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TEDDY

by Tristan Bernays

Music by Dougal Irvine

|| SAMUEL FRENCH ||

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and Dougal Irvine (music)
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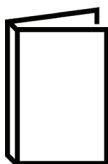
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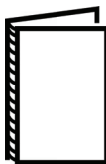


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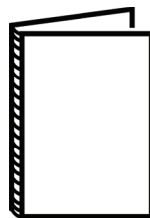
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ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Tristan is an award-winning writer and performer from London. His work has been performed at The Globe, Soho Theatre, Bush Theatre, National Theatre Studio and Southwark Playhouse.

His work includes: *Old Fools* (Southwark Playhouse, 2018, Dir: Sharon Burrell); *Teddy* (The Vaults + UK Tour, 2018, Dir: Eleanor Rhode); *Boudica* (Shakespeare's Globe, 2017, Dir: Eleanor Rhode); *Frankenstein* (Wiltons Music Hall, 2017, Dir: Eleanor Rhode); *Testament* (VAULT Festival, 2017, Dir: Lucy Jane Atkinson); *Teddy* (Southwark Playhouse, 2015, Dir: Eleanor Rhode) and *The Bread & the Beer* (Soho Theatre + UK Tour, 2014, Dir: Sophie Larsmon).

Reviews for previous work:

"Tristan Bernays has created a dementia parable that somehow moves and finds light in the deterioration of the mind – through love" ★★★★★ *Independent* on *Old Fools*

(Nominated for Best New Play from the Off West End Theatre Awards 2018)

"Gina McKee reigns supreme" ★★★★★ *Guardian* on *Boudica*

"Energy and invention abound. Remarkable" ★★★★★ *Evening Standard* on *Teddy*

(Winner of Best New Musical at the Off West End Theatre Awards 2016)

"WOW ...one of the most action-packed dynamic shows of the Fringe" ★★★★★ *The Scotsman* on *The Bread & the Beer*

Tristan is Writer In Residence at Dancing Ledge Productions and was also a member of the Bush Theatre's Emerging Writers Group 2016/17.

www.tristanbernays.com / @tristanbernays

ABOUT THE COMPOSER



Dougal is an award winning writer, lyricist and composer.

Credits as Playwright: *Memoirs of an Asian Football Casual* (Curve).

As Writer/Lyricist/Composer: *Eric Idle's Adventures of The Owl and the Pussycat* (Belgrade Theatre/Selladoor), *The Buskers Opera* (Park Theatre – The Stage top ten new musicals 2016), *Angry Birds* (The Space, Havering), *The Other School* (St James Theatre/NYMT), *In Touch* (Bridewell Theatre) and *Departure Lounge* (LONDON Waterloo East, Public Theatre – WhatsonStage Award Nominee, Best New Musical. MTN Award Winner, Best Music. OFF BROADWAY, NY Summer Play Festival).

As Lyricist: *Laila* (Rifco Arts/Watford Palace) and *Britain's Got Bhangra* (Rifco Arts/Stratford East/Watford Palace. Two national tours – UK Theatre Award nominee, Best Musical. Off West End Award Winner, (Best New Musical) and *The Lighthouse* (Production Exchange).

As Composer: *The Twits* (Curve), *The Importance of Being Earnest* (Curve/Birmingham Rep), *The Witches* (Curve/West Yorkshire Playhouse), *Teddy* (Southwark Playhouse – Off West End winner, Best New Musical), *The Snow Queen* (Royal and Derngate/Nuffield), *The Bacchae* and *Blood Wedding* (Royal & Derngate – during the Cameron Mackintosh/Mercury Musicals Resident composer scheme), *The Merchant of Venice*, *Merry Wives of Windsor* and *The Comedy of Errors* (Changeling Theatre) and *Captured by the Dark* (StopGap Theatre).

Songs by Dougal have featured at three WhatsonStage Award winners' concerts and the song cycles *A Song Cycle for Soho* (Soho Theatre) and *Beyond the Gate* (Gate Theatre). His album *Acoustic Overtures: The Songs of Dougal Irvine* features a foreword by Stephen Fry and the 'Stiles and Drewe song prize' winning *Do You Want A Baby Baby?*

Dougal was also a finalist for Anthony Gormley's Arts Foundation Award.

