

RICHARD BILLINGHAM

SAFT LOL

DAYTIME, BEDROOM Derek lies on the bed, Sid stands.

Sid 'I know he was saft but he'd always offer you a cup of tea.'

Derek 'Shut the window Sid.'

Sid 'I thought he'd live to be ninety.'

Derek 'Cold weather for flies.'

Sid 'Well, that's the last of 'em.'

Derek 'Make sure it shuts properly.'

Sid 'I used to love his antics.'

Derek 'Water, water, give me water...'

Sid 'Esmeralda!'

Derek 'Turning round like an idiot...'

Sid 'He looked like Quasimodo in real life, didn't need to act.'

Derek 'Someone should've chucked a cup of water on him: "There's your water", ha ha.'

Sid 'He could have made money as a stand-up. I'd have paid to watch him.'

Derek 'Mr Grimsdale!'

Sid 'Oh don't hurt me Mr Davis, don't hurt me!'

Derek 'I remember that day well. Davis gave him such a good hiding in front of the class – *Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!* with the cane. Terrifying as a kid. I thought he was gonna die that day.'

Sid 'Lol – the knicker-sniffer of Crouch End... Taking knickers off washing lines... "Hey come back here you!" Ha ha!'

Derek 'I don't think he did that though, I'd have known.'

Sid 'I kept asking him once if he'd shoved the back door key up his arse and bent it, you know, that long silver one he kept on the hook in the kitchen. In the end he said, "Oh alright then – yes, I did do it, but only the once."'

Derek 'Blimey, up his arse!'

Sid 'I think he used to admit things just to shut people up.'

Derek 'This cider's not as strong as it used to be.'

Sid 'Its 10% Derek. Fucking hell – that drill again!'

Derek 'I'm used to it now.'

Sid 'Three months fucking about and I can't see any progress. I've a good mind to go down there tonight and take a part out of that generator.'

Derek 'Bet no one's thought of that.'

Sid 'Might get some peace... It's worse in my flat.'

Derek 'Another fly here. Look, on my glass.'

Sid 'Pass it here. Why don't they fly away?'

Derek 'They were crawling everywhere this morning, the bed, carpet, up the mirror – like they're all trying to go upwards.'

Sid 'There must be a nest of them in here.'

Derek 'What you say before Sid? Everything deserves to live?'

Sid 'Except the blacks of course.'

Derek 'They don't bother me. Never go anywhere. Shut the window back up.'

Sid 'You should get yourself a little portable telly in here Derek. They put *Mad Max 2* on last night.'

Derek 'Saw that with the missus years ago in a pub – good 'un.'

Sid 'You don't know what you're missing, lying on that bed every day like a mummy.'

(PAUSE)

Derek 'Wonder what he'd be doing now, if he was still here?'

Sid 'You can see the fucking graveyard out the window. If he was my brother, I'd just go and have a look!'

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