

one two - hey

by
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Scene 1

The band's instruments lie in position; three guitars, saxophone, keyboard, drums etc. From offstage the sound of band members laughing together, then they stroll onstage, chatting incohesively, in good humour.

Apart from BOB each carries a pint glass with differing amounts of beer in each; the repartee winds down into a couple of desultory, unintelligible comments between BOB and STEEL on the one hand, JAKE and PHIL on the other.

Until VINCE enters, carrying a glass of water which he lays down someplace on his way to check the PA sound system. KAZ has watched him, wryly, then he makes an unintelligible comment under his breath which amuses the other band members, all except BOB who is footering with his guitar, perhaps tuning up.

VINCE glances at them but is unconcerned. The band are now preparing their instruments, lazily - relaxed and confident.

VINCE eventually) Yous bastards fit!

STEEL Vince...! My man... (as though he has just seen him)

VINCE I'll fucking my man ye! (stares at the pints for a few

seconds) Aye...yez have always got to do it. Eh...the last pint, yez have always got to do it. (The band are amused)

KAZ Aw Vince!

STEEL smiling) We werenay sure if ye were here!

VINCE Aw, right, aye, I see right - yez werenay sure if I was here; fine, great, I see, I might have been someplace else. Steel ya cunt how long've you been playing with me! (He looks at the others then turns away, then generally). Angela about?

JAKE The woman of our dreams!

VINCE Aye it's always nice to work with adults. (He glances off then moves to exit but he sees ANGELA arriving although she remains offstage)

KAZ sax in hand, gazing in her direction begins playing a short bit from Girl from Ipanema

BOB also seeing her approach, calls) An - ge - la! (as though the sound of her name appeals to him)

Around now the Band members should be *swallowing up what's* left of their beer and putting the empty glasses away, except for JAKE, who seems not to be in any hurry

Now ANGELA enters.

VINCE Alright Angela...! (resumes checking PA system)

ANGELA Yeh... (self conscious, but not intimidated)

JAKE to KAZ) Very sensitive touch there Kaz, I didnay know
ye had it in ye!

KAZ dead-pan) Did ye no...

JAKE smiles slightly

VINCE still fooling with sound system; now glances at
STEEL) Okay...?

STEEL shrugs) Aye...

VINCE now looks to BOB) Okay Bob? (BOB jerks his head in
exaggerated assent. Now VINCE looks to JAKE & PHIL). Alright
boys?

JAKE Aye Vince nay bother... (swigs from his beer, relaxed)

VINCE addressing everyone, but in particular ANGELA,
JAKE & PHIL) So mind what I was saying now, it's just a gig -
okay? A gig, an ordinary gig, so ye just do it; cause that's all it is,
an ordinary gig - alright? (collects his glass of water and sips)

KAZ also addresses three mentioned) See! It's just an
ordinary gig! So ye just do it.

STEEL grinning) Listen to yer Uncle Kaz!

KAZ sarcastic) Aye it's real soul the night, real soul! Man man man man! Yeh... I'm a soul man (does a Jerry Lee style ripple on keyboard)

PHIL Jerry Lee eh! Jerry Lee!

KAZ dead-pan again) Fucking Bruce Lee ya cunt: fucking wan chung lee (other band members chuckling)

VINCE D'yous never no when to stop! (STEEL grins. VINCE sighs, shaking his head)

KAZ sings) I'm a soul man...

VINCE frowns, then to STEEL) Is he alright?

STEEL Aye

VINCE doesnt seem convinced; he glances at BOB) - eh Bob? where's the auld steadying influence now!

BOB The auld steadyinbg influence? The auld steadying influence is fuckt. Everything's fuckt. The lot. (VINCE frowning) Life, that's that. Gone but not forgotten...

STEEL chuckling, quietly repeats) Gone but not forgotten.

VINCE Jesus christ... (now glances at KAZ who, like the other band members, is amused. JAKE using this interlude to take another swig of beer which VINCE notices - but only in passing. He looks back at BOB and then at KAZ who is still grinning away

but seems in his own head somewhere.

STEEL a nod of the head in direction of KAZ) Relax man, the
guy's brand new.

VINCE Brand new! He was never brand new. That cunt man
ye kidding! (He notices ANGELA who is smothering a yawn, bored.
He sighs and lays his glass of water down someplace,
muttering to nobody in particular) Be a fucking miracle if we get
this gig right man I'm telling ye, a fucking miracle.

KAZ suddenly) I'm a miracle Vince I'm a walking miracle!
(and sings) a walking miracle oo oo! (ANGELA chuckles)

JAKE leering) Did ye like that one hen - eh?

VINCE abruptly) Heh son, shut yer fucking mouth. And get
that beer to fuck! (JAKE shrugs and gets rid of the beer. PAUSE.
Now VINCE addresses them all) Okay, just like we've been doing
it... (then to ANGELA) Like we've been doing it Angela (shrugs)
but just the way it comes. Okay? It's straightforward.

ANGELA Yeh... (VINCE walks to the microphone)

KAZ to JAKE & PHIL) Straightforward. And just like it
comes. See? Yous two taking notes? (JAKE & PHIL grin)

VINCE into microphone) One two hey one two, hey, one two.
(He shakes his head at the band and again footers with sound
control) Alright Steel? We'll just go for it eh?

STEEL shrugging) Aye

VINCE Bob? (BOB jerks his head in assent. VINCE returns to microphone, and Angela strolls to join him; in measured, normal time he now leads the band into the opening number, *Baby Please Don't Go*)

After the song ends the band act normally, coming down after the performance but it becomes noticeable that VINCE is not satisfied, though only STEEL seems aware of this; VINCE is shaking his head then he sighs audibly and crosses the stage as though looking for something, his water perhaps - then he turns suddenly to confront them.

VINCE What d'ye call that? (pause) Tell ye what I call it: a heap of shite man fucking rubbish: that's what I call it. (pause, watching them. Eventually PHIL sniffs. VINCE glares at him) Eh? Did ye say something? (PHIL glances at JAKE, then to KAZ) A heap of fucking shite! (VINCE walks a couple of paces, his gaze falling on JAKE) What you playing at ataw eh! (JAKE taken aback. VINCE now addressing STEEL & BOB) That was fucking murder!