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CAST**2018**

TEDDY	George Parker
JOSIE	Molly Chesworth
JOHNNY VALENTINE	Dylan Wood
SAMMY 'THE STICKS' SMITH	Andrew Gallo
JENNY O'MALLEY	Freya Parks
BUSTER WATSON	Harrison White

2015

TEDDY	Joseph Prowen
JOSIE	Jennifer Kirby
JOHNNY VALENTINE	Will Payne
SAMMY 'THE STICKS' SMITH	Alexander Bean
JENNY O'MALLEY	Alice Offley
BUSTER WATSON	Harrison White

Creative teams were the same for both shows:

Director – Eleanor Rhode
 Musical Director – Harrison White
 Choreographer – Tom Jackson Greaves
 Set Designer – Max Dorey
 Costume Designer – Holly Rose Henshaw
 Lighting Designer – Christopher Nairne
 Sound Designer – Max Pappenheim

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

It took me four years to write *Teddy*: four years of thinking about the idea, letting it rattle around in my head, and then when it came to putting pen to paper, the first draft poured out in just two weeks. After that, it went from first draft to first night in eleven months – which is, quite frankly, an insane speed.

Three years after that, we finally got it out on the road and on tour. It has taken an inordinately large number of people to get *Teddy* to where it is now, and I'd like to thank a few of them for their invaluable help, love and support:

Eleanor Rhode – for being one of the best directors I know.

Sarah Loader – for being one of the best producers I know.

Paul Hart – for enjoying *Teddy* so much he saw it twice (sorry about there being no interval before).

Jim Zalles – for helping to get *Teddy* off the damn ground in the first place.

Every staff member and volunteer at The Vaults, Watermill Theatre, Southwark Playhouse and every other venue where *Teddy* has played – from Production and Marketing to Front of House and Box Office, thank you for your time, help and efforts.

The cast, crew and creative team – for making the show look, sound and feel so goddamn fantastic.

My agent, Katie Langridge – for seeing *Teddy* the first time round and thinking “This chump might have something.”

Lucy – there's no one else I'd rather dance through life with.

Mum, Dad, Butts and Bakerloo – for all the music and all the swearing.

T.B.

April 2018

*This play is dedicated to David Brown –
may we all be as lucky to have a teacher as good as him.*

CHARACTERS

TEDDY – a Teddy Boy, eighteen

JOSIE – a Teddy Girl, seventeen

JOHNNY VALENTINE AND THE BROKEN HEARTS – a rock 'n'
roll band

JOHNNY VALENTINE – vocals and rhythm guitar

BUSTER WATSON – lead guitar and piano

JENNY O'MALLEY – bass

SAMMY "THE STICKS" SMITH – drums

TIME

1956

SETTING

Elephant and Castle, south London

AUTHOR'S NOTE

... indicates something unsaid.

– indicates an interrupted or unfinished thought.

Side A

Darkness.

JOHNNY VALENTINE *is alone onstage.*

JOHNNY VALENTINE A wise man once said, “Ambition ain’t nothin’ but a dream with a V8 engine.” Well, I been behind the wheel of that dream for a while now – travelin’ the world, cuttin’ records, playin’ the radio – but there ain’t no part of it I like better than being in front of a crowd. Face to face, I mean. That’s sump’n special. Cos when you just sendin’ songs out on the airwaves – you never know who’s out there in the darkness. You never know who’s listenin’.

He smiles.

Radio static and crackle...then:

SAMMY “THE STICKS” SMITH Good evenin’ cool cats and cool kittens, this is Radio Be-Bop and I’m smitten with that tune, that’s a fact, ain’t no doubt about that. We gettin’ geared up for Saturday night and we got tunes to put you and yours in the swingin’ mood, so start puttin’ on those glad rags, slick back your hair and I’ll be back after this next number – don’t go anywhere.

SONG: “READY TEDDY”

HAIR SLICKED BACK, IT’S BLACK AND MEAN
I’M THE COOLEST CAT THAT YOU EVER DONE SEEN
COS I’M READY, TEDDY, READY TO GO
READY, TEDDY, READY TO GO
GIVE ME ROCK ‘N’ ROLL AND NICE, FAST BEAT
COS I’M READY TEDDY
READY TO GO

TEDDY I check myself in the glass one more time.

JOSIE Check my hair.

TEDDY Pulled back and black like an oil slick.

