

## *Unlucky*

Location A housing-scheme, or similar.

1 ext. Chip-shop, kebab place. It is early evening, late autumn

Three or four people queue inside the entrance. Children hanging about on the pavement outside.

2 int. Chip-shop, kebab place.

LECKY is at the end of the queue. He folds his arms, hunches his shoulders as though against the cold. He sniffs, glances from left to right. Now someone exits.

The wall-clock reads 7.35 p.m. The young woman working the friers glances at him

Young woman

*Next!*

LECKY does not move forward. Young woman looks at him, sighs, is irritated

Young woman

*Yes?*

LECKY mumbles

*Eh two singles please*

Young woman

*What?*

LECKY, more loudly

*Two singles please (coughs slightly, embarrassed)*

Young woman gets cigarette packet and takes out two singles, passes them across the counter. LECKY gives her the money then gets a loose match from his pocket. He strikes it along the floor, lights the a cigarette, exhales smoke as he exits the shop.

A couple of the customers frown at him. The young woman is also frowning, but not exaggerated.

3 ext. Chip-van

He passes the queue outside. A younger teenage male is there.

Younger teenage male  
*Alright LECKY?*

LECKY gives him a wave, absently. He continues walking, inhales then exhales a mouthful of smoke and now takes a longer drag, keeping the smoke in his lungs, , hunches his shoulders while he walks.

4 ext. The foot of a fairly steep hill, similar to Achamore Road

LECKY is approaching the corner. He nips the fag as he goes, shoving it into an inside pocket. A man approaches

LECKY  
*Ye got the time there?*

Man frowns, irritated, glancing at wristwatch

Man mutters  
*Five to eight*

LECKY continues along and turns up the hill, walking more quickly. About halfway up he passes a gable end, glances skywards, as though a building drop of water has landed on his face. He turns up the jacket collar.

5 ext. A side street (similar to Katewell Avenue)

LECKY walking along, even-paced, hands in jeans' pockets, shoulders hunched, towards a close

6 int. An ordinary close

Rear shot of LECKY entering, walks through and goes upstairs.

7 int. the first storey half-landing

He pauses at the window, briefly gazing out. He continues, going more slowly, past the first landing flats and on up to the next half landing.

8 int. second storey half-landing

This time he gazes out the window for a longer period, his gaze shifting from the backcourt upwards to the sky. His expression conveys nothing; he is just looking at the sky. A door opens on the first landing and slams shut. LECKY is alert immediately, but not on guard, just alert. He hears the footsteps of a man going downstairs. He waits until the sound of the man has receded. When all is quiet he proceeds up the stairs, a bit more quickly than before. He is looking upwards to JOHN's front door which is on the top storey right-hand side.

9 int. the top storey landing outside the door to JOHN's flat

LECKY flaps the letter-box. An immediate thumping noise from inside, a kid has rushed down the hall and collided with the door which comes swinging open. A wee lassie about four or five years old is hanging onto the handle, one sock off and one sock on. She continues to hang there, the door creaking on its hinges. A younger boy appears behind her, he staes at LECKY,

a toy clutched under one arm. They continue looking at LECKY. He stands with his hands in his pockets, not communicating with them. Then JOHN appears, nodding him inside.

JOHN

*I'll be a couple of minutes.*

LECKY

*I thought I was gony be late*

JOHN

*Nah ye're okay*

10 int. JOHN's living room

It's an ordinary home and there is nothing especially tidy nor untidy about it, a few kids' toys maybe on the floor.

JOHN'S WIFE sits on one side of the settee holding a teacup against her cheek, watching television. A baby lies beside her wearing only a nappy, dummy tit in its mouth. The baby is awake and is alert to the world. LECKY stands near to the door, gazing across at the television. Some half hour comedy is showing on the box. JOHN'S WIFE is smiling at something, she reaches to the mantelpiece for a pack of cigarettes. She glances at LECKY, takes out a cigarette, indicating the television

JOHN'S WIFE

*Ever watch this?*

LECKY

*Sometimes.*

JOHN'S WIFE

*It can be quite funny*

Her gaze returns to the box while she lights the cigarette.