BOB is unconcerned, he adjusts his guitar keys.

STEEL is just waiting to see what VINCE will do next.

VINCE now glances at KAZ but turns away without saying anything, then he addressed them generally) I telt yez just to play it, know what I mean, like an ordinary gig, that was I said, an ordinary gig! (pause)

JAKE We just played it like an ordinary gig.

VINCE Dont give us the fanny son come on.

KAZ Heh Vince...

VINCE staring at him) What?

KAZ Nothing

VINCE Good

KAZ Just I thought it sounded alright

VINCE Aw did ye!

KAZ Aye

VINCE Aye well ye want to try standing where I have to
fucking stand, right in fucking front ye. A bunch of fucking boy
scouts man that's what ye sounded like! Fucking boys' brigade
fucking bugle band. (PHIL guffaws) What you saying ya fucking
mug?

PHIL Me?

VINCE Aye, you.

PHIL I'm no saying nothing... Except I thought it sounded
alright as well.

VINCE Aw well, that's eh... glad to hear it; glad to hear it. If

you say so, know what I mean, we can all relax, if you say it's alright, ye know, your fucking experience son yer musical know-how, great, we can all relax. (JAKE is shaking his head. VINCE rounds on him immediately) What? What? Eh?

JAKE forced to speak) I didnay think it was that bad (he reaches for his beer and swallows a mouthful)

VINCE Good. Then fuck off! (jerking his thumb over his shoulder)

JAKE What? (The band all now really interested. STEEL gets out his cigarettes and lights one up)

VINCE Ye heard me: get to fuck! (KAZ frowns)

PHIL Heh that's out of order!

VINCE You and all eh! Good. Beat it! Fuck off! (pause) Know what I'm saying? Get to fuck! (PHIL is at a loss what to do. JAKE is frowning, glances at KAZ *who doesn't respond*. VINCE now addresses them both) What do ye want it in writing! Come on, the two of yez, take a fucking walk. And take yer fucking bevy with ye!

JAKE pause) What, ye kidding?

VINCE to STEEL) That's the problem, he's fucking deaf!

STEEL is non-committal, inhales; he glances at ANGELA to see how she is reacting. ANGELA is just looking on, quite coolly.

JAKE now shakes his head) Aye, that'll do me. (getting his guitar off from his shoulder, and taking his time, glances at PHIL. PHIL gives BOB & STEEL a look, but neither responds; and he slings the guitar off from his shoulder, follows JAKE who now gives KAZ a salute) So long buddy!

KAZ returns salute) Aye, see ye in Nashville

PHIL & JAKE exit

VINCE brief pause, then to KAZ) What?

KAZ What?

VINCE slowly) I thought ye were saying something there...

KAZ Who me? naw, no me. No me Vince naw, I'm no saying nothing.

VINCE nods.

BOB yawns, then glances around, sees a chair and strolls to sit himself down

VINCE to STEEL) Eh?

STEEL amused) What?

VINCE continues gazing at him a moment longer then notices ANGELA for the first time in a while) Sorry about this Angela. (then turns to BOB & STEEL) I mean if they want to play

these games then they go and play them somewhere else:
arseholes, know what I'm saying!

STEEL shrugs) You're the man.

VINCE Steel it's no to do with that. (pause, and meanwhile

ANGELA strolls to sit at a table; until directed her interest in the proceedings is never total, at some point she stares at the floor, lost in thought. Now Vince to KAZ) Kaz: d'ye think I was out of order?

KAZ I dont know, I'm just a fucking sax player

VINCE Aye, right, right, aye, thanks a lot.

KAZ then shrugs, and matter-of-factly) He know the blues but - Jake (shrugs again)

VINCE Knows the blues...! What ye fucking talking about, knows the blues! the cunt's a musical fucking illiterate! Knows the blues! What's up with you Kaz? The guy's a halfwit! Fucking top of the pops man the two of them, I've see more guts on a fucking butcher's slab! No kidding ye.

STEEL They werenay that bad

VINCE They werenay that bad! (pause) Aye, alright. (pause) Ye think I was wrong? (pause, then he glances at BOB who just raises his hands palms upwards in a neutral gesture) Aye, thanks Bob. (turns abruptly) Ah fuck yez it was coming.

KAZ preparing to leave) Just like christmas...

VINCE Aye that's right Kaz just like fucking christmas. (KAZ stares at him) Okay, maybe I was over the top...

KAZ lights a fag then lifts his pint, and calls to DOUGIE)
Ye coming Dougie...? (starts walking, pauses for answer)

DOUGIE Aye (leaving drum-stool to leave with KAZ)
KAZ Steel?

STEEL I'll see yez in a minute.

VINCE to DOUGIE) Heh you...

DOUGIE standing his ground) What?

VINCE grins) Dont get lost

DOUGIE smiles) Fuck you man (He & KAZ walk to exit)

KAZ pauses and waves to ANGELA) See ye later Angel

ANGELA looking up from table) Yeh... (smiles briefly)

DOUGIE & KAZ exit

VINCE a moment later, to STEEL) It wasna there but man
come on! I mean what the fuck's Kaz talking about? The boy
knows the blues! That's fucking shite man. (BOB yawns) Eh?

STEEL lazily) It doesnay matter.

VINCE It doesnay matter...? Christ almighty; maybe I'm just getting auld. (and to BOB) Eh Bob, maybe I'm just getting fucking auld man know what I mean!

BOB We're all getting auld - especially Kaz

VINCE slightly puzzled. Then he looks about for his glass of water, finds it and takes a drink.

ANGELA rising from the chair) Is that us now Vince?

VINCE absently) What?

ANGELA Is that us?

VINCE Eh aye eh...sorry Angela... Fun and games eh! Heh that was alright by the way; it was good. Eh Steel?

STEEL Yeh

VINCE Eh Bob, it'll do for openers anyway... (generally) So what are yez going for a coffee or what?

ANGELA looks at her wristwatch) I'll have to get back to work.

VINCE Aye, right, fair enough. (pause, then shrugs and sniffs) These things happen hen ye know - minor commotions and aw that. Sorry. (STEEL yawns) Alright Steel?

