

PIECE 1. SIAN, MICKEY, JONESY.

MICKEY: What was yer doin when it all went off?

SIAN: Me pavement art. I'd already got fifteen quid an all; bastards kicked it down the grid.

MICKEY: And what do yer do it with?

SIAN: Chalk.

MICKEY: Yeah, and so yer prints will be all over the pavement. No more drawin for you.

SIAN: It makes us money.

MICKEY: You'll have to think of something else to do.

SIAN: Like what?

MICKEY: I don't know... face paintin.

SIAN: What?

MICKEY: It's art in'it?

SIAN: Don't be so stupid!

MICKEY: I'm not stupid.

JONESY: That won't be enough.

SIAN: What won't?

JONESY: That bandage.

SIAN: Says who?

JONESY: You need that tourniquet I was telling you about.

SIAN: Well then Toto, go and find me one.

JONESY: Don't you mean Tonto?

SIAN: That's what I said.

JONESY: No, you said Toto.

SIAN: Toto, Tonto, what's the fuckin difference?

JONESY: Toto's Dorothy Gail's dog. Tonto's the Lone Ranger's best mate.

MICKEY: Keep yer eye on that car dickhead.

PIECE 2. MICKEY, JONESY.

JONESY: I like it here.

MICKEY: It stinks.

JONESY: I've switched that off.

MICKEY: Switched what off?

JONESY: The smell. I pressed a button. The one that turns off me nose. It's a big silver hexagonal one. My brains full of buttons Mickey.

MICKEY: I know it is and one of these days yer goin to press the wrong one and your head'll pop like a balloon full of shit.

JONESY puts his hands to his head as though holding it together.

JONESY: I'd like to be a bumble bee.

MICKEY: Good for you.

MICKEY paces the room, every now and then he looks through the window.

JONESY: They're very organized. The world would be a better place if we were all bees. It'd be just perfect. They'd never leave litter in the streets Mickey.

MICKEY: No, they just sting yer on the arse, when yer tryin to pick some girl's locks on a nice summer's day.

JONESY: Bees evolved from wasps. Wasps are amongst the most ferocious and lethal carnivores in the mini-beast world Mickey. There's this one wasp that lands on the back of a large Plesiometra spider sitting in her web and lays an egg.

MICKEY: I need to think.

JONESY: When the young maggot hatches it manages to stay on her back, riding piggy back, absorbing nutrients from her body as she goes about her business. The night before the larva pupates, Plesiometra dismantles her web, as nearly all spiders do and eats the silk strands so that she may reprocess it. And then, at midnight the spider starts to spin a new web but it's not the usual orb web but something much more like a hammock.

MICKEY: *(Drawn in)* Why does the spider make it's web into a hammock?

JONESY: Because the wasp grub doesn't want the spider to fall to the ground and get eaten by scavengers. At dawn the grub builds a cocoon, which hangs on what was the spider's death bed but is now the grub's cradle, until it mutates into an adult wasp.

MICKEY: The baby wasp makes it do that with just one sting?

JONESY: Yep.

MICKEY: That's fucked up.

PIECE 3. RICHARD, MICKEY, SIAN.

RICHARD: Money doesn't matter anymore.

MICKEY: It does where I come from.

RICHARD: Not in England. It's gone the way of the trilobite and the pterosaur. As dead as the Dodo and the Woolly Woolworth. They think they can fix it by bailing out the banks with their neatly wrapped packages but that way leads to greater folly. They should have let them fail. Isn't that what capitalism is all about? Winners and losers. Capitalism without bankruptcy is like Christianity without hell. They're flogging a dead currency. The pound is sunk.

MICKEY: How do yer work that one out then?

RICHARD: Oh come on Mickey. Surely a man like you can see this nation's been hung out to dry by the bankers and the financiers. And what about the politicians? When they're not claiming phantom mortgages or having their moats cleaned they went and installed Britannia's arse with a revolving door so any Tom, Dick or Harry who wants to come and live here and erode what's left of our lost and limping culture. Do you realize that there are spite filled fanatics walking around out there, with bombs hidden in suitcases that can take out an entire city with one dirty bang? Birds and pigs carrying viruses that have mutated and are spreading among the population as we speak and since they foolishly built that tunnel to France, there are rabid animals pouring into the country like rancid water from a sewer. We're being hit from every angle by catastrophe and calamity and it won't be long before only scattered handfuls of people survive, in places like this.

SIAN: Places like this?

RICHARD: This valley is deep; the motorway cuts it off from the rest of the World and the fumes from its endless flow of traffic sterilize the incoming air of bacteria, viruses and other morbidities

RICHARD goes over to the wall-doors.

RICHARD: I'm very well prepared to sit it out here. They put sell by dates on tins but there really is no need. The food in them will last more than a lifetime.

RICHARD closes the shelves and discovers the suit that dropped out of the ceiling.

RICHARD: I see you've discovered my NBC suit.

SIAN: What is it for?