LECKY shifts his stance, one hand out his pocket, just by his side. He is not ill-at-ease; but neither is he comfortable.

The door opens and JOHN enters, leaving the door ajar; he carries an anorak slung over his shoulder. The weans can be heard laughing, running up the hallway. JOHN pushes the door without closing it entirely. He goes to the mantelpiece and lights himself a cigarette; he stands gazing at the television for several moments. He and HIS WIFE are aware of each other but both looking at the television. JOHN smiles at something. She does too but only slightly, and when he turns to leave she glances at him. She is trying not to show her concern. John pauses.

JOHN'S WIFE

*Will ye be late?*

JOHN matter-of-factly

*Nah, doubt it.*

He sniffs, gazing back at the television. She nods, still watching him. After a moment he gives a brief nod to LECKY who steps to the door. JOHN'S WIFE stares after him.

11 int. hallway.

JOHN follows LECKY to the front door. The kids come out of a bedroom to watch them leave. LECKY glances at them; they stare back at him.

JOHN

*Time yous were in bed.*

12 int. On the top-storey landing outside the front door

LECKY coming out, followed by JOHN who hesitates like he has forgotten something

JOHN

*I'll no be a minute.*

He shuts the door. LECKY leans his elbows on the banister, gazing down to the half-landing window. Now his gaze takes in the neighbouring door which has no nameplate; on the wall to its side initials and names are scratched and ink-marked. LECKY is still looking at this when JOHN reappears. HIS WIFE is behind him, she gives a half smile and touches his arm.

JOHN

*See ye later*

She watches JOHN and LECKY go downstairs.

The door shuts. JOHN glances back the way. LECKY is watching him

JOHN sees this and shrugs.

They continue on, footsteps clattering, just out of view

13 int. the close

LECKY is waiting just inside the front exit. Now JOHN appears from the back close, his hands in his jacket pockets. He winks at LECKY and indicates his right wrist, pulling the sleeve back; he is holding two circular steel bars about a half inch in diameter.

JOHN

*Heh d'ye mind the bus-fare?*

LECKY

*Aye*

JOHN

*For me tae?*

LECKY grins

*I knew ye'd be skint.*

LECKY steps forward quickly, dodging when JOHN tries to land a punch on his chin. They laugh. Before exiting the close LECKY takes the half-smoked cigarette out from a jacket pocket, he lights it by striking a match on the wall.

JOHN

*Heh you the place is bad enough!*

They continue out and along the pavement. JOHN is turning the collar of his anorak up, then rubbing his hands, his shoulders going.

14 ext. On the pavement

They are walking

LECKY

*Fucking freezing man innit!*

JOHN

*It's yer nerves!*

LECKY

*My nerves...!*

JOHN

*Aye!*

LECKY thinks for a moment  
*Doesnay mean I'm no cauld.*

JOHN shakes his head, grinning

LECKY

*How what about you, ye trying to say ye've no got any!*

JOHN

*Who me? Ye kidding - I've had about ten shites since I ate my tea!*

JOHN rubs his hands together with a smack sound. LECKY laughs abruptly, then he shivers, his shoulders hunching.

15 ext. over the brow of a hill

The pair walking down the road. Away in the distance a bus can be seen.

JOHN, shouting

*Ya bastard!*

The pair start running, they just manage to catch the bus

15 ext. outside a pub in the inner city

LECKY stands near the entrance, arms folded, unfolded, he rubs his hands, blows into them, keeps himself warm.

JOHN exits and walks to him.

JOHN  
*He's drinking up...*

LECKY nods. The two stand there, not talking, almost like they are avoiding each other, gazing up or down the street.

16 ext the pub; several minutes later

RAY coming towards them.

