

Gadabout Town

By Mike Andrew Dominic Bradley

Poems taken from The Poetaster courtesy of Broadsword Books

Charlie: **Offstage**

He wanders if the streets are cold
As avenues of life unfold
Cars drive past through changing lights
On cruises, touring city sites

Den: **Plays Harmonica**

Charlie: Harrods, Hamleys, House of Lords
A wax work from Madam Tussaud's
McDonald's, Subway, KFC
Midnight feast, & cup of tea...

Den: 50p for a busker

Charlie: Den longs to drop his head and sleep
But can't, because of beep and BEEP!
Waiting around to catch a bus
Life mirroring stratocumulus

Cardboard boxes, just what one needs!
A bookshop's worth, inspiring reads
Some shelter through pouring rain,
To rest upon,, his jaded brain

By canal, under railway bridge. On cardboard. A rat ferrets about

Den: Nice night to be out and about.. **Den opens cans of Special Brew.** Can of beer
and smoke of snout, some comfort after a drunk, loud day!

SUIT PASSES *Excuse me.* Penny for the guy... No change in your pockets. Frog in
your throat!!! **TITTERS** *Excuse me.* **STAGGERS** If that's not the big
problem with our society. Sobriety... **RAISES CAN** Modern techno; keep's
you awake... People think they know what they're doing when, they clearly
don't. Chasing around after their wodge. Paying taxis. Not fair is it? Here's
my evening harmonies, just for a day's *graft*. Working class wollies

**Harmonica. Male and two females pass on their way from theatre,
deep in conversation (dampened)**

Th Gor: It was a great show wasn't it, what was your favourite bit?

Th Go2: The ending. I was pleased to get out of there, needed to stretch my legs!

They laugh and giggle.

Th Gor: It was a tad cramped. How's your back, dear?

The man drops litter. Den sticks up finger as they exit.

Den: What's this? A tip, a sign from the stars... Oh a ticket, a golden ticket to
MoonRock at the Plush Theatre..! Bet it was trite... Bruce Fee & Von Dame...

Another man passes in smart attire. Trailing trio

Den: Penny for the guy... Tight-arse.
Suit: **Turning back** What did you say to me?
Den: Penny for the guy.
Suit: After that, what did you say?
Den: Nothing. I'm busking; I want a ticket to see the show.
Suit: You called me a tight-arse
Den: So; what if i fucking did, i only meant; you've enough money to spare a penny, for a poor homeless person.
Suit: I work hard for my money. You should get your own job
Den: This is a job, busking. Blood! That's all the work there is.
Suit: That's a baby's toy
Den: I'm playing jingles... What do you do for anyone but yourself??
Suit: I manage other people's finances. Personal stocks
Den: What?
Suit: Personal finances
Den: For a moment I thought you said fiancés.
Suit: Ha, ha, very funny but no, I don't imagine that would be popular at all. I'm basically a Personal Accountant
Den: You earn money counting ants! **Suit makes to leave** I only want a few pennies
Suit: If you want to make money go to the job centre
Den: Hey, making money's illegal, unless you're the Mint; which you're not.
Suit: Here. **Throws 2pence** So, what do you do with these pennies?
Den: Put 'em in my piggy bank. I've saved 95p already today. **Jingles tin** Only need another fivepence for tea. Fee's for the entertainment,
Suit: Yes I like it... *Anecdotes*; for the drones who swathe through here.
Den: Who's Anec?
Suit: Anything else I can do you for?
Den: Do you have a spare cigarette?
Suit: Don't smoke
Den: Yes you bloody do. I've seen you walk this way before with a tab in your gob!
Suit: **Forces a snigger. Gives cigarette** On the hard way to work and back out for a beer,, next round's on me... **Exits**
Den: Don't buy a round for me, a fag will do, some green stuff, something digestible; oh, his car looks tasty too! **Sits** Urgh! Herbal **Spits fag out** Some one come by with a real cigarette... I'll sit here all night if i have to. Don't mind as long as there's something to sit on and a pot to piss in.
Swigs. Urinates.

Charlie: **Enters** Here; what you up to?
Den: Nothing!
Charli: Well bugger off you scruff... **Approaches** Are you mutt and Jeff?
Den: No, i'm Dennis, i'm homeless.
Charli: I don't give a monkey's if you're scion of the Potentate, do your business/ have your bangers and mash somewhere else. Understand..?
Den: Piss off, you old codger! What, have they run out of room on the geriatrics' ward?
Charli: How dare you? Go on. Younguns nowadays.
Den: I'm just playing my mouth organ, to earn a few pence;

Charli: Buying crack cocaine, I presume. Let me bring out my violin. I'll play with you.