RICHARD: Protection against nuclear, biological and chemical attacks. It is more than enough protection from any poison that will rain down from above. Let them all laugh at the madman in his bunker but I'll have the last laugh, when they sneeze themselves to death, or choke on poisonous clouds, or burn in the atomic heat of a thousand suns, or drown in the great floods, or starve in the famines, or are driven senile by microwave transmitters, or go into anaphylaxis shock, because they have eaten Frankenstein food. And as they die, maybe they'll think to themselves, perhaps mad old Richard, wasn't quite as mad as we all thought.

MICKEY: You've got it wrong about one thing. Money still talks.

PIECE 4. SIAN, MICKEY, JONESY.

SIAN: Who takes notice of a broken down car?

MICKEY: You'd be surprised what people notice. There could be a murder investigation goin on out there.

SIAN: Look if they do come here. We can hide. It's a big house. We could even hide under the floor once it's cleaned out.

MICKEY: What and he'll just go along with that will he?

SIAN: People help people Mickey. The Jews in Europe during the Second World War hid in people's houses. Like Anne Frank. She hid in an attic.

MICKEY: People don't help people Sian. Not anymore. You were on the ground, while a bunch of kids kicked fuck out of yer. A pregnant young girl, and all those shoppers and workers just stood there and watched or looked the other way. So stop being so naive and grow up.

JONESY: I read about Anne Frank. They gave her up in the end and she died of typhus in a concentration camp.

MICKEY: See?

SIAN: Thanks Jonsey.

MICKEY: There yer go. Anyway we don't need him. We don't need anyone. We're alright as we are. If it's not broke don't fix it.

PIECE 5. SIAN, JONESY, RICHARD.

SIAN: There's nothing worse than being chased down the street by a bunch of wild grannies.

JONESY: One had roller skates on once.

SIAN: Ay, she couldn't half move on them an all.

JONESY: She stabbed Mickey's buttock with a size seventeen knitting needle.

RICHARD: How did you know what size it was?

SIAN holds up her knitting needle.

SIAN: I kept it as a souvenir.

JONSEY: It left a twelve point five millimetre hole in Mickey's left bum cheek.

SIAN: That's when Mickey stopped the bingo.

RICHARD: When you've made the big money, then what? You'll settle down?

SIAN: Mickey wants to buy a ranch over there. Somewhere disconnected, where no one will know where he is and we can live off our own produce. Then I can travel out to the cities on my own and exhibit my art there. I'm going to buy an art studio. If I close my eyes I can see it. It'll be a magnet for artists and poets and anyone who gets what it is I'm trying to do. We'll collaborate and get people thinking about stuff they've never thought of before. It'll be a new revolution, through art and sculpture.

RICHARD: What's he running from?

SIAN: We already told you.

RICHARD: No, I mean before today, Rip off a local gangster did he?

SIAN: No It wasn't like that.

RICHARD: Come on.

SIAN: He had a dog/

RICHARD: /Of course he did.

SIAN: He did. It attacked a little girl.

RICHARD: So he ran away?

SIAN: What else could he do?

PIECE 6. SIAN

SIAN: *(Suddenly freaking out)* What the fuck do you know about art you dumb bastard. The only art you've ever seen is some anatomically impossible cock drawn on a toilet fucking wall, with your mother's phone number scrawled next to it. I want to stay here and show the fucking world what I'm all about! I have skills Mickey. We don't need Jonesy's fruit machines. I could make us a fortune right here. Provide a proper life for my baby. She'd have everything she could ever want here. And then one day she'd be ready to go out there and brighten up the world. You're just like them. Mum and Dad and all the rest of them dead end bastards. Putting me down, trying to groom me into something I'm not. I'm an artist and I'm going to change the fucking world, and if you don't like it you can fuck off!

All Dad cares about is money and you're the same. You need to get into the finance sector like me. I didn't pay for a private education so you could waste it scribbling on pads. Doodles are for dummies!"

PIECE 7. MICKEY, JONESY.

MICKEY: Empty yer pockets.

JONESY: What?

MICKEY: You heard. Empty them.

JONESY: But...

MICKEY: That's my sugar you've got and if yer don't need me anymore, yer can give it me back.

JONESY: But then I'll have no sugar Mickey.

MICKEY: Richard can get yer some.

JONESY: He might not. He disapproves.

MICKEY: I said empty your pockets.

JONESY: No.

MICKEY: Do yer want me to empty them for yer?

JONESY: Yellow car!

MICKEY: Answer me!

JONESY: Black car!

MICKEY: Sugar, now!

JONESY: Red Car.

MICKEY: Right!

JONESY: Brown car!

MICKEY grabs JONESY and forces him to the ground. He then starts to grab the sugar from his pockets and starts ripping them open and pouring them over the grass.

JONESY: That's mine!

MICKEY: Drop it and the other ones. Yer think you're in control? Yer not in control. You're a fuckin mess. Yer need me to look after yer. Yer think Richard could do what I did? Yer couldn't even wipe yer arse without getting shit on yer fingers 'til yer met me. Remember when I found yer. What was goin to happen to yer if I hadn't of stepped in?