

MARKY Side 1

MARKY. The telly's gone.

JOHNNY. Oh, right. Yeah. It's gone to the repair shop.

DAWN. Shall we go up the fair, Marky? See your friends. The floats. Go on the rides?

MARKY. Okay.

JOHNNY. Here you go.

He gives MARKY a tenner.

Get some candyfloss, or, like... football cards. I don't know. Have a go on the whirler-swirler. (*To DAWN.*) You gonna come back later? Get rid of what's-hisname, pop back. I'll be here. Come back later. We'll have a drink.

DAWN (*flatly*). Say goodbye to your father, Marky.

MARKY. Goodbye.

JOHNNY. See you later, Marky. You gonna give me a hug before you go? No? Suit yourself. (*To DAWN.*) What about you, Dawn? Before you go?

Pause.

DAWN. Goodbye, Johnny.

MARKY Side 2

MARKY. I got lost.

Pause.

JOHNNY. Come here. (*Pause.*) Come here. I won't bite. *He does.*
What did you do? Did you go on... go on the whirlerswirlers?
Have – Coke, Coca-Cola?

MARKY. Yes.

JOHNNY. It's all right, boy. Don't be scared. Here. Sit down. On that.
MARKY *sits on the drum*. There. Now, there's something I'm gonna tell you. Your mum won't like this, so listen hard, because I'm only tellin' it once. *He lights a cigarette. Wipes his nose, shows*
MARKY. See that. That's blood. And not just any blood. That's Byron blood. Now, listen to me, now, and listen good, because this is important. (*Beat.*) I used to jump. Across Wiltshire, southwest. All over. One day here, ten thousand people showed up. In Stroyer's Field, half a mile from here, they lined up thirteen double-decker buses. Fair Day like today. But wet. Raining. The ground was soft as butter. Stroyer's Field slopes left to right and it's rutted. On the day, the wind was blowing straight down the field. (*Pause.*) And I raced down the ramp. And I took off. I hit that last bus so hard my boots came off. That's what they want to see. They want to see you shatter some bones. Swallow all your top teeth. Tongue. And when they get you out after an hour and four heart attacks, they want to see the ambulance get stuck in the mud halfway across the field. When I got to the hospital they found something out. I've got rare blood. Rarest there is. Romany blood. All Byrons have got it. I've got it and you've got it too. Listen to me, now. This blood, it's valuable. To doctors. Hospitals. Every six weeks, I go up Swindon General, and I give'em a pint of my blood. And they give me six hundred pound. They need it, see, and I'm the only one they know's got it. (*Pause.*) And when I sit

in that waiting room, waiting to go in, they treat me like a king. I can sit there, with the other patients all around, and I can smoke, have a can, right there in front of the nurses. And they can't touch me. People complain. They can't touch me. They need me. See. They need me. So don't ever worry, because anywhere you go. If you're ever short. Back to the wall. Remember the blood. The blood. *He kneels in front of his boy. Clasps his shoulders. Holds his eye.* School is a lie. Prison's a waste of time. Girls are wondrous. Grab your fill. No man was ever lain in his barrow wishing he'd loved one less woman. Don't listen to no one and nothing but what your own heart bids. Lie. Cheat. Steal. Fight to the death. Don't give up. Show me your teeth. MARKY *does so*. You'll be fine. JOHNNY *hugs* MARKY *to him*. Now go find your mother. Go on. Get.