STEEL rubbings his eyes) Aye, nay bother.

VINCE pause) So... (glances at BOB then STEEL) ...did yez listen to it yet? (Neither of the two responds) The tape, I'm talking about the tape.

STEEL Aw, right. (VINCE is still waiting for an answer.
STEEL shrugs) Aye.

VINCE So what did ye think?

STEEL Aye...

VINCE Eh?

STEEL Aye, yeh (now smiles)

VINCE relaxing) It's no but eh, it's no bad. (smiles) Eh Bob?
BOB jerks his head in assent, getting up from the chair) Come on ya cunt! (BOB gives a more exaggerated jerk of the head)

STEEL grinning) Aye it's alright.

VINCE Alright ya cunt! (and back to BOB) Bob! Fuck sake!

BOB Aye, fuck sake, fuck sake... (resumes tuning guitar.
ANGELA glancing at her wristwatch again)

VINCE Come on yous two for fuck sake...I mean - it's no bad!
(sudden grin) Aye fuck yez!

STEEL There's a feel to it

VINCE A feel to it! Fucking definitely man there's a feel to it -
jesus christ! I mean it's rough, okay, I'm no saying... I mean it's
rough, it is rough... (pause) It's alright but it's fucking alright.
(glances at BOB)

BOB shrugs) Aye

VINCE turning away) Aye you better believe it (and to
ANGELA) Just something we put down Angela - I'll give ye a tape
later and let ye hear it.

ANGELA I'd like to, yeh... (VINCE now starts checking the
sound controls)

STEEL An all-night session; we done it last week. Heh Bob
mind that fucking so-called coffee! (jerks his thumb in the direction
of VINCE who doesnt notice)

BOB The tale of the so-called coffee!

STEEL laughs. ANGELA smiling, glances at VINCE

VINCE now stops checking the sound and he looks at his
watch; suddenly slaps his hands, and to BOB & STEEL) Heh come
on we'll give it a buzz (pause). Eh? Come on, we'll give it a buzz!

STEEL wearily) The now?

VINCE Aye. (STEEL sighs. VINCE looks at BOB who stands
with his arms folded, leaning his elbows on his guitar) We'll let

Angela hear it.

STEEL What about Kaz and Dougie?

VINCE sniffs) Kaz and Dougie arenay here.

STEEL sighs; glances at BOB who has begun tuning. STEEL shrugs, taking off his guitar, taking a sip of his beer then moving to behind the keyboard. ANGELA folds her arms, watching. Now VINCE sips water, and again returns to check sound system. ANGELA sits back down on the chair, glances briefly at her wristwatch and then will become engrossed in the performance of My Girl.

Once it finishes no one speaks for several moments; they seem to *avoid each other's eyes*. Eventually STEEL shakes his head, chuckles

STEEL to BOB) Hey what was that one about coal bricketts again? Fucking heh heh hehhh. (BOB & STEEL repeat the Heh heh heh line from the song. They are laughing. ANGELA is smiling as she rises from the chair)

VINCE to ANGELA) Coal bricketts eh! (putting his hands in his trouser pockets, relaxed)

STEEL The lassie doesnay know what coal bricketts are Vince know what I mean - she's spent too long in England!

BOB I dont know what they are either!

VINCE Dont give us it ya cunt!

BOB Before my time man I'm just a boy

VINCE chuckling) You, you were never a boy. Eh Angela, this guy, he was born with a beard so he was, telling ye, born with a beard.

BOB grins at ANGELA) Born with a beard...!

ANGELA smiles; then a brief pause) It's good Vince.

VINCE Think so?

ANGELA Yeh

STEEL Aye it's fucking wild Angela innit!

VINCE as an afterthought) Wild...aye...it is

STEEL Even without the sax

VINCE seriously) Aye...

ANGELA I've never heard it done that way before

VINCE Naw... Naw I know... (slight uncertainty)

ANGELA I think I should be getting back

VINCE resumes footering with the controls of the sound system) Yeh nay bother hen, see ye later...

ANGELA We still doing the gig then Vince?

VINCE absently) What d'ye say?

STEEL winks at ANGELA) Get yer tonsils polished hen know
what I mean!

ANGELA nods, smiles then turns and walks to exit.

STEEL, BOB & VINCE continue busying around with the
equipment for a few more moments, then **lights down**.

scene two

11.30 am. *In the pub; the band's instruments where they left them.*

ANGRY MAN *sits at a table sidestage with 3/4's pint of lager,*
reading the racing section of a newspaper.

BOB is asleep at table on opposite side, head cradled on folded arms

VINCE & STEEL sit at a table downstage centre, in conversation relating to an unidentified dead musician

VINCE The guy's dead man come on...

STEEL Yeh well we're no

VINCE Naw we're no but christ almighty it's a part of ye, it's a part of ye that goes, it's one more bit they've got, that they've fucking took. It's like they strip ye down piece by piece till there's nothing left I mean sometimes ye wonder, know what I'm talking about, do they want everything?

STEEL Course they want everything

VINCE Aye...aye I know (pause; he rises from chair and walks to the wall, examines the pictures/posters hanging there, then turns, gazing round pub interior. STEEL lights a cigarette. VINCE glances at his wristwatch) Naw but I dont care what they say man that guy could sing... Fucking pop, it might have been pop but christ - something else Steel. It was fucking soul, know what I'm saying? when he was hitting it...I mean when he was hitting it

STEEL Aye...well...fair enough... (shrugs; yawns)

ANGELA enters upstage from behind bar. She goes to the table where ANGRY MAN sits and gives it a wipe down, empties his ashtray, leisurely; eventually she returns behind the bar, will do occasional general tidying there but discreetly.

VINCE I mean nay politics, I'm no saying the guy had politics - maybe he did maybe he didnay - but he could fucking sing man it was real... That was where the politics were, in the fucking music. Where else... (another glance at his wristwatch then he sighs)

STEEL What time is it now?

VINCE (returning to chair) Nearly quarter to twelve (sits down. ANGELA brings a magazine out from somewhere and spreads it opens on the bar, begins reading)

STEEL (pause) The only thing ye've got's the music; they cannay take that away

VINCE Ye kidding!