Den: Only i busk here, old man.

Charli: Well I sleep here

Den: With your hat upside out on the floor

Charli: Hot spot!

Den: Really. This lot seem as tight as the rest...

Charli: Unanimous in their animus.

Den: Ani... what? Why are you laughing?

Charli: Cause, you're doing it all wrong... look at you,

Den: What's wrong with how i look?

Charli: The jacket and jeans, you supposed to make yourself seem needy.

Den: I am needy... someone gave me this jacket.

Charli: When I used to walk the streets, you were lucky to find anything but an old, dirty rug. Now, vagabonding has become a fashion statement.

Den: It is a statement. As short as my bank statement. Sorry for trying to look presentable.

Charli: A statement for a state or, in a state?

Den: **Stumped** Either,

Charli: You're part of the Occupy movement, I can tell

Den: How so?

Charli: Detective work... They been all up the the street with their banners.
Dissolution's the solution, anarchic revolution!

Den: Seems like you came from that musical Moon show everyone's watching.
Your talk sounds like your singing a song.

Charli: Street poet, Charlie Ellis; entrepreneur, and guidance councillor,

Dan: You can't be much good. What advice would you give me, Mr. Professor?

Charli: For a start, bog off; find yourself somewhere else to loiter. This is my spot.

Den: Says who?

Charlie: It does; my name is engraved on the piping. See!

Den: Listen, geezer. No one's going to mess up your stuff. Its just i need a place to crash for one night. I'm tired and weary and its cold.

Charlie: i understand son; you're a canny lad... a tad too nice!!!

Den: Comes natural

Charlie: And i do know a good place for you to stay. Its called the Sleeping Shelter and its not far from here. So do your thing; get your stuff together and then i'll tell you where to go

Den plays Harmonica

Charlie: The Streets

The streets were made for walking

Pavestones set like tiles

I refurbished our bathroom

Now, we walk for miles

Den: Where's this place then? That'll put me up for the night..

Charlie: It's called the winter night shelter; on Bridge Street

Den: I know that place, been before but they won't let me back in now, unfortunately.

Charlie: Everyone's welcome at the shelter

Den: Not when you've been kicked out for scrapping with staff...

Charli: You had a fight! Who *did you fight* with?

Den: I broke someone's jaw. That stupid geezer who acts like he's Headmaster. Paul. Wots his name,

Charlie: I know who you're on about. Paul Burns, the team leader with the touché and the big forehead that protrudes into his face...

Den: Right. He's a prick, i stuck a nut on him; popped his nose

Charlie: What did you do that for?

Den: Because the man has no respect.

Charli: And now you're barred you from the SleepInn

Den: Yes... I don't care. That place is dirty and the staff were rude, obnoxious.

Charli: Perfect luxury that was, warm beds, and showers, even the porridge was.

Den: Pfff. They're only in it for their salaries.

Charli: Good attitude, now you're stuck for somewhere

Den: I'm better off staying here... And its good for you to have a bit of back up... Safety in numbers, innit? You could be attacked, sleeping here on your own; mugged!

Charlie: Raped..... Alright! You can stay here, for one night. But no misbehaving or I'll be barring you next...

Den: Barmy.

They both get comfortable

Den: Saying that, the shelter's not so bad. There was a time when they really sorted me out. Cup of tea and a chinwag; cheers you up. And the laundry service...

Charli: There's no laundry here either i'm afraid, but its still comfortable. Here's some cardboard for you, and do you have a sleeper?

Den: Sure, thanks... Go to have in this climate. And I've got food **Brandishes lots of items from jacket** Pasties, sandwiches, sushi.

Charli: Is it stolen? **Opens packaging and sniffs**

Den: No, i got it out the skip. It'd been thrown out. Look at the date, yesterday's... Wash it down with this

Charlie swigs tinnie. They eat

Den: Do you get fed up of sleeping rough?

Charli: Yeah, sometime. Nights are pretty cold and dark; mornings are brighter. There's a good and a bad side, got to get your head... See, right now I could be bathing in one of those apartments. **points** Like a city slicker; high up there on the skyline.. But then there's so much debt worry and stress, you may just jump off!

Den: That's why I hate living in this country. No luck, no-one gives you any help. All taught to care for oneselves. No teamwork, unless you're working for someone else.