JOSIE Pony tail jutting high, my fringe spilled out like rubble.

TEDDY I run the comb through one more time to get it right,
just right. Pomade clings to my fingers, rough and tangy
like motor oil.

JOSIE Another spray, a spurt and it's held in place, high and
ready like a starter's pistol.

TEDDY I turn to the side. My quiff a crest that peaks high and
cuts through the air like a shark's fin.

JOSIE I pout my lips and paint them red, pucker and kiss the
mirror and leave behind a scarlet O that looks like a blood-
red bullet wound.

TEDDY My skin's a little sore and raw from the cheap razor, but
it's smooth enough. It'll have to do for tonight.

JOSIE Bang bang – you're dead.

TEDDY In my bedroom, the record stops...

Music stops.

...and the next one drops.

Music continues.

JOSIE The plastic platter tumbles then crackles static and
there's a hush.

TEDDY A little quiver.

JOSIE Anticipation.

TEDDY Then his voice comes in.

JOSIE Big and blue and so fucking lovely.

TEDDY Swirling all the way from the bottom and reaching up
to the top.

JOSIE Johnny Valentine.

TEDDY Fuck me.

JOHNNY VALENTINE

STEP OUT TO MEET MY GIRL SO FINE
A GAL SO SWEET SHE BLOWS MY MIND
COS I'M READY, TEDDY, READY TO GO
READY, TEDDY, READY TO GO
GIVE ME ROCK 'N' ROLL AND NICE, FAST BEAT
COS I'M READY TEDDY
READY TO GO

JOSIE Oh my god!

TEDDY That voice!

JOSIE Gets me right here.

TEDDY What a voice!

JOSIE Makes my blood pump and my curls wind tighter.

TEDDY Like he's revving an engine.

JOSIE Makes you wanna move about.

TEDDY People listen to you when you got a voice like that.

JOSIE Barely keep my feet still.

TEDDY You don't even have to make 'em – they just listen!

JOSIE But I pull myself together and pull my clothes on. Sling
on my shirt, crisp, white and tight.

TEDDY Drainpipe skinnies that cling to me like a lover, rooted
in leopard-skin creepers.

JOSIE Thick rolls in my jeans that show skinny white ankles.

TEDDY My tie a thin black line from neck to navel.

JOSIE Pinched round my throat, a flash of knotted red to match
the lips.

TEDDY Wide collar and velvet lapels on a drop-down coat.

JOSIE A man's blazer, battered and bruised black and blue,
pinched in the middle with a single brass button.

TEDDY A gun-metal buckle round my midriff.

JOSIE I check myself in the mirror.

TEDDY One last time.

In tempo, music stops.

JOSIE Be honest.

TEDDY and JOSIE I look fucking good.

JOHNNY VALENTINE

HEAD TO A JOINT THAT'S JUMPIN' WITH JIVE
WE THE MEANEST PAIR OF SWINGERS EVER ALIVE

COS I'M READY, TEDDY, READY TO GO
READY, TEDDY, READY TO GO
GIVE ME ROCK 'N' ROLL AND NICE, FAST BEAT
COS I'M READY TEDDY
READY TO GO

WE ROCK ALL NIGHT, NO NEED FOR BED
SHE'S A STONE-COLD FOX, I'M A MEAN OL' TED

COS I'M READY, TEDDY, READY TO GO
READY, TEDDY, READY TO GO
GIVE ME ROCK 'N' ROLL AND NICE, FAST BEAT
COS I'M READY TEDDY
READY TO GO
READY TEDDY READY TO GO
READY TEDDY READY TO GO

Music dead stop with – doorbell.

JOSIE My reflections are shattered and I'm brought back to
the matter in hand, namely: Saturday night.

TEDDY Alright.

JOSIE The bell again, and then I'm straight down the stairs,
on the back of my neck the hairs are still stood to attention
at the thought so sublime of sweet Johnny Valentine.

TEDDY I nip in the front room.

JOSIE A quick look round for my dad. The coast is clear.

TEDDY I reach for the key from beneath the Bakelite set.

JOSIE I know exactly where the key is kept, then turn the lock
on my old man's cabinet. Grab a bottle.

TEDDY Slip a swig.

JOSIE A glug.

TEDDY It burns.

JOSIE Never get used to the taste.