JOHN, with irritation

*I thought ye were swallying the pint down...?*

RAY ignores this, jerks his head at LECKY

RAY to JOHN  
*D'ye fill him in?*

JOHN does not enjoy this question and he squints at RAY, pauses

JOHN  
*Aye*

RAY  
*Ye sure?*

JOHN just looks at him

RAY  
*I've got to fucking ask int I?*

JOHN  
*Naw*

RAY gazes at him a moment. JOHN is unsmiling. RAY turns to LECKY

RAY to LECKY  
*So ye know what ye're doing?*

LECKY nods

JOHN, irritated  
*Run ower the details with him yerself if ye want to fucking check*

RAY gazes at him. JOHN holds his gaze; his right hand is still in his pocket; he raises his left to his mouth and nibbles the corner of his thumbnail. He glances at LECKY who returns the glance. JOHN now gazes at RAY.

RAY is less irritated now, almost subdued

RAY

*I just mean there's aye some cunt with big ears, that's all.*

JOHN ignores him, and looks to LECKY, pointing inside the pub

JOHN

*Nice decor by the way. It's that cat piss man, know what I mean, brings a nice kind of - whatever, atmosphere...*

LECKY smiles, JOHN also smiles. RAY does not, he starts walking. JOHN winks at LECKY

JOHN

*Atmosphere LECKY, know what I mean!*

LECKY shrugs. The two walk on, fall in behind RAY who he is unwrapping a pack of cigarettes, flinging away the cellophane, putting a cigarette in his mouth

JOHN

*Thanks bud*

RAY passes him a cigarette. JOHN hands the cigarette on to LECKY. RAY says nothing. He passes JOHN another. The three stop while RAY gets his lighter out etc., and they each get a light

LECKY to RAY

*Cheers*

RAY does not respond. JOHN smiles. LECKY shrugs. They resume walking. They continue round a corner.

17 ext. a street like South Street, Whiteinch

The trio walking, RAY staying that step ahead of the other pair.

18 ext. South Street, much further along

The trio walking steadily. Eventually they turn down a side street

19 ext. junction, this side street and another

They approach the corner and halt. RAY gives JOHN a nod and continues on by himself.

LECKY glances at JOHN, expecting a comment but JOHN just stares after RAY.

LECKY looks back the way they have come, he hunches his shoulders, his hands in his jeans pockets; he takes them out and puts them in his jerkin pockets.

JOHN glances at him a moment, then back to the corner where RAY disappeared.  
Now RAY reappears. He jerks his thumb back to where he has come

RAY quietly  
*Heh come here and see this!*

RAY points round the corner to a building all of whose lights seem to be switched on. The other two stare along at it. RAY speaks quietly

RAY  
*Listen...*

There is now the sound of a dull throbbing; machinery in operation

RAY  
*Hear that? It's a fucking nightshift!*

JOHN whispers  
*Jesus christ!*

LECKY looks at JOHN then at RAY, trying to understand the problem. RAY points to the building directly opposite

RAY  
*That's our gaff there*

LECKY and JOHN look across

JOHN  
*Aw christ*

RAY quietly  
*We're supposed to go in from the front shop*

JOHN is annoyed  
*But it's right across from that fucking...*

HE ends the statement by pointing at the building where the lights are on. LECKY is looking from JOHN to RAY and then across the street  
RAY shaking his head

JOHN  
*Fucking unbelievable. Did yer mate no tell ye?*

RAY sniffs  
*Naw*

JOHN shakes his head in disgust. LECKY watching JOHN, grasping the situation.

RAY

*He probably didn't even think about it*

JOHN

*Fucking dickie...*

RAY sighs.

RAY leads them back to where they stood before. RAY leans his shoulder against the wall, shaking his head. JOHN sighs. RAY brings out the cigarettes, passes one to each. JOHN takes his nonchalantly.

LECKY doesn't. He takes his cigarette slowly and looks at it. RAY flicks his lighter, gives each a light.

RAY mutters

*What a bastard...*

LECKY frowns at RAY.

LECKY

*Are you saying ye didn't know there was a nightshift on in that place?*

LECKY jerks his thumb in the direction. RAY looks at him.