Charli: Way of nature. Is England unique in that? You know there was during the war

Den: You that old!

Charli: I know my history. If the past is history and the future's a mystery. Then now must be a gift, think of it, a present.

Den: Thanks; but that was off Winnie the Pooh! Its not yours

Charlie: Winnie the Pooh my arse. Some streetyan had written it on notepaper. So... I do some of my own, some from others. Boris's my favourite. I'd like to hear you come up with a rhyme;

Den: Alright. How about this? Spoiled brat on the mat stroking a furry cat. Then it took a shit.

Charli: That's not rubbish. You've a gift. Must've been latent, until now.

Den: Really? Thanks but I think i'll stick to my harmonica.

Short harmony

Charli: Still not making any money, is it... Be good if you combined the two.

Den: Making money's illegal!

Charli: I suppose it is... What about your aspirations, some bare ambition?

Den: What aspirations?

Charli: Blimey, you're a sharp one. Your dreams...

Den: I'll leave them for the rats in the race

Charli: Get you fit,, we'll have dreams.

Den: If you must know, I dreamt of being a professional footballer and it very nearly happened for me. It was always my game; centre forward at school... Then I had an accident; fell off a bridge, high on the poor man's cocaine; broke both legs, plastered up in hospital for 2 months. They didn't heal properly. They was all skinny and pale when I got the casts off.

Charli: Bad one

Den: Shit happens, every day....

DEN HOCKLES AND SPITS

Charli: So why don't you coach?

Den: Not bothered

Charli: You screwed yourself over, high on recreatiuonal drugs, now you're a quitter.. Why not?

Den: Why don't you?

Charli: Footballer! Not me

Den: Poetry & stuff. That life coach crap you were spouting...

Den: That's dodgy; you winding me up. Oh, you're a comedian, C. What happened; how come you never made it?

Charlie: **(Pause)** There's always time. Never too late when you've talent, eh kid?

Den: Yeah but there must of been something that held you back, you're a hoot

Charlie: You really think so..!

Den: Used to have everyone entertained at the shelter, i remember a crowd of people sat around, giggling and laughing at your jokes. Rude ones too!

Charlie: But have i seen some barneys in that place. You need a laugh to lighten things up, I end up becoming mediator.

Den: You haven't unless you've seen me go at it

Charlie: Have too. I had to referee. Though i do recall you was kicking off...

Den: I have behavioural problems, Torretz syndrome. Got me expelled from school, twice.

Charli: Torretz, so you chat trite.

Charlie: We're living in an industrial area, how come there's not work for you?

Den: Room with a view... Blot. Look at the smokestack on that thing. How come you haven't got a job?

Charlie: Retired

Charli: You are from London aren't you..?

Den: Born and bred Cockney

Charli: You're only classed as Cockney if born within hearing range of the chimes from St. Mary le Bow

Den: I don't know. Don't really do religion, Saint George and the dragon; but I was born in Hackney hospital

Charlie: Close enough.

Charlie: **Opens can of brew** Music to the taste, buds! Have a sup and once you've had one you just want more, more, more. And they all work a treat until the morning after... What's this? I forgot, i've got half a bacon sarnie & a digestive biscuit in my pocket. **Eats**

Den: So what happened with you then? How'd you end up like this?

Charlie: Had a bull and cow with the Duchess of Fife!

Den: You're a steak, fan,,;

Charli: Tell me if i'm confusing you. And you don't know a bull and cow...

Den: **Pause** An animal

Charli: I had an argument. A row with my wife,

Den: You were married to the Duchess of Fife!

Charli: Never been there though

Den: And that led you to this...

Charli: Screwed up my life. Anyway, what's with all the questions? Just let things be; if you must know i'm epileptic. It cost me my job, fitting, didn't it?

Den: you're a fitter

Charli: When my wife divorced me... i hit the bottle.

Den: When was that?

Charlie: 1975

Den: Thirty years ago! You can't have been on the streets that long

Charlie: Sure i have. That's when i started writing my poetry book. Found it therapeutic. Wanna here one?

Den: Not really, no.

Charlie: As time goes by, I will always be; locked inside senility...

Den: Nice, ha ha. So is that what your wife said? Did she kick you out for adultery?

Charli: Something like that. If I knew what motivated my Ex I'd be an Einstein.

