH: Food of the gods.
 NITA: That's ambrosia, y' dick.
 BETH: Oh, I thought that was...
 NITA: ~~No, it isn't pudding.~~ How's yer head?
 BETH: Still ticking. Gonna go off any minute.
 PHIL (*getting up*): ~~Off to look at that – just look at it. All them teachers – thousands of us – still going home.~~
 NITA: ~~Be some drowing of sorrows tonight. Buckets of tears. Phil's wet –~~
 ALICE: ~~Hey, I hope Kevin remembers to come an' meet me.~~
 PHIL: Least we didn't make asses of ourselves –
 BETH: When?
 PHIL: Least we was dignified –
 BETH: Dignified?
 PHIL: Yeah, in defeat. No fighting – no gettin' disgraced –
 BETH: Yeah, I know – what a let-down. I had this spanner saved (*She gets it out.*) – I had it all geared up –
 ALICE: That what your skull copped for?
 BETH: That's a trophy, that is – that's spoils of war –
 PHIL: Yeah, well done, Beth – now y' can hang it on the wall an' stuff it –

two. We were rubbish, Phil. They ran rings round us.
 PHIL: Don't believe you saying this, Nita. We shoulda won it –
 NITA: Shoulda won it, yeah – but we cocked it up, didn't we?
 PHIL: In extra time we coulda nailed them –
 NITA: Could of. Should of. Might have. Yeah, but we didn't, did we?
 PHIL: Best day of my life this, Nita – shoulda been –
 BETH: Next year, Phil –
 PHIL: Sod next year. I want it this year. I want it now. ~~I want us bringing back the Cup. Albert Square had a million people. Into Europe, back at the top.~~
 BETH: Next year, dead easy – sweep the board –
 PHIL: Make a pact – shall we? – all of us next year, same place. Only next year...
 NITA: Might be started in me shop next year –
 ALICE: Hey, what if I get married? I could have commitments –
 BETH: Yeah, well I'll be there. I'll have fuck-all else to do –
 PHIL: She'll give yer a job. Hey, Nita, give her a job, will yer?
 NITA: What doing? Puttin' out the rubbish?
 PHIL: Cut hair, can't yer?
 BETH: No.
 PHIL: She'll teach yer –
 BETH: Seen me hands? Seen the size of them? Would you let that loose on your head?
 ALICE: Wish I could cut hair –
 PHIL: Anyone can cut hair –
 ALICE: Kevin says he dun't want me working –
 PHIL: Go 'way –
 ALICE: Kevin says no wife of his is going out to work. Says the day a wife of his goes out to work is the day he stops bein' a man. Y' don't like to argue, do yer?

ALICE: Hey, look at that – falling star...
 PHIL: Where?
 BETH: S'an aeroplane –
 ALICE: S'gone –
 PHIL: Not dark enough for falling stars –
 ALICE: Something fell –
 PHIL: Musta been eighty thousand today –
 BETH: What?
 PHIL: Reds. This afternoon.
 BETH: Yeah, easily –
 PHIL: An' all the bridges – over the motorway – all the way home. Never forget that. Strewn with red scarves. All the fans that never got there – watching us all come home.
 BETH: Walking wounded –
 PHIL: The Red Army – in retreat.
 NITA: No – strategic withdrawal – till next year.
 PHIL: Yeah, be back next year –
 BETH: Yeah, no fuckin' messing.
 NITA: Might win something then – if we get a new team –
 ALICE: I did think their number seven was quite good –
 PHIL: Yeah, but they were magic, though, weren't they, Nita. They played bloody magic.
 NITA: No, Phil, they played crap.
 PHIL: Nita –
 NITA: They played useless.
 PHIL: They played brilliant –
 NITA: Well, it dun't matter anymore, does it?
 PHIL: What d'y mean, it dun't matter? Matters to me, Nita –
 NITA: Yeah, but they were crap, Phil –
 PHIL: Not all the time –
 NITA: Most of the time. 'Cept the last five minutes –
 PHIL: More than that –
 NITA: Last five minutes, magic. Rest of the game, embarrassing. Shots on target,

