

Babies

By Jonathan Harvey (Unarmed)

Viv Yeah, you can stare, Valerie Pinkney! Oh yeah? It's only shopping,
Valerie. It's bloody paid for.

Valerie You should be ashamed of yourself.

Viv Stop putting letters through our door.

Val I can see the drink in that bag. Street smells like a brewery thanks to you.

Viv My Scottie died six months ago.

Val Six months is nothing.

Viv I'm entitled to enjoy myself.

Val Your Scottie would turn in his grave if he knew how you carry on.

Viv You didn't know Scottie like S

Val He was my bus driver! An upstanding pillar he was. Sixteen years he took me to work.

Viv Shame he never crashed.

Val I've written to the council about you. Told 'em how you neglect your kids.

Viv You pissing no-mark. Working in a fucking launderette. I'll have ya, you slappy little slap. Pinkney, get your flabby little cheeks over here now. I'm waiting, Valerie. You fucking coward.. You've gone too far this time.

Val Say that again.

Viv I wouldn't waste my breath.

Val Look at you, Miss Fanny-for-lodgers. Showing your knickers for all to see. Ain't you got no pride? Wash it down the drain with the memory of Scottie's name. Eh? Coming in all hours. Different man every night.

Viv They're all queer.

Val Every time I open me curtains I got a bordello view and the stench o' Merry Widow. Women like you make me sick. Sick!

Viv How dare you spout this bullshit about me.

Val Well, it's a wise bull that knows its own shit.

Viv Come here and say that.

Val It's a wise bull that knows its own shit.

Viv You little whore!