Den: Why were you in hospital? You said you were sick

Charlie: Arthritis, wear and tear... Was on ward 9 for a few days, and then they moved me into the shelter

Den: That was when I met you, at the Sleeping shelter, limping around. You got on well there, Charlie...

Charli: They were like my family

Den: You got any family of your own?

Charlie: I do have a daughter,

Den: How old is she?

Chali: 'll be 32 now.

Den: A year younger than me! Is she married?

Charli: Yeah, she lives in America with her husband and they have two daughters.
Den: Your Grandkids, wow... Ever been over?
Charli: SHAKES HEAD Never been to America... but i've been in some states; **swigs**
Den: LAUGH She's not ashamed of her old man is she?
Charli: Na, why would she? We get on good. Her Mother's the problem. **(Pause)** You got a girlfriend?

Den shakes head

Charlie: Are you gay?
Den: Don't ask me. I was serious on a girl. She put out a restraining order. I'm not allowed within half of a mile of her. That's why i moved back from Walford.
Charlie: Walford!
Den: East end innit....
Charli:So you're a stalker
Den: Don't call me that.. I'm nothing. Shut up and go to sleep
Charli: You're young kid. You've your whole life in front of you. Choose to,
Den:Bloody freezing.
Charli: Here i'll share this blanket with you
Den: I suppose you're more used to the cold than I. Wish I was indoors in the warmth.
Charli: Everywhere I go, I find its too warm...
Den: A TV and a microwave.
Charli: Some custard and jelly.
Den: I'm not really hungry
Charli: Watch the Boo.B.C. Make Fools of the Horses **Snores**

Charli: **No reply...** Nice sleeping here isn't it..? Funny, reminds me of back in the day. I used to sleep in a very nice secluded spot behind the Hilton Hotel. Directly beneath these air vents blowing hot air out the rooms, lovely and warm it was. You could smell the roast chicken and stuffing. Beautiful. That was a hot spot.
Den: Sounds sweet
Charli: Used to tuck myself in like a baby. Woke up early one morning and there's some geezer sleeping right next to me!
Den: Straights! Cheek of it
Charli: I didn't think anything of it, you know, he's just doing the same thing i am, needed some warmth and some sleep like I did.
Den: Fairplay then
Charlie: When i woke up at dawn, there were six of us; lying there

Den: **(waking)** What the f...?

Charlie wakes

Den: Something's wet. Urgh, you *scruffy cat*
Charlie: What have i done?
Den: You've only pissed yourself
Charlie: Have i?
Den: Look, its all down my leg
Charlie: Oh, i have as well. I hate it when I do that. Sorry. Incontinence happens with age. It's the super strength cider that does it.
Den: For Pete's sake
Charlie: I've said i'm sorry... Aren't you coming back to bed? Look, I'll mop it up
Den: Not tired anymore am i...

**Birds tweet morning. Den reads yesterday's newspaper then crumples it up
Trains repeatedly rattle overhead**

Charlie: Holly sweet be Jesus! I was dreaming of being run over...

Den: (**Laughing**) They make a racket don't they?

Charlie: British Bloody Rail

Den: All rushing their way to work. Selfish bleeders... what's for breakfast?

Charlie: Leftovers... You should get it before the rats do

Den: I'm not eating that, no way. If I can find another two stickers I'll be entitled to a free coffee at McDons.

Charlie: Let me walk down with you; I got to put a bet on the Grand National today.

Den: You a gambling man?

Charlie: Was, given it all up now. But I always put one on the National!

Daisy Topper looks good for this one

Charlie reads HorseRacing poem

Charlie: Where you been at today then?

Den: Nowhere! Sat in McDonald's for three fucking hours. Had a McSnooze

Charlie: They didn't throw you out

Den: No, I bought a cheeseburger. That took about ten minutes to eat (took my time with it) then I ate some chips these kids leftover. And I found two of those little stickers for a free cup of coffee; that perked me up.

Charli: Those places are full of cameras, you know

Den: I know. They didn't pay any attention when they came round tidying. Throwing excess in the bin.

Charlie: You're lucky they didn't throw you in the bin! I fell asleep in the pub one time and got barred for 1 year; but not just from that pub, from every pub in Brixton! PubWatch they call it.

Den: I was on that in Milton. Not fair is it?

Charlie: Not for falling asleep; not an old man like me, maybe for being drunk and fighting with some fellow. Mind I did argue with them. 'You're not going to throw me out' I says, 'I wasn't asleep I was just resting my head; I've got arthritis in my neck' and I do have. I need that pub to keep me charged up.

