

Mojo

Callbacks for Skinny/Sweets/Potts - Side 1

Enter SKINNY with a broom. He is seething, furious.

Skinny *(shouts).* You cheap fucking...sweaty...fucking...fucking...Jew fucking...*(Pause. SKINNY lights a cigarette.)*

Sweets Alright Skinny? What's up?

Skinny Nothing. *(Pause.)* I'm leaving. I've had enough. I'm telling Ezra. I'm going to get a proper job. I'm going to work in a bank.

Sweets Oh yeah? Something gone wrong.

Skinny Can I ask you a question? Tell me true. Do I have bad breath? *(Pause.)* You know the one in the dress with the thing up back? We're having a chat, she's up for it,, and Baby swans up, stands in here, close, and he does the thing with the...Says the thing about bad breath. The thing about that I've got bad breath. About my breath being bad. I get fifteen minutes free time, yeah, enjoy the night before the coats start leaving and he gives it the breath. *(Pause.)*

I'm tickets at the door seven Saturdays in a row. Seven straight. 'Skinny, you're on the door.' 'Skinny you're on coats.' The juke's fucked, who finds a spanner greases up his shirt? 'Skinny chum, mop this pile of sick up for two and six an hour.' Yeah? Meanwhile, right, what's he doing? What's he doing? Oh look, he's at a bar. Oh look, he's leaning on the fucking bar. Is that Alan Ladd? No. I don't think so.

Potts Come here. *(He does.)* Breathe. *(He does.)* Skinny, your breath smells beautiful.

Skinny Thank you.

Potts It smells like English roses.

Skinny What? Thank you. Thank you.

Potts It's a pleasure.

Skinny Start of the night about five people in here, he comes up behind me on the door, squeeze my bollocks. Not playful. Really gripping. And you know when you're not crying but water comes to your eyes. *(Pause.)* Fucking night. What you doing up here.

Potts Nothing.

Skinny Fucking weekend. Where's Ezra?

Sweets He ain't here. He's gone home.

Skinny It's all right, you just sat up here have a natter.

Sweets They all cleared off?

Skinny That darkie's still down there dancing on his own.

Potts Chuck him out.

Skinny You playing a game later?

Sweets Dunno.

Potts We'll see.

Skinny Is Baby playing? Because I'm not playing if Baby's playing.

Sweets Skin. Pop up the Half-Wops, get us all frothy coffee, come back, then we'll all play.

Skinny Okay. I'll go and get a coffee. I've had enough of all this. I'm going to get hurt. I might want to have children one day. *(Pause.)*

Potts Go up the Half-Wops, come back, we'll play.

Skinny Fucking weekend. My piss is black.

Sweets It's the white ones. Don't eat no more of the white ones.

Blackout. Drumming.