LEE Side 1

LEE. Lush. Morning, Ginger. You missed a classic last night, son. Everyone was here. Didn't get cracking till after hours. Whizz. Wangers. Sick beats. Tasty birds. Rum'n'Ribena. Benilyn 'n'brandy... Birds are going bats for it. Banging it back. Then, right. Then. Right. Then. (*He cracks up.*) Then. Right. Then. (*Laughs.*) Then. Right. Rooster. Right. (*Cracks up. He says it. He's laughing so hard, you can't understand it.*)

GINGER. What?

LEE. Then. Right. Then. Right. Then. Then. (*Tries again.*)

GINGER looks to JOHNNY for help.

JOHNNY. Sorry. I can't help you.

LEE. Then. Then. Right. Then.

LEE, in fits of laughter, starts signalling for a pen.

GINGER. 'Gathering.' 'Gathering', mind...

LEE. Rooster brings his telly out and crowds everyone round and smashes it up with a cricket bat. (*Collapses laughing.*)

JOHNNY. No I never.

LEE *affirms that he did, laughing. We can't understand the words.* Bollocks.

LEE (*still laughing, pointing, trying to say*). It's over there, mate. *They look over at a ruined pile of plastic, glass and circuitry, yonder.* JOHNNY. I never done that. I'd never do that.

LEE (*wiping tears from his eyes*). You had to be there, Ginger. It was unmissable.

LEE Side 2

JOHNNY. Anyone else want to give it a try? *They all sit there. Suddenly* LEE *stands.*

TANYA. Go on, Lee. Go on, my son.

LEE. All right.

He goes over to the drum.

JOHNNY. You feeling brave, Colonel? Give it a go. LEE *rattles his fingers across it.* Harder. You want them to hear it, now, don't you? LEE *bounces his hand off it.* That's it. Harder. Harder.

LEE *bangs it with his palms. A low roll. Suddenly he stops. Everyone stops.* LEE. Johnny.

JOHNNY. Come on.

GINGER. Rooster, mate.

JOHNNY turns. JOHNNY 's six-year-old son,

MARKY, is stood there. Pause.

JOHNNY. It's all right. Look. Give us a minute.

LEE. All right, you sorry lot. On your feet. At ease. I mean, attention. Let's take a break. Stretch our legs...

JOHNNY. Come back.

LEE. We'll come back, mate.