TEDDY But in the bottom of my belly it lights a lovely little fire
that gives that glow, you know, that you need for a Saturday
night? Gets you kickstarted and feeling just right.

JOSIE The stink of the gin is grassy and oily. I wipe my hands
on a doily then make for the door.

Drum punctuation.

A roar from upstairs.

"Is that you, girl?"

Shit. Gotta be quick.

"Where are you off to? Where are you going?"

But right now there's no way of knowing.

Music starts. Guitar.

The night is young and so am I. I got the whole night.

TEDDY The whole world.

JOSIE Unfurled out in front of me, I can do what I like. His
roar again, which I again ignore, and instead make a turn
quick smart for the door but with hand on the latch I catch
something in the corner of my eye, hanging off the back of
the kitchen door. My father's work coat. Limp and lonely,
hanging condemned till Monday morning comes round

again. I should go while the going's good and split. But right now the booze that sits in my belly whispers words to my fingers, which eagerly kitchen-wards twitch.

If I'm careful. If I'm quick.

I slide my hand inside, real gentle like, and see what I can find. Shilling and six. Nothing much. But things being such as they are I ain't one to stare a gift horse in the mouth, 'specially what with my finances heading the way they are – namely south. I turn.

"Didn't you hear me? You fucking deaf or what?"

– he bellows, his booze-soaked breath right in my face –

"Where you going dressed like that?"

– his face a bulldog grimace and stinking drunk –

"You look like a bloke. You look like a dyke."

I'm goin' out.

"And who said you could go anywhere tonight? Did I tell you that you could go out?"

I try to push past, the coin clutched in my fist.

"What you got there, girl?"

Nothing.

"Don't lie to me."

– he growls and grabs my wrist. Get off! You're hurting me.

"Hurtin' ya? I ain't even started yet. You lyin' to me, I'll make you sorry, girl, I swear I fuckin' –"

Doorbell.

TEDDY The front door.

JOSIE But before he can finish I stamp on his foot. He roars, his face contorted in anger, the veins on his brow cable thick but quick I take the money, stuff it deep in my pocket.

TEDDY I glide over smooth as I can.

JOSIE Straight to the door, unlock it, step out on the street
where I meet –

TEDDY My boys.

Short stop with bass.

JOSIE My girls.

Short stop with bass.

SONG: “SHAKE, RATTLE AND RAIL”

JENNY

I AIN'T GONNA SPEND THE LONG COLD NIGHTS
SCRUBBIN' YOUR DIRTY FLOORS
I AIN'T GONNA SPEND THE LONG COLD NIGHTS
DOIN' ALL YOUR CHORES
YOU SET ME TO DOIN' HOUSEWORK
I'M GONNA KICK YOU OUT THE DOOR

JENNY and JOHNNY

ALL WE NEED IS A HOT JUKE BOX AND ICE BOX FULL OF ALE
ALL WE NEED IS A HOT JUKE BOX AND ICE BOX FULL OF ALE
WE AIN'T GONNA SWEEP, WE GONNA STAMP OUR FEET
WE GONNA SHAKE, RATTLE AND RAIL

TEDDY George and Jenners, turned out real nice.

JOSIE Susi and Fran, hand in hand in china doll hats, frock
coats and black flats, hair piled high and two pairs of lips
dipped in blood-red rouge.

TEDDY Electric-blue frock coat with bolo tie and winklepickers
for George, pinstripe three-piece with cream turn-up cuffs
and – flashy bastard – diamond-studded tie pin for Jenners.
A rock as big as your fist, just there.

JOSIE The girls stop to chat but I can hear my father's footsteps
and in two steps I grab the girls and drag them down the
street, looking back to see the red-faced ogre howling
revenge, “I swear to God I'll kill you if ever step foot in his
house again. You hear me? I'll fuckin' kill ya!”

TEDDY We leave the empty house and step into the night.

JOSIE But why the fuck would I wanna ever go back there?
I pick up the pair and arm in arm quick sharp we escape
any harm as we link up and march out beneath the ink-
black sky.

TEDDY Pavement slick with rain.

JOSIE Susi launches a broolly and its wide wings save our hair
from disaster and we put a rush on and walk faster.

TEDDY We run down the road, soles slapping the streets to
make for the shelter, the sweat-ridden swelter of the bus
stop, George screaming all the way and pulling at my tails
like a grinning madman.

