



FACTORY

by
James MacVeigh

EXTRACT

A SMITH SCRIPT

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PRODUCTION NOTE

FACTORY may be performed with minimal props, as scene changes are achieved by means of lighting.

The action takes place in June 1979. The play has a cast of six.

The odd words and phrases that leak from BBC radio reports in the background can be taken from the snatches of news attached to the end of the play.

THE CHARACTERS

DANNY BESSELL – an imaginative boy on the threshold of puberty, played by an adult actor

OUR MA – DANNY's mother, a housewife in her early 30s

OUR DAD – DANNY's father, a merchant seaman, early to mid-30s

BISTO – DANNY's best mate, the same age, less imaginative but more precocious

VICAR/CAPTAIN - a Church of England cleric who is also a CAPTAIN in the Boys' Brigade

TREVOR – a disturbed individual aged around 40

1. Danny Bessell's bedroom. Morning, Friday 22 June 1979.

The curtain rises on a darkened stage.

SOUND: so far in the background that only occasional phrases like 'Jeremy Thorpe scandal' and 'Norman Scott' are heard clearly, a BBC Radio 4 report about the trial for conspiracy to murder of the Liberal Party leader, Jeremy Thorpe MP.

Pause.

A SPOTLIGHT come up suddenly on DANNY, lying in his narrow bed, which has a WOMBLES poster on the wall above it and a STAR WARS light-sabre propped up against its foot.

The SPOTLIGHT holds for a moment, and then broadens to fill the room as SUNLIGHT.

OUR MA: *(calls from kitchen, off)* Daniel! Daniel! Daniel! Wakey-wakey!

DANNY snuggles sleepily.

Come on, me babby. rise an' shine, seven times seven is forty-nine!

DANNY: *(waking)* Uh?

OUR MA: *(calls from kitchen, off)*

Let's hear the patter of tiny feet.

As DANNY dives back under the bedclothes, LIGHTS on his bedroom go out.

2. The Bessells' Kitchen.

As the LIGHT on DANNY's bedroom goes out, LIGHT comes up on the kitchen where OUR MA and OUR DAD are discovered on, sitting at the table.

OUR DAD's SEA TRUNK, a large box stencilled with the name Tom Bessell, stands upstage.

Radio news continues more loudly in the background.

OUR DAD: Words falling on deaf ears, are they?

OUR MA: I might as well talk to the wall. I suppose I've brought it on myself.
I'm too soft with the boy.

OUR DAD: You're wasting your kindness there. Our Daniel's a typical lad, up to all kinds of mischief, snotty nose, arse hanging out of his -.

OUR MA: *(reprovingly)* Tom, please! Language. You're right, though. Better let him know who's boss now that you're 'ome.

OUR DAD: *(calls upstairs)* Chop chop, Danbo!

LIGHTS on the kitchen go out abruptly.

3. Danny's bedroom.

As the LIGHTS on the kitchen go out, LIGHT returns to the bedroom where DANNY is still in bed.

The radio news report continues, muted in the background as in Scene One.

OUR DAD: *(calls from kitchen, off)* Shake a leg, son.

DANNY: *(calls)* I'm up, Dad!

OUR MA: *(calls from kitchen, off)* Talk's cheap. Let's hear some action.

DANNY leans out of bed and bangs his shoes across the floor.

Brief pause.

OUR MA: *(calls from kitchen, off)* That trick's as old as the hills, Daniel. We fell out of our cradles laughing at it. Now get up.

OUR DAD: *(calls from kitchen, sweetly)* Something wrong with your back, son?

DANNY: *(calls)* No, Dad.

OUR DAD: *(calls from kitchen, angrily)* Well, get it off that bed. Don't make me have to go up there!

OUR MA: *(calls from kitchen)* Have a bit of consideration, your father only came home from sea an hour ago.

DANNY: *(calls, getting up hastily)* I'm on me way.

DANNY puts on NATIONAL HEALTH spectacles and takes a CATAPULT from under his pillow. He pulls its elastic back in a couple of practice shots.

(privately) Whoa, me catty!

DANNY paddles his feet with excitement until a thought strikes him that kills his pleasure stone dead.

DANNY puts the CATAPULT back under his pillow and waits for a few moments.

DANNY takes the CATAPULT out from under his pillow and leans off stage with it.

SOUND of a sash WINDOW opening. BIRDSONG is heard briefly, off, as DANNY throws the CATAPULT out. The SOUND of a sash WINDOW closing.