LECKY

*That place across the road I'm talking about*

JOHN drops a mouthful of spit on the ground

JOHN

*Aye Lecky that's what he's saying*

LECKY shakes his head slowly

LECKY

*That's fucking mental man*

RAY is irritated by this and looks to JOHN

RAY

*What's up with yer mate at all is he got a problem?*

JOHN just looks at RAY, takes a draw of the cigarette,, his right hand remaining in his anorak pocket, the two steel rods up his sleeve.

RAY looks back at LECKY. LECKY is staring at RAY

RAY is now defensive, speaks directly to JOHN but he will manage to include LECKY in it.

RAY

*I wouldna have brought yez if I'd have fucking knew!*

JOHN and LECKY just look at him. Then JOHN walks a couple of paces, looking across to the nightshift operation. He looks back to the others and they walk to beside him. The three of them look across at the building with all the lights on

JOHN whispers

*Naybody's came out since we got here.*

The three continue looking across

JOHN

*Know what I mean...*

RAY

*It's no even five minutes.*

JOHN

*That's all it takes.*

RAY sighs,

JOHN

*Know what I mean Lecky.*

LECKY looks at him.

JOHN

*We can be in there in five. No danger.*

RAY

*That's chancey*

JOHN ignores him, keeps staring at the nightshift building and the one opposite. RAY watches JOHN a moment longer, then he too gazes from one building to the other. Meanwhile LECKY nips the burning end of his cigarette and sticks the remaining bit in his jerkin pocket. LECKY squints upwards as though a couple of drops of water have landed on his face;

LECKY quietly

*Is that the rain...?*

The other two either ignore him or don't hear him. JOHN is still irritated and RAY is aware of him. RAY is defensive but shows irritation

RAY

*I'm just saying it's chancey.*

JOHN now looks at RAY and LECKY also listens

JOHN quiet authority

*I've been going about sweating for days cause of this; the wife and weans man they're feart to come fucking near me. You're talking about chancey - I know it's fucking chancey.*

JOHN pauses, shakes his head, he clears his throat and spits into the gutter. He glances at RAY

RAY, defensive

*That's all I'm saying.*

LECKY is watching JOHN. JOHN looks at him then walks out from the corner and down the street across from the nightshift operation. RAY sighs but he follows JOHN. Now LECKY sets off.

The three keep close in to the shadows at the side of the pavement. They walk to about six metres beyond the targeted entrance which is a shop doorway.

JOHN waves LECKY on past them, pointing along to where LECKY is to take up the look-out position, at the opposite corner of the street from where they had been earlier.

20 ext. The corner of the side street and the main drag (South Street)

LECKY shifting from foot to foot, gets out the half-smoked cigarette, strikes a match on the stone wall, sucks the smoke deep into his lungs and keeps it there, staring left, then right. At this time of night there should be very little traffic about. He looks down to RAY and JOHN. JOHN is peering along at him from the position near the targeted entrance. LECKY looks up and down and along, then he signals all-clear to JOHN. He watches JOHN and RAY vanish into the shop doorway.

Moments later a couple of loud strikes. JOHN is forcing padlocks, whatever. LECKY starts nervously, glances right and left as if expecting the loud strikes to be heard all over Glasgow.

Then comes a very loud rattling noise. LECKY looks to across the street, to the nightshift building, and he presses himself into the wall staring across. He sidles a step or two round the corner onto the main drag; only enough that he can be hidden yet still watch the building opposite.

A mechanical gate is lifting, almost directly across from the shop doorway. It sounds like a chain hoisting it, creaking, groaning etc.

LECKY cannot bear to look. He moves back out of sight, closes his eyes.

Then inside the entrance to the nightshift building a truck becomes visible; NIGHTSHIFT WORKER 1 and LORRYDRIVER are finishing the loading up. Now LORRYDRIVER climbs into the cabin. The sound of their voices carries but what they say is unintelligible from LECKY's vantage point. LECKY is looking frantically along at the shop doorway and he sees JOHN's head poking out, then vanishing back again. LECKY closes his eyes, in desperation.