STEEL Naw I'm no kidding; they cannay

VINCE Ach yer arse; it's all sewn up man they've got it all sewn up

STEEL Naw they've no. They think they have but they've no

VINCE Yer arse

STEEL My arse fuck all! They cannay stop this, what we're doing

VINCE Aye they wouldnay fucking want to!

STEEL Ye know what I'm saying

VINCE Steel if they want to stop it they can stop it!

STEEL No us playing they cannay! (coughs)

VINCE Ye fucking kidding!

STEEL They cannay. (pause) They cannay.

VINCE Aye well they would if they could man if they could get away with it, if they could get away with it. They'd charge us dough just for talking about it. No for playing, just for talking about playing. (STEEL gives him a look) You better believe it

MADGE enters, carrying three heavy polybags of messages; she notices BOB *dozing at the table, she doesn't react*

VINCE Telling ye man everytime ye sat down and spoke about a song man they'd hit ye with a copyright clause: these moneybag bastards. Never mind playing, just for talking about playing. (MADGE gives him a look when he rises from the chair; he thrusts his hands into his trouser pockets, returning to the wall , he studies the pictures hanging there)

STEEL Heh Madge how's it going?

MADGE as she places the polybags at the side of the table on the floor) How's it going yerself Steel!

STEEL pointing at the bags) Heavy?

MADGE Bloody ton weight... (rubbing at her wrists) Is that us Vince?

VINCE (sniffs) Eh naw eh... (sniffs again; glancing across at her; she is watching him) The van's been nicked.

MADGE What!

VINCE Aye. Aye it's been nicked. How do ye like it? Fucking joke innit!

MADGE What happened?

VINCE Aw fuck knows.

MADGE Ye reported it?

VINCE Aye.

MADGE We should be leaving now!

VINCE Aye; aye we should be, I know

MADGE God almighty the wean's out in an hour!

VINCE (pause) The brother, he's gony be well pleased - eh? (MADGE sighs)

STEEL (to MADGE) The polis reckon they'll get a grip of it soon

VINCE Aye unless it's already been selt for scrap! Or else to

a fucking motor car fucking museum...! (and to MADGE) It's right up his street but innit, the brother, me getting the van nicked! Aw he'll love it, he'll fucking love it. I can just fucking hear him...!

MADGE It's no your fault (sits down)

VINCE The brother doesn't see faults he just sees me. I'm the fault: faulty fucking towers man - faulty towers.

MADGE I know it's pointless saying it but if ye hadn't gone back on the piss last night this wouldn't have happened.

VINCE gestures helplessly to STEEL

MADGE I'm not blaming ye Vince I'm just saying

VINCE to STEEL) Naw I mean ye do one thing it's wrong, and ye do the other thing, it's fucking wrong as well. I'd have been better drunk driving! Too honest, that's my problem, fucking law-abiding stupid bastard citizen man that's me, a fucking idiot, a headbanger

STEEL They'll get it. (VINCE gazes at him) They will!

MADGE pause) So what we gonna do? (VINCE shrugs; pause) Could we get a bus up the road? (pause) Eh?

VINCE I tell the polis I'd hang on here. I'm not wanting to leave the gear. (MADGE glances at STEEL as if he could volunteer assistance but STEEL doesn't notice. She gazes across at BOB. Now VINCE glances wearily round at the gear) I don't know, ye spend yer life...

MADGE It's the grandwean Steel, we've got to pick him up from the childminder before one o'clock (VINCE rises from the chair, paces slowly about)

STEEL Could yer daughter no do it?

MADGE She doesnay finish her work till 2 o'clock - that's how we've got to use the bloody child-minder!

STEEL Aw right enough, aye

VINCE turning abruptly) It's just how ye keep getting smacked in the face but know what I mean? Ever notice? It's true. Every day of the week man the whole of yer life. Ye wake up and ye go: who's gony smack me the day? when's it gony happen? have I got time for my fucking breakfast!

MADGE & STEEL both chuckling. Meanwhile BOB wakens, raises his head and stares along at them; he yawns and stretches

VINCE Naw no kidding ye, it's a nightmare (now agitated) What did I get back into this shit for? (he notices BOB who is just looking at him, now lowers his head back onto his forearms again) Eh, ye ask yerself!

MADGE wearily) Dont start that!

VINCE What?

MADGE That!

VINCE I've got to get talking Madge.

MADGE Aye well no that kind of stuff it's just depressing. It's only the van's been nicked.

VINCE Madge it's the brother's van, know what I mean, it isnay mine

MADGE Well it isnay your fault either.

VINCE Aye it is. It is my fault. Like ye say, if I hadnay went back on the booze.

STEEL Christ almighty it was only a few pints!

VINCE Aye well that was enough winnit!

RICKY & BERT enter, walk to the bar, seeing the others, seeing VINCE who is back studying pictures on the wall. RICKY pauses to call to STEEL.

RICKY Aw right Steel!

STEEL Nay bother Ricky (giving him a wave).

ANGELA smiles, seeing them. RICKY gives the order, inaudibly. She will serve them two bottles of lager, watched keenly by BERT. RICKY makes another comment to ANGELA and she smiles. VINCE turns, seeing them.

MADGE That's something that depresses ye, seeing young guys on the drink at this time of the morning...

VINCE We're no all nine-to-fivers Madge! (MADGE gives him a look)

STEEL They're players; I know them.

MADGE Oh very sorry - I stand corrected!

STEEL I'm just saying...

MADGE shakes her head at him, smiling; pause) Vince, maybe I should get a bus up the road...?

VINCE Hang on a minute yet.

STEEL We telt the polis we'd stay here a wee while longer, just in case

MADGE Optimistic eh!

VINCE The wean isnay due out for another hour.

MADGE Aye but the time we get home first!

VINCE We dont have to get home first, we can pick him up on the road.

MADGE Well it just means we're carrying all the messages! (VINCE shrugs)

STEEL rising from his seat, to MADGE) Heh fancy a coffee?

MADGE No for me Steel thanks.

STEEL Vince?

VINCE Eh... Aye, might as well

MADGE Well I'll have one too then!

STEEL Two coffees it is, right - anything to go with it?

MADGE A chocolate biscuit!

STEEL to VINCE) What a tongue eh! The way she talks ye'd think we were a couple of alkies!