OUR DAD: *(calls from kitchen, off)* I won't tell you again.

DANNY: *(calls)* Coming, Dad!

Bedroom LIGHTS go out.

4. Bessells' kitchen.

Pause. In the darkness, the BBC Radio 4 news report about the Jeremy Thorpe trial continues audibly.

RADIO: When Jeremy Thorpe, the former Liberal Party leader who lost his seat in the General Election, first stepped into the dock in Court No.1 at the Old Bailey accused of conspiracy to murder, he was facing on the most serious charges a British politician has faced this century.

LIGHTS *come up.*

Thorpe stood in the dock in oak-panelled Court No.1 wearing a dark overcoat with a velvet collar as the charges of conspiracy to murder and incitement to murder Norman Scott, 39, a former male model, were read out. (*fades*)

The news report about Jeremy Thorpe recedes to background, where it may be heard at varying volume levels throughout this scene, with odd words and phrases leaking through as they did in Scenes 1 -3.

OUR MA *is cooking breakfast.*

Enter DANNY.

OUR DAD: Good afternoon, son. What's up, shit the bed?

OUR MA: (*to OUR DAD*) Tom! You're supposed to be setting an example.

OUR DAD: (*to OUR MA*) Sorry, you gets used to it at sea. (*to DANNY*) Better late than never, eh Dando? Slept like a log, did you?

DANNY: Yes, Dad.

OUR MA: You takes after your father in that respect, not to mention the snoring.

OUR DAD: Sounds like he's sawing logs, do he?

OUR MA: I said, not to mention the snoring. Small wonder I hardly sleeps a wink. (*serving DANNY*) Here, wrap yourself round this.

Pause. Radio news report grows louder.

RADIO: Nervously biting his lip during the cross-examination that came later, Norman Scott said Jeremy Thorpe had hugged him and called him, 'poor bunny', saying he looked like a frightened rabbit.

DANNY: Dad...

OUR DAD: (*listening*) Shush!

“Jeremy Thorpe made love to me,” Scott said. “I just bit the pillow and tried not to scream as I was frightened of waking Mrs Thorpe. At about 3am he came back and did the same thing again. I just lay there crying.”

OUR MA: That's enough of that smut for now, Tom, surely? It ain't right for Daniel to be hearing it.

OUR MA *lowers the volume on the radio.*

DANNY: What is it, Ma? What's happened?

OUR DAD: (*to OUR MA, mouth full*) We gotta keep up with what's going on in the world, Carol.

DANNY: What's wrong, Dad? What's it all about?

OUR DAD: (*to DANNY, mouth full*) Nothing you needs bother your 'ead with, son.

OUR MA: (*serving toast*) Crust for you, Daniel. Make your hair curl.

OUR DAD: Take two in case one makes you sick.

DANNY: It's burnt.

OUR MA: Tummy-shiners, my love.

OUR DAD: They poor kids starving in Cambodial 'ud bite your hand off for that bit of toast. You wants to thank your lucky stars you wasn't hatched over there. They little kids can't spend half their time in the Land of Nod, they has to jump up the moment they're called an' go out lookin' for their 'andful of rice.

DANNY: Cambodia? I seen that on *News Round*. Why does it happen there, an' not 'ere?

OUR DAD: Two things we never talks about in this 'ouse, son. Politics and religion. Make that the final word on the subject, shall we?

OUR MA: 'Ere, Daniel. (*produces Fairisle PULLOVER*) You're wearing this today.

DANNY: You ain't boiled it again, have you? It hardly went over me ears last time.

OUR DAD: Just shows how much you must've growed while I was away. That pullover used to be a pushover.

OUR MA: (to DANNY) You're wearing it, like it or no.

OUR MA pulls the PULLOVER over DANNY's head with difficulty.

DANNY: Aaaaaaaaaaaaaagh! Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaagh!

OUR DAD: Talk about jug 'andles. Get the wind be'ind you and you'll fly up to the Boys' Brigade.

OUR MA: You can stop your war-dance now, they've sprung back. Here, put your tie on.

DANNY: What for? It's half term. No school.

OUR MA: You want to look smart for the Brigade, don't you?

DANNY: No. I wish I hadn't said I'd go now. It's dead boring doing the drill unless you're any good on the bugle, an' I ain't. (*appeals to OUR DAD*) Do I have to go, Dad?