The truck engine switches on, its dipped headlights etc. Now LECKY sees a car approaching from along South Street. He backs against the wall until it passes, then peers back round the corner. He stares along to the targeted shop doorway but no sign of JOHN and RAY

NIGHTSHIFT WORKER 1 is guiding the truck out from the entrance. He is now facing the direction of the shop doorway. It seems to LECKY if the guy looks across he must see RAY and JOHN. Again LECKY cannot bear to look, moves back out of sight, closes his eyes.

But he opens them almost immediately. After all, he is supposed to be keeping watch.... LECKY steels himself and peers back around the corner. The lorry has pulled out onto the sidestreet and DRIVER is speaking through the window to the other guy, inaudibly. Now they finish and DRIVER takes the lorry towards the corner,

LECKY moves of sight, flattening himself against the wall. The lorry noses out onto the main drag, DRIVER turning the wheel hand over fist, shifting gear etc., then its out on the road.. LECKY gazes after the red tail-lights, the lorry picking up speed.

Another motor travelling in opposite direction. LECKY waits until it has passed. Now he peers along the street. The entrance at the nightshift building is still open but NIGHTSHIFT WORKER has disappeared. Now LECKY sees JOHN, poking out his head from along at the corner beyond the shop doorway. While LECKY has been out of view and the lorry has been involved JOHN and RAY have left the shop doorway and returned along to the earlier vantage point.

It is from this corner that JOHN now signals LECKY to come at once. LECKY waits a fraction, then trots along. He changes that to just walking fast.

#### 21 ext. the other corner at the side street parallel to the main drag

JOHN and RAY are both smoking. JOHN smiles

JOHN  
*Okay...?*

LECKY grins  
*Close eh!*

RAY, angrily

*Aye ye're no fucking kidding.*

JOHN winks at LECKY, nods his head to RAY

JOHN

*He wants to wrap it!*

JOHN now passes his lit cigarette to LECKY who has a drag on it, and keeps it and will have another one before returning it to JOHN

RAY

*Aye ye're fucking right I want to wrap it.*

JOHN, after a pause, with quiet sarcasm, bordering on contempt

John

*Away hame then.*

RAY brushes the tip of his nose with his thumb, spits his chewing gum into the street. JOHN rubs his hands together, shoulders tensing, untensing, then to LECKY

JOHN, sniffs slightly

*What about you man ye into it? Eh?*

LECKY

*Ye mean still do it?*

JOHN shrugs, smiles briefly, then shrugs again

John

*Aye.*

RAY shakes his head

*It's fucking wild!*

JOHN

*I'm no asking you...*

JOHN glances at LECKY again. LECKY hesitates.

RAY

*John there's always next week, know what I mean...*

RAY turns his head away, puts his hands into his jeans' pockets. JOHN ignores him, and speaks to LECKY

JOHN

*What d'ye think?*

LECKY shrugs

John  
*Eh?*

LECKY shrugs again  
*I'm easy*

JOHN, ironic  
*Ye're easy?*

LECKY, defensively  
*I'm easy, aye.*

JOHN shakes his head and turns away. LECKY is defensive but becoming irritated

LECKY  
*How what d'ye want me to say?*

JOHN  
*What do I want ye to say?, I want ye to say if ye'll dae it, that's what I want ye to say: aye or naw.*

LECKY stares at him

JOHN  
*If ye dont want to dae it then dont, if ye dae then ye dae, if ye want to fucking dae it ye dae it, fucking simple, straightforward, it is straightforward.*

LECKY just staring at him

JOHN  
*Ye make up yer ayn mind Lecky, that's what ye dae; it's yer ayn opinion; that's what I'm looking for, that's what fucking counts.*

LECKY frowns

JOHN  
*Innit?*

LECKY breathes deeply. JOHN waits another moment then shrugs, and is irritated

JOHN  
*Just dae what ye want to dae, right.*

LECKY sniffs slightly, then nods.

LECKY  
Aye... (SHRUGS)

JOHN  
*No for me, dont dae it for me.*

LECKY  
Naw... (SHRUGS)

RAY is watching, unpeeling a new strip of chewing gum. He pops it in his mouth, then he offers a strip to the other two, and smiles absently

RAY murmurs  
*La di dah*

JOHN grins briefly and takes a piece of chewing gum, then moves to peer back round the corner. RAY walks round him and leads the way back.