Den: The wifi?

Charli: No, beer. That's why I'm on the Special Brew now. Warms you up inside
(**Swigs**)

Den: How did it go at the races?

Charli: Not as planned...

Charlie completes HorseRacing poem

Mox: **Offstage. Entering** Onto the final straight and its Daisy all the way...

Charli: Here comes trouble

Mox: What are you two scallys up to?

Charlie: We live here, don't we? More to the point, what are you up to?

Mox: Just come down here for a smoke, a piece of quiet, you know.

Den: You got skins?

Mox: Karen's got it, she's supposed to be following, just stopped to do her face up...
We've just won a grand on the Grand. Daisy Topper 10 to 1

Charlie: I knew I should have gone for Daisy.

Den: I bet you did
Mox: Hurry up love... Its cold out here to be hanging around.
Karen: **Enters** Daisy Topper to the finish...
Mox: Yeah, that horse is a thoroughbred.
Moxa: Ey up, guys.
Karen: Something smells
Mox: Are you making broth?
Charli: We were just about to have some dinner, weren't we?
Karen: Are you two homeless?
Charli: Houseless, this place is home. Speaking of hopeless, what's cooking?
Den: Beans, spuds. Atleast i ain't burnt nothing. The fires gone out
Karen: I brought some carrots from the market. And he twoked a loaf from Lidl's
Moxa: We got a tuna fish and some sauce sachets from Spoons
Den: I put them on my crisps
Karen: Urgh!
Charlie: But no spoons... Do we have cutlery; what have we got? Tuna, carrots,
tomato sauce. Altogether, that would make a tasty soup.
Den: Get the fire on the go and i'll cook it up
Charlie: You got cardboard there, look. That's dry
Den: But no lighter, Uncle. Anybody, have a lighter?
Karen brandishes lighter. Lights menthol superking
Moxa: There's not a lot of gas left in it
Lights disposable lighter but doesn't work again
Den: Its knackered.
Charlie: There's a couple of matches lieing around.
Den: Safety matches, but nothing to strike them on... They're soggy from last
night's rain anyway.
Charlie: Well, think of something because i'm hungry
Moxa: So am i. Starved
Karen: Do you want me to go to the shop and buy one?
Charlie: That would be very good of you,
Karen: Give me the money, then
Charlie: Don't look at me, i am brassic
Den: So am i
Moxa shrugs with hands in pockets
Karen: Well if you haven't got money then i can't buy one
Charlie: Frigging hell. Come on, someone must have a pound in their pocket
Karen: What about you, geezer. Why don't you empty your pockets?
Charlie: I'm not lieing when i say 'i'm skint' If you want to take a look in my pockets
you can. You won't find anything but an old snot rag.
Den: How about, you take a roll up, ask someone to borrow a light; and then steal it?
Karen: Great idea
Charlie: Genius, the boy's a genius; go on then
Moxa: Don't look at me, i'm not fucking stealing lighters, it was your idea.
Den: I have a broken leg.
Moxa: Broken; I saw you walking a minute ago.
Charli: He's not got the Newington butts.
Den: I'll do it
Charlie: Good on you, son. A man with guts; hurry up cause i'm famished
Moxa: Give him a roll up then

One rolls a woodbine. Dennis takes and exits

Charli: Great, while he's seeing to the fire, we can get these vegetables chopped up.

Moxa: Do you have a knife on you?

Charli: Got my trusty Swiss Army.

Moxa: I was going to say, you can get arrested for carrying one on the streets. They class it as a weapon.

Den: Stupid isn't it. When you need to peel fruit, chop veg, culinary uses,

Moxa: A young lad was stabbed the other day...

Dennis RETURNS SMOKING

All: Well!

Den: I couldn't do it!

All: Why not?

Den: Th... They didn't give me the light, they just lit it for me,

Charli: Is this boy useless or what; couldn't you have blown it out?

Moxa: Then just grabbed it from their hand

Den: You go and grab it; if you're so good

Charli: I see you've smoked the roll up

Moxa: Give me one, I'll give it a try.

Karen: Do it like The Krays; light the fag then punch 'em...

Laugh. Harmonica. All sing 'Have you got a light, Boy?'

They eat around the smouldering firebrick

Charlie: (Chokes) Gawd, struth! What the bleeding hell did you put in this?

Brandishes spat out item I could have choked; why do you two laugh at another's misfortune?

Karen: Looks like one them packaging things

Moxa: It's a wind-up toy, out of a cereal packet.