JOSIE We huddle together and light up a fag, whilst nearby sit
two sour old bags who look at us like shit on a shoe.

TEDDY A pair of blue rinsers with barely their dentures still
stuck in their gums sit staring at us with looks of disgust
as we sit and wait for the bus to come.

JOSIE And as we walk and smoke, Fran cackles and jokes about
some sick Smoothie tried to make a pass, grab her arse
and ended up with a knee in the balls for his troubles,
and through the haze of my fag I see them two ladies still
staring, (*Music cuts out*) just staring at us until one says
to her mate –

Drums return.

TEDDY “Why they dressed like that? Like a peacock that’s gone
wrong.”

JOSIE “Ladies don’t dress like that, or act like that, or smoke
like that.”

TEDDY “Where they get the money for them clothes?”

JOSIE “They honestly spend their money on a get-up like that?”

TEDDY “On them silly clothes?”

JOSIE “Rent to buy, I suppose. They’re all on credit, these kids.”

TEDDY “Wouldn’t know an honest day’s work if it slapped them in the face.”

JOSIE “Well they could do with a slap.”

TEDDY “A real gent wouldna spent so much which he don’t have on such silly shoes like that.”

JOSIE Well well.

TEDDY That’s lucky, in’t it?

JOSIE Cos I ain’t a lady.

TEDDY I ain’t no gent.

JOSIE “What are you then?”

TEDDY Ain’t it obvious? I’m a Ted.

JOSIE Born and bred. Won’t ever catch me bein’ a lady.

TEDDY I flash ’em a grin and give ’em a wink, they flush and turn pink.

JOSIE I blow a vaporous O, a perfect ring of smoke that hangs in the air like it just came out of the barrel of a gun. Bang bang – you’re dead.

TEDDY Feathers ruffled –

JOSIE They cough and splutter.

TEDDY – and mutter and shuffle as the bus pulls up and the three of us mount it.

JOSIE Back of the bus with the bottle passed hand to hand we plan what the night has in store and how it will be spent. And I tell you sump’n for nothin’.

TEDDY Whatever we end up doing.

JOSIE I won’t ever end up no lady.

Band smash.

TEDDY And I won’t never end up no gent.

Band smash.

JENNY

YOU WANT YOURSELF A LITTLE MISS?
 YOU OUTTA YOUR DOG-GONE MIND
 YOU WANT YOURSELF A LITTLE MISS?
 BROTHER YOU SURE BE BLIND
 COS I'M A HOT ROD MAMMA MOVIN' SO FAST
 I'M GONNA LEAVE YOU DRAGGIN' BEHIND

JENNY and JOHNNY

ALL WE NEED IS A HOT JUKE BOX AND ICE BOX FULL OF ALE
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 WE AIN'T GONNA SWEEP, WE GONNA STAMP OUR FEET
 WE GONNA SHAKE, RATTLE AND RAIL

JOSIE The bus comes to a stop and off we all hop.

TEDDY At last, the rain is subsiding but leaving behind these filthy fat, flat puddles like stretched-out steel that cling to the streets for dear life.

JOSIE We make a sharp left and head down an alley, Fran out in front crackling laughter and Susi and I come barrelling after, the sounds of howls bouncing off the walls like buckshot. The bottle is tossed between us and the liquor lingers on my tongue and begins to run further inside to stoke the little fire in my belly, burnin' quite nicely and glowin' so warm.

TEDDY Past Liverpool Grove and Portland Street, two alleyways meet and at the bottom past the rubble and dust there's a rusted chainlink fence peeled back like an unbuttoned shirt, which we clamber through – making sure that our shoes aren't sullied and soiled – and for all our toils we are granted admission to the Church. Two stories of bombed-out nothing, high crumbling walls and a roof that ain't there anymore. It hangs on the backstreets of London like a battered rib cage, empty and wheezing and waiting to die. They keep promisin' to knock it down, do sump'n with it – finish off the job that Adolf didn't – but they never do. And yeah, sure, it ain't much to look at but – for now – it's ours.

JENNY and JOHNNY

ALL WE NEED IS A HOT JUKE BOX AND ICE BOX FULL OF ALE
ALL WE NEED IS A HOT JUKE BOX AND ICE BOX FULL OF ALE
WE AIN'T GONNA SWEEP, WE GONNA STAMP OUR FEET
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JOSIE There's two dozen Teds peacocking their threads and a gaggle of dollies armed with clutch bags and brollies hooked on their arms like sweethearts, laughing and joking with smoke rings that puff from their lips like factory towers.