LECKY watches for a moment then walks after them. JOHN follows RAY into the shop doorway, LECKY continuing on to his position at the main road junction. The entrance at the nightshift operation still gapes open though nobody in sight there.

22 ext. the corner of the sidestreet and the main drag

LECKY is peering down the main drag but there is only silence. Then a loud clank, coming from the shop doorway. Another clank. LECKY gazes round the corner. Again silence.

LECKY stares along the main road. He glances back round the corner, flattens himself against the wall, peers right and left. Nothing. He takes out the half-smoked cigarette, puts it in his mouth then takes it out and returns it to his pocket. He stares up at the sky, moves away from the wall, moves to the edge of the pavement, then back to the wall, still silence, still no sign of traffic. Now he walks a couple of paces round the corner and is immediately agitated.

NIGHTSHIFT WORKER 1 is standing at the entrance to the nightshift building and has seen him, he has seen LECKY. NIGHTSHIFT WORKER 1 is standing with his hands in his pockets and he is staring at LECKY.

LECKY hesitates then about-turns, back round the corner. He continues walking in the direction away from the scene, and along the main street for several paces. Then he stops, hesitates. He does not know what to do. He returns to the corner. He stands a moment then peers around.

NIGHTSHIFT WORKER 1 is still there, he is now smoking, and is staring across at the targeted entrance, the shop doorway. Can he see anything? Who knows. This cannot be known. And LECKY doesn't know either. LECKY also wants to know what NIGHTSHIFT WORKER 1 can see

Now NIGHTSHIFT WORKER 1 stops staring at the shop doorway. He glances round and sees LECKY. As soon as he does LECKY goes walking forward. In this very matter-of-fact manner LECKY crosses the street over to the nightshift building, he is moving towards NIGHTSHIFT WORKER 1.

NIGHTSHIFT WORKER 1 does not flinch, nor retreat. He stands there watching LECKY walk towards him. LECKY doesn't flinch either.

Eventually it is the NIGHTSHIFT WORKER 1 who retreats first. He treads on the cigarette butt, turns and steps back into the entrance, disappears inside the nightshift building.

Now LECKY alters his direction and moves smartly to the shop doorway, and inside the targeted building.

23 int. The shop etc.

LECKY pushing into the interior of the shop, it is dark. He has to accustom his eyes to the lack of light. Another door. He goes to push it open. Pitch-black inside.

24 int. second room in the shop, and stairs down to the basement

LECKY inside; it is pitch-black, a lot of debris about; he keeps his hands out to feel for and avoid collision with unseen objects.

LECKY, loud urgent whisper

*John... John...*

He sees a stair leading to the basement towards the rear of the room and moves through the debris. Silence.

Then from somewhere distant in the basement a sort of crashing sound, like someone has blundered into a chair or knocked over a stack of shelves. LECKY immediately frightened, then gets over it

LECKY urgent whisper

*John... John...*

LECKY approaches the staircase to the basement, cautiously begins groping his way down the stairs. He reaches the bottom

25 int.foot of the stairs in lower basement

There is much debris, old boxes etc., broken glass

LECKY, shouts  
*John!*

Now the sound of quick footsteps moving towards him. RAY appears from the rear of the room. LECKY takes a moment to identify him, then is relieved to see RAY and signals him urgently

LECKY  
*Better move man quick! That guy's seen us!*

RAY  
*What?*

LECKY hurriedly, slightly breathless  
*Him with the glasses out that place, reversing the truck - he seen yez, he seen yez. Me tae*

RAY angrily  
*What ye saying?*

LECKY, also angrily  
*The big speccy bastard, him that reversed the lorry up the stair.*

RAY frowning, trying to comprehend, then nods, understanding. LECKY now more subdued, but still hurried

LECKY  
*He's away to fucking grass us man we've got to move, we've got to get fucking out of here, where's John? we've got to...*

LECKY is caught in mid sentence. RAY is suddenly jumping forward, barging past LECKY, racing on up the stairs. It takes a further moment for it to dawn on LECKY that RAY is simply running away.