VINCE You better believe it...

STEEL What about yerself?

VINCE ironic) Milk and sugar!

STEEL Right okay, two plain coffees it is! (goes to bar, and to ANGELA) Alright Angela! Give us two coffees and a pint of lager. (VINCE sighs at nothing in particular. ANGELA gets a pint glass. Meanwhile MADGE will peer into one of the polybags as though checking the contents.)

STEEL to ANGELA) Nay sign of these polis phoning yet?

ANGELA No... (she begins pouring the lager).

STEEL Bloody terrible innit!

ANGELA D'ye think they'll find it?

STEEL Who knows

ANGELA What's he going to do?

STEEL shrugs) It's his brother's van but that's the worst of it, it isnay his. (winks) Vince and him dont get on, know what I mean, his brother - family feuds and all that...

ANGELA Ohh...tch

STEEL Ach something'll turn up. Always does? (ANGELA goes through the back to collect the coffees, leaving the lager-tap turned on)

RICKY What's wrong Steel?

STEEL Aw the van got nicked. Last night.

RICKY Christ...!

STEEL Some dirty bastard! (sniffs) At least the gear wasnay inside, know what I mean, could've been worse... (now calls through to ANGELA) Heh Angela, make that three coffees! An extra strong one, for Bob! black, three sugars! (meanwhile VINCE returns to sit facing MADGE)

BERT grinning and reference to BOB) Aye he looks tired!

STEEL We're all fucking tired Bert know what I mean...

ANGELA offstage, calls) Watch yer lager Steel!

BERT I'll get it! (leans across bar to switch off tap when ready and will lift it over for STEEL)

STEEL Cheers (sips)

MADGE pause) He's having a pint, look...!

VINCE Aye well he's an adult Madge int he, an adult human being.

MADGE Just one leads to another.

VINCE Aye so they say

MADGE Well it did last night didnt it.

VINCE Madge last night was different

MADGE Aw aye, I know, different - there's aye something different. Getting the van nicked, that's different. (VINCE smiles, shaking his head) Obviously it's no your fault, I'm no saying that.

ANGELA now enters from rear into bar, carrying the three mugs of coffee.

MADGE Vince... (he looks at her, shrugs)

STEEL carries BOB's coffee to him, rouses him) Java!

BOB rubbing his eyes) Merci, merci... (STEEL sits down with him and they chat inaudibly)

RICKY, BERT & ANGELA also chat inaudibly.

VINCE sighs) Ah Madge it was kind of heavy, ye know, we had to bump the two new guys, what d'ye call them - Jake, Jake and his mate, thingwy - fuck I've forgot his name; him that wears the hat; the fucking blues brothers hen ye know who I'm talking about.

MADGE Ye sacked them?

VINCE Aye

MADGE curiously, but not a big deal) What happened?

VINCE Ah christ who knows, who knows... (shrugs) They just werenay right. (glances at his wristwatch) I was wanting to head up the studio later on. Okay?

MADGE Aye

VINCE nods; glances at the polybags) Much did it come to for the messages? (RICKY meanwhile takes out cigarettes, he will go and give one to STEEL)

MADGE Thirty eight pound.

VINCE Thirty eight pound! Jesus christ...!

MADGE Aye I know.

VINCE Thirty eight pound... (pause; become agitated)
Fucking van, I'm trying no to think about it - it's a disaster, a fucking nightmare (covers his face with his hands for a moment). A nightmare Madge no kidding ye. (distracted, he stares towards bar)

MADGE Ye'll get it.

VINCE Will I?

MADGE Yeh... yeh... (they stare at each other)

STEEL laughs quietly at something BOB has said

MADGE Maybe I should phone and see if she'll pick up the wean. (pause) Eh? We've got to work something out.

VINCE Mmm (chewing corner of his thumbnail)

STEEL getting up from his chair then returning to bar

BOB Fare-thee-well brother, fare-thee-well. (STEEL will converse quietly with RICKY, BERT & ANGELA)

MADGE Eh Vince - we've got to work something out.

VINCE jesus christ Madge I dont know. (through gritted teeth) I dont know. (walks to the wall and stares at the pictures)

ANGRY MAN now rises and walks to the end of the bar with his empty glass.

ANGELA doesnt notice him; she is listening to the chat between RICKY & STEEL. MADGE takes out her purse and checks the contents. VINCE glances at his wristwatch then checks it against the time showing on the clock on the gantry. He sighs and briefly covers his face with his hands, unnoticed by anybody. Now glances again at his wristwatch.

ANGRY MAN shakes his head, staring along at ANGELA, the empty glass still in his hand.

STEEL now putting the two coffees and lager onto a tray) So ye play it cool boys know what I'm saying! (winks from one to other)

RICKY indicating BERT) He's never been cool in his life!

ANGELA smiles and looks at BERT who is very embarassed.

STEEL grins, returning to central table downstage, puts out the drinks, the coffee firstly to MADGE) Coffee Madge...

MADGE Ta

STEEL now sees VINCE across at the sound system checking

something out and he walks across to join him.

Cheeky

ANGRY MAN I'm no wanting to interrupt yer conversation
hen but is there any chance of a drink! (ANGELA sighs) I mean I'm no being

ANGELA Oh are ye no? (frowns at him) Everything comes to
those who wait.

ANGRY MAN folding his arms) Ye could've fooled me.

RICKY Ye could've fooled me and all, eh Bert! (BERT smiles
though not quite certain what he means) Eh!

BERT embarrassed) Aye

ANGELA to ANGRY MAN) Lager?

ANGRY MAN What else! (He frowns along at RICKY & BERT
who are just standing their sipping their beer)

MADGE calls to VINCE) I'm gony go and phone Jean! (rises
from chair)

VINCE absently, while indicating something to STEEL) Aye
Madge...

MADGE I could wait another ten minutes! (pause) Eh?

VINCE What...?

MADGE I'll phone. (walks to exit, passing BOB) God it'll just be like the thing if she's no in...

BOB raising arm in mock salute) Maaadge...