OUR MA looks at OUR DAD a little anxiously, knowing that he dislikes the Boys' Brigade because of its closeness to the church.

OUR DAD: Your Ma's the boss. If she says you're going, you're going.

OUR MA: That's it, then. Settled.

DANNY: Why, though? Why do I have to go?

OUR MA: That nice new Vicar come round and asked me, he was concerned you hadn't been for a while.

DANNY: He's the Company Captain and the Chaplain. (*glancing slyly at OUR DAD*) He might start going on about the Bible.

OUR DAD *looks uncomfortable but does not rise to the bait.*

OUR MA: Now, what else did I have on the agenda for this morning? Ah. Ureka! (*hands DANNY a SHOEBOX*) Here you are, Daniel. You never knows your luck in a big city.

DANNY: What is it, Ma? (*opens BOX eagerly*) Oh, no. Not sandals! I hates 'em. I can't wear sandals.

OUR MA: No such word as "can't", your father brought them 'ome specially. D'you think we're going to throw them away just because you don't like them?

DANNY: Please! Don't make me wear them!

OUR DAD: They're brand spanking new! (*sniffs them*) Hmm, the smell of new leather. Nothing quite like it, is there?

DANNY: No one I know's got sandals!

OUR MA: You mustn't be afraid to swim against the tide, Daniel. It's what's on the inside that matters.

DANNY: But Ma, Dad. Everyone'll laugh.

OUR DAD: Sticks and stones, Dando.

DANNY: Do I have to? Oh, no. Umph. I'm going.

OUR MA: Before you dashes off. (*feeling DANNY's pockets*) I hope you don't think you're taking that catapult with you to the Boys' Brigade. That thing's an accident waiting to happen, you could take someone's eye out soon as look at 'em.

DANNY: What, me catty?

OUR MA: Catapult, Daniel, not catty.

OUR DAD: Your Ma thinks it should be registered at the police station as an offensive weapon.

DANNY: (*shouts*) I knew you wouldn't let me take it so put it under me pillow!

OUR DAD: A likely story. Here. (*offers OUR MA the SALT CELLAR*) Take a very large pinch.

DANNY: I did! I wouldn't tell you a lie, honest!

OUR MA: Honestly, Daniel. I can go up and check, you know.

DANNY: You can if you like.

OUR MA: All right, all right, I believe you.

OUR DAD: Thousands wouldn't.

*When OUR DAD gets up and gives DANNY a 'shave',
rubbing his rough cheek against the boy's smooth one,
DANNY shivers with delight at this rare demonstration of
fatherly affection.*

DANNY: Dad! Your chin's like sandpaper.

OUR DAD: Yeh. Goin' up for a scrape. *(to OUR MA)* I hope you've remembered at last where I keeps me shaving gear.

OUR MA: It's on top of the bathroom cabinet, just like you told me.

Exit OUR DAD.

OUR MA: *(to DANNY)* You could have been a bit nicer about the sandals, you know.

DANNY: I hates 'em, though. And they're miles too big.

OUR MA: You'll soon grow into them.

DANNY: You always says that.

OUR MA: Money don't grow on trees, you know. *(beat)* You hurt your Dad's feelings acting like that.

DANNY: Our Dad? Feelings? Are you sure? *(pause)* Will he give you a 'ard time if I keeps on not likin' 'em?

OUR MA: Your father's a good provider. Always remember that.

DANNY goes to the edge of the stage.

DANNY: *(calls resignedly)* Thanks, Dad. For the sandals.

OUR DAD: *(calls from upstairs, off)* I keeps me shaving gear on the right, Carol.
You've put it on the left.

Pause.

DANNY: *(to OUR MA)* Can I 'ave me pocket money?

OUR MA: Yes.

DANNY: *(excitedly)* Oh, thanks!

OUR MA: When you comes back from the Boys' Brigade. You wouldn't get there with that 50p burning a 'ole in your pocket, you'd be straight in the Regal cinema. They'll have a Matineeé for you lot today.

DANNY tries again to leave.

OUR MA: *(grabbing his shirt collar)* I want you straight home from the Brigade, d'you hear me? You can earn your pocket money by helping me polish the cutlery and the brasses in the front room. This house'd be like a pigsty if it was up to you.

DANNY: Yes, Ma. 'Bye Ma. *(calls)* 'Bye Dad.

OUR MA: Just a second, Daniel. Come 'ere.

DANNY: What?