TEDDY The party's already underway and guys and girls meet and swirl like a spirit and mixer, all the quicker for the trickle of liquor that flows from hand to hand and lip to lip.

JOSIE Someone's brought a radio, music up and blastin' from a tinny little thing that threatens to choke from the dust thrown up by the dancing feet.

JENNY

I WON'T RATTLE NO PANS, I WON'T CLEAN NO DISHES
DADDY-O, YOU JUST TRY
I WON'T MOP NO FLOORS OR SCRUB NO SHEETS,
DADDY-O, YOU JUST TRY
O BOY YOU TRY TO MAKE ME, I'LL BUST YOUR LIP
AND SPIT IN YOUR EYE

BAND (*First time a capella*)

ALL WE NEED IS A HOT JUKE BOX AND ICE BOX FULL OF ALE
ALL WE NEED IS A HOT JUKE BOX AND ICE BOX FULL OF ALE
WE AIN'T GONNA SWEEP, WE GONNA STAMP OUR FEET
WE GONNA SHAKE, RATTLE AND RAIL

ALL WE NEED IS A HOT JUKE BOX AND ICE BOX FULL OF ALE
ALL WE NEED IS A HOT JUKE BOX AND ICE BOX FULL OF ALE
WE AIN'T GONNA SWEEP, WE GONNA STAMP OUR FEET
WE GONNA SHAKE, RATTLE AND RAIL

Big finish from band.

JOSIE I lean back, fag lit, quietly sit and watch the girls chatter and jaw, the rattling caw of gossiping crows that echoes against the bare brick walls.

TEDDY Plan is to squat there an hour or two, smoke a few, drink and screw around – then what?

JOSIE “The cinema,” says Susi.

TEDDY George says the flicks.

JOSIE “See what pics they got up on the big screen.”

TEDDY “*Blackboard Jungle*,” Jenners says, “Man, I hear that picture’s pumping.”

JOSIE But I ain’t got the money to waste on the flicks.

TEDDY That’s the key, innit?

JOSIE The cash –

TEDDY – which like a flash in the pan is here and then gone.

JOSIE I mean that what I took from my dad has already been had on the bus, booze and fags.

TEDDY And now I find my pockets, light on lucre and long overdue for refilling.

JOSIE And so penniless and with options less, I imagine the perfect night in all its dreamy detail.

TEDDY A crawl, pub to pub.

JOSIE Glass to glass, chasing last orders.

TEDDY The Moon and The Swan.

JOSIE The Red Lion, The Flag.

TEDDY The Crown then The Stag.

JOSIE And when the pubs are dry and the drink is done, and the slap of old flat feet on washed-out streets comes to a crescendo, what next?

TEDDY Dancing.

JOSIE Somewhere with music.

TEDDY “Old Joe’s,” says George, “they got nice birds in there.”

But fuck that for a game of soldiers. That place is square as they come. Row upon row of fat little frumps with their boyfriends in tow, all pushing at the bar, all elbows and angles. Watching your duds as the ash dangles from the fag-tipped fat lip of some clueless Smoothie in a cheap nylon suit who wants to watch where he puts his fucking cigarette, mate.

JOSIE But it turns out Susi and Fran have got it planned already cos the two of them have been going toe to toe with these two greasy beaus they met in Old Joe’s last Saturday night and they’ve got a friend, see, who heard about me and is dying to make my acquaintance – which I ain’t. But when I tell ’em as much they harpy-shriek and their squeaking voices pitch and twist over each other and grate in my ears till it’s clear that they won’t take no for an answer and so I succumb. “Okay,” I say, “I’ll come!” I don’t really care where we go, what we do, as long as they got Johnny fuckin’ Valentine playin’ all night long.

JOHNNY VALENTINE Now listen up guys and girls, and you’d better listen up quick.

TEDDY What was that?

JOHNNY VALENTINE Now I ain’t one to go tellin’ tall tales.

TEDDY The radio – turn it up!

JOHNNY VALENTINE But I think you’re gonna wanna hear this.

TEDDY Listen!