Charli: Did you put Shreddies in the soup?

Den: Shreddies, no! How did that happen?

Charlie: I hope you weren't trying to poison me

Karen: He wants his inheritance

Moxa: This place, (**All laugh**) and that shopping trolley

Charli: This is a prime spot, isn't it Dennis? I've been here for weeks. I take it you two aren't sleeping rough...

Moxa: Were, been re-housed. Those new council flats up Pryrose.

Den: Nice

Moxa: Its alright. Noisy at night but, impossible to sleep till past midnight.

Charlie: Used to be a park there, nice bit of green. I'm sat waiting to see what they're going to demolish and redevelop next.

Karen: He's a quiet one.

Den: I'm eating, aren't i?

Moxa: He's gonna choke on that toy bone! **Karen and Moxa laugh**

Charlie: You lot leave him alone. Bad manners to talk with your mouth full isn't it son? **Laughter**

Karen: ...least you got the lighter and the fire started. The food wasn't bad

Den: I didn't need steal one in the end. Geezer from the shop donated matches...

Karen: Where's your accent from? He doesn't sound kosher does he?

Den: North East...

Charli: You said you was born in London

Den: I was, my Dad lives in Durham

Moxa: Durham!

Charli: I used to go through there on the bus up to Jedburgh...

Karen: That's where Billy Elliot's set, isn't it, County Durham?

Moxa: A couple of mates done time in Durham jail. I could of fancied a stretch there.

Den: **Pause** Inside; what did they get you for?

Moxa: Armed robbery... with a replica; more of a snatch and scarper... A little jeweller's on Brick Lane. It was my mates' idea. Keith the Thief. Poor little Albanian girl wet herself when he pointed the gun at her... Then she pressed the little button, locking us both in, safety screen come down on Keith's head; knocked him clean out... I managed to escape then, they come round my house a week later and arrested me off CCTV evidence

Den: How long was you in for?

Moxa: Done 3 out of six.

Charli: Good behaviour. Wrote a poem before the Governor, see.

Den: Lets hear it then...

Moxa: Speaking of stretch, we should be heading off; got a baby to nurture

Charli: Not staying for desert?

Moxa: Can't afford one, what with the economy the way it is, cutbacks, credit crunch.

Karen: We'll rustle something up at home, bye;

Den: You could eat a credit crunch;

Charli: We'd say they're rather yummy. Buy whilst passing post office, put one in your tummy.

Moxa and Karen leave

Charli: Pleasant folk,,; Why did you call me Uncle?

Den: A friend in hand. Two brothers and a stranger, innit;

Charli: Watch out for those two, they'll bring you trouble. That guy Moxa has been incarcerated most of his life.

Den: I saw he had scars on his arms. That's why I said Durham,

Charli: She winds him up though

He sang a rhyme perpetrated a crime
Fully aware it could mean time
Moxa had sinned while Christ was risen
That's why they sent him to prison

That time had come, his day in court
Saying sorry was an afterthought
Not guilty plea, he would not budge,

Den: Good for him,,;
The choice was left upon the Judge!

He sent him to H.M.P Woodhill.
I guessed he had some time to kill.
After a superfluity of red tape
You'd think that he'd been charged with rape

Treat like Jack or Freddy West
Whose names should not be used in jest!
I can't be sure what scared him most
Those burly men or the little ghost

He cleaned his cell and ate his food
Tried utmost to not be lewd,
Too bad i'm missing Mary Jane
Apart from that i shan't complain.

Policeman snoops around, (silhouette)

Thunder/ Rain

Den: What do you do when it rains?

Charli: Use a tarpaulin **Pulls out, covers and ties to brick**

Charli: How long we known each other now?

Den: Since Thursday

Charlie: What day is it today?

Den: Saturday

Charli: Sunday tomorrow. Church mass at 10.30

Den: You religious?

Charli: Na, just go in for the coffee and cakes. I will put up with a spot of blasphemy in return for some much needed refreshment. Just because I am infidel, doesn't mean I'll go to hell. Speaking of refreshment, I'm sure you dropped some jelly babies **Munches**

Den: I didn't eat jellybeans. It's a slug!

Charli: **Spits out into palm** So it is; **Eats** Good nutrition

Den: Urgh!

Den: (**Breathes deeply**) When I breathe out it looks like I'm smoking

Den: Are we going to get hammered tonight or not? Nothing else to be done...