OUR MA: You've got a black mark on your face. How you dooz it I'll never know.

*OUR MA spits on her HANDKERCHIEF and scrubs
DANNY's cheek with it, roughly.*

DANNY: Gerroff!

OUR MA: There. Goodbye love, and get a move on. The neighbours could set their clocks by you, the time you leaves here. How you manages to be late all the time I'll never know.

Exit DANNY.

LIGHTS go dow

5. The Street.

In the darkness, SOUND: a stab of BIRDSONG.

When LIGHTS come up strongly to indicate SUNLIGHT, BISTO is discovered on, centre stage. He looks about in confusion as DANNY calls to him from different points, off.

DANNY: Bisto! Pssst! Cooley! (*etc, ad lib*)

Enter DANNY, behind BISTO.

'Ere!

BISTO: (*turning around*) What?

DANNY: (*chants*) I made you look, I made you stare, I made the barber cut your hair! He cut it long, he cut it short, he cut it with a knife and fork!

BISTO: Very funny. What does a ship do when it comes into dock at Avonmouth?

DANNY: Er..?

BISTO: Ties up, anchors down!

With the word 'up' BISTO pulls DANNY's tie violently upwards, with the word 'down' he stamps his foot hard on top of DANNY's.

DANNY: (*dancing in pain*) Owowowow! That hurt, that did!

BISTO: Hard bun.

DANNY and BISTO make token efforts at walking throughout this scene.

Boys' Brigade, eh? I wanted to go up the Magnet catty this morning, not march up and down in a church hall.

DANNY: I've got a better idea. I've brought me catty, if we goes up the tobacco factory and knocks some of they brass letters off of the front we can weigh 'em in at the scrapper. Get loads of money!

BISTO: What, over Wills's? Maybe. How d'you know they letters'll come off, though?

DANNY: They dooz. Kids must've already been up there chucking stones at 'em, some of the letters is already gone.

BISTO: We can't do that or go up the if we're stuck in the B. B.

DANNY: I know. Rubbish, innit?

BISTO: It's that new Vicar's fault, he went round all the parents from our school trying to get 'em to send their kids. Our Dad didn't want our Ma to open the door when he come. He reckons it'll only be a flash in the pan.

DANNY: Hope so. Our Ma says we haves to go to church tomorrow, too. Bor-ing. Our Dad won't go, an' I don't want to neither.*(beat)* 'Ere, race you up the hill!

BISTO: Last one at the top's a cissy!

They run.

DANNY: *(running)* Yaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaay!

BISTO: *(running)* Waaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!

Exit DANNY and BISTO, stage left.

Pause.

Enter DANNY and BISTO, stage right.

DANNY: *(running)* Yaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!

BISTO: *(running)* Waaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa! *(stopping)* Me! I won. I was first.

DANNY: You weren't! My foot reached the top before yours.

BISTO: It was a draw. No one's a cissy.

DANNY: Roll down the bank, shall we?

BISTO: Yeh. Great!*(rolling)* Woooooooooooooooooooooooooooooh!

DANNY: *(rolling)* Yeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!

Exit DANNY and BISTO, rolling, stage right.

Pause.

Enter DANNY and BISTO, rolling, stage left.

BISTO: (rolling) Woooooooooooooooooooo!

DANNY: (rolling) Yeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee! (getting up) Be great when it's winter, won't it? Snow an' that.

BISTO: Yeh, we can nick tin trays from up the pub and slide down on 'em. Eeeeeeeeeeeee-ooooooooowwwmm! Yach! Who give you they?

DANNY: Uh?

BISTO: Sandals.

DANNY: Our Ma made me wear 'em.

BISTO: Only fruits wears sandals.

DANNY: Fruits?

BISTO: Yeh. They likes soppo things like flowers -

DANNY: Yach!

BISTO: and poetry.

DANNY: Yach!

BISTO: They dooz their coats up on the right -

DANNY: Yach!

BISTO: and parts their hair on the girls' side.

DANNY: Yach!

BISTO: They likes going shopping with their Ma -

DANNY: Yach!

BISTO: and helpin' with the 'ousework.

DANNY: Yach. Hey Bist, I bet fruits undooz their laces before they takes their shoes off, an' walks round puddles instead of goin' through 'em!

BISTO: Yeh. They even gets out of the bath to, you know.

DANNY: Shurrup. *(pause)* What are fruits, Bisto? Really?