JOHNNY VALENTINE Cos after my sold-out show at the Trocadero tonight I’m gonna be playing a secret set at a groovy little hideaway called Teddy’s. With such a VIP present, admission ain’t cheap – but if you can hustle the cash, dash yourself down there tonight for a show that you ain’t never gonna forget. But this is a secret gig, you dig? I’m only tellin’ you

all this cos I like you so much. So keep it on the down-low, stay tuned and I hope I'll be seein' you at the show.

Music. Guitar harmonics evolving to love theme.

TEDDY The effect is immediate, immense, every single mind turned tense and taught with the thought of standing within arm's length of that silver-voiced Adonis, almost able to touch him. The thought is almost blasphemy – but as for me, at that very moment my thoughts are elsewhere entwined cos through the sinuous crowd, between the quiffs and the curls, I notice a girl, sat back in repose and real proud like, a knowing smile drawn on her lips as she watches the rest of the Judies and sips at a bottle. Not saying nothing – just looking and watching – and she's still. Real still.

JOSIE They're tellin' me about this fella – Tully, he's called, sleek, slick, suave and flush with cash, keen to flash it and show us a good Saturday night and – yeah alright, I ain't that thrilled about the prospect but seeing as I've no cash or plan and it ain't like I can go home any time soon, what choice have I got? But while the girls keep on prattlin', their tongues all a-rattlin' I just sit and listen – well not really listen cos I find that in such situations if I sit real still, people will just carry on with a roar and a rush, and in your own little hush you sit silent for a moment, watch the world pass a million miles an hour and just –

TEDDY Got a light?

JOSIE What?

TEDDY I said got a light?

JOSIE For what?

TEDDY What d'you think? For a fag.

JOSIE No – I ain't.

TEDDY Well then give us a drag. I ain't see you before.

JOSIE Well I ain't seen you neither.

TEDDY Down here all the time. Most Saturdays at least – better than hanging out in the streets.

JOSIE Why's that?

TEDDY People think we're trouble.

JOSIE Maybe you are.

TEDDY You sound like my old lady.

JOSIE Your old lady sounds like me.

TEDDY I'm Teddy.

JOSIE Are you?

TEDDY By name and by nature.

JOSIE What – you mean all stuffed and cuddly?

TEDDY I'm serious.

JOSIE So am I.

TEDDY No you ain't. I seen you smile.

JOSIE I don't smile.

TEDDY Tell that to those lips.

JOSIE I'll tell it to yours with my fucking fist.

TEDDY Easy, easy – I'm only playing.

JOSIE And he flashes me a smile. Disarming and charming, a little alarming, and despite my best efforts the fires in my belly are stoked – just a little, for a moment – there's a glow and I feel –

“Who the fuck is this chump?”

– says a voice thick and lump as clay from behind me. I turn and there's a six-foot gorilla squeezed in a suit, meaty hands metallic with golden rings and with two underlings that hang about him like little boys eager to please. This must be Tully. A thick-lipped bruiser with a face like a cracked tin of Spam.

“You chattin' to my chickadee, chum?”

I ain't your chickadee, Tully, and chattin' ain't illegal.

"The girl's with me, you see?"

– he says, ignoring me outright and setting his gaze right at the Smiler who's stood next to me –

"So buzz off, short stuff – go back to the playground."

TEDDY You go back to the jungle.

JOSIE "You what?"

TEDDY You heard.

JOSIE "Fuck me – baby boy's got a big mouth. Hope he's got big fists too."

TEDDY And he jabs a fat finger in my chest, and I jab it right back. He grabs my lapel and I grab his and from his pocket I see a black handle, hear a click and a flick of sharp silver and it looks like blood might fall before night does until –

JOSIE Oi – stop it! Like a couple of fucking kids, you are. You supposed to be showing me a good night, in't ya? You wanna start with a fight or what?

"Alright darlin', go easy on ol' Tully,"

– he leers with lip-curved grin, before turnin' to Smiler and sayin' –

"Next time, fella,"

– before his fingers slowly unwind and he lollops away, knuckles in the dirt and while nobody's hurt, I can tell he's bruised his pride.

TEDDY Thanks.

JOSIE For what?

TEDDY For helpin' me out.

JOSIE I just don't like to see an idiot get hurt.

TEDDY Oh, I wouldna hurt him too bad.

JOSIE I'm glad about that. Well – it's been real.

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