MADGE Hiya Bob (continues on, exits)

RICKY & BERT give her a smile and she acknowledge it although it is obvious she doesnt know who they are. ANGRY MAN watches her go. Almost immediately RICKY & BERT move to upstage table. When ANGELA has given him the pint ANGRY MAN will pay the money and return to study the racing form at his sidestage table

STEEL once she has gone, winks at VINCE) Sure ye dont want nothing to go with that coffee man?

VINCE Naw

STEEL A wee brandy?

VINCE Naw... (still distracted) I was wanting to get to the studio this afternoon... (STEEL nods) We might have to use that new stuff we've been working on (BOB takes a paperback book out his pocket and begins reading)

STEEL now bending to knot his shoe-lace) Eh?

VINCE Know what I mean, the morrow night's gig - we might have to use the new stuff

STEEL What is there gony be a gig the morrow night!

VINCE We'll fucking taxi it Steel. (pause) We'll take two!

STEEL Fucking three we'll need! (VINCE sighs) Then ye know what like they are man they taxi drivers, once they see the gear and all that, they'll be looking for fucking bonuses! (VINCE scratches the back of his head, another sigh). Anyhow I wasnay talking about that man I was talking about numbers, know - the band, we're short of players - know what I mean! we're no a fucking trio!

VINCE Aw Steel give us a break for fuck sake

STEEL I'm just saying

VINCE Aye well... I'll give Andy MacFarlane a bell.

STEEL Short notice

VINCE Och the cunt's been wanting to sit in with us for a while. (sniffs) I'm no bothering anyway, we can do it ourselves. Plus there's Angela

STEEL Mmm...

VINCE That's how I'm thinking about the new stuff but know what I mean?

STEEL Think we're ready?

VINCE There's only one way to find out.

STEEL True, aye, fair enough. (sips lager)

VINCE Angela'll be into it

STEEL Angela doesnay know them yet!

VINCE Well we've got the night and the morrow afternoon to put her through them, fuck sake - she's shit hot man, she'll no be long in picking them up. Christ they're standards. Classics. She'll be into it. It's just fucking hows-yer-father, kami fucking kazi

STEEL Ach Kaz is alright

VINCE He's a fucking pain in the arse man come on!

STEEL (pause) Heh... (chuckles) she thought My Girl was brilliant. (pause) Telling ye man, she thought it was fucking brilliant

VINCE Angela? Did she? What did she say it like?

STEEL She didnay fucking have to

VINCE (slow smile) Aye it's working. (pause) It's working. Naw it's something else but. Even just with the three of us. (chuckles; pause; he punches his fist into the palm of his hand) I fucking knew it man, I knew it was good; I knew it. (STEEL grinning) Eh? (VINCE punches his fist into palm of hand again. Then moments later he becomes agitated).

STEEL Vince what's up?

VINCE Naw just... (absently) I was wanting to hit the studio later on; what do ye think?

STEEL Aye, ye said that, aye, nay bother!

VINCE Okay?

STEEL Aye!

VINCE to BOB) The studio later on Bob! (BOB looks up from paperback. Then he resumes reading) Aye, I'll give Dougie a bell. (glances at wristwatch) He'll still be in his fucking scratcher! (pause; looks about)

STEEL What about Kaz? (pause) Ye no gony ask him?

VINCE Cannay be bothered asking him. Know what I mean Steel he should be volunteering, fucking volunteering man

MADGE enters. ANGRY MAN gazes after her, not leering, just watching her as she returns. VINCE hasnt noticed her; he suddenly slaps himself on the forehead, paces about. MADGE frowns at him.

MADGE to STEEL) Is he alright?

STEEL I think he's brainstorming!

MADGE Brainstorming! (VINCE glances at her)

STEEL Us auld rockers Madge...!

MADGE Aye I know, yous auld rockers, I know

VINCE Dont look at me christ ye're an auld rocker yerself!

MADGE Aye and then I grew up

STEEL Ohhh. That's a sore yin. (MADGE draws him a look while opening her handbag; she checks the contents for a moment. Meanwhile VINCE is gazing across at RICKY & BERT who are still sitting at an upstage table) Ah yer a hard woman!

MADGE snaps it shut. STEEL chuckles, turns to make a comment to VINCE who is still gazing across at RICKY & BERT

STEEL Aye Vince they heard ye gave Jake and Phil the bump. They've been picking Angela's brains since they came in. (VINCE nods, but isnt really interested; he looks away. STEEL now to MADGE) Ricky and Bert man they're players... (MADGE nods, not really interested either.

RICKY glances at STEEL and they exchange brief waves

STEEL ironically to MADGE) See the fans we've got!
(MADGE just raises her eyebrows)

VINCE suddenly) I think I'll phone the polis.

STEEL It's too early to phone the polis. (VINCE ignores him)
Anyway man they were gony phone us...

VINCE I'll no be a minute. (He walks to exit upstage. In

passing BOB looks up from the book) I'm gony phone the polis
Bob. (BOB doesnt respond, returns to book. But VINCE hasnt
expected him to respond; he is now abreast of RICKY & BERT'S
table)

RICKY Awright Vince!

VINCE doesnt glance at them) Aye hullo...!

RICKY & BERT exchange looks. BERT says something inaudible.
RICKY shrugs, raises his beer and sips.

MADGE gazing after VINCE) he just cannay sit still...

STEEL He didnay even hear what I says there!

MADGE What is that unusual!

STEEL Naw I know but... (shrugs) ...still and all

MADGE Och...! (pause; she watches STEEL as he sips his
lager. She sips at her coffee, still watching him) Heh did I hear
right? you and Sheree split up? (pause) Eh?

STEEL pause) Aye ye heard right... (sips lager. He doesnt
look at her; instead he lights a cigarette)

MADGE pause) Okay dont tell me...!

STEEL mild irritation; inhales on cigarette) It's no that
Madge... (glances away, exhales smoke. MADGE still awaits an

answer. STEEL avoiding it. RICKY is now in his general line of vision)

MADGE I always put my foot in it

STEEL looking straight at her) Naw ye dont

MADGE wearily) I do... (now STEEL looks away)

RICKY has been waiting the right moment and now calls to him) Heh Steel, where yez playing the morrow night?

STEEL Eh Clydebank somewhere I think...

RICKY Whereabouts?

STEEL Dont know. Vince'll tell ye.