Charli: I do like to have the eyes shut by sundown, but could make an exception this evening, if you're providing the booze.

Den: Drink up my friend TRAIN PASSES How do you sleep with the racket from these passing trains?

Charli: Earplugs... What time is it now?

Den: 8.45pm, not too late.

Charli: Not too late! Past my bedtime, for sure! I fall asleep with the lark. You see, son; in the old days, before television was invented, or discovered, people didn't sit up all night playing video games & watching movies. Bet you didn't know that did you... So here's a question; who invented the television?

Den: Darth Vader

Amanda and Horny enter

Charli: Wow, look at those Bristol cities;
Amanda: Sex darling?
Charli: No thanks. We're all...
Den: What sort of sex?
Horny: Proper good sex
Den: Oral sex? Anal sex?
Charli: How about a Barney moke?
Den: Shut up with the rhymes
Horny: Yeah, shut it up *darling*. You can't afford us anyway.
Charlie: The cheek of it. So what if my heart's all oak? I would never pay for sex.
That's why I got divorced.
Amanda: What about you; wanna good time?
Den: Yeah, why not?
Amanda: With me!
Den: No... with Cindy Babydoll Crawford. (SMILE) I'll settle for a look-alike
Horny: Amanda, this boy's chatting. He wants to *play*
Amanda: You got twenty quid have you?
Den: This *boy*, has a got a hundred pound watch wrapped around his wrist.
Amanda: I don't want your poxy watch! Cash for a bash, right Horny...
Charlie: A score for a whore (**laughing. High 5**)
Den: What's her name then, Amanda?
Amanda: Horny,
Horny: Yeah I am Horny, are you?
Den: Horny, hung and hard up!

Girls confer

Horny: Come on then, let's see the colour of your underwear
Charlie: Go on son!

Den and Horny walk together

Den: Hi
Horny: Hi
Den: You want to do something?
Horny: I want to earn money... My kids gotta eat!
Den: What do you do for £20?
Horny: Everything.
Den: I've got ten. What can i get for that?
Horny: Quickie hand relief
Den: Topless..? I'll give you two pound for a snog!
Horny: Okay/ No way

Den and Horny snog

Den: If i give you an extra five. Will you sort me out?
i know what you're going to do with it. Its alright, i'm a junkie too.
Horny: I said i need money to feed my baby. Now hurry up and unzip, get it out..!

Charlie: Those two seem to be getting on
Amanda: Horny's a pro. She gets on with everyone. All boys love her.
Charlie: I might go next; unless you would, erm, come sit here
Amanda: Forget that, i'm staying up here where i can breathe.

Den: What brought you on the streets; what happened to you?

Horny: What's it got to do with you?

Den: Not a lot, only; i thought we were getting to know one another.

Horny: Well save the inquisition; you sound like a social worker

Den: I was just wondering...

Girls Leave

Charlie: Bye, bye my lovelies... So what happened?

Den: What do you mean? Nothing, we were just talking,

Charlie: (**Tut**) Talking!

Den: She looked beaten up, says she's little mouths to feed

Charlie: I know that girl's story. Old Man used to knock her about

Den: Honestly. That explains it then

Charlie: I see it all the time Dennis. Relationships breakdown, folks end up out here.

Den: Exactly what happened to me; couldn't wait to leave home.

Policeman snoops around with torch.

Police: Pardon me chaps, but you haven't seen anything suspicious going on have you?

Den: Nothing out of the ordinary, why?

Police: We've had a report; someone defecating in public.

Den: What does defocate mean?

Charli: To free yourself of drugs and impurities, and to shit!

Den: At the same time!

Police: Do you two have anything on you that you shouldn't?

Den: No, I got stuff from the Doctor. It's a tranquilizer. (Police searches pocket)

Those are his notes, poems, leave them...

Police: What's your name?

Den: Denni Caine. Dot. D

Police: **Writing in book** Been in trouble with the law before, Dennis?

Den: Nothing heinous

Police: Less the attitude or you'll be under arrest for contempt!

Den: S off;

Charli: Leave the lad alone, officer. He's no manners, you see

Den: Cheers, Uncle

Police: And your name is...

Charli: Charlie

Police: Charlie, eh! **Writes** How can he be your Uncle, Dennis?

Den: Because he married my Aunt

Police Aunt who?

Den: Anti - Socia

Police: **Writes** Auntie Social... Registry update... Check foxtrot, alpha. Better behave yourselves. I shall be keeping tabs on this area

Policeman exits

Charli: Antie Social!