BISTO: They're like that Mickey Warner in our school. He's a fruit. He acts like a girl.

BISTO mimics this convincingly, mincing up and down with an imaginary handbag. DANNY laughs.

DANNY: Why's he like that, Bisto?

BISTO: Dunno. Our Ma reckons he can't help it. He was interfered with.

DANNY: Our Ma said that, too. What's it mean, though? Who done it?

BISTO: A queer.

DANNY: Our Ma said it was a 'omo.

BISTO: Same thing, Danny. Like they blokes on the news all the time.

BISTO tries to stroke DANNY's hair in a parody of what he imagines adult homosexual behaviour to be.

Ah, poor bunny. Poor little bunny wabbit.

DANNY: Gerroff! *(shudders)* Yach. Don't say that, Bist.

BISTO: What?

DANNY: That stuff about the bunny. I hates it.

BISTO: *(dancing around DANNY)* Poor bunny! Poor bunny! Poor bunny!

DANNY: Bisto, don't. Don't!

BISTO: Poor bunny! Poor bunny! Why? What's it mean?

DANNY: I dunno.

BISTO: If you don't know what it means, how can it make you feel like that?

DANNY: Dunno. I think it's because I don't know. It makes it worse.

As BISTO sings his own improvised words to the tune of the 1979 hit, 'YMCA' he capers about, hands on hips, in imitation of its singers, the Village People.

BISTO: (sings) Danny, there's no need to feel down,
Danny, lift yourself off the ground,
Jeremy cannot do you,
He'll nev-er go through you!

DANNY: That's dumb. How can anyone go through someone, anyway?

BISTO: Don't you know?

DANNY: What?

BISTO: What they dooz?

DANNY: Who?

BISTO: Homos.

DANNY: No.

A very brief pause.

BISTO: You know your dick?

DANNY: (*uncomfortably*) Yeh.

BISTO: You know when you gets a boner?

DANNY: (*more uncomfortably*) Y-yeh.

BISTO: They gets theirs like that and sticks it up your bum.

DANNY: (*horrified*) Oh, no! They don't, do they? Yach!

BISTO: Yeh. They likes doing it to each other, but people still picks on 'em an' bashes 'em up an' that. (*pause*) That ain't right, is it? 'Tain't fair.

DANNY: 'Course it's fair. They're queers, ain't they? 'Omos.

BISTO: Oh, er, yeh. S'pose so.

They walk a short distance.

BISTO: Our Ritchie told me this Jeremy Thorpe joke.

DANNY: Yeh? Let's hear it.

BISTO: Er, it come out in court that when Jeremy Thorpe was bumming Norman Scott one time, Norman kept bitin' the pillow.

DANNY: I heard that this morning before our Ma turned the radio off.

BISTO: Yeh, well, when Jeremy seen this he says, "Wot you doin' that for, Norman?" an' Norman Scott sez, "I'm worried Cyril Smith might be next."

DANNY: Uh? Who's Cyril Smith?

BISTO: I had to ask our Ritchie that. He's a big fat MP bloke, weighs about thirty stone.

DANNY: Oh. Right.

BISTO: Our Ritchie told me another. What did William the Conqueror and Jeremy Thorpe have in common?

DANNY: Er, dunno.

BISTO: They were both fucking Normans!

They laugh at this as they walk on a few paces.

DANNY: Hey, I understands that other joke now.

BISTO: What joke?

DANNY: Jeremy Thorpe was staying at the Grand Hotel, right? He said he'd turn over a new leaf when he got to the *bottom* of the next page!

BISTO *laughs*.

(*pause*) That must be what our Ma meant.

BISTO: What?

DANNY: She told me there's something, if they gets you and dooz it to you, you becomes one of them. Like vampires, I s'pose.

BISTO: That's ain't right, Danny. If they gets you and just bums you, you'll be all right. Our Ritchie said. It's only if they comes their muck you become like them.

DANNY: Comes their muck? What's that?

BISTO: Whoa! You don't know nothin', do you?

DANNY: Not about homos, no.

They walk for a few paces more.

What's it mean, coming your muck? Tell me.

BISTO: Dunno if I should.

DANNY: Go on.

BISTO: If I tells you, you won't tell no-one how I found out, will you?

DANNY: 'Course not. You knows I won't. We been mates since the Infants.

BISTO: I was walking along through Ashton Park one day and I saw that Mike Jones sitting in one of the shelters.