RICKY Right

ANGELA I think it's a place called The Wheatsheaf!

BOB looks up on hearing this) The Wheat-sheaf!

STEEL Aw fuck naw!

BOB Aw fuck peeriodd, peeriodd!

MADGE Do they no still owe yez money for that last gig?

STEEL The last two!

RICKY How yе gony get there without the van?

STEEL We'll fly! Know what I mean man, fly! (he flaps his arms to the amusement of RICKY, BERT & ANGELA. Meanwhile ANGRY MAN is looking on, frowning) Eh Bob! We'll fly! (BOB jerks his head in assent)

MADGE to RICKY & BERT) D'ye think he's kidding!

STEEL laughing to BOB) We'll fucking walk it! It's a doddle!

BOB A dee-doddle!

STEEL A deedaw-dell!

MADGE sarcastic) Aye it'll no be the first time!

STEEL We'll taxi it Madge (meanwhile ANGELA comes out from behind bar, to wipe down tables etc. BERT watches her)

MADGE pause) So bang goes the wages yet again? (RICKY says something inaudibly to BERT; they continue chatting)

STEEL Aye...christ...it is a disaster right enough. Ye forget...

MADGE Aye some of us (looks away)

BOB pause; seeing ANGELA closeby) An-gellah...
(ANGELA smiles at him, continues working)

MADGE watches her for a moment, then to STEEL) I hear

she's good.

STEEL She is.

MADGE (nods) Maybe it's her the young guys want to play with... (STEEL guffaws briefly; pause) God Steel you can be clatty at times I'm no kidding ye.

STEEL I didnay mean it like that

MADGE Aw did ye no.

STEEL (pause) It just came out

MADGE I see

STEEL It was the way ye said it Madge

MADGE Oh..aye, it's my fault, that figures. It isnay your dirty mind after all.

STEEL (pause) Sorry (a bit irritated;)

MADGE Oh aye I know, sorry, I know (STEEL shakes his head but remains slightly defiant. He swallows a mouthful of lager.

MADGE looks away. Moments later VINCE enters. ALL look at him immediately, except MADGE who is more leisurely about it)

VINCE (a pause, glancing roundabout. ANGELA is nearest person to him) That fucking bampot bammy bastard!

ANGELA not intimidated) What?

VINCE incredulous) Kaz! (pause) He's only nicked my keys and drove the van home! (RICKY & BERT now in his line of vision and both feel compelled to respond, but they just look nonplussed; pause) Last night I'm talking about! Kami fucking kazi! He knocked the van! (RICKY & BERT exchange looks. VINCE now to STEEL & MADGE) That bammy bastard - he's only took the van home with him! Pished out his mind! Kaz! (STEEL now smiles but only for a moment, meanwhile MADGE is rising from her chair)

ANGELA referring obliquely to KAZ) Is he alright?

VINCE glances at her, not understanding; turns from her, seeing BOB who is watching him, and then he sees RICKY & BERT *and glares at them like it's their fault*) Christ almighty!

MADGE worried, but also irritated) Vince... (nobody hears her)

VINCE generally) What've ye got to do in this world? (strides a couple of paces, to nearby ANGRY MAN) Fucking bunch of halfwits!

ANGRY MAN loudly) Jesus christ! (glares at ANGELA as *though it's her fault*. VINCE has scarcely noticed ANGRY MAN, and now his gaze falls on BERT who feels constrained to smile)

VINCE It's no fucking funny son! Know what I mean it's no even my van! it's my stupid fucking brother's! (turns, sees BOB) Jesus christ... Eh? (BOB raises his eyebrows, sits back on his chair, as though about to give an apt reply, but cant quite work out

what this reply should be) Know what I mean? (BOB again raises his eyebrows. Now VINCE suddenly taps his chest and moves away, downstage) It's yer liveliehood; that's what I'm talking about yer fucking liveliefuckinghood man yer liveliehood. What an arsehole, what a fucking arsehole (STEEL sighs)

MADGE quietly) Vince...

VINCE to STEEL) That's him man that's him; telling ye, bammy bastard man he's finished

MADGE Vince take it easy

VINCE Naw I'm no kidding ye man finished

MADGE wearily) Vince.

VINCE Naw Madge I'm no fucking kidding; no this time

MADGE God almighty (pause) the way ye're acting... (VINCE gazing at her)

VINCE palms of his hands upward, appealing) Madge... (pause) Come on...

MADGE Naw you come on.

VINCE It's right out of order

MADGE It's you that's out of order

VINCE Look there's nay excuse

MADGE Okay (pause) Just take it easy

VINCE Take it easy!

MADGE reaching to him, takes his hands) Vince... (shaking her head slowly)

VINCE more subdued though doesnt seem to notice she has taken his hand) It's the camel's back but. (and now addresses STEEL over her shoulder) Telling ye Steel it's the camel's back this time, I dont care what ye say. Dipping me for the keys! Ye fucking kidding? (now to both MADGE & STEEL) Aye and then the funny fucking polis! know what I mean - when I phone them! (becoming agitated again) They think they're talking to a clown!

MADGE wearily) Vince.

VINCE now with one hand freed from MADGE and pointing a finger at STEEL over her shoulder) I am a fucking clown! That's exactly what I am man a fucking clown - fucking what-d'ye-call-him? (other hand now freed from MADGE) the one that plays the fucking trumpet! him with the spangled trousers and the pointed hat...! (now calling to BOB; meanwhile MADGE sighs, folding her arms) Heh what do ye call that cunt? (BOB frowns, trying to *remember the clown's name*) Thingwy! Ye know who I'm talking about... (he sees MADGE gazing at him and calms down again)

MADGE after a moment, but with irony) Ye alright? (VINCE just gazes at her) Come on - will ye calm down, god almighty...

Okay?

VINCE Uch Madge, nay wonder...

MADGE Calm down but.

VINCE Madge ye're surrounded by arseholes, ye dont know what to fucking do I mean ye just...ye dont know what to do...

MADGE Ye've got the van back but int ye? (pause) Eh?

VINCE Ye treat them like adult human beings - people, know what I mean, adult human beings; then they turn round and stiffen ye - nay kidding, they turn round and stiffen ye. (to STEEL) He's fucking finished Steel, I'm telling ye; fucking bampot; he knows the score, drunk or sober - there's nay excuse; I dont care what ye say.