LECKY angrily  
*Heh ya fucking...*

LECKY stops, staring after Ray, his footsteps diminishing above

LECKY disgusted  
*Fucking bastard man!*

He turns to face the interior, and becomes urgent.

LECKY shouts  
*John! (PAUSE) John!*

Silence. He glances back up the stairs. Then back into the interior, he sees the half-open door at the far corner from where RAY appeared. LECKY hesitates, but only for a moment, then walks through the debris towards it. He steps through the doorway and pauses, peering into the gloom. It is almost pitchblack. He sniffs, frowns, steps very cautiously.

26 int. the last room, very dark and also cluttered with debris

LECKY steps in, his heel crunching on broken glass. There are vague sounds from afar and he pauses to listen. He glances suddenly to the side, then the other side. It's almost like he senses a presence; he has to control himself, he can't afford to panic. But he cannot see a thing.

LECKY now calls urgently, through gritted teeth almost, more like a quiet scream

LECKY

*John...!*

He shuts his eyes momentarily. There are sounds again from upstairs and LECKY glances at the ceiling. He sighs, but is calm.

LECKY walks slowly to one side of this room. He pisses against the wall, peering back over his shoulder to the doorway. He has to shift his stance to avoid the piss creeping over his trainers. His heel again crunches on glass.

LECKY moves slowly, keeping to the side of the room, he feels the wall as though looking for another door. He spots something glitter on the floor, bends to get it. This is a long sliver of glass. He holds it, studies it, appreciating its similarity to a knife. He holds it like a knife, wielding it, jabbing forward with it.

But the glass is glass after all and the part resembling the handle would cut him if he held it too tightly. Sounds again from upstairs. LECKY stares back to where he has come, then stares round the floor. He is looking for a piece of rag or something. He sees a couple of pages from an old newspaper, kneels and gets one; tears and folds it, wraps it round the handle-section of the glass.

Then a sudden thump, nearby - as from the floor immediately above - and LECKY peers to the door, still holding the sliver of glass as a knife; and he moves, crouching, into the dark shadows of the wall where he stands still.

Now footsteps coming down the stairs slowly, reaching the bottom through in the other room.

A pause. LECKY's breathing is regular. The glint of the glass in his hand. He is calm, relaxed. He is ready to do battle. He listens intently but the footsteps have ceased.

But in the doorway appears the shadowy figure of a policeman, wearing the hat and the long black coat. There is no sound. The policeman seems to have been standing there for a few moments.

LECKY stares at the figure, grasping the glass, he brandishes it like a knife.

LECKY

*Dont come fucking near me or I'll cut yer face.*

The polis stands another moment then vanishes. LECKY studies the doorway, hears the footsteps retreating upstairs quite matter-of-factly. He sighs.

Still holding the glass in one hand LECKY searches his pockets for a smoke, finds a half smoked one and gets a match, strikes it on the wall. No sooner exhaling than he needs another piss, lays the glass on the ground, goes to the wall, hurriedly, pisses very briefly.

Then LECKY steps to the doorway and peers through to the foot of the stairs. He hears voices in the distance, coming towards the basment stairs.

LECKY backs into the room again, grinding the remainder of the cigarette under his heel. He sees the sliver of glass and stoops to collect it, keeping the newspaper round the handle. He returns carefully into the shadows flattening himself against the wall, then he moves away, the glint of the glass in his hand.

Pause.

Footsteps of at least two policemen, quietly, from the stairs. LECKY's breathing is calm, measured. Now the two shadowy figures appear in the doorway

1st POLICEMAN

*There's nay way out son*

LECKY just stares at them.

1st POLICEMAN

*Ye're beat*

2nd POLICEMAN, ironically

*Where's yer mates? Ye got any mates...*

The 2nd POLICEMAN chuckles.

LECKY stares at them, still grasping the sliver of glass. He screams at them and charges forward

end