

WESLEY Side 1

WESLEY. What's going on, Johnny?

JOHNNY (*sings Marvin Gaye*).

'Come on, talk to me...and you can see – what's going on, what's on... I'll tell you what's going on...'

WESLEY. Don't give me that. What's going on?

JOHNNY. Is correct. You named that tune in four...

WESLEY. What you doing?

JOHNNY. What? Where?

WESLEY. Here.

JOHNNY. Where?

WESLEY. Here. What's that about?

JOHNNY. Oh, that. Knees-up last night. You know kids. Like trying to get stink off shit.

WESLEY. They're sleeping here?

JOHNNY. What would you rather they do, sat round in the bus shelter on the gas? Least it's warm here.

WESLEY. Tanya Crawley's sixteen years old.

JOHNNY. What's your point, caller?

WESLEY. Nothing. What? Nothing. Just...

JOHNNY. She was pissed last night. Can't have kids wandering around at night pissed. I never even knew she was there. So what's your point, caller?

Beat.

WESLEY. Johnny, Listen. Phaedra Cox has gone off again. She ain't been home since Monday night.

JOHNNY. So?

WESLEY. So, I know she comes up here. With the others. Have you seen her?

JOHNNY. You know me, Wesley. I can't tell these rats apart.

WESLEY. It's not funny, Johnny. She's fifteen years old. Troy Whitworth was in the pub. In the saloon bar, asking if anyone had seen her.

JOHNNY. Phaedra Cox ain't my lookout. She's him's. She's Troy Whitworth's. He's her stepdad. Not me.

WESLEY. I just wondered if you seen her, is all. It's just...

JOHNNY. Just what?

WESLEY. Nothing. What? Come on, Johnny. You know what.

JOHNNY. I ain't seen her. Phaedra Cox ain't none of my business.

WESLEY. It's just –

JOHNNY. I said I ain't seen her, Wesley.

WESLEY. Good. Good. Well, that's what I thought.

(*Beat.*) Come on, Johnny. You got kids here day and night, Johnny. Look at all this. They're drinking.

WESLEY Side 2

WESLEY (*offstage*). Byron, you dick.

Enter WESLEY. He's drunk.

JOHNNY. Wesley.

WESLEY. There you are, you old dick. There you are, you shitter.

JOHNNY. So where are we?

WESLEY. The Mayor is in the stocks outside The Moonrakers, and kids are chucking sponges at him. There was a punch-up in the slots. Ian Brindle pushed over the mobile toilet with Danny Anstey inside it. Marlborough won the tug-of-war.

JOHNNY. You look hot, Wesley. You been dancing?

WESLEY. Dancing? I been dancing all day, lover. Like a dancing chimpanzee. Danced halfway from here to Land's End. Don't talk to me about fucking dancing.

JOHNNY. Pub full then?

WESLEY. Fall of Saigon, mate. Sue's got three extra staff on. I went behind the bar, she told me 'hop it'. Said I were, quote, 'ostensibly pissed'. Some bloke from the brewery's there. About twenty bloody years old. Like the KGB, that lot. (*Beat.*) Public bar, saloon bar, pool table, *Millionaire* machine, shit burgers, crap kiddies' option, fiddly bloody sachets, broken bloody towel dispensers, stupid T-shirts... (*Pause.*) I come to bed when the last dick's gone home. I lie there next to her and I can't breathe. 'Did you cash up. Lock up? Wash out the trays? Well done, love. Sleep well, my darling.' How much does that cost, eh? I'm the reason that pub's full five nights a week.

Swindon knows that. Last Monday, lunchtime, the regional lays five brochures on the bar. Take your pick. The Plume in Devizes, The Mason's in Salisbury, The Green Man in Oxford, somewhere in Banbury. And somewhere else in somewhere else. All good inns. Take your pick. Who do they bring the brochures to? Sue? Bollocks. Me. They trust me. Sometimes I want to take Sue and drive her off into the middle of nowhere... Stupid...bloody... bitch. I never even touched the bloody cash'n'carry card... (*Pause.*) Number one, work all your life. Number two, be nice to people...
He lies down and starts crying.

JOHNNY. I wouldn't lie down too long there, Wesley. Crows'll have your eyes.

WESLEY. Last week, I come downstairs to do the pub quiz questions, bit of peace and quiet, heard Debbie and Pam, barmaids, talking about me. Saying horrible things. Horrible. (*Pause.*) I was in love with Pam for about four years. I've never told anyone that before. (*He cries.*) I can't go back there. Ever, ever, again. I can't.

JOHNNY. Wesley. Go home.

WESLEY. Fuck off.

JOHNNY. Go home, Wesley.

WESLEY. No.