Den: I had to do a Ricky... Arsehole.

Charli: That's the Met for you

Den: Yes, we met tonight.

Charli: You have to be polite

Den: I can be polite. I can be reasonable..! If there's one thing that can be certain to peas me off and make me a metre off mad. Its Uniforms.

Charli: Narcissists

Den: Neo Narcissists. Sort me out with another one of those poems; something romantic. I have a date with Horny!

Charli: Romantic, not so pedantic?

Den: Whatever...

Charli: A touch too semantic

Why write a poem about girls,
Would a photograph not be better?
One to imprint in you brain
Show that you'll never forget her.

Pause

Dennis: Too moody

Charli: Lets see what I can find, in this trusty book. An aphorism or a hook. Okay, here's one...

If I ignore you then I'm a fool
When I adore you, I'm ridiculed
What will it take, how may I break your heart?

Den: No one ridicules me round here, I wouldn't admit to it.... Find another...

Charlie **Flicks pages** How about this?

Pictures paint a thousand words but I have written more;
To illustrate the things I hate, all of which, I love you for.

Den: Ideal. Let me memorize that.

Den fantasizes about Mal and has a tug

Twain sleep. Two drunken jobs pass, kick out! Charlie brandishes crowbar; hits one job, chases twain in underwear. Den is hurt

Charlie: Did they get ya?

Den: Yip, copped one in the ribs

Charlie: Let me see. Bastards. Here, have a sip of this.

Den: Tell us a poem C, just to take the pain away

Charlie: Would you not prefer some paracetamol?

Den: No fuck you, fuck off. Go on, roll us out a poem.

Charlie: Dossing, down low and quite dishevelled
An only fret that one's bedevilled
Yawning tired, then falling asleep
One eye still open, into deep
If i awake to see your face
This World would not be a disgrace
I hope you know how i' m Miss U
And that my friend's, the big issue
Now, nothing more left to be said
Its time we were tucked up in bed

A silence descends as Charlie ends his verse. Rain

Den: Better put the tarp up. I'm turning cold.

Charli: It's turning cold because the clouds have cleared. It won't rain if there are no clouds. The cold will do you good.

Den: Do me good,,; more like catch pneumonia...

Charlie! Oh my god Charlie don't do this to me. Don't die on me, not now, not here mate come on... Just don't... I'm going to have to call an ambulance or something. What the fuck! (hits out/cries)

When sanity has left me, the brain has gone to pot

And everything I ever thought as mine in fact was not

I know that you'll be waiting to say I told you so

Good night mate, God bless. Whoop, almost forgot... Let's see what he's left me... (Rummages in pocket-jingle) Wow, Charlie Boy you crafty old codger.

Seems you're not so T-total, innocent after all. I shall consider this my inheritance.

HAND REACHES OUT, GRABS DEN'S

Den: **SHRIEKS** You bloody moron. I thought you were dead

Charlie: I was... playing dead! And doing a bloody good job of it. Now, if you don't mind... I can't believe you'd take this; robbing an old man.

Den: A dead old man; I knew it was a joke, pal. I was playing along

Charli:

That's the big problem with today's youth.

Den: I can hear music

Thump. Thump from Nightclub

Charlie: There's a nightclub over the way, blasts out this junk every Sunday. It'll be thump, thump all night now!

Den: Get your dancing shoes on, old man. Time for some raving

Charli: I'm an old pot and pan. I've got tin ears; and flat feet... But still how can I miss a beat

Simon: WooHoo!

Den plays harmonica to music

All cast enter and dance

Den: Hey, Honey... What you doing up at this hour?

Horny: Touting for business...

Den: Do you like this music?

Horny: Better than your harmonica jingles

Moxa: Any E's or LSD?

Den: We have NFA

Moxa: What's that?

Den: No fixed abode (Throw's stone at Charlie) Munch on a disco biscuit.

Oliver Enters

Dennis dances

Den: Can you tell that I'm high?

Charli: Sure, plain as a pikestaff;

Sample: (tinrib) Stop playing with that radio of yours... I'm trying to get to sleep.

Police try to arrest Dennis. He resists

Passerby: Need any help, officer?

Policeman: **Pause** Grab his legs;

Den is carried off in foetus position

Charlie: Well, that was a lot of fun; now I am exhausted. He fought the law and the law quite clearly won. **Sings** He fought the law and the law won.

Got the place all to myself now... a peace of comfort

The End