STEEL I'm no saying fuck all

VINCE Aye well dont. (to BOB, and walking a couple of paces) Telling ye Bob that's that bastard finished, fucking kaput. (BOB scratches his head) Going into my pockets! (incredulous again; MADGE folds her arms) Know what I mean! Going into my fucking pockets! I'll fucking strangle him! Imagine actually dipping me! (gazing at BOB, turning to STEEL then to MADGE who just stares at him until he looks away, his attention attracted to one of the polybags which has collapsed onto its side and he reaches down to stand it solidly upright.. MADGE is looking at him)

MADGE wearily) Ye've got it back... (VINCE looking at her pause) And Jean's picking up the wean...

VINCE Aye... (JOHN enters)

MADGE So we're no in any rush... (she and VINCE continue gazing at each other)

JOHN briskly) Good morning, good morning... (continues on in behind bar)

STEEL muttered aside) Fucking sun has got his hat on.

VINCE Ye any dough? Eh? I'll have to go and pick it up... (glances briefly at STEEL who shrugs)

MADGE Much ye needing? (opening her handbag)

VINCE Ye better give us twenty

MADGE Twenty?

VINCE Just to be on the safe side hen I'll need to fill the tank

MADGE Tch

VINCE Sorry (pause)

MADGE shrugs and gives him the dough) Doesnay matter. (glances at him when he remains silent) Vince, it doesnay bloody matter (they stand looking at each other, and then **lights dim.**)

end of scene two

scene three

lights

The anthology of soul music is playing quietly. Sidestage RICKY & BERT are with STEEL who is behind the keyboard and pointing something out to the pair. RICKY has his hands in his pockets. BERT while has one hand lying on the instrument. The sense that he appreciates the instrument and Steel has recognised this. BOB sits at the same table as previously but with the guitar slung over his shoulder and he is tuning the keys, etc. JOHN is behind the bar. ANGRY MAN still at his table studying racing form.

ANGELA is wiping down a table, or else collecting in empty glasses. The three polybags are sidestage now .

MADGE is standing downstage, lost in thought, gazing at the pictures on the wall.

BERT stroking keyboard) When d'ye get it but?

STEEL Aw years ago Bert, know what I mean, when I had a few quid

BOB Gussy.

STEEL Gussy! That's right! (calls to MADGE) Heh Madge mind Gussy?

MADGE Gussy...! Hh! (shakes head)

STEEL to BERT & RICKY) What a nutter! Aw he's fucking long gone. See the stunts he used to pull...! (to BOB) Heh Bob what like was he at all? Gussy!

BOB The stunt man from Alcatraz.

STEEL The stunt man from Alcatraz. (RICKY & BERT are amused. ANGELA meanwhile strolling to collect the two empty coffee cups used formerly by VINCE & MADGE)

BOB Ti twang ti twang ti twang.

STEEL chuckles) Exactly.

RICKY to BERT, indicating keyboard) It's a cracker but innit?

BERT No half man; some sound! (He notices ANGELA)

STEEL Aye it's fucking wild. Could tell ye a few tales and all, this very machine. If a fucking joanna could talk man know what I'm saying! (STEEL strokes it) Me and you baby...

BERT pause) Eh you want a drink Steel?

STEEL I'll take a pint Bert aye, ta

BERT Lager innit?

STEEL Lager, aye

BERT diffident) What about yerself Bob?

BOB Eh... (pause) They've no got tea?

STEEL Fucking tea!

BERT shrugging) I'll ask

BOB pleased) Right. (BERT now glances to RICKY)

RICKY Well a pint of lager if ye're serious!

BERT grinning) Bastard! (He turns and goes to bar and becomes self conscious at the proximity of ANGELA and hesitates, although ANGELA appears not to notice him. BERT gets to the bar where JOHN is standing) Two and a half pints of lager and eh

(sniffs) ye got a cup of tea?

JOHN Tea? We've got coffee.

BERT It's for Bob.

JOHN sarcastic) Aw, for Bob... (pause, but he exits to put on the water. He will return to get the beers, then back out for the tea etc.)

STEEL to BOB) Tee for Texas.

BOB Tee for Tennessee; for Tennessee, for Tennessee.
(MADGE glances across, smiling. Meanwhile ANGELA exits from behind the bar, watched by BERT)

STEEL jerks his thumb in BOB's *direction*) Bob Wills is still the king! (MADGE continues smiling)

BOB sits back on his chair) Maaadge..!

STEEL Yehhh.

MADGE Dont give us yer patter!

BOB Ti twang ti twang ti twang (ANGELA now returning, smoking a cigarette, comes downstage with a couple of clean ashtrays, and a cleaning rag)

STEEL We're going up the studio later Angela ye coming?
(ANGELA jerks thumb over her shoulder, in direction of JOHN

behind the bar) Ah fuck him. (ANGELA only raises her eyebrows)

MADGE Life's easy for some people!

STEEL It should be.

MADGE Aye, aye it should be

BOB (pause) Shhboom. (pause) Shhboom shboom! (none repond except ANGELA who smiles, and this is noticed by MADGE)

STEEL (meanwhile) Shboom. (not understood reference, just used to BOB's *obscure comments*. STEEL starts footering with sound system)

MADGE (smiling at ANGELA) Ye know what Bob's talking about?

ANGELA Yeh, it's an old song.

STEEL (meanwhile taking out his cigarettes) Ricky! (and chips one to RICKY who lets it fall on the floor then retrieves it, and goes and gives STEEL a light, then lights his own, and sits down at BOB's *table*. ANGELA lifts an ashtray, exchanges it for clean one. She is conscious of MADGE's *presence*)

BERT (meanwhile arranging drinks on a tray on the counter, and passes JOHN the money, gets his change) Thanks... (JOHN just looks at him; he has a newspaper folded on the bar; he leans elbows on bar, reads. BERT takes across the drinks on a tray, to

BOB's table, glancing briefly in ANGELA's direction. MADGE
gazing at STEEL who is still preoccupied by sound system.
ANGRY MAN yawns, sips his beer, still studying form)