DANNY: What, Mike Jones that lives in Ruby Street?

BISTO: Right. He calls me over and I thinks, That's funny, what's he want? Then when I gets in the shelter he tells me to sit down. After a bit he says, "Look at this," and gets his dick out.

DANNY: Oh! He never! Did he? What for?

BISTO: He starts rubbing it up and down, like this, (*demonstrates*) and it was massive, like a, a branch off a tree or somethin'. After a bit his legs wobbles and he starts to kinda moan and all this white stuff comes shooting out. That's it, Danny, comin' your muck.

DANNY: What did you do?

BISTO: Just sat there. He wanted me to do it for him.

DANNY: Yach. You didn't, did you?

BISTO: 'Course not. I ain't a 'omo.

Pause.

DANNY: I wish you 'adn't told me now.

BISTO: You asked me to.

DANNY: I know.

Pause. They walk again.

BISTO: D’you know what our Ritchie said yesterday? (*imitates*) “That's the way the cookie crumbles, young Master Bisto. All’s fair in love and war.”

DANNY: What, has Ritchie started talking like that?

BISTO: Yeh. He reckons he’s dead grown up now 'cause our Dad's got 'e one of they shirts with the flyaway collars. He takes about an hour ironing it, then spends all morning with two mirrors puttin' a DA in his hair.

DANNY: D’you know what DA stands for?

BISTO: Duck’s arse, in America it’s District Attorney. Our Ritchie’s got a quiff now, too. It’s like a Walnut Whip. And hair oil! Our DAD says he uses more grease than a cross-Channel swimmer. Our Ma’s told him to start buying his own margarine.

DANNY: He hasn’t started chasing after - , has he?

BISTO: Yeh. Girls.

DANNY: Yach!

BISTO: I hates 'em, don’t you?

DANNY: Yeh.

Pause. DANNY takes out his CATAPULT and begins to aim and fire it, without ammunition.

BISTO: Wow! You never told me you'd made a new catty.

DANNY: That's why I wanna go up the tobacco factory. We can use it to get they letters down an' get loads of money.

They walk a pace or two.

BISTO: Did your Ma let you bring it to the B.B.?

DANNY: Nah. I chucked it out me bedroom window and picked it up in the back yard when I come out.

BISTO: Gimme a go. (DANNY *hands it over*) Gurt good, innit? You were lucky finding this branch, it's just right. How did you cut it off?

DANNY: I never. I just broke it, higher up and lower down, leaving the catty bit in the middle. Took me ages. Then when I got home I borrowed our Dad's sawl an' done it dead easy. (*beat*) Give it back now, eh?

BISTO gives the CATAPULT back reluctantly and they walk for a few paces.

BISTO: Wait till you see what I've got.

BISTO digs through his pockets and produces (for example) a length of STRING, a six-inch NAIL, a BADGE, some No.6 cigarette coupons, a MOUTH ORGAN, and finally a large steel BALL BEARING.

I nicked it off our Dad.

DANNY: Wow, a steelie!

BISTO: He brought it home from BAC, it's a ball bearing off a Concorde engine.

DANNY: Lush! Just what I wants for me catty. Never seen one that big before, like a gob-stopper, innit? (*whispers*) Gimme it, Bist. There's a flock of sparrows over there.

BISTO: No, there's loads of long grass there, you'll lose it. I'm saving it for something special.

DANNY: What?

BISTO: Dunno.

They walk for two or three paces and stop.

DANNY: Look into this hedge.

BISTO: What for?

DANNY: Just look. Stand 'ere. Look right inside. See how black it is? Funny, innit?
That dust.

BISTO: Yeh.

DANNY: Look at they spiders' webs. Imagine what it would be like if the whole
world was like that.

BISTO: (*shudders*) I don't like it, Danny.

DANNY's voice builds to an ECHO from here.

DANNY: Imagine you was an insect, a poor little ladybird that had strolled in there
looking for nectar, and you got caught in a web. You lies there struggling,
and next thing you sees these eyes gleaming in the dark, bright red, and
these teeth shining white, and you hears eight pairs of feet going, Bong,
bong, bong, bong –

*As the ECHO ceases abruptly, a church clock strikes in
the distance.*

BISTO: Shurrup, will you? (*beat*) Hey, what time is it?

DANNY: Oh no, it's gone ten o'clock! That new Captain's strict, he'll tell us off.

BISTO: Run, Danny!

